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CENTURY READINGS
FOR A COURSE IN
ENGLISH LITERATURE

Uniform With This

STUDENTS' HANDBOOK
OF THE FACTS OF
ENGLISH LITERATURE

BY

J. F. A. PYRE, PH.D.
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PRICE 75 CENTS

CENTURY READINGS
FOR A COURSE IN
ENGLISH LITERATURE

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PREFATORY NOTE

CENTURY READINGS was compiled to meet the needs of students in the general and comprehensive course in English literature now offered in most American colleges. Since the book is the result of some years of experience with such a course in the University of Wisconsin, the contents may best be explained by reference to the practice of that institution.

The course entitled General Survey of English Literature occupies three class periods a week. During two of these periods the students meet in small groups, of about twenty persons each, for the intimate discussion of a piece of literature previously assigned for study. At the third meeting, four or five such groups join to attend a lecture treating the relevant period of English literature.

Most of the pieces assigned for study are found in CENTURY READINGS. The editors have tried, in general, to provide selections that are complete in themselves. The book undertakes not to supply short passages from all English writers, but rather to offer significant and substantial examples of the work of the more important authors. Plays and novels, however, although several appear among the assignments of the course, are not included in this book, for it is thought that these can be effectively studied only as wholes, and the inclusion of them would have extended the present compilation unduly.

The lectures undertake to explain the relation of the particular works studied to the complete achievements of the authors, and to the proper periods of literary history. This undertaking is made possible through each student's having before him in the lecture-room the STUDENT'S HANDBOOK OF THE FACTS OF ENGLISH LITERATURE, issued by the same publishers,—a brief manual containing merely the unembellished facts of literary history and biography arranged in tabular form. These tables serve the double purpose of conveying names and dates in an accurate and orderly form, and of leaving the lecturer free for his proper function of literary and historical interpretation.

No effort has been spared to secure the accuracy of the texts presented. Unless there were cogent reasons for preserving the original spelling and punctuation, modern usage has been followed. Omissions are indicated by asterisks; changes or insertions, by square brackets. Only the author's original notes are given at the foot of the page.

The editors are indebted to numerous predecessors for help both in determining the various texts and in elucidating them. They wish particularly to acknowledge their obligations to the Houghton Mifflin Company and Professor R. E. N. Dodge for permission to use the latter's Cambridge edition of Spenser. Thanks are offered also to other colleagues for kindly interest in the undertaking and for assistance in proofreading.

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CENTURY READINGS FOR A COURSE IN ENGLISH LITERATURE

CENTURY READINGS FOR A COURSE IN ENGLISH LITERATURE

GEOFFREY CHAUCER (c. 1340–1400)

Since Chaucer's father, John Chaucer, was not only a successful London vintner, but also, probably, an occasional servant of the king, it is not surprising that at an early age our poet himself entered the service of royalty. Our earliest records concerning him show that in April, 1357, he was occupied, perhaps as page, in the household of Elizabeth, wife of Prince Lionel, son of Edward III, where he continued to serve throughout that year and probably into the next. During this service, Chaucer accompanied the princess to Hatfield, in Yorkshire, to London, and probably to other parts of England. We surmise that he witnessed more than one brilliant chivalric entertainment, and that at Hatfield, during Christmastide of 1357, he met his future friend and patron, John of Gaunt. During the year 1359, Chaucer served as a soldier in the army of Edward III, in France. Having been taken prisoner, not far from Reims, he was released through a ransom to which the king himself contributed the substantial sum of sixteen pounds. After the conclusion of this expedition, with the Peace of Brétigny, May 8, 1360, Chaucer returned to England, where he seems to have increased in favor at court, for in 1367 he was granted a life pension of twenty marks as a valet of the king. During the next ten or fifteen years, Chaucer took part in a considerable number of diplomatic missions to the Continent, of which the most important, from a literary point of view, are a secret embassy to Genoa and Florence (Dec., 1372, to April, 1373), and a mission to Milan (May to September, 1378). Although Petrarch and Boccaccio were both living at the time of Chaucer's first visit to Italy, we have no evidence that the English poet met either of them. To these Italian journeys, however, may be due Chaucer's subsequent devotion to Italian literature. Aside from his diplomatic employment, the poet had official duties at home in connection with the customs of the port of London. In 1374 he was appointed comptroller of the customs and subsidy of wools, skins, and tanned hides, and in 1382 he received the additional appointment of comptroller of the petty customs. In the autumn of 1386, Chaucer sat for a short time in parliament as a knight of the shire for Kent. In the political eclipse of Richard, from the latter part of 1386 to 1389, Chaucer lost his offices, a loss that left him, presumably, much leisure for writing. During this period he may have written a considerable part of *The Canterbury Tales*. In 1389, Chaucer was again in the service of the government as clerk of the king's works, and although the loss of this appointment, in 1391, left him in straitened circumstances, a royal pension of twenty pounds, in 1394, and a yearly gift of a tun of wine, in 1398, contributed somewhat toward his comfort. When Henry IV, son of Chaucer's old patron, John of Gaunt, came to the throne in 1399, the poet promptly addressed to him a ballade entitled *The Compleynt of Chaucer to his Empty Purse*. To this pleasant bit of begging the king responded readily with a pension of forty marks, in addition to the annuity of twenty pounds that had been granted in 1394. Chaucer spent his last days, then, in comparative comfort, and on his death, October 25, 1400, he was buried in the south transept of Westminster Abbey, which has since become the 'Poets' Corner.'

Although the exact chronology of Chaucer's works is far from certain, the literary influences under which he wrote are clearly defined. As a courtier, diplomat, and man of the world, he was familiar with literary fashions at home and abroad,— literary fashions definitely embodied in his works. His first poems are imitations or translations of French poems popular at court both in France and in England. To an early stage of his career is assigned his translation of at least part of the *Roman de la Rose*, a French poem composed during the thirteenth century and popular in the fourteenth. French in style is *The Book of the Duchess*, written in 1369 as a lament for the death of Blanche, wife of John of Gaunt. Upon French models Chaucer composed his early poem, *A. B. C.*, and numerous shorter poems 'that highten balades, roundels, virelayes.' The *Parliament of Fowls*, written, probably, in 1382, in honor of the

marriage of Richard II and Anne of Bohemia, is conspicuously influenced by French poetical taste. During his journeys to Italy, or before, Chaucer acquired a new source of literary inspiration in the works of Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio. Although from Dante and Petrarch his literal borrowings are few, his extensive verbal obligations to Boccaccio are shown in *Troilus and Criseyde*, written about 1383, and in the *Knight's Tale*. *The House of Fame*, written, perhaps, about 1379, clearly shows the influence of Dante, as well as of French allegorical poetry. To the last fifteen years or so of Chaucer's life, without specification, may be assigned the *Legend of Good Women* and the *Canterbury Tales*. Although in these works Chaucer used a multiplicity of sources, the poems themselves show vigorous increase in English spirit and in literary originality.

THE CANTERBURY TALES

THE PROLOGUE

Whan that Aprille with his shoures soote
The droghte of Marche hath percèd to the
roote,
And bathèd every veyne in swich licour,
Of which vertu engendrèd is the flour;
Whan Zephirus eek with his swete breeth
Inspirèd hath in every holt and heeth
The tendre croppes, and the yonge sonne
Hath in the Ram his halfe cours y-ronne,
And smale fowles maken melodye,
That slepen al the night with open yë,
(So priketh hem nature in hir corages):
Than longen folk to goon on pilgrimages,
And palmers for to seken straunge strondes,
To ferne halwes, couthe in sondry londes;
And specially, from every shires ende
Of Engelond, to Caunterbury they wende,
The holy blisful martir for to seke,
That hem hath holpen, whan that they were
seke.

Bifel that, in that sesoun on a day,
In Southwerk at the Tabard as I lay
Redy to wenden on my pilgrimage
To Caunterbury with ful devout corage,
At night was come in-to that hostelrye
Wel nyne and twenty in a compaignye,
Of sondry folk, by aventure yfalle
In felawshipe, and pilgrims were they alle,
That toward Caunterbury wolden ryde;
The chambres and the stables weren wyde,
And wel we weren esèd atte beste.
And shortly, whan the sonne was to reste,
So hadde I spoken with hem everichon,
That I was of hir felawshipe anon,
And made forward erly for to ryse,
To take our wey, ther as I yow devyse.

But natheles, whyl I have tyme and space
Er that I ferther in this tale pace,
Me thinketh it acordaunt to resoun,
To telle yow al the condicioun
Of ech of hem, so as it semèd me,
And whiche they weren, and of what degree;
And eek in what array that they were inne:
And at a knight than wol I first biginne.

A Knight ther was, and that a worthy
man,
That fro the tyme that he first bigan
To ryden out, he lovèd chivalrye,
Trouthe and honour, fredom and curteisye.
Ful worthy was he in his lordes werre,
And thereto hadde he riden (no man ferre)
As wel in cristendom as hethenesse,
And evere honourèd for his worthinesse.
At Alisaundre he was, whan it was wonne;
Ful ofte tyme he hadde the bord bigonne
Aboven alle naciouns in Pruce.
In Lettow hadde he reysèd and in Ruce,
No cristen man so ofte of his degree.
In Gernade at the sege eek hadde he be
Of Algezir, and riden in Belmarye.
At Lyeys was he, and at Satalye,
Whan they were wonne; and in the Grete
See
At many a noble aryve hadde he be.
At mortal batailles hadde he been fiftene,
And foughten for our feith at Tramissene
In listes thryes, and ay slayn his foo.
This ilke worthy knight hadde been also
Somtyme with the lord of Palatye,
Ageyn another hethen in Turkye;
And everemore he hadde a sovereyn prys.
And though that he were worthy, he was
wys,
And of his port as meek as is a mayde.
He nevere yet no vileinye ne sayde
In al his lyf, un-to no maner wight.
He was a verray parfit gentil knight.
But for to tellen yow of his array,
His hors were goode, but he was nat gay.
Of fustian he wered a gipoun
Al bismotered with his habergeoun.
For he was late y-come from his viage,
And wente for to doon his pilgrimage.

With him ther was his sone, a yong
Squyer,
A lovyer, and a lusty bacheler,
With lokkes crulle, as they were leyd in
presse.

Of twenty yeer of age he was, I gesse.
Of his stature he was of evene lengthe,
And wonderly delivere, and greet of strengthe.
And he hadde been somtyme in chivachye,
In Flaundres, in Artoys, and Picardye,
And born him wel, as of so litel space,
In hope to stonden in his lady grace.
Embrouded was he, as it were a mede
Al ful of fresshe floures, whyte and rede.
Singinge he was, or floytinge, al the day;
He was as fresh as is the month of May.
Short was his goune, with sleves longe and wyde.
Wel coude he sitte on hors, and faire ryde.
He coude songes make and wel endyte,
Iuste and eek daunce, and wel purtreye and wryte.
So hote he lovede, that by nightertale
He sleep namore than doth a nightingale.
Curteys he was, lowly, and servisable,
And carf biforn his fader at the table.

A YEMAN hadde he, and servaunts namo
At that tyme, for him liste ryde so;
And he was clad in cote and hood of grene;
A sheef of pecok arwes brighte and kene
Under his belt he bar ful thriftily,
(Wel coude he dresse his takel yemanly:
His arwes droupèd noght with fetheres lowe),
And in his hand he bar a mighty bowe.
A not-heed hadde he, with a broun visage.
Of wode-craft wel coude he al the usage.
Upon his arm he bar a gay bracer,
And by his syde a swerd and a bokeler,
And on that other syde a gay daggere,
Harneisèd wel, and sharp as point of spere;
A Cristofre on his brest of silver shene.
An horn he bar, the bawdrik was of grene;
A forster was he, soothly, as I gesse.

Ther was also a Nonne, a PRIORESSE,
That of hir smyling was ful simple and coy;
Hir gretteste ooth was but by sëynt Loy;
And she was clepèd madame Eglentyne.
Ful wel she song the service divyne,
Entunèd in hir nose ful semely;
And Frensh she spak ful faire and fetisly,
After the scole of Stratford atte Bowe,
For Frensh of Paris was to hir unknowe.
At mete wel y-taught was she with-alle;
She leet no morsel from hir lippes falle,
Ne wette hir fingres in hir sauce depe.
Wel coude she carie a morsel, and wel kepe,
That no drope ne fille up-on hir brest.
In curteisye was set ful moche hir lest.
Hir over lippe wypèd she so clene,
That in hir coppe was no ferthing sene
Of grece, whan she dronken hadde hir draughte.
Ful semely after hir mete she raughte,
And sikerly she was of greet disport,
And ful plesaunt, and amiable of port,
And peynèd hir to countrefete chere
Of court, and been estatlich of manere,
And to ben holden digne of reverence.
But, for to speken of hir conscience,
She was so charitable and so pitous,
She wolde wepe, if that she sawe a mous
Caught in a trappe, if it were deed or bledde.
Of smale houndes had she, that she fedde
With rostèd flesh, or milk and wastel breed.
But sore weep she if oon of hem were deed,
Or if men smoot it with a yerde smerte:
And al was conscience and tendre herte.
Ful semely hir wimpel pinchèd was;
Hir nose tretys; hir eyen greye as glas;
Hir mouth ful smal, and ther-to softe and reed;
But sikerly she hadde a fair forheed.
It was almost a spanne brood, I trowe;
For, hardily, she was nat undergrowe.
Ful fetis was hir cloke, as I was war.
Of smal coral aboute hir arm she bar
A peire of bedes, gauded al with grene;
And ther-on heng a broche of gold ful shene,
On which ther was first write a crownèd A,
And after, *Amor vincit omnia.*

Another NONNE with hir hadde she,
That was hir chapeleyne, and PREESTES thre.

A MONK ther was, a fair for the maistrye,
An out-rydere, that lovede venerye;
A manly man, to been an abbot able.
Ful many a deyntee hors hadde he in stable:
And, whan he rood, men mighte his brydel here
Ginglen in a whistling wynd as clere,
And eek as loude as doth the chapel-belle,
Ther as this lord was keper of the celle.
The reule of seint Maure or of seint Benet,
By-cause [illegible] was old and som-del streit,
This ilke [illegible] leet olde thinges pace,
And held after the newe world the space.
He yaf nat of that text a pullèd hen,
That seith, that hunters been nat holy men;
Ne that a monk, whan he is cloisterlees,
Is liknèd til a fish that is waterlees;
This is to seyn, a monk out of his cloistre.
But thilke text held he nat worth an oistre.
And I seyde his opinioun was good.
What sholde he studie, and make him-selven wood,
Upon a book in cloistre alwey to poure,
Or swinken with his handes, and laboure,
As Austin bit? How shal the world be servèd?

Lat Austin have his swink to him reservèd.
Therfor he was a pricasour aright;
Grehoundes he hadde, as swifte as fowel in flight;
Of priking and of hunting for the hare
Was al his lust, for no cost wolde he spare.
I seigh his sleves purfiled at the hond
With grys, and that the fyneste of a lond;
And, for to festne his hood under his chin,
He hadde of gold y-wroght a curious pin:
A love-knot in the gretter ende ther was.
His heed was balled, that shoon as any glas,
And eek his face, as he hadde been anoint.
He was a lord ful fat and in good point;
His eyen stepe, and rollinge in his heed,
That stemèd as a forneys of a leed;
His botes souple, his hors in greet estat.
Now certeinly he was a fair prelat;
He was nat pale as a for-pynèd goost.
A fat swan loved he best of any roost.
His palfrey was as broun as is a berye.

A Frere ther was, a wantown and a merye,
A limitour, a ful solempne man.
In alle the ordres foure is noon that can
So moche of daliaunce and fair langage.
He hadde maad ful many a mariage
Of yonge wommen, at his owne cost.
Un-to his ordre he was a noble post.
Ful wel biloved and famulier was he
With frankeleyns over-al in his contree,
And eek with worthy wommen of the toun:
For he had power of confessioun,
As seyde him-self, more than a curat,
For of his ordre he was licentiat.
Ful swetely herde he confessioun,
And plesaunt was his absolucioun;
He was an esy man to yeve penaunce
Ther as he wiste to han a good pitaunce;
For unto a povre ordre for to yive
Is signe that a man is wel y-shrive.
For if he yaf, he dorste make avaunt,
He wiste that a man was repentaunt.
For many a man so hard is of his herte,
He may nat wepe al-thogh him sore smerte.
Therfore, in stede of weping and preyeres,
Men moot yeve silver to the povre freres.
His tipet was ay farsèd ful of knyves
And pinnes, for to yeven faire wyves.
And certeinly he hadde a mery note;
Wel coude he singe and pleyen on a rote.
Of yeddinges he bar utterly the prys.
His nekke whyt was as the flour-de-lys.
There-to he strong was as a champioun.
He knew the tavernes wel in every toun,
And everich hostiler and tappestere
Bet than a lazar or a beggestere;
For un-to swich a worthy man as he
Acorded nat, as by his facultee,
To have with seke lazars aqueyntaunce.
It is nat honest, it may nat avaunce
For to delen with no swich poraille,
But al with riche and sellers of vitaille.
And over-al, ther as profit sholde aryse,
Curteys he was, and lowly of servyse.
Ther nas no man nowher so vertuous.
He was the beste beggere in his hous;
For thogh a widwe hadde noght a sho,
So plesaunt was his *In principio*,
Yet wolde he have a ferthing, er he wente
His purchas was wel bettre than his rente.
And rage he coude as it were right a whelpe.
In love-dayes ther coude he mochel helpe.
For ther he was nat lyk a cloisterer,
With a thredbare cope, as is a povre scoler,
But he was lyk a maister or a pope.
Of double worsted was his semi-cope,
That rounded as a belle out of the presse.
Somwhat he lipsèd, for his wantownesse,
To make his English swete up-on his tonge;
And in his harping, whan that he had songe,
His eyen twinklèd in his heed aright,
As doon the sterres in the frosty night.
This worthy limitour was cleped Huberd.

A Marchant was ther with a forkèd berd,
In mottelee, and hye on horse he sat,
Up-on his heed a Flaundrish bever hat;
His botes claspèd faire and fetisly.
His resons he spak ful solempnely,
Sowninge alway thencrees of his winning.
He wolde the see were kept for any thing
Bitwixe Middelburgh and Orewelle.
Wel coude he in eschaunge sheeldes selle.
This worthy man ful wel his wit bisette;
Ther wiste no wight that he was in dette,
So estatly was he of his governaunce,
With his bargaynes, and with his chevisaunce.
For sothe he was a worthy man with-alle,
But sooth to seyn, I noot how men him calle.

A Clerk ther was of Oxenford also,
That un-to logik hadde longe y-go.
As lene was his hors as is a rake,
And he nas nat right fat, I undertake;
But lokèd holwe, and ther-to soberly.
Ful thredbar was his overest courtepy;
For he had geten him yet no benefice,
Ne was so worldly for to have office.
For him was levere have at his beddes heed
Twenty bokes, clad in blak or reed
Of Aristotle and his philosophye,
Than robes riche, or fithele, or gay sautrye.
But al be that he was a philosophre,
Yet hadde he but litel gold in cofre;
But al that he mighte of his frendes hente,
On bokes and on lerninge he it spente,
And bisily gan for the soules preye
Of hem that yaf him wher-with to scoleye

Of studie took he most cure and most hede.
Noght o word spak he more than was nede,
And that was seyd in forme and reverence,
And short and quik, and ful of hy sentence.
Sowninge in moral vertu was his speche,
And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche.
A Sergeant of the Lawe, war and wys,
That often hadde been at the parvys,
Ther was also, ful riche of excellence.
Discreet he was, and of greet reverence:
He semèd swich, his wordes weren so wyse,
Iustice he was ful often in assyse,
By patente, and by pleyn commissioun;
For his science, and for his heigh renoun
Of fees and robes hadde he many oon.
So greet a purchasour was nowher noon.
Al was fee simple to him in effect,
His purchasing mighte nat been infect.
Nowher so bisy a man as he ther nas,
And yet he semèd bisier than he was.
In termes hadde he caas and domes alle,
That from the tyme of king William were falle.
Thereto he coude endyte, and make a thing,
Ther coude no wight pinche at his wryting;
And every statut coude he pleyn by rote.
He rood but hoomly in a medlee cote
Girt with a ceint of silk, with barres smale;
Of his array telle I no lenger tale.
A Frankeleyn was in his compaignye;
Whyt was his berd, as is the dayesye.
Of his complexioun he was sangwyn.
Wel loved he by the morwe a sop in wyn.
To liven in delyt was evere his wone,
For he was Epicurus owne sone,
That heeld opinioun that pleyn delyt
Was verraily felicitee parfyt.
An housholdere, and that a greet, was he;
Seynt Iulian he was in his contree.
His breed, his ale, was alwey after oon;
A bettre envyned man was nevere noon.
With-oute bake mete was nevere his hous,
Of fish and flesh, and that so plentevous,
It snewèd in his hous of mete and drinke,
Of alle deyntees that men coude thinke.
After the sondry sesons of the yeer,
So chaungèd he his mete and his soper.
Ful many a fat partrich hadde he in mewe,
And many a breem and many a luce in stewe.
Wo was his cook, but-if his sauce were
Poynaunt and sharp, and redy al his gere.
His table dormant in his halle alway
Stood redy covered al the longe day.
At sessiouns ther was he lord and sire.
Ful ofte tyme he was knight of the shire.
An anlas and a gipser al of silk
Heng at his girdel, whyt as morne milk.
A shirreve hadde he been, and a countour;
Was nowher such a worthy vavasour.
An Haberdassher and a Carpenter,
A Webbe, a Dyere, and a Tapicer,
And they were clothèd alle in o liveree,
Of a solempne and greet fraternitee.
Ful fresh and newe hir gere apykèd was;
Hir knyves were y-chapèd noght with bras,
But al with silver wroght ful clene and weel,
Hir girdles and hir pouches everydeel.
Wel semèd ech of hem a fair burgeys,
To sitten in a yeldhalle on a deys.
Everich, for the wisdom that he can,
Was shaply for to been an alderman.
For catel hadde they ynogh and rente,
And eek hir wyves wolde it wel assente;
And elles certein were they to blame.
It is ful fair to been y-clept *ma dame,*
And goon to vigilyës al bifore,
And have a mantel roialliche y-bore.
A Cook they hadde with hem for the nones,
To boille chiknes with the mary-bones,
And poudre-marchant tart, and galingale.
Wel coude he knowe a draughte of London ale.
He coude roste, and sethe, and broille, and frye,
Maken mortreux, and wel bake a pye.
But greet harm was it, as it thoughte me,
That on his shine a mormal hadde he;
For blankmanger, that made he with the beste.
A Shipman was ther, woning fer by weste:
For aught I woot, he was of Dertemouthe.
He rood up-on a rouncy, as he couthe,
In a gowne of falding to the knee.
A daggere hanging on a laas hadde he
Aboute his nekke under his arm adoun.
The hote somer had maad his hewe al broun;
And, certeinly, he was a good felawe.
Ful many a draughte of wyn had he y-drawe
From Burdeux-ward, whyl that the chapman sleep.
Of nyce conscience took he no keep.
If that he faught, and hadde the hyer hond,
By water he sente hem hoom to every lond.
But of his craft to rekene wel his tydes,
His stremes and his daungers him bisydes,
His herberwe and his mone, his lodemenage,
Ther nas noon swich from Hulle to Cartage.
Hardy he was, and wys to undertake;
With many a tempest hadde his berd been shake.
He knew wel alle the havenes, as they were,
From Gootlond to the cape of Finistere,
And every cryke in Britayne and in Spayne;
His barge y-clepèd was the Maudelayne.

With us ther was a Doctour of Phisyk,
In al this world ne was ther noon him lyk
To speke of phisik and of surgerye;
For he was grounded in astronomye.
He kepte his pacient a ful greet del
In houres, by his magik naturel.
Wel coude he fortunen the ascendent
Of his images for his pacient.
He knew the cause of everich maladye,
Were it of hoot or cold, or moiste, or drye,
And where engendrèd, and of what humour;
He was a verrey parfit practisour.
The cause y-knowe, and of his harm the rote,
Anon he yaf the seke man his bote.
Ful redy hadde he his apothecaries,
To sende him drogges, and his letuaries,
For ech of hem made other for to winne;
Hir frendschipe nas nat newe to biginne.
Wel knew he the olde Esculapius,
And Deiscorides, and eek Rufus;
Old Ypocras, Haly, and Galien;
Serapion, Razis, and Avicen;
Averrois, Damascien, and Constantyn;
Bernard, and Gatesden, and Gilbertyn.
Of his diete mesurable was he,
For it was of no superfluitee,
But of greet norissing and digestible.
His studie was but litel on the Bible.
In sangwin and in pers he clad was al,
Lynèd with taffata and with sendal;
And yet he was but esy of dispence;
He kepte that he wan in pestilence.
For gold in phisik is a cordial,
Therfor he lovede gold in special.

A good Wyf was ther of bisyde Bathe,
But she was som-del deef, and that was scathe.
Of cloth-making she hadde swiche an haunt,
She passèd hem of Ypres and of Gaunt.
In al the parisshe wyf ne was ther noon
That to the offring bifore hir sholde goon;
And if ther dide, certeyn, so wrooth was she,
That she was out of alle charitee.
Hir coverchiefs ful fyne were of ground;
I dorste swere they weyeden ten pound
That on a Sonday were upon hir heed.
Hir hosen weren of fyn scarlet reed,
Ful streite y-teyd, and shoos ful moiste and newe.
Bold was hir face, and fair, and reed of hewe.
She was a worthy womman al hir lyve,
Housbondes at chirche-dore she hadde fyve,
Withouten other compaignye in youthe;
But thereof nedeth nat to speke as nouthe.
And thryes hadde she been at Ierusalem;
She hadde passèd many a straunge streem;
At Rome she hadde been, and at Boloigne,
In Galice at seint Iame, and at Cologne.
She coude moche of wandring by the weye.
Gat-tothèd was she, soothly for to seye.
Up-on an amblere esily she sat,
Y-wimplèd wel, and on hir heed an hat
As brood as is a bokeler or a targe;
A foot-mantel aboute hir hipes large,
And on hir feet a paire of spores sharpe.
In felaweschip wel coude she laughe and carpe.
Of remedies of love she knew per-chaunce,
For she coude of that art the olde daunce.

A good man was ther of religioun,
And was a povre Persoun of a toun;
But riche he was of holy thoght and werk.
He was also a lernèd man, a clerk,
That Cristes gospel trewely wolde preche;
His parisshens devoutly wolde he teche.
Benigne he was, and wonder diligent,
And in adversitee ful pacient;
And swich he was y-prevèd ofte sythes.
Ful looth were him to cursen for his tythes,
But rather wolde he yeven, out of doute,
Un-to his povre parisshens aboute
Of his offring, and eek of his substaunce.
He coude in litel thing han suffisaunce.
Wyd was his parisshe, and houses fer a-sonder,
But he ne lafte nat, for reyn ne thonder,
In siknes nor in meschief to visyte
The ferreste in his parisshe, moche and lyte,
Up-on his feet, and in his hand a staf.
This noble ensample to his sheep he yaf,
That first he wroghte, and afterward he taughte;
Out of the gospel he tho wordes caughte;
And this figure he added eek ther-to,
That if gold ruste, what shal yren do?
For if a preest be foul, on whom we truste,
No wonder is a lewèd man to ruste;
And shame it is, if a preest take keep,
A [dirty] shepherde and a clene sheep.
Wel oghte a preest ensample for to yive,
By his clennesse, how that his sheep shold live.
He sette nat his benefice to hyre,
And leet his sheep encombrèd in the myre,
And ran to London, un-to sëynt Poules,
To seken him a chaunterie for soules,
Or with a bretherhed to been withholde;
But dwelte at hoom, and kepte wel his folde,
So that the wolf ne made it nat miscarie;
He was a shepherde and no mercenarie.
And though he holy were, and vertuous,
He was to sinful man nat despitous,
Ne of his speche daungerous ne digne,
But in his teching discreet and benigne.
To drawen folk to heven by fairnesse

By good ensample, this was his bisynesse:
But it were any persone obstinat,
What so he were, of heigh or lowe estat,
Him wolde he snibben sharply for the nones.
A bettre preest, I trowe that nowher non is.
He wayted after no pompe and reverence,
Ne makèd him a spycèd conscience,
But Cristes lore, and his apostles twelve,
He taughte, but first he folwèd it him-selve.
With him ther was a PLOWMAN, was his brother,
That hadde y-lad of dong ful many a fother,
A trewe swinkere and a good was he,
Livinge in pees and parfit charitee.
God loved he best with al his hole herte
At alle tymes, thogh him gamed or smerte,
And thanne his neighebour right as himselve.
He wolde thresshe, and ther-to dyke and delve,
For Cristes sake, for every povre wight,
Withouten hyre, if it lay in his might.
His tythes payèd he ful faire and wel,
Bothe of his propre swink and his catel.
In a tabard he rood upon a mere.
Ther was also a Reve and a Millere,
A Somnour and a Pardoner also,
A Maunciple, and my-self; ther were namo.
The MILLER was a stout carl, for the nones,
Ful big he was of braun, and eek of bones;
That provèd wel, for over-al ther he cam,
At wrastling he wolde have alwey the ram.
He was short-sholdrèd, brood, a thikke knarre,
Ther nas no dore that he nolde heve of harre,
Or breke it, at a renning, with his heed.
His berd as any sowe or fox was reed,
And ther-to brood, as though it were a spade.
Up-on the cop right of his nose he hade
A werte, and ther-on stood a tuft of heres,
Reed as the bristles of a sowes eres;
His nose-thirles blake were and wyde.
A swerd and bokeler bar he by his syde;
His mouth as greet was as a greet forneys.
He was a Ianglere and a goliardeys,
And that was most of sinne and harlotryes.
Wel coude he stelen corn, and tollen thryes;
And yet he hadde a thombe of gold, pardee.
A whyt cote and a blew hood werèd he.
A baggepype wel coude he blowe and sowne,
And therwithal he broghte us out of towne.
A gentil MAUNCIPLE was ther of a temple,
Of which achatours mighte take exemple
For to be wyse in bying of vitaille.
For whether that he payde, or took by taille,
Algate he wayted so in his achat,
That he was ay biforn and in good stat.
Now is nat that of God a ful fair grace,
That swich a lewèd mannes wit shal pace
The wisdom of an heep of lernèd men?
Of maistres hadde he mo than thryes ten,
That were of lawe expert and curious;
Of which ther were a doseyn in that hous,
Worthy to been stiwardes of rente and lond
Of any lord that is in Engelond,
To make him live by his propre good,
In honour dettelees, but he were wood,
Or live as scarsly as him list desire;
And able for to helpen al a shire
In any cas that mighte falle or happe;
And yit this maunciple sette hir aller cappe.
The REVE was a sclendre colerik man,
His berd was shave as ny as ever he can.
His heer was by his eres round y-shorn.
His top was dokkèd lyk a preest biforn.
Ful longe were his legges, and ful lene,
Y-lyk a staf, ther was no calf y-sene.
Wel coude he kepe a gerner and a binne;
Ther was noon auditour coude on him winne.
Wel wiste he, by the droghte, and by the reyn,
The yeldyng of his seed, and of his greyn.
His lordes sheep, his neet, his dayerye,
His swyn, his hors, his stoor, and his pultrye,
Was hoolly in this reves governing,
And by his covenaunt yaf the rekening,
Sin that his lord was twenty yeer of age;
Ther coude no man bringe him in arrerage.
Ther nas baillif, ne herde, ne other hyne,
That he ne knew his sleighte and his covyne;
They were adrad of him, as of the deeth.
His woning was ful fair up-on an heeth,
With grene treës shadwèd was his place.
He coude bettre than his lord purchace.
Ful riche he was astorèd prively,
His lord wel coude he plesen subtilly,
To yeve and lene him of his owne good,
And have a thank, and yet a cote, and hood.
In youthe he lernèd hadde a good mister;
He was a wel good wrighte, a carpenter.
This reve sat up-on a ful good stot,
That was al pomely grey, and highte Scot.
A long surcote of pers up-on he hade,
And by his syde he bar a rusty blade.
Of Northfolk was this reve, of which I telle,
Bisyde a toun men clepen Baldeswelle.
Tukkèd he was, as is a frere, aboute,
And evere he rood the hindreste of our route.
A SOMNOUR was ther with us in that place,
That hadde a fyr-reed cherubinnes face,
For sawceflem he was, with eyen narwe.
As hoot he was, and lecherous as a sparwe,
With scallèd browes blake, and pilèd berd;
Of his visage children were aferd.

Ther nas quik-silver, litarge, ne brimstoon,
Boras, ceruce, ne oille of tartre noon,
Ne oynement that wolde clense and byte,
That him mighte helpen of his whelkes whyte,
Ne of the knobbes sittinge on his chekes.
Wel loved he garleek, oynons, and eek lekes,
And for to drinken strong wyn, reed as blood.
Thanne wolde he speke, and crye as he were wood.
And whan that he wel dronken hadde the wyn,
Than wolde he speke no word but Latyn.
A fewe termes hadde he, two or thre,
That he had lernèd out of som decree;
No wonder is, he herde it al the day;
And eek ye knowen wel, how that a Iay
Can clepen 'Watte,' as well as can the pope.
But who-so coude in other thing him grope,
Thanne hadde he spent al his philosophye;
Ay '*Questio quid iuris*' wolde he crye.
He was a gentil harlot and a kynde;
A bettre felawe sholde men noght fynde.
He wolde suffre for a quart of wyn
A good felawe to have his concubyn
A twelf-month, and excuse him atte fulle:
And prively a finch eek coude he pulle.
And if he fond owher a good felawe,
He wolde techen him to have non awe,
In swich cas, of the erchedeknes curs,
But-if a mannes soule were in his purs;
For in his purs he sholde y-punisshed be.
'Purs is the erchedeknes helle,' seyde he.
But wel I woot he lyèd right in dede;
Of cursing oghte ech gulty man him drede—
For curs wol slee right as assoilling saveth—
And also war him of a *significavit*.
In daunger hadde he at his owne gyse
The yonge girles of the diocyse,
And knew hir counseil, and was al hir reed.
A gerland hadde he set up-on his heed,
As greet as it were for an ale-stake;
A bokeler hadde he maad him of a cake.

With him ther rood a gentil PARDONER
Of Rouncivale, his frend and his compeer,
That streight was comen fro the court of Rome.
Ful loude he song, 'Come hider, love, to me.'
This somnour bar to him a stif burdoun,
Was nevere trompe of half so greet a soun.
This pardoner hadde heer as yelow as wex,
But smothe it heng, as doth a strike of flex;
By ounces henge his lokkes that he hadde,
And there-with he his shuldres overspradde;
But thinne it lay, by colpons oon and oon;
But hood, for Iolitee, ne wered he noon,
For it was trussèd up in his walet.
Him thoughte he rood al of the newe Iet;
Dischevele, save his cappe, he rood al bare.
Swiche glaringe eyen hadde he as an hare.
A vernicle hadde he sowèd on his cappe.
His walet lay biforn him in his lappe,
Bret-ful of pardoun come from Rome al hoot.
A voys he hadde as smal as hath a goot.
No berd hadde he, ne nevere sholde have.
As smothe it was as it were late y-shave;

* * *

But of his craft, fro Berwik into Ware,
Ne was ther swich another pardoner.
For in his male he hadde a pilwe-beer,
Which that, he seyde, was our lady veyl:
He seyde he hadde a gobet of the seyl
That sëynt Peter hadde, whan that he wente
Up-on the see, til Iesu Crist him hente.
He hadde a croys of latoun, ful of stones,
And in a glas he hadde pigges bones.
But with thise relikes, whan that he fond
A povre person dwelling up-on lond,
Up-on a day he gat him more moneye
Than that the person gat in monthes tweye.
And thus with feynèd flaterye and Iapes,
He made the person and the peple his apes.
But trewely to tellen, atte laste,
He was in chirche a noble ecclesiaste.
Wel coude he rede a lessoun or a storie,
But alderbest he song an offertorie;
For wel he wiste, whan that song was songe,
He moste preche, and wel affyle his tonge,
To winne silver, as he ful wel coude;
Therefore he song so meriely and loude.

Now have I told you shortly, in a clause,
Thestat, tharray, the nombre, and eek the cause
Why that assemblèd was this compaignye
In Southwerk, at this gentil hostelrye,
That highte the Tabard, faste by the Belle.
But now is tyme to yow for to telle
How that we baren us that ilke night,
Whan we were in that hostelrye alight.
And after wol I telle of our viage,
And al the remenaunt of our pilgrimage.
But first I pray yow of your curteisye,
That ye narette it nat my vileinye,
Thogh that I pleynly speke in this matere,
To telle yow hir wordes and hir chere;
Ne thogh I speke hir wordes proprely.
For this ye knowen al-so wel as I,
Who-so shal telle a tale after a man,
He moot reherce, as ny as evere he can,
Everich a word, if it be in his charge,
Al speke he never so rudeliche and large;
Or elles he moot telle his tale untrewe,

Or feyne thing, or fynde words newe.
He may nat spare, al-thogh he were his brother;
He moot as wel seye o word as another.
Crist spak him-self ful brode in holy writ,
And wel ye woot, no vileinye is it.
Eek Plato seith, who-so that can him rede,
The wordes mote be cosin to the dede.
Also I prey yow to foryeve it me,
Al have I nat set folk in hir degree
Here in this tale, as that they sholde stonde;
My wit is short, ye may wel understonde.
Greet chere made our hoste us everichon,
And to the soper sette he us anon;
And serveèd us with vitaille at the beste.
Strong was the wyn, and wel to drinke us leste.
A semely man our hoste was with-alle
For to han been a marshal in an halle;
A large man he was with eyen stepe,
A fairer burgeys was ther noon in Chepe:
Bold of his speche, and wys, and wel y-taught,
And of manhood him lakkede right naught.
Eek thereto he was right a mery man,
And after soper pleyen he bigan,
And spak of mirthe amonges othere thinges,
Whan that we hadde maad our rekeninges;
And seyde thus: 'Now, lordinges, trewely
Ye ben to me right welcome hertely:
For by my trouthe, if that I shal nat lye,
I ne saugh this yeer so mery a compaignye
At ones in this herberwe as is now.
Fayn wolde I doon yow mirthe, wiste I how.
And of a mirthe I am right now bithoght,
To doon yow ese, and it shal coste noght.
Ye goon to Caunterbury; God yow spede,
The blisful martir quyte yow your mede.
And wel I woot, as ye goon by the weye,
Ye shapen yow to talen and to pleye;
For trewely, confort ne mirthe is noon
To ryde by the weye doumb as a stoon;
And therfore wol I maken yow disport,
As I seyde erst, and doon yow som confort.
And if yow lyketh alle, by oon assent,
Now for to stonden at my Iugement,
And for to werken as I shal yow seye,
To-morwe, whan ye ryden by the weye,
Now, by my fader soule, that is deed,
But ye be merye, I wol yeve yow myn heed.
Hold up your hond, withoute more speche.'
Our counseil was nat longe for to seche;
Us thoughte it was noght worth to make it wys,
And grauntèd him with-outen more avys,
And bad him seye his verdit, as him leste.
'Lordinges,' quod he, 'now herkneth for the beste;
But tak it not, I prey yow, in desdeyn;
This is the poynt, to speken short and pleyn,
That ech of yow, to shorte with our weye,
In this viage, shal telle tales tweye,
To Caunterbury-ward, I mene it so,
And hom-ward he shal tellen othere two,
Of aventures that whylom han bifalle.
And which of yow that bereth him best of alle,
That is to seyn, that telleth in this cas
Tales of best sentence and most solas,
Shal han a soper at our aller cost
Here in this place, sitting by this post,
Whan that we come agayn fro Caunterbury.
And for to make yow the more mery,
I wol my-selven gladly with yow ryde,
Right at myn owne cost, and be your gyde.
And who-so wol my Iugement withseye
Shal paye al that we spenden by the weye.
And if ye vouche-sauf that it be so,
Tel me anon, with-outen wordes mo,
And I wol erly shape me therfore.'
This thing was graunted, and our othes swore
With ful glad herte, and preyden him also
That he wold vouche-sauf for to do so,
And that he wolde been our governour,
And of our tales Iuge and reportour,
And sette a soper at a certeyn prys;
And we wold reulèd been at his devys,
In heigh and lowe; and thus, by oon assent,
We been acorded to his Iugement.
And ther-up-on the wyn was fet anoon;
We dronken, and to reste wente echoon,
With-outen any lenger taryinge.
A-morwe, whan that day bigan to springe,
Up roos our host, and was our aller cok,
And gadrede us togidre, alle in a flok,
And forth we riden, a litel more than pas,
Un-to the watering of seint Thomas.
And there our host bigan his hors areste,
And seyde; 'Lordinges, herkneth if yow leste.
Ye woot your forward, and I it yow recorde.
If even-song and morwe-song acorde,
Lat se now who shal telle the firste tale.
As evere mote I drinke wyn or ale,
Who-so be rebel to my Iugement
Shal paye for al that by the weye is spent.
Now draweth cut, er that we ferrer twinne;
He which that hath the shortest shal beginne.'
'Sire knight,' quod he, 'my maister and my lord,
Now draweth cut, for that is myn acord.
Cometh neer,' quod he, 'my lady prioresse;
And ye, sir clerk, lat be your shamfastnesse,
Ne studieth noght; ley hond to, every man.'

Anon to drawen every wight bigan,
And shortly for to tellen, as it was,
Were it by aventure, or sort, or cas,
The sothe is this, the cut fil to the knight,
Of which ful blythe and glad was every wight;
And telle he moste his tale, as was resoun,
By forward and by composicioun,
As ye han herd; what nedeth wordes mo?
And whan this goode man saugh it was so,
As he that wys was and obedient
To kepe his forward by his free assent,
He seyde: 'Sin I shal beginne the game,
What, welcome be the cut, a Goddes name!
Now lat us ryde, and herkneth what I seye.'
And with that word we riden forth our weye;
And he bigan with right a mery chere
His tale anon, and seyde in this mannere.

* * *

THE NUN'S PRIEST'S TALE

A povre widwe somdel stope in age,
Was whylom dwelling in a narwe cotage,
Bisyde a grove, stondyng in a dale.
This widwe, of which I telle yow my tale,
Sin thilke day that she was last a wyf,
In pacience ladde a ful simple lyf,
For litel was hir catel and hir rente;
By housbondrye, of such as God hir sente,
She fond hir-self, and eek hir doghtren two.
Three large sowes hadde she, and namo,
Three kyn, and eek a sheep that highte Malle.
Ful sooty was hir bour, and eek hir halle,
In which she eet ful many a sclendre meel.
Of poynaunt sauce hir neded never a deel.
No deyntee morsel passèd thrugh hir throte;
Hir dyete was accordant to hir cote.
Repleccioun ne made hir nevere syk;
Attempree dyete was al hir phisyk,
And exercyse, and hertes suffisaunce.
The goute lette hir no-thing for to daunce,
Ne poplexye shente nat hir heed;
No wyn ne drank she, neither whyt ne reed;
Hir bord was servèd most with whyt and blak,
Milk and broun breed, in which she fond no lak,
Seynd bacoun, and somtyme an ey or tweye,
For she was as it were a maner deye.
A yerd she hadde, enclosèd al aboute
With stikkes, and a drye dich with-oute,
In which she hadde a cok, hight Chauntecleer,
In al the land of crowing nas his peer.
His vois was merier than the merye orgon
On messe-dayes that in the chirche gon;
Wel sikerer was his crowing in his logge,
Than is a clokke, or an abbey orlogge.
By nature knew he ech ascencioun
Of equinoxial in thilke toun;
For whan degrees fiftene were ascended,
Thanne crew he, that it mighte nat ben amended.
His comb was redder than the fyn coral,
And batailed, as it were a castel-wal.
His bile was blak, and as the Ieet it shoon;
Lyk asur were his legges, and his toon;
His nayles whytter than the lilie flour,
And lyk the burnèd gold was his colour.
This gentil cok hadde in his governaunce
Sevene hennes, for to doon al his pleasaunce,
Whiche were his sustres and his paramours,
And wonder lyk to him, as of colours.
Of whiche the faireste hewèd on hir throte
Was clepèd faire damoysele Pertelote.
Curteys she was, discreet, and debonaire,
And compaignable, and bar hir-self so faire,
Sin thilke day that she was seven night old,
That trewely she hath the herte in hold
Of Chauntecleer loken in every lith;
He loved hir so, that wel him was therwith.
But such a Ioye was it to here hem singe,
Whan that the brighte sonne gan to springe,
In swete accord, 'my lief is faren in londe.'
For thilke tyme, as I have understonde,
Bestes and briddes coude speke and singe.
And so bifel, that in a dawenynge,
As Chauntecleer among his wyves alle
Sat on his perche, that was in the halle,
And next him sat this faire Pertelote,
This Chauntecleer gan gronen in his throte,
As man that in his dreem is drecchèd sore.
And whan that Pertelote thus herde him rore,
She was agast, and seyde, 'O herte deere,
What eyleth yow, to grone in this manere?
Ye ben a verray sleper, fy for shame!'
And he answerde and seyde thus, 'Madame,
I pray yow, that ye take it nat agrief:
By God, me mette I was in swich meschief
Right now, that yet myn herte is sore afright.
Now God,' quod he, 'my swevene rede aright,
And keep my body out of foul prisoun!
Me mette, how that I romèd up and doun
Withinne our yerde, wher as I saugh a beste,
Was lyk an hound, and wolde han maad areste
Upon my body, and wolde han had me deed.
His colour was bitwixe yelwe and reed;
And tippèd was his tail, and bothe his eres
With blak, unlyk the remenant of his heres;
His snowte smal, with glowinge eyen tweye.
Yet of his look for fere almost I deye;

This causèd me my groning, douteles.'
'Avoy!' quod she, 'fy on yow, herteles!
Allas!' quod she, 'for, by that God above,
Now han ye lost myn herte and al my love;
I can nat love a coward, by my feith.
For certes, what so any womman seith,
We alle desyren, if it mighte be,
To han housbondes hardy, wyse, and free,
And secree, and no nigard, ne no fool,
Ne him that is agast of every tool,
Ne noon avauntour, by that God above!
How dorste ye sayn for shame unto youre love,
That any thing mighte make yow aferd?
Have ye no mannes herte, and han a berd?
Allas! and conne ye been agast of swevenis?
No-thing, God wot, but vanitee, in sweven is.
Swevenes engendren of repleccioun, 103
And ofte of fume, and of complecciouns,
Whan humours been to habundant in a wight. 105
Certes this dreem, which ye han met to-night,
Cometh of the grete superfluitee
Of youre rede *colera*, pardee,
Which causeth folk to dremen in here dremes
Of arwes, and of fyr with rede lemes, 110
Of grete bestes, that they wol hem byte,
Of contek, and of whelpes grete and lyte;
Right as the humour of malencolye
Causeth ful many a man, in sleep, to crye,
For fere of blake beres, or boles blake, 115
Or elles, blake develes wole him take.
Of othere humours coude I telle also,
That werken many a man in sleep ful wo;
But I wol passe as lightly as I can. 119
Lo Catoun, which that was so wys a man,
Seyde he nat thus, ne do no fors of dremes?
Now, sire,' quod she, 'whan we flee fro the bemes,
For Goddes love, as tak som laxatyf;
Up peril of my soule, and of my lyf,
I counseille yow the beste, I wol nat lye, 125
That both of colere, and of malencolye
Ye purge yow; and for ye shul nat tarie,
Though in this toun is noon apotecarie,
I shal my-self to herbes techen yow,
That shul ben for your hele, and for your prow; 130
And in our yerd tho herbes shal I fynde,
The whiche han of here propretee, by kynde,
To purgen yow binethe, and eek above.
Forget not this, for Goddes owene love!
Ye been ful colerik of complecciouns. 135
Ware the sonne in his ascencioun
Ne fynde yow nat repleet of humours hote;
And if it do, I dar wel leye a grote,
That ye shul have a fevere terciane,
Or an agu, that may be youre bane. 140
A day or two ye shul have digestyves
Of wormes, er ye take your laxatyves,
Of lauriol, centaure, and fumetere,
Or elles of ellebor, that groweth there,
Of catapuce, or of gaytres beryis, 145
Of erbe yve, growing in our yerd, that mery is;
Pekke hem up right as they growe, and ete hem in.
Be mery, housbond, for your fader kyn!
Dredeth no dreem; I can say yow namore.'
'Madame,' quod he, '*graunt mercy* of your lore. 150
But natheles, as touching daun Catoun,
That hath of wisdom such a gret renoun,
Though that he bad no dremes for to drede,
By God, men may in olde bokes rede
Of many a man, more of auctoritee 155
Than evere Catoun was, so moot I thee,
That al the revers seyn of this sentence,
And han wel founden by experience,
That dremes ben significaciouns,
As wel of Ioye as tribulaciouns 160
That folk enduren in this lyf present.
Ther nedeth make of this noon argument;
The verray preve sheweth it in dede.
Oon of the gretteste auctours that men rede
Seith thus, that whylom two felawes wente
On pilgrimage, in a ful good entente; 166
And happèd so, they come into a toun,
Wher as ther was swich congregacioun
Of peple, and eek so streit of herbergage,
That they ne founde as muche as o cotage,
In which they bothe mighte y-loggèd be. 171
Wherfor thay mosten, of necessitee,
As for that night, departen compaignye;
And ech of hem goth to his hostelrye,
And took his logging as it wolde falle. 175
That oon of hem was loggèd in a stalle,
Fer in a yerd, with oxen of the plough;
That other man was loggèd wel y-nough,
As was his aventure, or his fortune,
That us governeth alle as in commune. 180
And so bifel, that, long er it were day,
This man mette in his bed, ther as he lay,
How that his felawe gan up-on him calle,
And seyde, "Allas! for in an oxes stalle
This night I shal be mordrèd ther I lye. 185
Now help me, dere brother, or I dye;
In alle haste com to me," he sayde.
This man out of his sleep for fere abrayde;
But whan that he was waknèd of his sleep,
He turnèd him, and took of this no keep;
Him thoughte his dreem nas but a vanitee.
Thus twyes in his sleping dremèd he. 192
And atte thridde tyme yet his felawe

Com, as him thoughte, and seide, "I am now slawe;
Bihold my bloody woundes, depe and wyde!
Arys up erly in the morwe-tyde,
And at the west gate of the toun," quod he,
"A carte ful of donge ther shaltow see,
In which my body is hid ful prively;
Do thilke carte arresten boldely.
My gold causèd my mordre, sooth to sayn;"
And tolde him every poynt how he was slayn,
With a ful pitous face, pale of hewe.
And truste wel, his dreem he fond ful trewe;
For on the morwe, as sone as it was day,
To his felawes in he took the way;
And whan that he cam to this oxes stalle,
After his felawe he bigan to calle.
The hostiler answerde him anon,
And seyde, "Sire, your felawe is agon,
As sone as day he wente out of the toun."
This man gan fallen in suspecioun,
Remembring on his dremes that he mette,
And forth he goth, no lenger wolde he lette,
Unto the west gate of the toun, and fond
A dong-carte, as it were to donge lond,
That was arrayèd in that same wyse
As ye han herd the dede man devyse;
And with an hardy herte he gan to crye
Vengeaunce and Iustice of this felonye:—
"My felawe mordrèd is this same night,
And in this carte he lyth gapinge upright.
I crye out on the ministres," quod he,
"That sholden kepe and reulen this citee;
Harrow! allas! her lyth my felawe slayn!"
What sholde I more un-to this tale sayn?
The peple out-sterte, and caste the cart to grounde,
And in the middel of the dong they founde
The dede man, that mordrèd was al newe.
'O blisful God, that art so Iust and trewe!
Lo, how that thou biwreyest mordre alway!
Mordre wol out, that se we day by day.
Mordre is so wlatsom and abhominable
To God, that is so Iust and resonable,
That he ne wol nat suffre it helèd be;
Though it abyde a yeer, or two, or three,
Mordre wol out, this my conclusioun.
And right anoon, ministres of that toun
Han hent the carter, and so sore him pynèd,
And eek the hostiler so sore engynèd,
That thay biknewe hir wikkednesse anoon,
And were an-hangèd by the nekke-boon.
'Here may men seen that dremes been to drede.
And certes, in the same book I rede,
Right in the nexte chapitre after this,
(I gabbe nat, so have I Ioye or blis,)
Two men that wolde han passèd over see,
For certeyn cause, in-to a fer contree,
If that the wind ne hadde been contrarie,
That made hem in a citee for to tarie,
That stood ful mery upon an haven-syde.
But on a day, agayn the even-tyde,
The wind gan chaunge, and blew right as hem leste.
Iolif and glad they wente un-to hir reste,
And casten hem ful erly for to saille;
But to that oo man fel a greet mervaille.
That oon of hem, in sleping as he lay,
Him mette a wonder dreem, agayn the day;
Him thoughte a man stood by his beddes syde,
And him comaunded, that he sholde abyde,
And seyde him thus, "If thou to-morwe wende,
Thou shalt be dreynt; my tale is at an ende."
He wook, and tolde his felawe what he mette,
And preyde him his viage for to lette;
As for that day, he preyde him to abyde.
His felawe, that lay by his beddes syde,
Gan for to laughe, and scornèd him ful faste.
"No dreem," quod he, "may so myn herte agaste,
That I wol lette for to do my thinges.
I sette not a straw by thy dreminges,
For swevenes been but vanitees and Iapes.
Men dreme al-day of owles or of apes,
And eek of many a mase therwithal;
Men dreme of thing that nevere was ne shal.
But sith I see that thou wolt heer abyde,
And thus for-sleuthen wilfully thy tyde,
God wot it reweth me; and have good day."
And thus he took his leve, and wente his way.
But er that he hadde halfe his cours y-seylèd,
Noot I nat why, ne what mischaunce it eylèd,
But casuelly the shippes botme rente,
And ship and man under the water wente
In sighte of othere shippes it byside,
That with hem seylèd at the same tyde.
And therfor, faire Pertelote so dere,
By swiche ensamples olde maistow lere,
That no man sholde been to recchelees
Of dremes, for I sey thee, doutelees,
That many a dreem ful sore is for to drede.
'Lo, in the lyf of seint Kenelm, I rede,
That was Kenulphus sone, the noble king
Of Mercenrike, how Kenelm mette a thing;
A lyte er he was mordrèd, on a day,
His mordre in his avisioun he say.
His norice him expounèd every del
His swevene, and bad him for to kepe him wel
For traisoun; but he nas but seven yeer old
And therefore litel tale hath he told

Of any dreem, so holy was his herte.
By God, I hadde levere than my sherte
That ye had rad his legende, as have I.
Dame Pertelote, I sey yow trewely,
Macrobeus, that writ the avisioun
In Affrike of the worthy Cipioun,
Affermeth dremes, and seith that they been
Warning of thinges that men after seen.
And forther-more, I pray yow loketh wel
In the olde testament, of Daniel,
If he held dremes any vanitee.
Reed eek of Ioseph, and ther shul ye see
Wher dremes ben somtyme (I sey nat alle)
Warning of thinges that shul after falle.
Loke of Egipt the king, daun Pharao,
His bakere and his boteler also,
Wher they ne felte noon effect in dremes.
Who so wol seken actes of sondry remes,
May rede of dremes many a wonder thing.
'Lo Cresus, which that was of Lyde king,
Mette he nat that he sat upon a tree,
Which signified he sholde anhangèd be?
Lo heer Andromacha, Ectores wyf,
That day that Ector sholde lese his lyf,
She dremèd on the same night biforn,
How that the lyf of Ector sholde be lorn,
If thilke day he wente in-to bataille;
She warnèd him, but it mighte nat availle;
He wente for to fighte natheles,
But he was slayn anoon of Achilles.
But thilke tale is al to long to telle,
And eek it is ny day, I may nat dwelle.
Shortly I seye, as for conclusioun,
That I shal han of this avisoun
Adversitee; and I seye forther-more,
That I ne telle of laxatyves no store,
For they ben venimous, I woot it wel;
I hem defye, I love hem nevere a del.
'Now let us speke of mirthe, and stinte al this;
Madame Pertelote, so have I blis,
Of o thing God hath sent me large grace;
For whan I see the beautee of your face,
Ye ben so scarlet-reed about youre yën,
It maketh al my drede for to dyen;
For, also siker as *In principio,*
Mulier est hominis confusio;
Madame, the sentence of this Latin is —
Womman is mannes Ioye and al his blis.
* * *
I am so ful of Ioye and of solas
That I defye bothe sweven and dreem.'
And with that word he fley doun fro the beem,
For it was day, and eek his hennes alle;
And with a chuk he gan hem for to calle,
For he had founde a corn, lay in the yerd.
Roial he was, he was namore aferd;
* * *
He loketh as it were a grim leoun;
And on his toos he rometh up and doun,
Him deynèd not to sette his foot to grounde.
He chukketh, whan he hath a corn y-founde,
And to him rennen thanne his wyves alle.
Thus roial, as a prince is in his halle,
Leve I this Chauntecleer in his pasture;
And after wol I telle his aventure.
Whan that the month in which the world bigan,
That highte March, whan God first makèd man,
Was complet, and y-passèd were also,
Sin March bigan, thritty dayes and two,
Bifel that Chauntecleer, in al his pryde,
His seven wyves walking by his syde,
Caste up his eyen to the brighte sonne,
That in the signe of Taurus hadde y-ronne
Twenty degrees and oon, and somwhat more;
And knew by kynde, and by noon other lore,
That it was pryme, and crew with blisful stevene.
'The sonne,' he sayde, 'is clomben up on hevene
Fourty degrees and oon, and more, y-wis.
Madame Pertelote, my worldes blis,
Herkneth thise blisful briddes how they singe,
And see the fresshe floures how they springe;
Ful is myn hert of revel and solas.'
But sodeinly him fil a sorweful cas;
For evere the latter ende of Ioye is wo.
Got woot that worldly Ioye is sone ago;
And if a rethor coude faire endyte,
He in a chronique saufly mighte it write,
As for a sovereyn notabilitee.
Now every wys man, lat him herkne me;
This storie is al-so trewe, I undertake,
As is the book of Launcelot de Lake,
That wommen holde in ful gret reverence.
Now wol I torne agayn to my sentence.
A col-fox, ful of sly iniquitee,
That in the grove hadde wonèd yeres three,
By heigh imaginacioun forn-cast,
The same night thurgh-out the hegges brast
Into the yerd, ther Chauntecleer the faire
Was wont, and eek his wyves, to repaire;
And in a bed of wortes stille he lay,
Til it was passèd undern of the day,
Wayting his tyme on Chauntecleer to falle
As gladly doon thise homicydes alle,
That in awayt liggen to mordre men.
O false mordrer, lurking in thy den!
O newe Scariot, newe Genilon!
False dissimilour, O Greek Sinon,
That broghtest Troye al outrely to sorwe!
O Chauntecleer, acursèd be that morwe.

That thou into that yerd flough fro the bemes!
Thou were ful wel y-warnèd by thy dremes,
That thilke day was perilous to thee.
But what that God forwot mot nedes be,
After the opinioun of certeyn clerkis.
Witnesse on him, that any perfit clerk is,
That in scole is gret altercacioun
In this matere, and greet disputisoun,
And hath ben of an hundred thousand men.
But I ne can not bulte it to the bren,
As can the holy doctour Augustyn,
Or Boece, or the bishop Bradwardyn,
Whether that Goddes worthy forwiting
Streyneth me nedely for to doon a thing,
(Nedely clepe I simple necessitee);
Or elles, if free choys be graunted me
To do that same thing, or do it noght,
Though God forwot it, er that it was wroght;
Or if his witing streyneth nevere a del
But by necessitee condicionel.
I wol not han to do of swich matere;
My tale is of a cok, as ye may here,
That took his counseil of his wyf, with sorwe,
To walken in the yerd upon that morwe
That he had met the dreem, that I of tolde.
Wommennes counseils been ful ofte colde;
Wommannes counseil broghte us first to wo,
And made Adam fro paradys to go,
Ther as he was ful mery, and wel at ese.
But for I noot, to whom it mighte displese,
If I counseil of wommen wolde blame,
Passe over, for I seyde it in my game.
Rede auctours, wher they trete of swich matere,
And what thay seyn of wommen ye may here.
Thise been the cokkes wordes, and nat myne;
I can noon harme of no womman divyne.
Faire in the sond, to bathe hire merily,
Lyth Pertelote, and alle hir sustres by,
Agayn the sonne; and Chauntecleer so free
Song merier than the mermayde in the see;
For Phisiologus seith sikerly,
How that they singen wel and merily.
And so bifel, that as he caste his yë,
Among the wortes, on a boterflye,
He was war of this fox that lay ful lowe.
No-thing ne liste him thanne for to crowe,
But cryde anon, 'cok, cok,' and up he sterte,
As man that was affrayèd in his herte.
For naturelly a beest desyreth flee
Fro his contrarie, if he may it see,
Though he never erst had seyn it with his yë.

This Chauntecleer, whan he gan him espye,
He wolde han fled, but that the fox anon
Seyde, 'Gentil sire, allas! wher wol ye gon?
Be ye affrayed of me that am your freend?
Now certes, I were worse than a feend,
If I to yow wolde harm or vileinye.
I am nat come your counseil for tespye;
But trewely, the cause of my cominge
Was only for to herkne how that ye singe.
For trewely ye have as mery a stevene,
As eny aungel hath, that is in hevene;
Therwith ye han in musik more felinge
Than hadde Boece, or any that can singe.
My lord your fader (God his soule blesse!)
And eek your moder, of hir gentilesse,
Han in myn hous y-been, to my gret ese;
And certes, sire, ful fayn wolde I yow plese.
But for men speke of singing, I wol saye,
So mote I brouke wel myn eyen tweye,
Save yow, I herde nevere man so singe,
As dide your fader in the morweninge;
Certes, it was of herte, al that he song.
And for to make his voys the more strong,
He wolde so peyne him, that with both his yën
He moste winke, so loude he wolde cryen,
And stonden on his tiptoon therwithal,
And strecche forth his nekke long and smal.
And eek he was of swich discrecioun,
That ther nas no man in no regioun
That him in song or wisdom mighte passe.
I have weel rad in daun Burnel the Asse,
Among his vers, how that ther was a cok,
For that a prestes sone yaf him a knok
Upon his leg, whyl he was yong and nyce,
He made him for to lese his benefyce.
But certeyn, ther nis no comparisoun
Bitwix the wisdom and discrecioun
Of your fader, and of his subtiltee.
Now singeth, sire, for seinte charitee,
Let se, conne ye your fader countrefete?'
This Chauntecleer his winges gan to bete,
As man that coude his tresoun nat espye,
So was he ravisshed with his flaterye.
Allas! ye lordes, many a fals flatour
Is in your courtes, and many a losengeour,
That plesen yow wel more, by my feith,
Than he that soothfastnesse unto yow seith.
Redeth Ecclesiaste of flaterye;
Beth war, ye lordes, of hir trecherye.
This Chauntecleer stood hye up-on his toos,
Strecching his nekke, and held his eyen cloos,
And gan to crowe loude for the nones;
And daun Russel the fox sterte up at ones,
And by the gargat hente Chauntecleer,
And on his bak toward the wode him beer,

For yet ne was ther no man that him sewèd.
O destinee, that mayst nat ben eschewèd!
Allas, that Chauntecleer fleigh fro the bemes!
Allas, his wyf ne roghte nat of dremes!
And on a Friday fil al this meschaunce.
O Venus, that art goddesse of plesaunce,
Sin that thy servant was this Chauntecleer,
And in thy service dide al his poweer,
More for delyt, than world to multiplye,
Why woldestow suffre him on thy day to dye?
O Gaufred, dere mayster soverayn,
That, whan thy worthy king Richard was slayn
With shot, compleynedest his deth so sore,
Why ne hadde I now thy sentence and thy lore,
The Friday for to chide, as diden ye?
(For on a Friday soothly slayn was he.)
Than wolde I shewe yow how that I coude pleyne
For Chauntecleres drede, and for his peyne.
Certes, swich cry ne lamentacioun
Was nevere of ladies maad, whan Ilioun
Was wonne, and Pirrus with his streite swerd,
Whan he hadde hent king Priam by the berd,
And slayn him (as saith us *Eneydos*),
As maden alle the hennes in the clos,
Whan they had seyn of Chauntecleer the sighte.
But sovereynly dame Pertelote shrighte,
Ful louder than dide Hasdrubales wyf,
Whan that hir housbond hadde lost his lyf,
And that the Romayns hadde brend Cartage,
She was so ful of torment and of rage,
That wilfully into the fyr she sterte,
And brende hir-selven with a stedfast herte.
O woful hennes, right so cryden ye,
As, whan that Nero brende the citee
Of Rome, cryden senatoures wyves,
For that hir housbondes losten alle hir lyves;
Withouten gilt this Nero hath hem slayn.
Now wol I torne to my tale agayn:
This sely widwe, and eek hir doghtres two,
Herden thise hennes crye and maken wo,
And out at dores sterten thay anoon,
And syen the fox toward the grove goon,
And bar upon his bak the cok away;
And cryden, 'Out! harrow! and weylaway!
Ha, ha, the fox!' and after him they ran,
And eek with staves many another man;
Ran Colle our dogge, and Talbot, and Gerland,
And Malkin, with a distaf in hir hand;
Ran cow and calf, and eek the verray hogges
So were they fered for berking of the dogges
And shouting of the men and wimmen eke,
They ronne so, hem thoughte hir herte breke.
They yelleden as fèendes doon in helle;
The dokes cryden as men wolde hem quelle;
The gees for fere flowen over the trees;
Out of the hyve cam the swarm of bees;
So hidous was the noyse, a! *benedicite!*
Certes, he Iakke Straw, and his meynee,
Ne maden nevere shoutes half so shrille,
Whan that they wolden any Fleming kille,
As thilke day was maad upon the fox.
Of bras thay broghten bemes, and of box,
Of horn, of boon, in whiche they blewe and poupèd,
And therwithal thay shrykèd and they houpèd;
It semèd as that hevene sholde falle.
Now, gode men, I pray yow herkneth alle!
Lo, how fortune turneth sodeinly
The hope and pryde eek of hir enemy!
This cok, that lay upon the foxes bak,
In al his drede, un-to the fox he spak,
And seyde, 'Sire, if that I were as ye,
Yet sholde I seyn (as wis God helpe me),
"Turneth agayn, ye proude cherles alle!
A verray pestilence up-on yow falle!
Now am I come un-to this wodes syde,
Maugree your heed, the cok shal heer abyde;
I wol him ete in feith, and that anon."'
The fox answerde, 'In feith, it shal be don,'
And as he spak that word, al sodeinly
This cok brak from his mouth deliverly,
And heighe up-on a tree he fleigh anon.
And whan the fox saugh that he was y-gon,
'Allas!' quod he, 'O Chauntecleer, allas!
I have to yow,' quod he, 'y-doon trespas,
In-as-muche as I makèd yow aferd,
Whan I yow hente, and broghte out of the yerd;
But, sire, I dide it in no wikke entente;
Com doun, and I shal telle yow what I mente.
I shal seye sooth to yow, God help me so.'
'Nay than,' quod he, 'I shrewe us bothe two,
And first I shrewe my-self, bothe blood and bones,
If thou bigyle me ofter than ones.
Thou shalt namore, thurgh thy flaterye
Do me to singe and winke with myn yë.
For he that winketh, whan he sholde see,
Al wilfully, God lat him never thee!'
'Nay,' quod the fox, 'but God yive him meschaunce,
That is so undiscreet of governaunce,
That iangleth whan he sholde holde his pees.'

Lo, swich it is for to be recchelees,
And necligent, and truste on flaterye.
But ye that holden this tale a folye,
As of a fox, or of a cok and hen,
Taketh the moralitee, good men.
For seint Paul seith, that al that writen is,
To our doctryne it is y-write, y-wis.
Taketh the fruyt, and let the chaf be stille.
Now, gode God, if that it be thy wille,
As seith my lord, so make us alle good men;
And bringe us to his heighe blisse. Amen.

CHAUCERS WORDES UNTO ADAM HIS OWNE SCRIVEYN

Adam scriveyn, if ever it thee bifalle
Boece or Troilus to wryten newe,
Under thy lokkes thou most have the scalle,
But after my making thou wryte trewe.
So ofte a daye I mot thy werk renewe,
Hit to correcte and eek to rubbe and scrape;
And al is through thy negligence and rape.

LAK OF STEDFASTNESSE

BALADE

Som tyme this world was so stedfast and stable
That mannes word was obligacioun,
And now hit is so fals and deceivable,
That word and deed, as in conclusioun,
Ben no-thing lyk, for turnèd up so doun
Is al this world for mede and wilfulnesse,
That al is lost, for lak of stedfastnesse.

What maketh this world to be so variable
But lust that folk have in dissensioun?
Among us now a man is holde unable,
But-if he can, by som collusioun,
Don his neighbour wrong or oppressioun.
What causeth this, but wilful wrecchednesse,
That al is lost, for lak of stedfastnesse?

Trouthe is put doun, resoun is holden fable;
Vertu hath now no dominacioun,
Pitee exyled, no man is merciable.
Through covetyse is blent discrecioun;
The world hath mad a permutacioun
Fro right to wrong, fro trouthe to fikelnesse,
That al is lost, for lak of stedfastnesse.

Lenvoy to King Richard

O prince, desyre to be honourable,
Cherish thy folk and hate extorcioun!
Suffre no thing, that may be reprevable
To thyn estat, don in thy regioun.
Shew forth thy swerd of castigacioun,
Dred God, do law, love trouthe and worthinesse,
And wed thy folk agein to stedfastnesse.

THE COMPLEINT OF CHAUCER TO HIS EMPTY PURSE

To you, my purse, and to non other wight
Compleyne I, for ye be my lady dere!
I am so sory, now that ye be light;
For certes, but ye make me hevy chere,
Me were as leef be leyd up-on my bere;
For whiche un-to your mercy thus I crye:
Beth hevy ageyn, or elles mot I dye!

Now voucheth sauf this day, or hit be night,
That I of you the blisful soun may here,
Or see your colour lyk the sonne bright,
That of yelownesse hadde never pere.
Ye be my lyf, ye be myn hertes stere,
Quene of comfort and of good companye:
Beth hevy ageyn, or elles mot I dye!

Now purs, that be to me my lyves light,
And saveour, as doun in this world here,
Out of this toune help me through your might,
Sin that ye wole nat been my tresorere;
For I am shave as nye as any frere.
But yit I pray un-to your curtesye:
Beth hevy ageyn, or elles mot I dye!

Lenvoy de Chaucer

O conquerour of Brutes Albioun!
Which that by lyne and free eleccioun
Ben verray king, this song to you I sende:
And ye, that mowen al our harm amende,
Have minde up-on my supplicacioun!

SIR THOMAS MALORY (c. 1400–1471)

Concerning the life of the author of the *Morte d'Arthur* little is known. He was born about the year 1400, lived at Newbold Revell, was knighted, and represented Warwickshire in parliament in 1445. He was 'a gentleman of an ancient house and a soldier,' belonging to the most highly cultivated society of his day. Malory was prominent on the Lancastrian side in the Wars of the Roses, and his military service extended to France, where he was associated with Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, a knight distinguished throughout Europe as the embodiment of the chivalric ideal and as 'the father of courtesy.' Certain of the Earl of Warwick's exploits provide a rapid and highly colored narrative not unlike that of the *Morte d'Arthur* itself. It would seem, then, that Sir Thomas Malory was in every way endowed for composing the chivalric compilation by which he is now chiefly known.

William Caxton (c. 1422–1491) deserves a place by the side of Malory in the literary history of the fifteenth century not only because he edited and published the *Morte d'Arthur*, but also because he brought into print numerous other works of romance. After a considerable period of activity as a merchant, Caxton began his career as printer, translator, and editor by issuing at Bruges, about 1475, the first book printed in English, *The Recuyell of the Histories of Troy*. Caxton translated this work himself, from the French of Raoul le Fevre. In 1476 he returned to England, and set up his press in Westminster, where he finished printing, on November 18, 1477, *The Dictes and Sayings of the Philosophers*, the first dated book issued in England. From his press in Westminster, Caxton issued some seventy-one separate works, of which Malory's *Morte d'Arthur* was the fifty-second.

LE MORTE D'ARTHUR

PREFACE OF WILLIAM CAXTON

After that I had accomplished and finished divers histories, as well of contemplation as of other historical and worldly acts of great conquerors and princes, and also certain books of ensamples and doctrine, many noble and divers gentlemen of this realm of England came and demanded me, many and ofttimes, wherefore that I have not do made and enprint the noble history of the Sangreal, and of the most renowned christian king, first and chief of the three best christian and worthy, King Arthur, which ought most to be remembered among us Englishmen to-fore all other christian kings. For it is notoriously known through the universal world that there be nine worthy and the best that ever were. That is to wit three paynims, three Jews, and three christian men. As for the paynims they were to-fore the Incarnation of Christ, which were named, the first, Hector of Troy, of whom the history is come both in ballad and in prose; the second, Alexander the Great; and the third, Julius Cæsar, Emperor of Rome, of whom the histories be well known and had. And as for the three Jews which also were to-fore the Incarnation of our Lord, of whom the first was Duke Joshua which brought the children of Israel into the land of behest; the second, David, King of Jerusalem; and the third, Judas Maccabæus: of these three the Bible rehearseth all their noble histories and acts. And since the said Incarnation have been three noble christian men stalled and admitted through the universal world into the number of the nine best and worthy, of whom was first the noble Arthur, whose noble acts I purpose to write in this present book here following. The second was Charlemagne, or Charles the Great, of whom the history is had in many places, both in French and English; and the third and last was Godfrey of Boloine, of whose acts and life I made a book unto the excellent prince and king of noble memory, King Edward the Fourth. The said noble gentlemen instantly required me to enprint the history

of the said noble king and conqueror, King Arthur, and of his knights, with the history of the Sangreal, and of the death and ending of the said Arthur; affirming that I ought rather to enprint his acts and noble feats, than of Godfrey of Boloine, or any of the other eight, considering that he was a man born within this realm, and king and emperor of the same; and that there be in French divers and many noble volumes of his acts, and also of his knights. To whom I answered, that divers men hold opinion that there was no such Arthur, and that all such books as been made of him be feigned and fables, because that some chronicles make of him no mention, nor remember him no thing, nor of his knights. Whereto they answered, and one in special said, that in him that should say or think that there was never such a king called Arthur, might well be aretted great folly and blindness; for he said that there were many evidences of the contrary: first ye may see his sepulture in the monastery of Glastonbury. And also in *Polichronicon,* in the fifth book the sixth chapter, and in the seventh book the twenty-third chapter, where his body was buried, and after found, and translated into the said monastery. Ye shall see also in the history of Bochas, in his book *De Casu Principum,* part of his noble acts, and also of his fall. Also Galfridus in his British book recounteth his life; and in divers places of England many remembrances be yet of him and shall remain perpetually, and also of his knights. First in the Abbey of Westminster, at Saint Edward's shrine, remaineth the print of his seal in red wax closed in beryl, in which is written *Patricius Arthurus, Britannie, Gallie, Germanie, Dacie, Imperator.* Item in the castle of Dover ye may see Gawaine's skull and Craddock's mantle: at Winchester the Round Table: in other places Launcelot's sword and many other things. Then all these things considered, there can no man reasonably gainsay but there was a king of this land named Arthur. For in all places, christian and heathen, he is reputed and taken for one of the nine worthy, and the first of the three christian men. And also he is more spoken of beyond the sea, more books made of his noble acts, than there be in England, as well in Dutch, Italian, Spanish, and Greek, as in French. And yet of record remain in witness of him in Wales, in the town of Camelot, the great stones and marvelous works of iron, lying under the ground, and royal vaults, which divers now living have seen. Wherefore it is a marvel why he is no more renowned in his own country, save only it accordeth to the Word of God, which saith that no man is accept for a prophet in his own country.

Then all these things foresaid alleged, I could not well deny but that there was such a noble king named Arthur, and reputed one of the nine worthy, and first and chief of the christian men; and many noble volumes be made of him and of his noble knights in French, which I have seen and read beyond the sea, which be not had in our maternal tongue, but in Welsh be many and also in French, and some in English, but nowhere nigh all. Wherefore, such as have late been drawn out briefly into English I have after the simple conning that God hath sent to me, under the favor and correction of all noble lords and gentlemen, emprised to enprint a book of the noble histories of the said King Arthur, and of certain of his knights, after a copy unto me delivered, which copy Sir Thomas Malory did take out of certain books of French, and reduced it into English. And I, according to my copy, have done set it in enprint, to the intent that noble men may see and learn the noble acts of chivalry, the gentle and virtuous deeds that some knights used in those days, by which they came to honor; and how they that were vicious were punished and oft put to shame and rebuke; humbly beseeching all noble lords and ladies, with all other estates, of what estate or degree they been of, that shall see and read in this said book and work, that they take the good and honest acts in their remembrance, and to follow the same. Wherein they shall find many joyous and pleasant histories, and noble and renowned acts of humanity, gentleness, and chivalries. For herein may be seen noble chivalry, courtesy, humanity, friendliness, hardiness, love, friendship, cowardice, murder, hate, virtue, and sin. Do after the good and leave the evil, and it shall bring you to good fame and renown. And for to pass the time this book shall be pleasant to read in; but for to give faith and belief that all is true that is contained herein, ye be at your liberty; but all is written for our doctrine, and

for to beware that we fall not to vice nor sin; but to exercise and follow virtue; by which we may come and attain to good fame and renown in this life, and after this short and transitory life, to come unto everlasting bliss in heaven, the which he grant us that reigneth in heaven, the blessed Trinity. Amen.

Then to proceed forth in this said book, which I direct unto all noble princes, lords, and ladies, gentlemen or gentlewomen, that desire to read or hear read of the noble and joyous history of the great conqueror and excellent king, King Arthur, sometime king of this noble realm, then called Britain. I, William Caxton, simple person, present this book following, which I have emprised to enprint; and treateth of the noble acts, feats of arms of chivalry, prowess, hardiness, humanity, love, courtesy and very gentleness, with many wonderful histories and adventures. And for to understand briefly the content of this volume, I have divided it into twenty-one books, and every book chaptered as hereafter shall by God's grace follow. The first book shall treat how Uther Pendragon gat the noble conqueror King Arthur, and containeth twenty-eight chapters. The second book treateth of Balin the noble knight, and containeth nineteen chapters. The third book treateth of the marriage of King Arthur to Queen Guenever, with other matters, and containeth fifteen chapters. The fourth book, how Merlin was assotted, and of war made to King Arthur, and containeth twenty-nine chapters. The fifth book treateth of the conquest of Lucius the emperor, and containeth twelve chapters. The sixth book treateth of Sir Launcelot and Sir Lionel, and marvelous adventures, and containeth eighteen chapters. The seventh book treateth of a noble knight called Sir Gareth, and named by Sir Kay, Beaumains, and containeth thirty-six chapters. The eighth book treateth of the birth of Sir Tristram the noble knight, and of his acts, and containeth forty-one chapters. The ninth book treateth of a knight named by Sir Kay, Le Cote Male Taille, and also of Sir Tristram, and containeth forty-four chapters. The tenth book treateth of Sir Tristram and other marvelous adventures, and containeth eighty-eight chapters. The eleventh book treateth of Sir Launcelot and Sir Galahad, and containeth fourteen chapters. The twelfth book treateth of Sir Launcelot and his madness, and containeth fourteen chapters. The thirteenth book treateth how Galahad came first to King Arthur's court, and the quest how the Sangreal was begun, and containeth twenty chapters. The fourteenth book treateth of the quest of the Sangreal, and containeth ten chapters. The fifteenth book treateth of Sir Launcelot, and containeth six chapters. The sixteenth book treateth of Sir Bors and Sir Lionel his brother, and containeth seventeen chapters. The seventeenth book treateth of the Sangreal, and containeth twenty-three chapters. The eighteenth book treateth of Sir Launcelot and the queen, and containeth twenty-five chapters. The nineteenth book treateth of Queen Guenever and Launcelot, and containeth thirteen chapters. The twentieth book treateth of the piteous death of Arthur, and containeth twenty-two chapters. The twenty-first book treateth of his last departing, and how Sir Launcelot came to revenge his death, and containeth thirteen chapters. The sum is twenty-one books, which contain the sum of five hundred and seven chapters, as more plainly shall follow hereafter.

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BOOK XXI

CHAPTER I

HOW SIR MORDRED PRESUMED AND TOOK ON HIM TO BE KING OF ENGLAND, AND WOULD HAVE MARRIED THE QUEEN, HIS UNCLE'S WIFE

As Sir Mordred was ruler of all England, he did do make letters as though that they came from beyond the sea, and the letters specified that King Arthur was slain in battle with Sir Launcelot. Wherefore Sir Mordred made a parliament, and called the lords together, and there he made them to choose him king; and so was he crowned at Canterbury, and held a feast there fifteen days; and afterward he drew him unto Winchester, and there he took the Queen Guenever, and said plainly that he would wed her which was his uncle's wife and his father's wife. And so he made ready for the feast, and a day prefixed that they should be wedded; wherefore Queen Guenever was

passing heavy. But she durst not discover her heart, but spake fair, and agreed to Sir Mordred's will. Then she desired of Sir Mordred for to go to London, to buy all manner of things that longed unto the wedding. And because of her fair speech, Sir Mordred trusted her well enough, and gave her leave to go. And so when she came to London, she took the Tower of London, and suddenly in all haste possible she stuffed it with all manner of victual, and well garnished it with men, and so kept it. Then when Sir Mordred wist and understood how he was beguiled, he was passing wroth out of measure. And a short tale for to make, he went and laid a mighty siege about the Tower of London, and made many great assaults thereat, and threw many great engines unto them, and shot great guns. But all might not prevail Sir Mordred, for Queen Guenever would never for fair speech nor for foul, would never trust to come in his hands again. Then came the Bishop of Canterbury, the which was a noble clerk and an holy man, and thus he said to Sir Mordred: 'Sir, what will ye do? will ye first displease God and sithen shame yourself, and all knighthood? Is not King Arthur your uncle, no farther but your mother's brother, and on her himself King Arthur begat you upon his own sister, therefore how may you wed your father's wife? Sir,' said the noble clerk, 'leave this opinion or I shall curse you with book and bell and candle.' 'Do thou thy worst,' said Sir Mordred, 'wit thou well I shall defy thee.' 'Sir,' said the bishop, 'and wit you well I shall not fear me to do that me ought to do. Also where ye noise where my lord Arthur is slain, and that is not so, and therefore ye will make a foul work in this land.' 'Peace, thou false priest,' said Sir Mordred, 'for an thou chafe me any more, I shall make strike off thy head.' So the bishop departed and did the cursing in the most orgulist wise that might be done. And then Sir Mordred sought the Bishop of Canterbury, for to have slain him. Then the bishop fled, and took part of his goods with him, and went nigh unto Glastonbury; and there he was as priest hermit in a chapel, and lived in poverty and in holy prayers, for well he understood that mischievous war was at hand.

Then Sir Mordred sought on Queen Guenever by letters and sonds, and by fair means and foul means, for to have her to come out of the Tower of London; but all this availed not, for she answered him shortly, openly and privily, that she had liefer slay herself than to be married with him. Then came word to Sir Mordred that King Arthur had araised the siege for Sir Launcelot, and he was coming homeward with a great host, to be avenged upon Sir Mordred; wherefore Sir Mordred made write writs to all the barony of this land, and much people drew to him. For then was the common voice among them that with Arthur was none other life but war and strife, and with Sir Mordred was great joy and bliss. Thus was Sir Arthur depraved and evil said of. And many there were that King Arthur had made up of naught, and given them lands, might not then say him a good word. Lo ye all Englishmen, see ye not what a mischief here was! for he that was the most king and knight of the world, and most loved the fellowship of noble knights, and by him they were all upholden, now might not these Englishmen hold them content with him. Lo thus was the old custom and usage of this land; and also men say that we of this land have not yet lost nor forgotten that custom and usage. Alas, this is a great default of us Englishmen, for there may no thing please us no term. And so fared the people at that time, they were better pleased with Sir Mordred than they were with King Arthur; and much people drew unto Sir Mordred, and said they would abide with him for better and for worse. And so Sir Mordred drew with a great host to Dover, for there he heard say that Sir Arthur would arrive, and so he thought to beat his own father from his lands; and the most part of all England held with Sir Mordred, the people were so new-fangle.

CHAPTER II

HOW AFTER THAT KING ARTHUR HAD TIDINGS, HE RETURNED AND CAME TO DOVER, WHERE SIR MORDRED MET HIM TO LET HIS LANDING; AND OF THE DEATH OF SIR GAWAINE

And so as Sir Mordred was at Dover with his host, there came King Arthur with a great navy of ships, and galleys, and carracks. And there was Sir Mordred

ready awaiting upon his landing, to let his own father to land upon the land that he was king over. Then there was launching of great boats and small, and full of noble men of arms; and there was much slaughter of gentle knights, and many a full bold baron was laid full low, on both parties. But King Arthur was so courageous that there might no manner of knights let him to land, and his knights fiercely followed him; and so they landed maugre Sir Mordred and all his power, and put Sir Mordred aback, that he fled and all his people.

So when this battle was done, King Arthur let bury his people that were dead. And then was noble Sir Gawaine found in a great boat, lying more than half dead. When Sir Arthur wist that Sir Gawaine was laid so low, he went unto him; and there the king made sorrow out of measure, and took Sir Gawaine in his arms, and thrice he there swooned. And then when he awaked, he said: 'Alas, Sir Gawaine, my sister's son, here now thou liest, the man in the world that I loved most; and now is my joy gone, for now, my nephew Sir Gawaine, I will discover me unto your person: in Sir Launcelot and you I most had my joy, and mine affiance, and now have I lost my joy of you both; wherefore all mine earthly joy is gone from me.' 'Mine uncle King Arthur,' said Sir Gawaine, 'wit you well my death-day is come, and all is through mine own hastiness and wilfulness; for I am smitten upon the old wound the which Sir Launcelot gave me, on the which I feel well I must die; and had Sir Launcelot been with you as he was, this unhappy war had never begun; and of all this am I causer, for Sir Launcelot and his blood, through their prowess, held all your cankered enemies in subjection and danger. And now,' said Sir Gawaine, 'ye shall miss Sir Launcelot. But, alas, I would not accord with him, and therefore,' said Sir Gawaine, 'I pray you, fair uncle, that I may have paper, pen, and ink, that I may write to Sir Launcelot a cedle with mine own hands.' And then when paper and ink was brought, then Gawaine was set up weakly by King Arthur, for he was shriven a little to-fore; and then he wrote thus, as the French book maketh mention: 'Unto Sir Launcelot, flower of all noble knights that ever I heard of or saw by my days, I, Sir Gawaine, King Lot's son of Orkney, sister's son unto the noble King Arthur, send thee greeting, and let thee have knowledge that the tenth day of May I was smitten upon the old wound that thou gavest me afore the city of Benwick, and through the same wound that thou gavest me I am come to my death-day. And I will that all the world wit, that I, Sir Gawaine, knight of the Table Round, sought my death, and not through thy deserving, but it was mine own seeking; wherefore I beseech thee, Sir Launcelot, to return again unto this realm, and see my tomb, and pray some prayer, more or less, for my soul. And this same day that I wrote this cedle, I was hurt to the death in the same wound, the which I had of thy hand, Sir Launcelot; for of a more nobler man might I not be slain. Also, Sir Launcelot, for all the love that ever was betwixt us, make no tarrying, but come over the sea in all haste, that thou mayest with thy noble knights rescue that noble king that made thee knight, that is my lord Arthur; for he is full straitly bestead with a false traitor, that is my half-brother, Sir Mordred; and he hath let crown him king, and would have wedded my lady Queen Guenever, and so had he done had she not put herself in the Tower of London. And so the tenth day of May last past, my lord Arthur and we all landed upon them at Dover; and there we put that false traitor, Sir Mordred, to flight, and there it misfortuned me to be stricken upon thy stroke. And at the date of this letter was written, but two hours and a half afore my death, written with mine own hand, and so subscribed with part of my heart's blood. And I require thee, most famous knight of the world, that thou wilt see my tomb.' And then Sir Gawaine wept, and King Arthur wept; and then they swooned both. And when they awaked both, the king made Sir Gawaine to receive his Saviour. And then Sir Gawaine prayed the king for to send for Sir Launcelot, and to cherish him above all other knights. And so at the hour of noon Sir Gawaine yielded up the spirit; and then the king let inter him in a chapel within Dover Castle; and there yet all men may see the skull of him, and the same wound is seen that Sir Launcelot gave him in battle. Then

was it told the king that Sir Mordred had pight a new field upon Barham Down. And upon the morn the king rode thither to him, and there was a great battle betwixt them, and much people was slain on both parties; but at the last, Sir Arthur's party stood best, and Sir Mordred and his party fled unto Canterbury.

CHAPTER III

HOW AFTER, SIR GAWAINE'S GHOST APPEARED TO KING ARTHUR, AND WARNED HIM THAT HE SHOULD NOT FIGHT THAT DAY

And then the king let search all the towns for his knights that were slain, and interred them; and salved them with soft salves that so sore were wounded. Then much people drew unto King Arthur. And then they said that Sir Mordred warred upon King Arthur with wrong. And then King Arthur drew him with his host down by the seaside westward toward Salisbury; and there was a day assigned betwixt King Arthur and Sir Mordred, that they should meet upon a down beside Salisbury, and not far from the seaside; and this day was assigned on a Monday after Trinity Sunday, whereof King Arthur was passing glad, that he might be avenged upon Sir Mordred. Then Sir Mordred araised much people about London, for they of Kent, Southsex, and Surrey, Estsex, and of Southfolk, and of Northfolk, held the most part with Sir Mordred; and many a full noble knight drew unto Sir Mordred and to the king: but they that loved Sir Launcelot drew unto Sir Mordred.

So upon Trinity Sunday at night, King Arthur dreamed a wonderful dream, and that was this: that him seemed he sat upon a chaflet in a chair, and the chair was fast to a wheel, and thereupon sat King Arthur in the richest cloth of gold that might be made; and the king thought there was under him, far from him, an hideous deep black water, and therein were all manner of serpents, and worms, and wild beasts, foul and horrible; and suddenly the king thought the wheel turned up-so-down, and he fell among the serpents and every beast took him by a limb; and then the king cried as he lay on his bed and slept: 'Help!' And then knights, squires, and yeomen, awaked the king; and then he was so amazed that he wist not where he was; and then he fell a-slumbering again, not sleeping nor thoroughly waking. So the king seemed verily that there came Sir Gawaine unto him with a number of fair ladies with him. And when King Arthur saw him, then he said: 'Welcome, my sister's son; I weened thou hadst been dead, and now I see thee alive, much am I beholding unto almighty Jesu. O fair nephew and my sister's son, what be these ladies that hither be come with you?' 'Sir,' said Sir Gawaine, 'all these be ladies for whom I have foughten when I was man living, and all these are those that I did battle for in righteous quarrel; and God hath given them that grace at their great prayer, because I did battle for them, that they should bring me hither unto you: thus much hath God given me leave, for to warn you of your death; for an ye fight as to-morn with Sir Mordred, as ye both have assigned, doubt ye not ye must be slain, and the most part of your people on both parties. And for the great grace and goodness that Almighty Jesu hath unto you, and for pity of you, and many more other good men there shall be slain, God hath sent me to you of his special grace, to give you warning that in no wise ye do battle as to-morn, but that ye take a treaty for a month day; and proffer you largely, so as to-morn to be put in a delay. For within a month shall come Sir Launcelot with all his noble knights, and rescue you worshipfully, and slay Sir Mordred, and all that ever will hold with him.' Then Sir Gawaine and all the ladies vanished.

And anon the king called upon his knights, squires, and yeomen, and charged them wightly to fetch his noble lords and wise bishops unto him. And when they were come, the king told them his avision, what Sir Gawaine had told him, and warned him that if he fought on the morn he should be slain. Then the king commanded Sir Lucan the Butler, and his brother Sir Bedivere, with two bishops with them, and charged them in any wise, an they might, 'Take a treaty for a month day with Sir Mordred, and spare not, proffer him lands and goods as much as ye think best.' So then they departed, and came to Sir Mordred, where he had a grim host of an hundred thou-

sand men. And there they entreated Sir Mordred long time; and at the last Sir Mordred was agreed for to have Cornwall and Kent, by Arthur's days: after, all England, after the days of King Arthur.

CHAPTER IV

HOW BY MISADVENTURE OF AN ADDER THE BATTLE BEGAN, WHERE MORDRED WAS SLAIN, AND ARTHUR HURT TO THE DEATH

Then were they condescended that King Arthur and Sir Mordred should meet betwixt both their hosts, and everych of them should bring fourteen persons; and they came with this word unto Arthur. Then said he: 'I am glad that this is done:' and so he went into the field. And when Arthur should depart, he warned all his host that an they see any sword drawn: 'Look ye come on fiercely, and slay that traitor, Sir Mordred, for I in no wise trust him.' In like wise Sir Mordred warned his host that: 'An ye see any sword drawn, look that ye come on fiercely, and so slay all that ever before you standeth; for in no wise I will not trust for this treaty, for I know well my father will be avenged on me.' And so they met as their appointment was, and so they were agreed and accorded thoroughly; and wine was fetched, and they drank. Right soon came an adder out of a little heath bush, and it stung a knight on the foot. And when the knight felt him stung, he looked down and saw the adder, and then he drew his sword to slay the adder, and thought of none other harm. And when the host on both parties saw that sword drawn, then they blew beams, trumpets, and horns, and shouted grimly. And so both hosts dressed them together. And King Arthur took his horse, and said: 'Alas, this unhappy day!' and so rode to his party. And Sir Mordred in like wise. And never was there seen a more dolefuller battle in no christian land; for there was but rushing and riding, foining and striking, and many a grim word was there spoken either to other, and many a deadly stroke. But ever King Arthur rode throughout the battle of Sir Mordred many times, and did full nobly as a noble king should, and at all times he fainted never; and Sir Mordred that day put him in devoir, and in great peril. And thus they fought all the long day, and never stinted till the noble knights were laid to the cold earth; and ever they fought still till it was near night, and by that time was there an hundred thousand laid dead upon the down. Then was Arthur wood wroth out of measure, when he saw his people so slain from him.

Then the king looked about him, and then was he ware, of all his host and of all his good knights, were left no more alive but two knights; that one was Sir Lucan the Butler, and his brother Sir Bedivere, and they were full sore wounded. 'Jesu mercy,' said the king, 'where are all my noble knights become? Alas that ever I should see this doleful day, for now,' said Arthur, 'I am come to mine end. But would to God that I wist where were that traitor Sir Mordred, that hath caused all this mischief.' Then was King Arthur ware where Sir Mordred leaned upon his sword among a great heap of dead men. 'Now give me my spear,' said Arthur unto Sir Lucan, 'for yonder I have espied the traitor that all this woe hath wrought.' 'Sir, let him be,' said Sir Lucan, 'for he is unhappy; and if ye pass this unhappy day, ye shall be right well revenged upon him. Good lord, remember ye of your night's dream, and what the spirit of Sir Gawaine told you this night, yet God of his great goodness hath preserved you hitherto. Therefore, for God's sake, my lord, leave off by this, for, blessed be God, ye have won the field, for here we be three alive, and with Sir Mordred is none alive; and if ye leave off now, this wicked day of destiny is past.' 'Tide me death, betide me life,' saith the king, 'now I see him yonder alone he shall never escape mine hands, for at a better avail shall I never have him.' 'God speed you well,' said Sir Bedivere.

Then the king gat his spear in both his hands, and ran toward Sir Mordred, crying: 'Traitor, now is thy death-day come.' And when Sir Mordred heard Sir Arthur, he ran until him with his sword drawn in his hand. And there King Arthur smote Sir Mordred under the shield, with a foin of his spear, throughout the body, more than a fathom. And when Sir Mordred felt that he had his death wound, he thrust himself with the might that he had up to the bur of King Ar-

thur's spear. And right so he smote his father Arthur, with his sword holden in both his hands, on the side of the head, that the sword pierced the helmet and the brain-pan, and therewithal Sir Mordred fell stark dead to the earth; and the noble Arthur fell in a swoon to the earth, and there he swooned ofttimes. And Sir Lucan the Butler, and Sir Bedivere, ofttimes heaved him up. And so weakly they led him betwixt them both, to a little chapel not far from the seaside. And when the king was there, he thought him well eased.

Then heard they people cry in the field. 'Now go, thou, Sir Lucan,' said the king, 'and do me to wit what betokens that noise in the field.' So Sir Lucan departed, for he was grievously wounded in many places. And so as he yede, he saw and hearkened by the moonlight, how that pillers and robbers were come into the field, to pill and to rob many a full noble knight of brooches, and beads, of many a good ring, and of many a rich jewel; and who that were not dead all out, there they slew them for their harness and their riches. When Sir Lucan understood this work, he came to the king as soon as he might, and told him all what he had heard and seen. 'Therefore by my rede,' said Sir Lucan, 'it is best that we bring you to some town.' 'I would it were so,' said the king.

CHAPTER V

HOW KING ARTHUR COMMANDED TO CAST HIS SWORD EXCALIBUR INTO THE WATER, AND HOW HE WAS DELIVERED TO LADIES IN A BARGE

'But I may not stand, mine head works so. Ah, Sir Launcelot,' said King Arthur, 'this day have I sore missed thee: alas, that ever I was against thee, for now have I my death, whereof Sir Gawaine me warned in my dream.' Then Sir Lucan took up the king the one part, and Sir Bedivere the other part, and in the lifting the king swooned; and Sir Lucan fell in a swoon with the lift, that the part of his guts fell out of his body, and therewith the noble knight's heart brast. And when the king awoke, he beheld Sir Lucan, how he lay foaming at the mouth, and part of his guts lay at his feet. 'Alas,' said the king, 'this is to me a full heavy sight, to see this noble duke so die for my sake, for he would have holpen me, that had more need of help than I. Alas, he would not complain him, his heart was so set to help me: now Jesu have mercy upon his soul!' Then Sir Bedivere wept for the death of his brother. 'Leave this mourning and weeping,' said the king, 'for all this will not avail me, for wit thou well, an I might live myself, the death of Sir Lucan would grieve me evermore; but my time hieth fast,' said the king. 'Therefore,' said Arthur unto Sir Bedivere, 'take thou Excalibur, my good sword, and go with it to yonder waterside, and when thou comest there, I charge thee throw my sword in that water, and come again and tell me what thou there seest.' 'My lord,' said Bedivere, 'your commandment shall be done, and lightly bring you word again.'

So Sir Bedivere departed, and by the way he beheld that noble sword, that the pommel and the haft was all of precious stones; and then he said to himself: 'If I throw this rich sword in the water, thereof shall never come good, but harm and loss.' And then Sir Bedivere hid Excalibur under a tree. And so, as soon as he might, he came again unto the king, and said he had been at the water, and had thrown the sword in the water. 'What saw thou there?' said the king. 'Sir,' he said, 'I saw nothing but waves and winds.' 'That is untruly said of thee,' said the king, 'therefore go thou lightly again, and do my commandment; as thou art to me lief and dear, spare not, but throw it in.' Then Sir Bedivere returned again, and took the sword in his hand; and then him thought sin and shame to throw away that noble sword, and so eft he hid the sword, and returned again, and told to the king that he had been at the water, and done his commandment. 'What saw thou there?' said the king. 'Sir,' he said, 'I saw nothing but the waters wap and waves wan.' 'Ah, traitor untrue,' said King Arthur, 'now hast thou betrayed me twice. Who would have weened that, thou that hast been to me so lief and dear? and thou art named a noble knight, and would betray me for the richness of the sword. But now go again lightly, for thy long tarrying putteth me in great jeopardy of my life, for I have taken cold. And but if thou do now as I bid thee, if ever I may see thee, I shall slay thee with mine own hands; for thou wouldst for my rich sword see me dead.'

Then Sir Bedivere departed, and went

to the sword, and lightly took it up, and went to the waterside; and there he bound the girdle about the hilts, and then he threw the sword as far into the water as he might; and there came an arm and an hand above the water and met it, and caught it, and so shook it thrice and brandished, and then vanished away the hand with the sword in the water. So Sir Bedivere came again to the king, and told him what he saw. 'Alas,' said the king, 'help me hence, for I dread me I have tarried over long.' Then Sir Bedivere took the king upon his back, and so went with him to that water side. And when they were at the water side, even fast by the bank hoved a little barge with many fair ladies in it, and among them all was a queen, and all they had black hoods, and all they wept and shrieked when they saw King Arthur. 'Now put me into the barge,' said the king. And so he did softly; and there received him three queens with great mourning; and so they set them down, and in one of their laps King Arthur laid his head. And then that queen said: 'Ah, dear brother, why have ye tarried so long from me? alas, this wound on your head hath caught over-much cold.' And so then they rowed from the land, and Sir Bedivere beheld all those ladies go from him. Then Sir Bedivere cried: 'Ah, my lord Arthur, what shall become of me, now ye go from me and leave me here alone among mine enemies?' 'Comfort thyself,' said the king, 'and do as well as thou mayest, for in me is no trust for to trust in; for I will into the vale of Avilion to heal me of my grievous wound: and if thou hear never more of me, pray for my soul.' But ever the queens and ladies wept and shrieked, that it was pity to hear. And as soon as Sir Bedivere had lost the sight of the barge, he wept and wailed, and so took the forest; and so he went all that night, and in the morning he was ware betwixt two holts hoar, of a chapel and an hermitage.

CHAPTER VI

HOW SIR BEDIVERE FOUND HIM ON THE MORROW DEAD IN AN HERMITAGE, AND HOW HE ABODE THERE WITH THE HERMIT

Then was Sir Bedivere glad, and thither he went; and when he came into the chapel, he saw where lay an hermit groveling on all four, there fast by a tomb was new graven. When the hermit saw Sir Bedivere he knew him well, for he was but little to-fore Bishop of Canterbury, that Sir Mordred fleined. 'Sir,' said Bedivere, 'what man is there interred that ye pray so fast for?' 'Fair son,' said the hermit, 'I wot not verily, but by deeming. But this night, at midnight, here came a number of ladies, and brought hither a dead corpse, and prayed me to bury him; and here they offered an hundred tapers, and they gave me an hundred besants.' 'Alas,' said Sir Bedivere, 'that was my lord King Arthur, that here lieth buried in this chapel.' Then Sir Bedivere swooned; and when he awoke he prayed the hermit he might abide with him still there, to live with fasting and prayers. 'For from hence will I never go,' said Sir Bedivere, 'by my will, but all the days of my life here to pray for my lord Arthur.' 'Ye are welcome to me,' said the hermit, 'for I know ye better than ye ween that I do. Ye are the bold Bedivere, and the full noble duke, Sir Lucan the Butler; was your brother.' Then Sir Bedivere told the hermit all as ye have heard to-fore. So there bode Sir Bedivere with the hermit that was to-fore Bishop of Canterbury, and there Sir Bedivere put upon him poor clothes, and served the hermit full lowly in fasting and in prayers.

Thus of Arthur I find never more written in books that be authorized, nor more of the very certainty of his death heard I never read, but thus was he led away in a ship wherein were three queens; that one was King Arthur's sister, Queen Morgan le Fay; the other was the Queen of Northgalis; the third was the Queen of the Waste Lands. Also there was Nimue, the chief lady of the lake, that had wedded Pelleas the good knight; and this lady had done much for King Arthur, for she would never suffer Sir Pelleas to be in no place where he should be in danger of his life; and so he lived to the uttermost of his days with her in great rest. More of the death of King Arthur could I never find, but that ladies brought him to his burials; and such one was buried there, that the hermit bare witness that sometime was Bishop of Canterbury, but yet the hermit knew not in certain that he was verily the body of King Arthur: for

this tale Sir Bedivere, knight of the Table Round, made it to be written.

CHAPTER VII

OF THE OPINION OF SOME MEN OF THE DEATH OF KING ARTHUR; AND HOW QUEEN GUENEVER MADE HER A NUN IN ALMESBURY

Yet some men say in many parts of England that King Arthur is not dead, but had by the will of our Lord Jesu into another place; and men say that he shall come again, and he shall win the holy cross. I will not say it shall be so, but rather I will say: here in this world he changed his life. But many men say that there is written upon his tomb this verse: *Hic jacet Arthurus, Rex quondam, Rexque futurus* [Here lies Arthur, king once, and king to be]. Thus leave I here Sir Bedivere with the hermit, that dwelled that time in a chapel beside Glastonbury, and there was his hermitage. And so they lived in their prayers, and fastings, and great abstinence.

And when Queen Guenever understood that King Arthur was slain, and all the noble knights, Sir Mordred and all the remnant, then the queen stole away, and five ladies with her, and so she went to Almesbury; and there she let make herself a nun, and ware white clothes and black, and great penance she took, as ever did sinful lady in this land, and never creature could make her merry; but lived in fasting, prayers, and alms-deeds, that all manner of people marveled how virtuously she was changed. Now leave we Queen Guenever in Almesbury, a nun in white clothes and black, and there she was abbess and ruler, as reason would; and turn we from her, and speak we of Sir Launcelot du Lake.

CHAPTER VIII

HOW WHEN SIR LAUNCELOT HEARD OF THE DEATH OF KING ARTHUR, AND OF SIR GAWAINE, AND OTHER MATTERS, HE CAME INTO ENGLAND

And when he heard in his country that Sir Mordred was crowned king in England, and made war against King Arthur, his own father, and would let him to land in his own land; also it was told Sir Launcelot how that Sir Mordred had laid siege about the Tower of London, because the queen would not wed him; then was Sir Launcelot wroth out of measure, and said to his kinsmen: 'Alas, that double traitor Sir Mordred, now me repenteth that ever he escaped my hands, for much shame hath he done unto my lord Arthur; for all I feel by the doleful letter that my lord Sir Gawaine sent me, on whose soul Jesu have mercy, that my lord Arthur is full hard bestead. Alas,' said Sir Launcelot, 'that ever I should live to hear that most noble king that made me knight thus to be overset with his subject in his own realm. And this doleful letter that my lord, Sir Gawaine, hath sent me afore his death, praying me to see his tomb, wit you well his doleful words shall never go from mine heart, for he was a full noble knight as ever was born; and in an unhappy hour was I born that ever I should have that unhap to slay first Sir Gawaine, Sir Gaheris the good knight, and mine own friend Sir Gareth, that full noble knight. Alas, I may say I am unhappy,' said Sir Launcelot, 'that ever I should do thus unhappily, and, 'alas, yet might I never have hap to slay that traitor, Sir Mordred.' 'Leave your complaints,' said Sir Bors, 'and first revenge you of the death of Sir Gawaine; and it will be well done that ye see Sir Gawaine's tomb, and secondly that ye revenge my lord Arthur, and my lady, Queen Guenever.' 'I thank you,' said Sir Launcelot, 'for ever ye will my worship.' Then they made them ready in all the haste that might be, with ships and galleys, with Sir Launcelot and his host to pass into England. And so he passed over the sea till he came to Dover, and there he landed with seven kings, and the number was hideous to behold. Then Sir Launcelot spered of men of Dover where was King Arthur become. Then the people told him how that he was slain, and Sir Mordred and an hundred thousand died on a day; and how Sir Mordred gave King Arthur there the first battle at his landing, and there was good Sir Gawaine slain; and on the morn Sir Mordred fought with the king upon Barham Down, and there the king put Sir Mordred to the worse. 'Alas,' said Sir Launcelot, 'this is the heaviest tidings that ever came to me. Now, fair sirs,' said Sir Launcelot, 'shew me the tomb of Sir Gawaine.' And then certain people of the town brought him into the Castle of Dover, and

shewed him the tomb. Then Sir Launcelot kneeled down and wept, and prayed heartily for his soul. And that night he made a dole, and all they that would come had as much flesh, fish, wine and ale, and every man and woman had twelve pence, come who would. Thus with his own hand dealt he this money, in a mourning gown; and ever he wept, and prayed them to pray for the soul of Sir Gawaine. And on the morn all the priests and clerks that might be gotten in the country were there, and sang mass of *Requiem;* and there offered first Sir Launcelot, and he offered an hundred pound; and then the seven kings offered forty pound apiece; and also there was a thousand knights, and each of them offered a pound; and the offering dured from morn till night, and Sir Launcelot lay two nights on his tomb in prayers and weeping. Then on the third day Sir Launcelot called the kings, dukes, earls, barons, and knights, and said thus: 'My fair lords, I thank you all of your coming into this country with me, but we came too late, and that shall repent me while I live, but against death may no man rebel. But sithen it is so,' said Sir Launcelot, 'I will myself ride and seek my lady, Queen Guenever, for as I hear say she hath had great pain and much disease; and I heard say that she is fled into the West. Therefore ye all shall abide me here, and but if I come again within fifteen days, then take your ships and your fellowship, and depart into your country, for I will do as I say to you.'

CHAPTER IX

HOW SIR LAUNCELOT DEPARTED TO SEEK THE QUEEN GUENEVER, AND HOW HE FOUND HER AT ALMESBURY

Then came Sir Bors de Ganis, and said: 'My lord, Sir Launcelot, what think ye for to do, now to ride in this realm? wit ye well ye shall find few friends,' 'Be as be may,' said Sir Launcelot, 'keep you still here, for I will forth on my journey, and no man nor child shall go with me.' So it was no boot to strive, but he departed and rode westerly, and there he sought a seven or eight days; and at the last he came to a nunnery, and then was Queen Guenever ware of Sir Launcelot as he walked in the cloister. And when she saw him there she swooned thrice, that all the ladies and gentlewomen had work enough to hold the queen up. So when she might speak, she called ladies and gentlewomen to her, and said: 'Ye marvel, fair ladies, why I make this fare. Truly,' she said, 'it is for the sight of yonder knight that yonder standeth; wherefore I pray you all call him to me.' When Sir Launcelot was brought to her, then she said to all the ladies: 'Through this man and me hath all this war been wrought, and the death of the most noblest knights of the world; for through our love that we have loved together is my most noble lord slain. Therefore, Sir Launcelot, wit thou well I am set in such a plight to get my soul-heal; and yet I trust through God's grace that after my death to have a sight of the blessed face of Christ, and at doomsday to sit on his right side, for as sinful as ever I was are saints in heaven. Therefore, Sir Launcelot, I require thee and beseech thee heartily, for all the love that ever was betwixt us, that thou never see me more in the visage; and I command thee, on God's behalf, that thou forsake my company, and to thy kingdom thou turn again, and keep well thy realm from war and wrack; for as well as I have loved thee, mine heart will not serve me to see thee, for through thee and me is the flower of kings and knights destroyed; therefore, Sir Launcelot, go to thy realm, and there take thee a wife, and live with her with joy and bliss; and I pray thee heartily, pray for me to our Lord that I may amend my misliving.' 'Now, sweet madam,' said Sir Launcelot, 'would ye that I should now return again unto my country, and there to wed a lady? Nay, madam, wit you well that shall I never do, for I shall never be so false to you of that I have promised; but the same destiny that ye have taken you to, I will take me unto, for to please Jesu, and ever for you I cast me specially to pray.' 'If thou wilt do so,' said the queen, 'hold thy promise, but I may never believe but that thou wilt turn to the world again.' 'Well, madam,' said he, 'ye say as pleaseth you, yet wist you me never false of my promise, and God defend but I should forsake the world as ye have done. For in the quest of the Sangreal I had forsaken the vanities of the world had not your lord been. And if I had done so at that time, with my heart, will, and thought, I had

passed all the knights that were in the Sangreal except Sir Galahad, my son. And therefore, lady, sithen ye have taken you to perfection, I must needs take me to perfection, of right. For I take record of God, in you I have had mine earthly joy; and if I had found you now so disposed, I had cast to have had you into mine own realm.

CHAPTER X

HOW SIR LAUNCELOT CAME TO THE HERMITAGE WHERE THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY WAS, AND HOW HE TOOK THE HABIT ON HIM

'But sithen I find you thus disposed, I ensure you faithfully, I will ever take me to penance, and pray while my life lasteth, if I may find any hermit, either gray or white, that will receive me. Wherefore, madam, I pray you kiss me and never no more.' 'Nay,' said the queen, 'that shall I never do, but abstain you from such works;' and they departed. But there was never so hard an hearted man but he would have wept to see the dolor that they made; for there was lamentation as they had been stung with spears; and many times they swooned, and the ladies bare the queen to her chamber.

And Sir Launcelot awoke, and went and took his horse, and rode all that day and all night in a forest, weeping. And at the last he was ware of an hermitage and a chapel stood betwixt two cliffs; and then he heard a little bell ring to mass, and thither he rode and alighted, and tied his horse to the gate, and heard mass. And he that sang mass was the Bishop of Canterbury. Both the bishop and Sir Bedivere knew Sir Launcelot, and they spake together after mass. But when Sir Bedivere had told his tale all whole, Sir Launcelot's heart almost brast for sorrow, and Sir Launcelot threw his arms abroad, and said: 'Alas, who may trust this world.' And then he kneeled down on his knee, and prayed the bishop to shrive him and assoil him. And then he besought the bishop that he might be his brother. Then the bishop said: 'I will gladly'; and there he put an habit upon Sir Launcelot, and there he served God day and night with prayers and fastings.

Thus the great host abode at Dover. And then Sir Lionel took fifteen lords with him, and rode to London to seek Sir Launcelot; and there Sir Lionel was slain and many of his lords. Then Sir Bors de Ganis made the great host for to go home again; and Sir Bors, Sir Ector de Maris, Sir Blamore, Sir Bleoberis, with more other of Sir Launcelot's kin, took on them to ride all England overthwart and endlong, to seek Sir Launcelot. So Sir Bors by fortune rode so long till he came to the same chapel where Sir Launcelot was; and so Sir Bors heard a little bell knell, that rang to mass; and there he alighted and heard mass. And when mass was done, the bishop, Sir Launcelot, and Sir Bedivere, came to Sir Bors. And when Sir Bors saw Sir Launcelot in that manner clothing, then he prayed the Bishop that he might be in the same suit. And so there was an habit put upon him, and there he lived in prayers and fasting. And within half a year, there was come Sir Galihud, Sir Galihodin, Sir Blamore, Sir Bleoberis, Sir Villiars, Sir Clarras, and Sir Gahalantine. So all these seven noble knights there abode still. And when they saw Sir Launcelot had taken him to such perfection, they had no lust to depart, but took such an habit as he had. Thus they endured in great penance six years; and then Sir Launcelot took the habit of priesthood of the bishop, and a twelvemonth he sang mass. And there was none of these other knights but they read in books, and holp for to sing mass, and rang bells, and did bodily all manner of service. And so their horses went where they would, for they took no regard of no worldly riches. For when they saw Sir Launcelot endure such penance, in prayers, and fastings, they took no force what pain they endured, for to see the noblest knight of the world take such abstinence that he waxed full lean. And thus upon a night, there came a vision to Sir Launcelot, and charged him, in remission of his sins, to haste him unto Almesbury: 'And by then thou come there, thou shalt find Queen Guenever dead. And therefore take thy fellows with thee, and purvey them of an horse bier, and fetch thou the corpse of her, and bury her by her husband, the noble King Arthur.' So this avision came to Sir Launcelot thrice in one night.

CHAPTER XI

HOW SIR LAUNCELOT WENT WITH HIS SEVEN FELLOWS TO ALMESBURY, AND FOUND THERE QUEEN GUENEVER DEAD, WHOM THEY BROUGHT TO GLASTONBURY

Then Sir Launcelot rose up or day, and told the hermit. 'It were well done,' said the hermit, 'that ye made you ready, and that you disobey not the avision.' Then Sir Launcelot took his seven fellows with him, and on foot they yede from Glastonbury to Almesbury, the which is little more than thirty mile. And thither they came within two days, for they were weak and feeble to go. And when Sir Launcelot was come to Almesbury within the nunnery, Queen Guenever died but half an hour afore. And the ladies told Sir Launcelot that Queen Guenever told them all or she passed, that Sir Launcelot had been priest near a twelvemonth, 'And hither he cometh as fast as he may to fetch my corpse; and beside my lord, King Arthur, he shall bury me.' Wherefore the queen said in hearing of them all: 'I beseech Almighty God that I may never have power to see Sir Launcelot with my worldly eyes.' 'And thus,' said all the ladies, 'was ever her prayer these two days, till she was dead.' Then Sir Launcelot saw her visage, but he wept not greatly, but sighed. And so he did all the observance of the service himself, both the *Dirige,* and on the morn he sang mass. And there was ordained an horse bier; and so with an hundred torches ever brenning about the corpse of the queen, and ever Sir Launcelot with his seven fellows went about the horse bier, singing and reading many an holy orison, and frankincense upon the corpse incensed. Thus Sir Launcelot and his seven fellows went on foot from Almesbury unto Glastonbury. And when they were come to the chapel and the hermitage, there she had a *Dirige,* with great devotion. And on the morn, the hermit that sometime was Bishop of Canterbury sang the mass of *Requiem* with great devotion. And Sir Launcelot was the first that offered, and then also his seven fellows. And then she was wrapped in cered cloth of Raines, from the top to the toe, in thirtyfold; and after she was put in a web of lead, and then in a coffin of marble. And when she was put in the earth, Sir Launcelot swooned, and lay long still, while the hermit came and awaked him, and said: 'Ye be to blame, for ye displease God with such manner of sorrow-making.' 'Truly,' said Sir Launcelot, 'I trust I do not displease God, for he knoweth mine intent. For my sorrow was not, nor is not, for any rejoicing of sin, but my sorrow may never have end. For when I remember of her beauty, and of her noblesse, that was both with her king and with her, so when I saw his corpse and her corpse so lie together, truly mine heart would not serve to sustain my careful body. Also when I remember me how by my default, mine orgulity, and my pride, that they were both laid full low, that were peerless that ever was living of christian people, wit you well,' said Sir Launcelot, 'this remembered, of their kindness and mine unkindness, sank so to mine heart, that I might not sustain myself.' So the French book maketh mention.

CHAPTER XII

HOW SIR LAUNCELOT BEGAN TO SICKEN, AND AFTER DIED, WHOSE BODY WAS BORNE TO JOYOUS GARD FOR TO BE BURIED

Then Sir Launcelot never after ate but little meat, ne drank, till he was dead. For then he sickened more and more, and dried, and dwined away. For the bishop nor none of his fellows might not make him to eat, and little he drank, that he was waxen by a cubit shorter than he was, that the people could not know him. For evermore, day and night, he prayed, but sometime he slumbered a broken sleep; ever he was lying groveling on the tomb of King Arthur and Queen Guenever. And there was no comfort that the bishop, nor Sir Bors, nor none of his fellows, could make him, it availed not. So within six weeks after, Sir Launcelot fell sick, and lay in his bed; and then he sent for the Bishop that there was hermit, and all his true fellows. Then Sir Launcelot said with dreary steven: 'Sir Bishop, I pray you give to me all my rites that longeth to a christian man.' 'It shall not need you,' said the hermit and all his fellows, 'it is but heaviness of your blood; ye shall be well mended by the grace of God tomorn.' 'My fair lords,' said Sir Launcelot, 'wit you well my careful body will into the earth, I have warning more than now I will say; therefore give me my rites.' So when he was houseled and

anealed, and had all that a christian man ought to have, he prayed the bishop that his fellows might bear his body to Joyous Gard. Some men say it was Alnwick, and some men say it was Bamborough. 'Howbeit,' said Sir Launcelot, 'me repenteth sore, but I made mine avow sometime, that in Joyous Gard I would be buried. And because of breaking of mine avow, I pray you all, lead me thither.' Then there was weeping and wringing of hands among his fellows.

So at a season of the night they all went to their beds, for they all lay in one chamber. And so after midnight, against day, the bishop [that] then was hermit, as he lay in his bed asleep, he fell upon a great laughter. And therewith all the fellowship awoke, and came to the bishop, and asked him what he ailed. 'Ah, Jesu mercy,' said the bishop, 'why did ye awake me? I was never in all my life so merry and so well at ease.' 'Wherefore?' said Sir Bors. 'Truly,' said the bishop, 'here was Sir Launcelot with me with more angels than ever I saw men in one day. And I saw the angels heave up Sir Launcelot unto heaven, and the gates of heaven opened against him.' 'It is but dretching of swevens,' said Sir Bors, 'for I doubt not Sir Launcelot aileth nothing but good.' 'It may well be,' said the Bishop; 'go ye to his bed, and then shall ye prove the sooth.' So when Sir Bors and his fellows came to his bed, they found him stark dead, and he lay as he had smiled, and the sweetest savor about him that ever they felt.

Then was there weeping and wringing of hands, and the greatest dole they made that ever made men. And on the morn the bishop did his mass of *Requiem;* and after, the bishop and all the nine knights put Sir Launcelot in the same horse bier that Queen Guenever was laid in to-fore that she was buried. And so the bishop and they all together went with the body of Sir Launcelot daily, till they came to Joyous Gard; and ever they had an hundred torches brenning about him. And so within fifteen days they came to Joyous Gard. And there they laid his corpse in the body of the quire, and sang and read many psalters and prayers over him and about him. And ever his visage was laid open and naked, that all folks might behold him. For such was the custom in those days, that all men of worship should so lie with open visage till that they were buried. And right thus as they were at their service, there came Sir Ector de Maris, that had seven years sought all England, Scotland, and Wales, seeking his brother, Sir Launcelot.

CHAPTER XIII

HOW SIR ECTOR FOUND SIR LAUNCELOT HIS BROTHER DEAD, AND HOW CONSTANTINE REIGNED NEXT AFTER ARTHUR; AND OF THE END OF THIS BOOK

And when Sir Ector heard such noise and light in the quire of Joyous Gard, he alighted and put his horse from him, and came into the quire, and there he saw men sing and weep. And all they knew Sir Ector, but he knew not them. Then went Sir Bors unto Sir Ector, and told him how there lay his brother, Sir Launcelot, dead; and then Sir Ector threw his shield, sword, and helm from him. And when he beheld Sir Launcelot's visage, he fell down in a swoon. And when he waked, it were hard any tongue to tell the doleful complaints that he made for his brother. 'Ah Launcelot,' he said, 'thou were head of all christian knights, and now I dare say,' said Sir Ector, 'thou Sir Launcelot, there thou liest, that thou were never matched of earthly knight's hand. And thou were the courteoust knight that ever bare shield. And thou were the truest friend to thy lover that ever bestrad horse. And thou were the truest lover of a sinful man that ever loved woman. And thou were the kindest man that ever struck with sword. And thou were the goodliest person that ever came among press of knights. And thou was the meekest man and the gentlest that ever ate in hall among ladies. And thou were the sternest knight to thy mortal foe that ever put spear in the rest.' Then there was weeping and dolor out of measure.

Thus they kept Sir Launcelot's corpse aloft fifteen days, and then they buried it with great devotion. And then at leisure they went all with the Bishop of Canterbury to his hermitage, and there they were together more than a month. Then Sir Constantine, that was Sir Cador's son of Cornwall, was chosen king of England. And he was a full noble knight, and worshipfully he ruled this realm. And then this King Constantine sent for the Bishop

of Canterbury, for he heard say where he was. And so he was restored unto his bishopric, and left that hermitage. And Sir Bedivere was there [illegible] still her[illegible] to his life's end. Then Sir Bors de Ganis, Sir Ector de [illegible] Sir Galahad tine, Sir Galihud, [illegible] Sir Blamore, Sir Bleoberis, Sir Villars le Valiant, Sir Clarrus of Clermont, all these knights drew them to their countries. Howbeit King Constantine would have had them with him, but they would not abide in this realm. And there they all lived in their countries as holy men. And some English books make mention that they went never out of England after the death of Sir Launcelot, but that was but favor of makers. For the French book maketh mention, and is authorized, that Sir Bors, Sir Ector, Sir Blamore, and Sir Bleoberis, went into the Holy Land thereas Jesu Christ was quick and dead, and anon as they had stablished their lands. For the book saith, so Sir Launcelot commanded them for to do, or ever he passed out of this world. And these four knights did many battles upon the miscreants or Turks. And there they died upon a Good Friday for God's sake.

Here is the end of the book of King Arthur, and of his noble knights of the Round Table, that when they were whole together there was ever an hundred and forty. And here is the end of the death of Arthur. I pray you all, gentlemen and gentlewomen that readeth this book of [illegible] and his knights, from the beginning to the ending, pray for me while I am alive, that God send me good deliverance, and when I am dead, I pray you all pray for my soul. For this book was ended the ninth year of the reign of King Edward the Fourth, by Sir Thomas Maleore, knight, as Jesu help him for his great might, as he is the servant of Jesu both day and night.

Thus endeth this noble and joyous book entitled Le Morte Darthur. Notwithstanding it treateth of the birth, life, and acts of the said King Arthur, of his noble knights of the Round Table, their marvelous enquests and adventures, the achieving of the Sangreal, and in the end the dolorous death and departing out of this world of them all. Which book was reduced into English by Sir Thomas Malory, knight, as afore is said, and by me divided into twenty-one books, chaptered and enprinted, and finished in the abbey, Westminster, the last day of July, the year of our Lord MCCCCLXXXV.

Caxton me fieri fecit.

THE NUT-BROWN MAID (c. 1500)

This charming anonymous lyric, worthy in itself of a conspicuous place in any survey of English poetry, serves significantly as a link between an earlier and a later period. In its suggestion of the 'débat' form, it recalls the middle ages; in versification and sentiment, it is definitely modern.

THE NUTBROWNE MAIDE

'Be it right or wrong, these men among on
women do complaine,
Affermyng this, how that it is a labour
spent in vaine
To love them wele, for never a dele they
love a man agayne;
For lete a man do what he can ther favour
to attayne,
Yet yf a newe do them pursue, ther furst
trew lover than
Laboureth for nought, and from her thought
he is a bannished man.'

'I say not nay but that all day it is bothe
writ and sayde
That woman's fayth is, as who sayth, all
utterly decayed;
But nevertheless, right good witnes in this
case might be layde,
That they love trewe and contynew,— recorde
the Nutbrowne Maide,
Whiche from her love, whan, her to prove,
he cam to make his mone,
Wolde not departe, for in her herte she lovyd
but hym allone.'

'Than betwene us lete us discusse what was
all the maner
Betwene them too, we wyl also telle all the
peyne and fere
That she was in. Now I begynne, see that
ye me answere.
Wherefore [all] ye that present be, I pray
you geve an eare.
I am a knyght, I cum be nyght, as secret as
I can,
Sayng, "Alas! thus stondyth the case: I am
a bannisshed man."'

'And I your wylle for to fulfylle, in this
wyl not refuse,
Trusting to shewe, in wordis fewe, that men
have an ille use,
To ther owne shame wymen to blame, and
causeles them accuse.
Therfore to you I answere now, alle wymen
to excuse:
"Myn own hert dere, with you what chiere?
I prey you telle anoon;
For in my mynde of all mankynde I love
but you allon."'

'It stondith so, a deed is do wherof moche
harme shal growe.
My desteny is for to dey a shamful dethe,
I trowe,
Or ellis to flee; the ton must bee, none other
wey I knowe
But to withdrawe as an outlaw and take me
to my bowe.
Wherfore, adew, my owne hert trewe, none
other red I can;
For I muste to the grene wode goo, alone,
a bannysshed man.'

'O Lorde, what is this worldis blisse, that
chaungeth as the mone?
My somers day in lusty May is derked be-
fore the none.
I here you saye "farwel;" nay, nay, we de-
parte not soo sone.
Why say ye so? wheder wyl ye goo? alas!
what have ye done?
Alle my welfare to sorow and care shulde
chaunge if ye were gon;
For in my mynde of all mankynde I love
but you alone.'

'I can beleve it shal you greve, and som-
what you distrayne;
But aftyrwarde your paynes harde within a
day or tweyne
Shal sone aslake, and ye shal take confort
to you agayne.

Why shuld ye nought? for to take thought, your labur were in vayne.
And thus I do, and pray you, too, as hertely as I can;
For I muste too the grene wode goo, alone, a bannysshed man.'

'Now syth that ye have shewed to me the secret of your mynde,
I shalbe playne to you agayne, lyke as ye shal me fynde;
Syth it is so that ye wyll goo, I wol not leve behynde;
Shal never be sayd the Nutbrowne Mayd was to her love unkind.
Make you redy, for soo am I, all though it were anoon;
For in my mynde of all mankynde I love but you alone.'

'Yet I you rede to take good hede, what men wyl thinke and sey;
Of yonge and olde it shal be told that ye be gone away,
Your wanton wylle for to fulfylle, in grene wood you to play,
And that ye myght from your delyte noo lenger make delay.
Rather than ye shuld thus for me be called an ylle woman,
Yet wolde I to the grenewodde goo, alone, a banysshed man.'

'Though it be songe of olde and yonge that I shuld be to blame,
Theirs be the charge that speke so large in hurting of my name;
For I wyl prove that feythful love it is devoyd of shame,
In your distresse and hevynesse to parte wyth you the same;
And sure all thoo that doo not so, trewe lovers ar they noon;
But in my mynde of all mankynde I love but you alone.'

'I counsel yow, remembre how it is noo maydens lawe
Nothing to dought, but to renne out to wod with an outlawe;
For ye must there in your hande bere a bowe to bere and drawe,
And as a theef thus must ye lyeve ever in drede and awe,
By whiche to yow gret harme myght grow; yet had I lever than
That I had too the grenewod goo, alone, a banysshyd man.'

'I thinke not nay, but as ye saye, it is noo maydens lore;
But love may make me for your sake, as ye have said before,
To com on fote, to hunte and shote to gete us mete and store;
For soo that I your company may have, I aske noo more;
From whiche to parte, it makith myn herte as colde as ony ston;
For in my mynde of all mankynde I love but you alone.'

'For an outlawe this is the lawe, that men hym take and binde,
Wythout pytee hangèd to bee, and waver wyth the wynde.
Yf I had neede, as God forbede, what rescous coude ye finde?
For sothe I trowe, you and your bowe shuld drawe for fere behynde;
And noo merveyle, for lytel avayle were in your councel than;
Wherfore I too the woode wyl goo, alone, a banysshed man.'

'Ful wel knowe ye that wymen bee ful febyl for to fyght;
Noo womanhed is it indeede to bee bolde as a knight;
Yet in suche fere yf that ye were, amonge enemys day and nyght,
I wolde wythstonde, with bowe in hande, to greeve them as I myght,
And you to save, as wymen have, from deth many one;
For in my mynde of all mankynde I love but you alone.'

'Yet take good hede, for ever I drede that ye coude not sustein
The thorney wayes, the depe valeis, the snowe, the frost, the reyn,
The colde, the hete; for, drye or wete, we must lodge on the playn,
And, us aboove, noon other rove but a brake, bussh, or twayne;
Whiche sone shulde greve you, I beleve, and ye wolde gladly than
That I had too the grenewode goo, alone, a banysshyd man.'

'Syth I have here been partynere with you of joy and blysse,
I muste also parte of your woo endure, as reason is:
Yet am I sure of oo plesure, and shortly it is this,

That where ye bee, me semeth, perdé, I coude not fare amysse.
Wythout more speche, I you beseche that we were soon agone;
For in my mynde of all mankynde I love but you alone.'

'Yf ye goo thedyr, ye must consider, whan ye have lust to dyne,
Ther shel no mete be fore to gete, nor drinke, bere, ale, ne wine,
Ne shetis clene to lye betwene, made of thred and twyne,
Noon other house but levys and bowes, to kever your hed and myn.
Loo! myn herte swete, this ylle dyet shuld make you pale and wan;
Wherfore I to the wood wyl goo, alone, a banysshid man.'

'Amonge the wylde dere suche an archier as men say that ye bee
Ne may not fayle of good vitayle, where is so grete plenté;
And watir cleere of the ryvere shal be ful swete to me,
Wyth whiche in hele I shal right wele endure, as ye shal see;
And, er we goo, a bed or too I can provide anoon;
For in my mynde of all mankynde I love but you alone.'

'Loo! yet before ye must doo more, yf ye wyl goo with me,—
As cutte your here up by your ere, your kirtel by the knee,
Wyth bowe in hande, for to withstonde your enmys, yf nede be,
And this same nyght before daylight to woodward wyl I flee;
And if ye wyl all this fulfylle, doo it shortely as ye can;
Ellis wil I to the grenewode goo, alone, a banysshyd man.'

'I shal, as now, do more for you than longeth to womanhede,
To short my here, a bowe to bere to shote in tyme of nede.
O my swete moder, before all other, for you have I most drede;
But now adiew! I must ensue, wher fortune duth me leede:
All this make ye; now lete us flee, the day cums fast upon;
For in my mynde of all mankynde I love but you alone.'

'Nay, nay, not soo, ye shal not goo! and I shal telle you why:
Your appetyte is to be lyght of love, I wele aspie;
For right as ye have sayd to me, in lykewise hardely
Ye wolde answere, whosoever it were, in way of company.
It is sayd of olde, "sone hote, sone colde," and so is a woman;
Wherfore I too the woode wyl goo, alone, a banysshid man.'

'Yef ye take hede, yet is noo nede, suche wordis to say bee me,
For oft ye preyd, and longe assayed, or I you lovid, perdé!
And though that I of auncestry a barons doughter bee,
Yet have you proved how I you loved, a squyer of lowe degree,
And ever shal, what so befalle, to dey therfore anoon;
For in my mynde of all mankynde I love but you alone.'

'A barons childe to be begyled, it were a curssèd dede,
To be felaw with an outlawe, almyghty God forbede!
Yet bettyr were the power squyer alone to forest yede,
Than ye shal saye, another day, that be my wyked dede
Ye were betrayed; wherfore, good maide, the best red that I can,
Is that I too the greenewode goo, alone, a banysshed man.'

'Whatsoever befalle, I never shal of this thing you upbraid;
But yf ye goo and leve me so, than have ye me betraied.
Remembre you wele how that ye dele, for yf ye, as ye sayde,
Be so unkynde to leve behynd your love, the Notbrowne Maide,
Trust me truly that I shal dey sone after ye be gone;
For in my mynde of all mankynde I love but you alone.'

'Yef that ye went, ye shulde repent, for in the forest now
I have purveid me of a maide, whom I love more than you,—
Another fayrer than ever ye were, I dare it wel avowe:

And of you bothe, eche shulde be wrothe with other, as I trowe.
It were myn ease to lyve in pease; so wyl I, yf I can;
Wherfore I to the wode wyl goo, alone, a banysshid man.'

'Though in the wood I undirstode ye had a paramour,
All this may nought remeve my thought, but that I wil be your;
And she shal fynde me soft and kynde, and curteis every our,
Glad to fulfylle all that she wylle commaunde me, to my power;
For had ye, loo! an hundred moo, yet wolde I be that one;
For in my mynde of all mankynde I love but you alone.'

'Myn oune dere love, I see the prove that ye be kynde and trewe;
Of mayde and wyf, in all my lyf, the best that ever I knewe!
Be mery and glad, be no more sad, the case is chaungèd newe;
For it were ruthe that for your trouth you shuld have cause to rewe.
Be not dismayed, whatsoever I sayd, to you whan I began,
I wyl not too the grenewod goo, I am noo banysshyd man.'

'Theis tidingis be more glad to me than to be made a quene,
Yf I were sure they shuld endure; but it is often seen,
When men wyl breke promyse, they speke the wordis on the splene.
Ye shape some wyle, me to begyle, and stele fro me, I wene.
Then were the case wurs than it was, and I more woo-begone;
For in my mynde of all mankynde I love but you alone.'

'Ye shall not nede further to drede, I wyl not disparage
You, God defende, sith you descende of so grete a lynage.
Nou understonde, to Westmerlande, whiche is my herytage,
I wyle you bringe, and wyth a rynge, be wey of maryage,
I wyl you take, and lady make, as shortly as I can;
Thus have ye wone an erles son, and not a banysshyd man.'

Here may ye see that wymen be in love meke, kinde, and stable,
Late never man repreve them than, or calle them variable,
But rather prey God that we may to them be confortable,
Whiche somtyme provyth suche as he loveth, yf they be charitable.
For sith men wolde that wymen sholde be meke to them echeon,
Moche more ought they to God obey, and serve but hym alone.

ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH POPULAR BALLADS

The popular ballad is a short, anonymous poem, in simple meter, recounting a simple narrative, and adapted, originally, for singing to a recurrent melody. The true ballad shows no traces of individual authorship: the story is told impersonally, without a suggestion of sentiment or reflection from the story-teller. Ballads originate in a naïve, homogeneous community, and it may fairly be said that they are composed not by any individual, but by the community as a whole. Ballads are to be thought of as beginning, ultimately and normally, in a choral throng, in which, to the accompaniment of dancing and singing, one person after another contributes an improvised verse, couplet, or short stanza to a simple but ever increasing story. The story grows by 'incremental repetition'; that is, in his improvisation, each singer in succession both repeats a part of the preceding improvisation and adds to the story a new element of his own. After contributing their bits to the narrative, the several singers disappear as individuals, leaving as a result a simple narrative poem, which is henceforth regarded as the composition not of one person or of particular persons, but of the gathering as a whole. Although such a process of composition can be securely inferred, no extant ballad shows so simple a form as would result immediately from such communal authorship. Since all true ballads are transmitted orally, variations in style and alterations of the narrative are inevitable; and the hand of a dominating individual may often be inferred. A large proportion of the ballads actually preserved do, however, bear unmistakable marks of their ultimate choral and community origin, and all ballads worthy of the name are the actual possession of the folk as a whole.

From the fact that ballads are transmitted orally, and are committed to writing only by happy accident, the body of preserved and published ballads of any people will represent, inevitably, only a small proportion of the whole sum of ballads produced during the history of that people. The English language, including Scottish, is fortunate in the preservation of at least three hundred and six ballads. Although the greater part of these ballads are recorded only in comparatively modern documents, many of the stories themselves are of very ancient origin. The oldest English ballad completely recorded dates from the thirteenth century. The most important of ballad manuscripts,— the so-called Percy Folio,— was written about the year 1650. Only some eleven of our ballads are preserved in documents older than the seventeenth century.

On the theory of 'communal authorship' one can readily explain the chief formal characteristics of popular ballads: refrain, repetition, and dialogue.

ROBIN HOOD AND GUY OF GISBORNE

1. When shawes beene sheene, and shradds full fayre,
And leeves both large and longe,
It is merry, walking in the fayre fforrest,
To heare the small birds songe.

2. The woodweele sang, and wold not cease,
Amongst the leaves a lyne;
And it is by two wight yeomen.
By deare God, that I meane.

. . .

3. 'Me thought they did mee beate and binde,
And tooke my bowe mee froe;
If I bee Robin alive in this lande,
I'le be wrocken on both them towe.'

4. 'Sweavens are swift, master,' quoth John,
'As the wind that blowes ore a hill;
Ffor if itt be never soe lowde this night,
To-morrow it may be still.'

5. 'Buske yee, bowne yee, my merry men all,
Ffor John shall goe with mee;
For I'le goe seeke yond wight yeomen
In greenwood where they bee.'

6. They cast on their gowne of greene,
A shooting gone are they,

Untill they came to the merry greenwood,
Where they had gladdest bee;
There were they ware of a wight yeoman,
His body leaned to a tree.

7. A sword and a dagger he wore by his side,
Had beene many a mans bane,
And he was cladd in his capull-hyde,
Topp, and tayle, and mayne.

8. 'Stand you still, master,' quoth Litle John,
'Under this trusty tree,
And I will goe to yond wight yeoman,
To know his meaning trulye.'

9. 'A, John, by me thou setts noe store,
And that's a ffarley thinge;
How offt send I my men beffore,
And tarry my-selfe behinde?

10. 'It is noe cunning a knave to ken;
And a man but heare him speake
And itt were not for bursting of my bowe,
John, I wold thy head breake.'

11. But often words they breeden bale;
That parted Robin and John.
John is gone to Barnesdale,
The gates he knowes eche one.

12. And when hee came to Barnesdale,
Great heavinesse there hee hadd;
He ffound two of his fellowes
Were slaine both in a slade,

13. And Scarlett a-ffoote flyinge was,
Over stockes and stone,
For the sheriffe with seven score men
Fast after him is gone.

14. 'Yett one shoote I'le shoote,' sayes Litle John,
'With Crist his might and mayne;
I'le make yond fellow that flyes soe fast
To be both glad and ffaine.'

15. John bent up a good veiwe bow,
And ffetteled him to shoote;
The bow was made of a tender boughe,
And fell downe to his foote.

16. 'Woe worth thee, wicked wood,' sayd Litle John,
'That ere thou grew on a tree!
Ffor this day thou art my bale,
My boote when thou shold bee!'

17. This shoote it was but looselye shott,
The arrowe flew in vaine,
And it mett one of the sheriffes men;
Good William a Trent was slaine.

18. It had beene better for William a Trent
To hange upon a gallowe
Then for to lye in the greenwoode,
There slaine with an arrowe.

19. And it is sayd, when men be mett,
Six can doe more then three:
And they have tane Litle John,
And bound him ffast to a tree.

20. 'Thou shalt be drawen by dale and downe,' quoth the sheriffe,
'And hanged hye on a hill:'
'But thou may ffayle,' quoth Litle John,
'If itt be Christs owne will.'

21. Let us leave talking of Litle John,
For hee is bound fast to a tree,
And talke of Guy and Robin Hood
In the green woode where they bee.

22. How these two yeomen together they mett,
Under the leaves of lyne,
To see what marchandise they made
Even at that same time.

23. 'Good morrow, good fellow,' quoth Sir Guy;
'Good morrow, good ffellow,' quoth hee;
'Methinkes by this bow thou beares in thy hand,
A good archer thou seems to bee.'

24. 'I am wilfull of my way,' quoth Sir Guye,
'And of my morning tyde:'
'I'le lead thee through the wood,' quoth Robin,
'Good ffellow, I'le be thy guide.'

25. 'I seeke an outlaw,' quoth Sir Guye,
'Men call him Robin Hood;
I had rather meet with him upon a day
Than forty pound of golde.'

26. 'If you tow mett, itt wold be seene whether were better

Afore yee did part awaye;
Let us some other pastime find,
Good ffellow, I thee pray.

27. 'Let us some other masteryes make,
And wee will walke in the woods even;
Wee may chance meet with Robin Hoode
Att some unsett steven.'

28. They cutt them downe the summer shroggs
Which grew both under a bryar,
And sett them three score rood in twinn,
To shoote the prickes full neare.

29. 'Leade on, good ffellow,' sayd Sir Guye,
'Lead on, I doe bidd thee:'
'Nay, by my faith,' quoth Robin Hood,
'The leader thou shalt bee.'

30. The first good shoot that Robin ledd,
Did not shoote an inch the pricke ffroe;
Guy was an archer good enoughe,
But he cold neere shoote soe.

31. The second shoote Sir Guy shott,
He shott within the garlande;
But Robin Hoode shott it better then hee,
For he clove the good pricke-wande.

32. 'Gods blessing on thy heart!' sayes Guye,
'Goode ffellow, thy shooting is goode;
For an thy hart be as good as thy hands,
Thou were better then Robin Hood.

33. 'Tell me thy name, good ffellow,' quoth Guy,
'Under the leaves of lyne:'
'Nay, by my faith,' quoth good Robin,
'Till thou have told me thine.'

34. 'I dwell by dale and downe,' quoth Guye,
'And I have done many a curst turne;
And he that calles me by my right name,
Calles me Guye of good Gysborne.'

35. 'My dwelling is in the wood,' sayes Robin;
'By thee I set right nought;
My name is Robin Hood of Barnesdale,
A ffellow thou has long sought.'

36. He that had neither beene a kithe nor kin
Might have seene a full fayre sight,
To see how together these yeomen went,
With blades both browne and bright;

37. To have seene how these yeomen together fought
Two howers of a summers day;
Itt was neither Guy nor Robin Hood
That ffettled them to flye away.

38. Robin was reacheles on a roote,
And stumbled at that tyde,
And Guy was quicke and nimble withall,
And hitt him ore the left side.

39. 'Ah, deere Lady!' sayd Robin Hoode,
'Thou art both mother and may!
I thinke it was never mans destinye
To dye before his day.'

40. Robin thought on Our Lady deere,
And soone leapt up againe,
And thus he came with an awkwarde stroke;
Good Sir Guy hee has slayne.

41. He tooke Sir Guys head by the hayre,
And sticked itt on his bowes end:
'Thou hast beene traytor all thy liffe,
Which thing must have an ende.'

42. Robin pulled forth an Irish kniffe,
And nicked Sir Guy in the ffface,
That hee was never on a woman borne
Cold tell who Sir Guye was.

43. Saies, 'Lye there, lye there, good Sir Guye,
And with me be not wrothe;
If thou have had the worse stroakes at my hand,
Thou shalt have the better cloathe.'

44. Robin did off his gowne of greene,
Sir Guye hee did it throwe;
And hee put on that capull-hyde
That cladd him topp to toe.

45. 'The bowe, the arrowes, and litle horne,
And with me now I'le beare;
Ffor now I will goe to Barnesdale
To see how my men doe ffare.'

46. Robin sett Guyes horne to his mouth,
A lowd blast in it he did blow;

That beheard the sheriffe of Nottingham,
As he leaned under a lowe.

47. 'Hearken! hearken!' sayd the sheriffe,
'I heard noe tydings but good;
For yonder I heare Sir Guyes horne blowe,
For he hath slaine Robin Hoode.

48. 'For yonder I heare Sir Guyes horne blow,
Itt blowes soe well in tyde,
For yonder comes that wighty yeoman,
Cladd in his capull-hyde.

49. 'Come hither, thou good Sir Guy,
Aske of mee what thou wilt have:'
'I'le none of thy gold,' sayes Robin Hood,
'Nor I'le none of itt have.

50. 'But now I have slaine the master,' he sayd,
'Let me goe strike the knave;
This is all the reward I aske,
Nor noe other will I have.'

51. 'Thou art a madman,' said the shiriffe,
'Thou sholdest have had a knights ffee;
Seeing thy asking hath beene soe badd,
Well granted it shall be.'

52. But Litle John heard his master speake,
Well he knew that was his steven;
'Now shall I be loset,' quoth Litle John,
'With Christs might in heaven.'

53. But Robin hee hyed him towards Litle John,
Hee thought hee wold loose him belive;
The sheriffe and all his companye
Fast after him did drive.

54. 'Stand abacke! stand abacke!' sayd Robin;
'Why draw you mee soe neere?
Itt was never the use in our countrye
Ones shrift another shold heere.'

55 But Robin pulled forth an Irysh kniffe,
And losed John hand and ffoote,
And gave him Sir Guyes bow in his hand,
And bade it be his boote.

56. But John tooke Guyes bow in his hand—
His arrowes were rawstye by the roote;
The sherriffe saw Litle John draw a bow
And ffettle him to shoote.

57. Towards his house in Nottingam
He ffled full fast away,
And soe did all his companye,
Not one behind did stay.

58. But he cold neither soe fast goe,
Nor away soe fast runn,
But Litle John, with an arrow broade,
Did cleave his heart in twinn.

ROBIN HOOD'S DEATH AND BURIAL

1. When Robin Hood and Little John
Down a down a down a down
Went oer yon bank of broom,
Said Robin Hood bold to Little John,
'We have shot for many a pound.'
Hey down, a down, a down.

2. 'But I am not able to shoot one shot more,
My broad arrows will not flee;
But I have a cousin lives down below,
Please God, she will bleed me.'

3. Now Robin he is to fair Kirkly gone,
As fast as he can win;
But before he came there, as we do hear,
He was taken very ill.

4. And when he came to fair Kirkly-hall,
He knockd all at the ring,
But none was so ready as his cousin herself
For to let bold Robin in.

5. 'Will you please to sit down, cousin Robin,' she said,
'And drink some beer with me?'
'No, I will neither eat nor drink,
Till I am blooded by thee.'

6. 'Well, I have a room, cousin Robin,' she said,
'Which you did never see,
And if you please to walk therein,
You blooded by me shall be.'

7. She took him by the lily-white hand,
And led him to a private room,
And there she blooded bold Robin Hood,
While one drop of blood would run down.

8. She blooded him in a vein of the arm,
And locked him up in the room;
Then did he bleed all the live-long day,
Until the next day at noon.

9. He then bethought him of a casement there,
Thinking for to get down;
But was so weak he could not leap,
He could not get him down.

10. He then bethought him of his bugle-horn,
Which hung low down to his knee;
He set his horn unto his mouth,
And blew out weak blasts three.

11. Then Little John, when hearing him,
As he sat under a tree,
'I fear my master is now near dead,
He blows so wearily.'

12. Then Little John to fair Kirkly is gone,
As fast as he can dree;
But when he came to Kirkly-hall,
He broke locks two or three:

13. Until he came bold Robin to see,
Then he fell on his knee;
'A boon, a boon,' cries Little John,
'Master, I beg of thee.'

14. 'What is that boon,' said Robin Hood,
'Little John, thou begs of me?'
'It is to burn fair Kirkly-hall,
And all their nunnery.'

15. 'Now nay, now nay,' quoth Robin Hood,
'That boon I 'll not grant thee;
I never hurt woman in all my life,
Nor men in woman's company.

16. 'I never hurt fair maid in all my time,
Nor at mine end shall it be;
But give me my bent bow in my hand,
And a broad arrow I 'll let flee
And where this arrow is taken up,
There shall my grave digged be.

17. 'Lay me a green sod under my head,
And another at my feet;
And lay my bent bow by my side,
Which was my music sweet;
And make my grave of gravel and green,
Which is most right and meet.

18. 'Let me have length and breadth enough,
With a green sod under my head;
That they may say, when I am dead,
Here lies bold Robin Hood.'

19. These words they readily granted him,
Which did bold Robin please:
And there they buried bold Robin Hood,
Within the fair Kirkleys.

THE BATTLE OF OTTERBURN

1. Yt felle abowght the Lamasse tyde,
Whan husbondes wynnes ther haye,
The dowghtye Dowglasse bowynd hym to ryde,
In Ynglond to take a praye.

2. The yerlle of Fyffe, wythowghten stryffe,
He bowynd hym over Sulway;
The grete wolde ever to-gether ryde;
That raysse they may rewe for aye.

3. Over Hoppertope hyll they cam in,
And so down by Rodclyffe crage;
Upon Grene Lynton they lighted dowyn,
Styrande many a stage.

4. And boldely brente Northomberlond,
And haryed many a towyn;
They dyd owr Ynglyssh men grete wrange,
To battell that were not bowyn.

5. Then spake a berne upon the bent,
Of comforte that was not colde,
And sayd, 'We have brente Northomberlond,
We have all welth in holde.

6. 'Now we have haryed all Bamborowe schyre,
All the welth in the worlde have wee;
I rede we ryde to Newe Castell,
So styll and stalworthlye.'

7. Upon the morowe, when it was day,
The standerds schone fulle bryght;
To the Newe Castell they toke the waye,
And thether they cam full ryght.

8. Syr Henry Perssy laye at the New Castell,
I tell yow wythowtten drede;
He had byn a march-man all hys dayes,
And kepte Barwyke upon Twede.

9. To the Newe Castell when they cam,
The Skottes they cryde on hyght,
'Syr Hary Perssy, and thow byste within,
Com to the fylde, and fyght.

10. 'For we have brente Northomberlonde,
Thy erytage good and ryght,
And syne my logeyng I have take,
Wyth my brande dubbyd many a knyght.'

11. Syr Harry Perssy cam to the walles,
The Skottyssch oste for to se,
And sayd, 'And thow hast brente Northomberlond,
Full sore it rewyth me.

12. 'Yf thou hast haryed all Bamborowe schyre,
Thow hast done me grete envye;
For the trespasse thow hast me done,
The tone of us schall dye.'

13. 'Where schall I byde the?' sayd the Dowglas,
'Or where wylte thow com to me?'
'At Otterborne, in the hygh way,
Ther mast thow well logeed be.

14. 'The roo full rekeles ther sche rinnes,
To make the game and glee;
The fawken and the fesaunt both,
Amonge the holtes on hye.

15. 'Ther mast thow have thy welth at wyll,
Well loogèd ther mast be;
Yt schall not be long or I com the tyll,'
Sayd Syr Harry Perssye.

16. 'Ther schall I byde the,' sayd the Dowglas,
'By the fayth of my bodye.'
'Thether schall I com,' sayd Syr Harry Perssy
'My trowth I plyght to the.'

17. A pype of wyne he gave them over the walles,
For soth as I yow saye;
Ther he mayd the Dowglasse drynke,
And all hys ost that daye.

18. The Dowglas turnyd hym homewarde agayne,
For soth withowghten naye;
He toke his logeyng at Oterborne,
Upon a Wedynsday.

19. And ther he pyght hys standerd dowyn,
Hys gettyng more and lesse,
And syne he warned hys men to goo
To chose ther geldynges gresse.

20. A Skottysshe knyght hoved upon the bent,
A wache I dare well saye;
So was he ware on the noble Perssy,
In the dawnyng of the daye.

21. He prycked to hys pavyleon-dore,
As faste as he myght ronne;
'Awaken, Dowglas,' cryed the knyght,
'For hys love that syttes in trone.

22. 'Awaken, Dowglas,' cryed the knyght,
'For thow maste waken wyth wynne;
Yender have I spyed the prowde Perssye,
And seven stondardes wyth hym.'

23. 'Nay by my trowth,' the Dowglas sayed,
'It ys but a faynèd taylle;
He durst not loke on my brede banner
For all Ynglonde so haylle.

24. 'Was I not yesterdaye at the Newe Castell,
That stondes so fayre on Tyne?
For all the men the Perssy had,
He coude not garre me ones to dyne.'

25. He stepped owt at his pavelyon-dore,
To loke and it were lesse:
'Araye yow, lordynges, one and all,
For here bygynnes no peysse.

26. 'The yerle of Mentaye, thow arte my eme,
The forwarde I gyve to the:
The yerlle of Huntlay, cawte and kene,
He schall be wyth the.

27. 'The lorde of Bowghan, in armure bryght,
On the other hand he schall be;
Lord Jhonstoune and Lorde Maxwell,
They to schall be wyth me.

28. 'Swynton, fayre fylde upon your pryde!
To batell make yow bowen
Syr Davy Skotte, Syr Water Stewarde,
Syr Jhon of Agurstone!'

29. The Perssy cam byfore hys oste,
Wych was ever a gentyll knyght;
Upon the Dowglas lowde can he crye,
'I wyll holde that I have hyght.

30. 'For thou haste brente Northomberlonde,
And done me grete envye;
For thys trespasse thou hast me done,
The tone of us schall dye.'

31. The Dowglas answerde hym agayne,
Wyth grett wurdes upon hye,
And sayd, 'I have twenty agaynst thy one,
Byholde, and thou maste see.'

32. Wyth that the Perssy was grevyd sore,
For soth as I yow saye;
He lyghted dowyn upon his foote,
And schoote hys horsse clene awaye.

33. Every man sawe that he dyd soo,
That ryall was ever in rowght;
Every man schoote hys horsse hym froo,
And lyght hym rowynde abowght.

34. Thus Syr Hary Perssye toke the fylde,
For soth as I yow saye;
Jhesu Cryste in hevyn on hyght
Dyd helpe hym well that daye.

35. But nyne thowzand, ther was no moo,
The cronykle wyll not layne;
Forty thowsande of Skottes and fowre
That day fowght them agayne.

36. But when the batell byganne to joyne,
In hast ther cam a knyght;
The letters fayre furth hath he tayne,
And thus he sayd full ryght:

37. 'My lorde your father he gretes yow well,
Wyth many a noble knyght;
He desyres yow to byde
That he may see thys fyght.

38. 'The Baron of Grastoke ys com out of the west,
With hym a noble companye;
All they loge at your fathers thys nyght,
And the batell fayne wolde they see.'

39. 'For Jhesus love,' sayd Syr Harye Perssy,
'That dyed for yow and me,
Wende to my lorde my father agayne,
And saye thow sawe me not with yee.

40. 'My trowth ys plyght to yonne Skottysh knyght,
It nedes me not to layne,
That I schulde byde hym upon thys bent,
And I have hys trowth agayne.

41. 'And if that I weynde of thys growende,
For soth, onfowghten awaye,
He wolde me call but a kowarde knyght
In hys londe another daye.

42. 'Yet had I lever to be rynde and rente,
By Mary, that mykkel maye,
Then ever my manhood schulde be reprovyd
Wyth a Skotte another daye.

43. 'Wherefore schote, archars, for my sake,
And let scharpe arowes flee;
Mynstrells, playe up for your waryson,
And well quyt it schall bee.

44. 'Every man thynke on hys trewe-love,
And marke hym to the Trenité;
For to God I make myne avowe
Thys day wyll I not flee.'

45. The blodye harte in the Dowglas armes,
Hys standerde stood on hye,
That every man myght full well knowe;
By syde stode starrës thre.

46. The whyte lyon on the Ynglyssh perte,
For soth as I yow sayne,
The lucettes and the cressawntes both;
The Skottes faught them agayne.

47. Upon Sent Androwe lowde can they crye,
And thrysse they schowte on hyght,
And syne merked them one owr Ynglysshe men,
As I have tolde yow ryght.

48. Sent George the bryght, owr Ladyes knyght,
To name they were full fayne;
Owr Ynglyssh men they cryde on hyght,
And thrysse the schowtte agayne.

49. Wyth that scharpe arowes bygan to flee,
I tell yow in sertayne;
Men of armes byganne to joyne,
Many a dowghty man was ther slayne.

50. The Perssy and the Dowglas mette,
That ether of other was fayne;
They swapped together whyll that the swette,
Wyth swordes of fyne collayne:

51. Tyll the bloode from ther bassonnettes ranne,
As the roke doth in the rayne;
'Yelde the to me,' sayd the Dowglas,
'Or elles thow schalt be slayne.

52. 'For I see by thy bryght bassonet,
Thow arte sum man of myght;
And so I do by thy burnysshed brande;
Thow arte an yerle, or elles a knyght.'

53. 'By my good faythe,' sayd the noble Perssye,
'Now haste thow rede full ryght;
Yet wyll I never yelde me to the,
Whyll I may stonde and fyght.'

54. They swapped together whyll that they swette,
Wyth swordës scharpe and long;
Ych on other so faste thee beette,
Tyll ther helmes cam in peyses dowyn.

55. The Perssy was a man of strenghth,
I tell yow in thys stounde;
He smote the Dowglas at the swordës length
That he felle to the growynde.

56. The sworde was scharpe, and sore can byte,
I tell yow in sertayne;
To the harte he cowde hym smyte,
Thus was the Dowglas slayne.

57. The stonderdes stode styll on eke a syde,
Wyth many a grevous grone;
Ther they fowght the day, and all the nyght,
And many a dowghty man was slayne.

58. Ther was no freke that ther wolde flye,
But styffely in stowre can stond,
Ychone hewyng on other whyll they myght drye,
Wyth many a baylleful bronde.

59. Ther was slayne upon the Skottës syde,
For soth and sertenly,
Syr James a Dowglas ther was slayne,
That day that he cowde dye.

60. The yerlle of Mentaye he was slayne,
Grysely groned upon the growynd;
Syr Davy Skotte, Syr Water Stewarde,
Syr Jhon of Agurstoune.

61. Syr Charllës Morrey in that place,
That never a fote wold flee;
Syr Hewe Maxwell, a lord he was,
Wyth the Dowglas dyd he dye.

62. Ther was slayne upon the Skottës syde,
For soth as I yow saye,
Of fowre and forty thowsande Scottes
Went but eyghtene awaye.

63. Ther was slayne upon the Ynglysshe syde,
For soth and sertenlye,
A gentell knyght, Syr Jhon Fechewe,
Yt was the more pety.

64. Syr James Hardbotell ther was slayne,
For hym ther hartes were sore;
The gentyll Lovell ther was slayne,
That the Perssys standerd bore.

65. Ther was slayne upon the Ynglyssh perte,
For soth as I yow saye,
Of nyne thowsand Ynglyssh men
Fvye hondert cam awaye.

66. The other were slayne in the fylde;
Cryste kepe ther sowlles from wo!
Seyng ther was so fewe fryndes
Agaynst so many a foo.

67. Then on the morne they mayde them beerys
Of byrch and haysell graye;
Many a wydowe, wyth wepyng teyres,
Ther makes they fette awaye.

68. Thys fraye bygan at Otterborne,
Bytwene the nyght and the day;
Ther the Dowglas lost hys lyffe,
And the Perssy was lede awaye.

69. Then was ther a Scottysh prisoner tayne,
Syr Hewe Mongomery was hys name;
For soth as I yow saye,
He borowed the Perssy home agayne.

70. Now let us all for the Perssy praye
To Jhesu most of myght,
To bryng hys sowlle to the blysse of heven,
For he was a gentyll knyght.

CAPTAIN CAR OR EDOM O GORDON

1. It befell at Martynmas,
When wether waxèd colde,
Captaine Care said to his men,
'We must go take a holde.'

Syck, sike, and to-towe sike,
And sike and like to die;
The sikest nighte that ever I abode,
God Lord have mercy on me!

2. 'Haille, master, and wether you will,
And wether ye like it best;'
'To the castle of Crecrynbroghe,
And there we will take our reste.'

3. 'I knowe wher is a gay castle,
Is builded of lyme and stone;
Within their is a gay ladie,
Her lord is riden and gone.'

4. The ladie she lend on her castle-walle,
She lokèd upp and downe;
There was she ware of an host of men,
Come riding to the towne.

5. 'Se yow, my meri men all,
And se yow what I see?
Yonder I see an host of men,
I muse who they shold bee.'

6. She thought he had ben her wed lord,
As he comd riding home;
Then was it traitur Captaine Care
The lord of Ester-towne.

7. They wer no soner at supper sett,
Then after said the grace,
Or Captaine Care and all his men
Were lighte aboute the place.

8. 'Gyve over thi howsse, thou lady gay,
And I will make the a bande;
To-nighte thou shall ly within my armes,
To-morrowe thou shall ere my lande.'

9. Then bespacke the eldest sonne,
That was both whitt and redde:
'O mother dere, geve over your howsse,
Or elles we shalbe deade.'

10. 'I will not geve over my hous,' she saithe,
'Not for feare of my lyffe;
It shalbe talked throughout the land,
The slaughter of a wyffe.

11. 'Fetch me my pestilett,
And charge me my gonne,
That I may shott at this bloddy butcher,
The lord of Easter-towne.'

12. Styfly upon her wall she stode,
And lett the pellettes flee;
But then she myst the blody bucher,
And she slew other three.

13. 'I will not geve over my hous,' she saithe,
'Netheir for lord nor lowne;
Nor yet for traitour Captaine Care,
The lord of Easter-towne.

14. 'I desire of Captaine Care,
And all his bloodye band,
That he would save my eldest sonne,
The eare of all my lande.'

15. 'Lap him in a shete,' he sayth,
'And let him downe to me,
And I shall take him in my armes,
His waran shall I be.'

16. The captayne sayd unto him selfe;
Wyth sped, before the rest,
He cut his tonge out of his head,
His hart out of his brest.

17. He lapt them in a handkerchef,
And knet it of knotes three,
And cast them over the castell-wall,
At that gay ladye.

18. 'Fye upon the, Captayne Care,
And all thy bloddy band!
For thou hast slayne my eldest sonne,
The ayre of all my land.'

19. Then bespake the yongest sonne,
That sat on the nurses knee,
Sayth, 'Mother gay, geve over your house;
It smoldereth me.'

20. 'I wold geve my gold,' she saith,
'And so I wolde my ffee,
For a blaste of the westryn wind,
To dryve the smoke from thee.

21. 'Fy upon the, John Hamleton,
That ever I paid the hyre!
For thou hast broken my castle-wall,
And kyndled in the ffyre.'

22. The lady gate to her close parler,
The fire fell aboute her head;
She toke up her children thre,
Seth, 'Babes, we are all dead.'

23. Then bespake the hye steward,
That is of hye degree;
Saith, 'Ladie gay, you are in close,
Wether ye fighte or flee.'

24. Lord Hamleton dremd in his dream,
In Carvall where he laye,
His halle were all of fyre,
His ladie slayne or daye.

25. 'Busk and bowne, my mery men all,
Even and go ye with me;
For I dremd that my haal was on fyre,
My lady slayne or day.'

26. He buskt him and bownd hym,
And like a worthi knighte;
And when he saw his hall burning,
His harte was no dele lighte.

27. He sett a trumpett till his mouth,
He blew as it plesd his grace;
Twenty score of Hamlentons
Was light aboute the place.

28. 'Had I knowne as much yesternighte
As I do to-daye,
Captaine Care and all his men
Should not have gone so quite.

29. 'Fye upon the, Captaine Care,
And all thy blody bande!
Thou haste slayne my lady gay,
More wurth then all thy lande.

30. 'If thou had ought eny ill will,' he saith,
'Thou shoulde have taken my lyffe,
And have saved my children thre,
All and my lovesome wyffe.'

THE WIFE OF USHER'S WELL

1. There lived a wife at Usher's Well,
And a wealthy wife was she;
She had three stout and stalwart sons,
And sent them oer the sea.

2. They hadna been a week from her,
A week but barely ane,
Whan word came to the carline wife
That her three sons were gane.

3. They hadna been a week from her,
A week but barely three,
Whan word came to the carlin wife
That her sons she'd never see.

4. 'I wish the wind may never cease,
Nor fashes in the flood,
Till my three sons come hame to me,
In earthly flesh and blood.'

5. It fell about the Martinmass,
When nights are lang and mirk,
The carlin wife's three sons came hame,
And their hats were o the birk.

6. It neither grew in syke nor ditch,
Nor yet in ony sheugh;
But at the gates o Paradise,
That birk grew fair eneugh.

* * *

7. 'Blow up the fire, my maidens,
Bring water from the well;
For a' my house shall feast this night,
Since my three sons are well.'

8. And she has made to them a bed,
She 's made it large and wide,
And she 's taen her mantle her about,
Sat down at the bed-side.

* * *

9. Up then crew the red, red cock,
And up and crew the gray;
The eldest to the youngest said,
''T is time she were away.'

10. The cock he hadna crawd but once,
And clappd his wings at al,
When the youngest to the eldest said,
'Brother, we must awa.

11. 'The cock doth craw, the day doth daw,
The channerin worm doth chide;
Gin we be mist out o our place,
A sair pain we maun bide.

12. 'Faer ye weel, my mother dear!
Fareweel to barn and byre!
And fare ye weel, the bonny lass
That kindles my mother's fire!'

KEMP OWYNE

1. Her mother died when she was young,
Which gave her cause to make great moan;
Her father married the warst woman
That ever lived in Christendom.

2. She servèd her with foot and hand,
In every thing that she could dee,
Till once, in an unlucky time,
She threw her in ower Craigy's sea.

3. Says, 'Lie you there, dove Isabel,
And all my sorrows lie with thee;

Till Kemp Owyne come ower the sea,
And borrow you with kisses three
Let all the warld do what they will,
Oh borrowed shall you never be!'

4. Her breath grew strang, her hair grew lang,
And twisted thrice about the tree,
And all the people, far and near,
Thought that a savage beast was she.

5. These news did come to Kemp Owyne,
Where he lived, far beyond the sea;
He hasted him to Craigy's sea,
And on the savage beast lookd he.

6. Her breath was strang, her hair was lang,
And twisted was about the tree,
And with a swing she came about:
'Come to Craigy's sea, and kiss with me.

7. 'Here is a royal belt,' she cried,
'That I have found in the green sea;
And while your body it is on,
Drawn shall your blood never be;
But if you touch me, tail or fin,
I vow my belt your death shall be.'

8. He stepped in, gave her a kiss,
The royal belt he brought him wi;
Her breath was strang, her hair was lang,
And twisted twice about the tree,
And with a swing she came about:
'Come to Craigy's sea, and kiss with me.

9. 'Here is a royal ring,' she said,
'That I have found in the green sea;
And while your finger it is on,
Drawn shall your blood never be;
But if you touch me, tail or fin,
I swear my ring your death shall be.'

10. He stepped in, gave her a kiss,
The royal ring he brought him wi;
Her breath was strang, her hair was lang,
And twisted ance about the tree,
And with a swing she came about:
'Come to Craigy's sea, and kiss with me.

11. 'Here is a royal brand,' she said,
'That I have found in the green sea;
And while your body it is on,
Drawn shall your blood never be;
But if you touch me, tail or fin,
I swear my brand your death shall be.'

12. He stepped in, gave her a kiss,
The royal brand he brought him wi;
Her breath was sweet, her hair grew short,
And twisted nane about the tree,
And smilingly she came about,
As fair a woman as fair could be.

THE DÆMON LOVER

1. 'O where have you been, my long, long love,
This long seven years and mair?'
'O I 'm come to seek my former vows
Ye granted me before.'

2. 'O hold your tongue of your former vows,
For they will breed sad strife;
O hold your tongue of your former vows,
For I am become a wife.'

3. He turned him right and round about,
And the tear blinded his ee:
'I wad never hae trodden on Irish ground,
If it had not been for thee.

4. 'I might hae had a king's daughter,
Far, far beyond the sea;
I might have had a king's daughter,
Had it not been for love o thee.'

5. 'If ye might have had a king's daughter,
Yersel ye had to blame;
Ye might have had taken the king's daughter,
For ye kend that I was nane.

6. 'If I was to leave my husband dear,
And my two babes also,
O what have you to take me to,
If with you I should go?'

7. 'I hae seven ships upon the sea —
The eighth brought me to land —
With four-and-twenty bold mariners,
And music on every hand.'

8. She has taken up her two little babes,
Kissd them baith cheek and chin:
'O fair ye weel, my ain two babes,
For I 'll never see you again.'

9. She set her foot upon the ship,
No mariners could she behold;
But the sails were o the taffetie,
And the masts o the beaten gold.

10. She had not sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When dismal grew his countenance,
And drumlie grew his ee.

11. They had not saild a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
Until she espied his cloven foot,
And she wept right bitterlie.

12. 'O hold your tongue of your weeping,' says he,
'Of your weeping now let me be;
I will shew you how the lilies grow
On the banks of Italy.'

13. 'O what hills are yon, yon pleasant hills,
That the sun shines sweetly on?'
'O yon are the hills of heaven,' he said,
'Where you will never win.'

14. 'O whaten a mountain is yon,' she said,
'All so dreary wi frost and snow?'
'O yon is the mountain of hell,' he cried,
'Where you and I will go.'

15. He strack the tap-mast wi his hand,
The fore-mast wi his knee,
And he brake that gallant ship in twain,
And sank her in the sea.

LORD RANDAL

1. 'O where hae ye been, Lord Randal, my son?
O where hae ye been, my handsome young man?'
'I hae been to the wild wood; mother, make my bed soon,
For I 'm weary wi hunting, and fain wald lie down.'

2. 'Where gat ye your dinner, Lord Randal, my son?
Where gat ye your dinner, my handsome young man?'
'I dined wi my true-love; mother, make my bed soon,
For I 'm weary wi hunting, and fain wald lie down.'

3. 'What gat ye to your dinner, Lord Randal, my son?
What gat ye to your dinner, my handsome young man?'
'I gat eels boiled in broo; mother make my bed soon,
For I 'm weary wi hunting, and fain wald lie down.'

4. 'What became of your bloodhounds, Lord Randal, my son?
What became of your bloodhounds, my handsome young man?'
'O they swelld and they died; mother, make my bed soon,
For I 'm weary wi hunting, and fain wald lie down.'

5. 'O I fear ye are poisond, Lord Randal, my son!
O I fear ye are poisond, my handsome young man!'
'O yes! I am poisond; mother, make my bed soon,
For I 'm sick at the heart and I fain wald lie down.'

SIR PATRICK SPENS

1. The king sits in Dumferling toune,
Drinking the blude-reid wine:
'O whar will I get guid sailor,
To sail this schip of mine?'

2. Up and spak an eldern knicht,
Sat at the kings richt kne:
'Sir Patrick Spence is the best sailor,
That sails upon the se.'

3. The king has written a braid letter,
And signd it wi his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spence,
Was walking on the sand.

4. The first line that Sir Patrick red,
A loud lauch lauchèd he;
The next line that Sir Patrick red,
The teir blinded his ee.

5. 'O wha is this has don this deid,
This ill deid don to me,
To send me out this time o' the yeir,
To sail upon the se!

6. 'Mak hast, mak haste, my mirry men all
Our guid schip sails the morne:'

'O say na sae, my master deir,
For I feir a deadlie storme.

7. 'Late, late yestreen I saw the new moone,
Wi the auld moone in hir arme,
And I feir, I feir, my deir master,
That we will cum to harme.'

8. O our Scots nobles wer richt laith
To weet their cork-heild schoone;
Bot lang owre a' the play wer playd,
Thair hats they swam aboone.

9. O lang, lang may their ladies sit,
Wi thair fans into their hand,
Or eir they se Sir Patrick Spence
Cum sailing to the land.

10. O lang, lang may the ladies stand,
Wi thair gold kems in their hair,
Waiting for thar ain deir lords,
For they 'll se thame na mair.

11. Haf owre, haf owre to Aberdour,
It 's fiftie fadom deip,
And thair lies guid Sir Patrick Spence,
Wi the Scots lords at his feit.

THOMAS RYMER

1. True Thomas lay oer yond grassy bank,
And he beheld a ladie gay,
A ladie that was brisk and bold,
Come riding oer the fernie brae.

2. Her skirt was of the grass-green silk,
Her mantel of the velvet fine,
At ilka tett of her horse's mane
Hung fifty silver bells and nine.

3. True Thomas he took off his hat
And bowed him low down till his knee:
'All hail, thou mighty Queen of Heaven!
For your peer on earth I never did see.'

4. 'O no, O no, True Thomas,' she says,
'That name does not belong to me;
I am but the queen of fair Elfland,
And I 'm come here for to visit thee.

. . .

5. 'But ye maun go wi me now, Thomas,
True Thomas, ye maun go wi me,
For ye maun serve me seven years,
Thro weel or wae as may chance to be.'

6. She turned about her milk-white steed,
And took True Thomas up behind,
And aye wheneer her bridle rang,
The steed flew swifter than the wind.

7. For forty days and forty nights
He wade thro red blude to the knee,
And he saw neither sun nor moon,
But heard the roaring of the sea.

8. O they rade on and further on,
Until they came to a garden green:
'Light down, light down, ye ladie free,
Some of that fruit let me pull to thee.'

9. 'O no, O no, True Thomas,' she says,
'That fruit maun not be touched by thee,
For a' the plagues that are in hell
Light on the fruit of this countrie.

10. 'But I have a loaf here in my lap,
Likewise a bottle of claret wine,
And here ere we go farther on,
We 'll rest a while, and ye may dine.'

11. When he had eaten and drunk his fill,
'Lay down your head upon my knee,'
The lady sayd, 'ere we climb yon hill,
And I will show you fairlies three.

12. 'O see ye not yon narrow road,
So thick beset wi thorns and briers?
That is the path of righteousness,
Tho after it but few enquires.

13. 'And see not ye that braid braid road,
That lies across yon lillie leven?
That is the path of wickedness,
Tho some call it the road to heaven.

14. 'And see ye not that bonny road,
Which winds about the fernie brae?
That is the road to fair Elfland,
Where you and I this night maun gae.

15. 'But Thomas, ye maun hold your tongue,
Whatever ye may hear or see,
For gin ae word you should chance to speak,
You will neer get back to your ain countrie.'

16. He has gotten a coat of the even cloth,
And a pair of shoes of velvet green,
And till seven years were past and gone
True Thomas on earth was never seen.

BONNY BARBARA ALLAN

1. It was in and about the Martinmas time,
When the green leaves were a falling,
That Sir John Græme, in the West Country,
Fell in love with Barbara Allan.

2. He sent his man down through the town,
To the place where she was dwelling:
'O haste and come to my master dear,
Gin ye be Barbara Allan.'

3. O hooly, hooly rose she up,
To the place where he was lying,
And when she drew the curtain by,
'Young man, I think you 're dying.'

4. 'O it 's I 'm sick, and very, very sick,
And 't is a' for Barbara Allan:'
'O the better for me ye 's never be,
Tho your heart's blood were a spilling.

5. 'O dinna ye mind, young man,' said she,
'When ye was in the tavern a drinking,
That ye made the healths gae round and round,
And slighted Barbara Allan?'

6. He turnd his face unto the wall,
And death was with him dealing:
'Adieu, adieu, my dear friends all,
And be kind to Barbara Allan.'

7. And slowly, slowly raise she up,
And slowly, slowly left him,
And sighing said, she could not stay,
Since death of life had reft him.

8. She had not gane a mile but twa,
When she heard the dead-bell ringing,
And every jow that the dead-bell geid,
It cryd, Woe to Barbara Allan!

9. 'O mother, mother, make my bed!
O make it saft and narrow!
Since my love died for me to-day,
I 'll die for him to-morrow.'

THE TWA SISTERS

1. There was twa sisters in a bowr,
Edinburgh, Edinburgh
There was twa sisters in a bowr,
Stirling for ay
There was twa sisters in a bowr,
There came a knight to be their wooer,
Bonny Saint Johnston stands upon Tay.

2. He courted the eldest wi glove an ring,
But he lovd the youngest above a' thing.

3. He courted the eldest wi brotch an knife,
But lovd the youngest as his life.

4. The eldest she was vexèd sair,
And much envied her sister fair.

5. Into her bowr she could not rest,
Wi grief an spite she almos brast.

6. Upon a morning fair an clear,
She cried upon her sister dear:

7. 'O sister, come to yon sea stran,
An see our father's ships come to lan.'

8. She 's taen her by the milk-white han,
An led her down to yon sea stran.

9. The youngest stood upon a stane,
The eldest came an threw her in.

10. She tooke her by the middle sma,
And dashd her bonny back to the jaw.

11. 'O sister, sister, tak my han,
An Ise mack you heir to a' my lan.

12. 'O sister, sister, tak my middle,
An yes get my goud and my gouden girdle.

13. 'O sister, sister, save my life,
An I swear Ise never be nae man's wife.'

14. 'Foul fa the han that I should tacke,
It twind me an my wardles make.

15. 'Your cherry cheeks an yallow hair
Gars me gae maiden for evermair.'

16. Sometimes she sank, an sometimes she swam,
Till she came down yon bonny mill-dam.

17. O out it came the miller's son,
An saw the fair maid swimmin in.

18. 'O father, father, draw your dam,
Here's either a mermaid or a swan.'

19. The miller quickly drew the dam,
An there he found a drownd woman.

20. You coudna see her yallow hair
For gold and pearle that were so rare.

21. You coudna see her middle sma
For gouden girdle that was sae braw.

22. You coudna see her fingers white,
For gouden rings that was sae gryte.

23. An by there came a harper fine,
That harpèd to the king at dine.

24. When he did look that lady upon,
He sighd and made a heavy moan.

25. He 's taen three locks o her yallow hair,
And wi them strung his harp sae fair.

26. The first tune he did play and sing,
Was, 'Farewell to my father the king.'

27. The nextin tune that he playd syne,
Was, 'Farewell to my mother the queen.'

28. The lasten tune that he playd then,
Was, 'Wae to my sister, fair Ellen.'

THE CRUEL BROTHER

1. There was three ladies playd at the ba,
With a hey ho and a lillie gay
There came a knight and played oer them a'.
As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

2. The eldest was baith tall and fair,
But the youngest was beyond compare.

3. The midmost had a graceful mien,
But the youngest lookd like beautie's queen.

4. The knight bowd low to a' the three,
But to the youngest he bent his knee.

5. The ladie turned her head aside,
The knight he wooed her to be his bride.

6. The ladie blushd a rosy red,
And sayd, 'Sir knight, I 'm too young to wed.'

7. 'O ladie fair, give me your hand,
And I 'll make you ladie of a' my land.'

8. 'Sir knight, ere ye my favor win,
You maun get consent frae a' my kin.'

9. He 's got consent frae her parents dear,
And likewise frae her sisters fair.

10. He 's got consent frae her kin each one,
But forgot to spiek to her brother John.

11. Now, when the wedding day was come,
The knight would take his bonny bride home.

12. And many a lord and many a knight
Came to behold that ladie bright.

13. And there was nae man that did her see
But wishd himself bridegroom to be.

14. Her father dear led her down the stair,
And her sisters twain they kissd her there.

15. Her mother dear led her thro the closs,
And her brother John set her on her horse.

16. She leand her oer the saddle-bow,
To give him a kiss ere she did go.

17. He has taen a knife, baith lang and sharp,
And stabbed that bonny bride to the heart.

18. She hadno ridden half thro the town,
Until her heart's blude staind her gown.

19. 'Ride softly on,' says the best young man,
'For I think our bonny bride looks pale and wan.'

20. 'O lead me gently up yon hill,
And I 'll there sit down, and make my will.'

21. 'O what will you leave to your father dear?'
'The silver-shode steed that brought me here.'

22. 'What will you leave to your mother dear?'
'My velvet pall and my silken gear.'

23. 'What will you leave to your sister Anne?'
'My silken scarf and my gowden fan.'

24. 'What will you leave to your sister Grace?'
'My bloody cloaths to wash and dress.'

25. 'What will you leave to your brother John?'
'The gallows-tree to hang him on.'

26. 'What will you leave to your brother John's wife?'
'The wilderness to end her life.'

27. This ladie fair in her grave was laid,
And many a mass was oer her said.

28. But it would have made your heart right sair,
To see the bridegroom rive his haire.

EDWARD

1. 'Why dois your brand sae drap wi bluid,
Edward, Edward,
Why dois your brand sae drap wi bluid,
And why sae sad gang yee O?'
'O I hae killed my hauke sae guid,
Mither, mither,
O I hae killed my hauke sae guid,
And I had nae mair bot hee O.'

2. 'Your haukis bluid was nevir sae reid,
Edward, Edward,
Your haukis bluid was nevir sae reid,
My deir son I tell thee O.'
'O I hae killed my reid-roan steid,
Mither, mither,
O I hae killed my reid-roan steid,
That erst was sae fair and frie O.'

3. 'Your steid was auld, and ye hae got mair,
Edward, Edward,
Your steid was auld, and ye hae got mair,
Sum other dule ye drie O.'
'O I hae killed my fadir deir,
Mither, mither,
O I hae killed my fadir deir,
Alas, and wae is mee O!'

4. 'And whatten penance wul ye drie for that,
Edward, Edward,
And whatten penance will ye drie for that?
My deir son, now tell me O.'
'Ile set my feit in yonder boat,
Mither, mither,
Ile set my feit in yonder boat,
And Ile fare ovir the sea O.'

5. 'And what wul ye doe wi your towirs and your ha,
Edward, Edward?
And what wul you doe wi your towirs and your ha,
That were sae fair to see O?'
'Ile let thame stand tul they doun fa,
Mither, mither,
Ile let thame stand tul they down fa,
For here nevir mair maun I bee O.'

6. 'And what wul ye leive to your bairns and your wife,
Edward, Edward?
And what wul ye leive to your bairns and your wife,
Whan ye gang ovir the sea O?'
'The warldis room, late them beg thrae life,
Mither, mither,
The warldis room, late them beg thrae life,
For thame nevir mair wul I see O.'

7. 'And what wul ye leive to your ain mither deir,
Edward, Edward?
And what wul ye leive to your ain mither deir?
My deir son, now tell me O.'
'The curse of hell frae me sall ye beir,
Mither, mither,
The curse of hell frae me sall ye beir,
Sic counseils ye gave to me O.'

SIR THOMAS WYATT (1503?–1542)

Wyatt was preëminently a courtier. Well educated at Cambridge, and, possibly, also at Oxford, he began his career at court in several offices connected with the person of the king, from which he advanced speedily to diplomatic services, during the period 1525–1540, in France, Italy, Spain, and Flanders. In 1536, Wyatt was knighted, and in 1542, he represented Kent in parliament. A vigorous tradition persists that Wyatt was attached to the English court not only through his official appointments, but also, indirectly, as the youthful lover of Anne Boleyn.

Well-read in Italian, French, and classical literature, Wyatt deliberately formed his style by imitating Italian and French models. He is conspicuous in the history of English literature chiefly from the fact that he introduced into English the sonnet form, with its refining influence upon English meter and diction. Several of Wyatt's sonnets are direct translations from Petrarch, upon whom, throughout, he drew largely for his rime-scheme, his vocabulary, and his conventional ideas. Besides sonnets, Wyatt wrote other lyrics, epigrams, satires, and devotional verse. In his lyrics other than sonnets, is found his finest work. A collection of Wyatt's poems was printed in *Songs and Sonnets written by the right honorable Lord Henry Howard, late Earl of Surrey, and others*, published by Richard Tottel in 1557, and commonly known as *Tottel's Miscellany*.

THE LOVER FOR SHAME-FASTNESS HIDETH HIS DESIRE WITHIN HIS FAITHFUL HEART

The long love that in my thought I harbor,
And in my heart doth keep his residence,
Into my face presseth with bold pretence,
And there campeth displaying his banner.
She that me learns to love and to suffer,
And wills that my trust, and lust's negligence
Be reined by reason, shame, and reverence,
With his hardiness takes displeasure.
Wherewith love to the heart's forest he fleeth,
Leaving his enterprise with pain and cry,
And there him hideth, and not appeareth.
What may I do, when my master feareth?
But in the field with him to live and die?
For good is the life, ending faithfully.

THE LOVER COMPARETH HIS STATE TO A SHIP IN PERILOUS STORM TOSSED ON THE SEA

My galley chargèd with forgetfulness
Thorough sharp seas, in winter nights doth pass,
'Tween rock and rock; and eke my foe, alas,
That is my lord, steereth with cruelness,
And every hour, a thought in readiness,
As though that death were light in such a case.
An endless wind doth tear the sail apace
Of forcèd sighs, and trusty fearfulness.
A rain of tears, a cloud of dark disdain
Hath done the wearied cords great hinderance,
Wreathèd with error, and with ignorance.
The stars be hid that led me to this pain;
Drowned is reason that should be my comfort,
And I remain, despairing of the port.

THE LOVER HAVING DREAMED OF ENJOYING OF HIS LOVE, COMPLAINETH THAT THE DREAM IS NOT EITHER LONGER OR TRUER

Unstable dream, according to the place,
Be steadfast once, or else at least be true.
By tasted sweetness make me not to rue
The sudden loss of thy false feignèd grace.
By good respect in such a dangerous case
Thou broughtst not her into these tossing seas,
But madest my spirit to live, my care t'encrease,
My body in tempest her delight t'embrace.
The body dead, the spirit had his desire;

Painless was th' one, the other in delight.
Why then, alas! did it not keep it right,
But thus return to leap into the fire,
And where it was at wish, could not remain?
Such mocks of dreams do turn to deadly pain!

A RENOUNCING OF LOVE

Farewell, Love, and all thy laws for ever!
Thy baited hooks shall tangle me no more:
Senec and Plato call me from thy lore
To perfect wealth my wit for to endeavor.
In blind error when I did persèver,
Thy sharp repulse, that pricketh aye so sore,
Taught me in trifles that I set no store;
But 'scape forth thence, since liberty is lever.
Therefore, farewell! go trouble younger hearts,
And in me claim no more authority.
With idle youth go use thy property,
And thereon spend thy many brittle darts;
For hitherto though I have lost my time,
Me list no longer rotten boughs to climb.

THE LOVER BESEECHETH HIS MISTRESS NOT TO FORGET HIS STEADFAST FAITH AND TRUE INTENT

Forget not yet the tried intent
Of such a truth as I have meant;
My great travail so gladly spent,
Forget not yet!

Forget not yet when first began
The weary life ye know, since whan
The suit, the service none tell can;
Forget not yet!

Forget not yet the great assays,
The cruel wrong, the scornful ways,
The painful patience in delays,
Forget not yet!

Forget not! O, forget not this,
How long ago hath been, and is,
The mind that never meant amiss—
Forget not yet!

Forget not then thine own approved,
The which so long hath thee so loved,
Whose steadfast faith yet never moved:
Forget not this!

AN EARNEST SUIT TO HIS UNKIND MISTRESS NOT TO FORSAKE HIM

And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay, say nay, for shame!
To save thee from the blame
Of all my grief and grame.
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus,
That hath loved thee so long
In wealth and woe among:
And is thy heart so strong
As for to leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus,
That hath given thee my heart
Never for to depart
Neither for pain nor smart:
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus,
And have no more pity
Of him that loveth thee?
Alas, thy cruelty!
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

THE LOVER COMPLAINETH THE UNKINDNESS OF HIS LOVE

My lute, awake, perform the last
Labor that thou and I shall waste,
And end that I have now begun.
And when this song is sung and past,
My lute, be still, for I have done.

As to be heard where ear is none,
As lead to grave in marble stone,
My song may pierce her heart as soon.
Should we then sigh, or sing, or moan?
No, no, my lute, for I have done.

The rocks do not so cruelly
Repulse the waves continually,
As she my suit and affection;
So that I am past remedy,
Whereby my lute and I have done.

Proud of the spoil that thou hast got
Of simple hearts through Lovës shot,
By whom unkind thou hast them won,
Think not he hath his bow forgot,
Although my lute and I have done.

Vengeance shall fall on thy disdain
That makest but game on earnest pain.
Think not alone under the sun
Unquit to cause thy lovers playn,
Although my lute and I have done.

May chance thee lie withered and old
In winter nights that are so cold,
Playning in vain unto the moon;
Thy wishes then dare not be told.
Care then who list, for I have done.

And then may chance thee to repent
The time that thou hast lost and spent
To cause thy lovers sigh and swoon;
Then shalt thou know beauty but lent,
And wish and want, as I have done.

Now cease, my lute, this is the last
Labor that thou and I shall waste,
And ended is that we begun.
Now is the song both sung and past,
My lute, be still, for I have done.

OF THE MEAN AND SURE ESTATE

WRITTEN TO JOHN POINS

My mother's maids, when they did sew and spin,
They sung sometime a song of the field mouse
That, for because her livelihood was but thin,
Would needs go seek her townish sister's house.
She thought herself endurèd too much pain;
The stormy blasts her cave so sore did souse
That when the furrows swimmèd with the rain,
She must lie cold and wet in sorry plight;
And worse than that, bare meat there did remain
To comfort her when she her house had dight;
Sometime a barley corn; sometime a bean,
For which she labored hard both day and night
In harvest time whilst she might go and glean;
And when her store was stroyèd with the flood,
Then welaway! for she undone was clean.
Then was she fain to take, instead of food,
Sleep, if she might, her hunger to beguile.
'My sister,' quoth she, 'hath a living good,
And hence from me she dwelleth not a mile.
In cold and storm she lieth warm and dry
In bed of down, the dirt doth not defile
Her tender foot, she laboreth not as I.
Richly she feedeth, and at the rich man's cost,
And for her meat she needs not crave nor cry.
By sea, by land, of the delicates, the most
Her cater seeks and spareth for no peril,
She feedeth on boiled bacon, meat, and roast,
And hath thereof neither charge nor travail;
And, when she list, the liquor of the grape
Doth glad her heart till that her belly swell.'
And at this journey she maketh but a jape;
So forth she goeth, trusting of all this wealth
With her sister her part so for to shape,
That if she might keep herself in health,
To live a lady while her life doth last.
And to the door now is she come by stealth,
And with her foot anon she scrapeth full fast.
Th' other, for fear, durst not well scarce appear,
Of every noise so was the wretch aghast.
At last she askèd softly who was there,
And in her language as well as she could.
'Peep!' quoth the other sister, 'I am here.'
'Peace,' quoth the town mouse, 'why speakest thou so loud?'
And by the hand she took her fair and well.
'Welcome,' quoth she, 'my sister, by the Rood!'
She feasted her, that joy it was to tell
The fare they had; they drank the wine so clear,
And, as to purpose now and then it fell,
She cheerèd her with 'How, sister, what cheer!'
Amid this joy befell a sorry chance,
That, welaway! the stranger bought full dear
The fare she had, for, as she looked askance,
Under a stool she spied two steaming eyes
In a round head with sharp ears. In France
Was never mouse so feared, for, though unwise
Had not y-seen such a beast before,
Yet had nature taught her after her guise
To know her foe and dread him evermore.
The towny mouse fled, she knew whither to go;
Th' other had no shift, but wonders sore
Feared of her life. At home she wished her tho,
And to the door, alas! as she did skip,

The heaven it would, lo! and eke her chance was so,
At the threshold her silly foot did trip;
And ere she might recover it again,
The traitor cat had caught her by the hip,
And made her there against her will remain,
That had forgot her poor surety and rest
For seeming wealth wherein she thought to reign.
Alas, my Poins, how men do seek the best
And find the worst by error as they stray!
And no marvel; when sight is so opprest,
And blinds the guide, anon out of the way
Goeth guide and all in seeking quiet life.
O wretched minds, there is no gold that may
Grant that you seek; no war, no peace, no strife.
No, no, although thy head were hooped with gold,
Sergeant with mace, halberd, sword, nor knife,
Cannot repulse the care that follow should.
Each kind of life hath with him his disease.
Live in delight even as thy lust would,
And thou shalt find, when lust doth most thee please,
It irketh straight, and by itself doth fade.
A small thing is it that may thy mind appease.
None of ye all there is that is so mad
To seek for grapes on brambles or on briars;
Nor none, I trow, that hath his wit so bad
To set his hay for conies over rivers,
Nor ye set not a drag-net for an hare;
And yet the thing that most is your desire
Ye do mis-seek with more travail and care.
Make plain thine heart, that it be not knotted
With hope or dread, and see thy will be bare
From all effects whom vice hath ever spotted.
Thyself content with that is thee assigned,
And use it well that is to thee allotted.
Then seek no more out of thyself to find
The thing that thou hast sought so long before,
For thou shalt feel it sticking in thy mind.
Mad, if ye list to continue your sore,
Let present pass and gape on time to come,
And deep yourself in travail more and more.
Henceforth, my Poins, this shall be all and some,
These wretched fools shall have naught else of me;
But to the great God and to his high dome,
None other pain pray I for them to be,
But, when the rage doth lead them from the right,
That, looking backward, virtue they may see,
Even as she is so goodly fair and bright,
And whilst they clasp their lusts in arms across,
Grant them, good Lord, as thou mayst of thy might,
To fret inward for losing such a loss.

HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY (1517?–1547)

Henry Howard, or, as he is commonly called, Surrey, was, like Wyatt, actively connected with the English court. His courtly occupations, however, were not so much administrative and diplomatic as military and chivalric. From his early years up to manhood, Surrey was the companion of princes, and more than once his elders bargained for his marriage with a princess. As a boy of some fifteen years, Surrey accompanied the king to France, and remained eleven months at the French court. At the age of twenty, by striking a courtier who had accused him of seditious intentions, he landed himself in confinement for a few months at Windsor. These months Surrey spent in versifying, a diversion for which he had been well prepared by previous practice and by considerable reading in classical and contemporary literature. After having distinguished himself from time to time in jousts, he was made knight of the garter in 1541. Surrey's impulsive and adventurous spirit, which established him as 'the most foolish proud boy that is in England,' led him to eminent military service in France, during which he called forth the king's reprimand by exposing himself needlessly to danger. By numerous angry and trenchant utterances, he eventually brought upon himself the charge of treason, which he vigorously denied, but which led, ultimately, to his beheading on Tower Hill, January 21, 1547.

Although Surrey composed verse during most of his life-time, his poems first appeared in print in 1557, when Richard Tottel published *Songs and Sonnets written by the right honorable Lord Henry Howard, late Earl of Surrey, and others.* During the same year appeared Surrey's translation of the second and fourth books of Virgil's *Æneid*, a translation in which blank verse is used for the first time, in any notable way, in English. Although Surrey was the poetical disciple of his friend Wyatt, he excelled his master in all points. In particular, this superiority is apparent in range of subject, in refinement and variety of versification, and in delicacy of feeling.

DESCRIPTION OF SPRING, WHEREIN EACH THING RENEWS, SAVE ONLY THE LOVER

The soote season that bud and bloom forth brings,
With green hath clad the hill and eke the vale;
The nightingale with feathers new she sings;
The turtle to her mate hath told her tale:
Summer is come, for every spray now springs;
The hart hath hung his old head on the pale;
The buck in brake his winter coat he flings;
The fishes flete with new repairèd scale;
The adder all her slough away she slings;
The swift swallow pursueth the flies smale;
The busy bee her honey now she mings.
Winter is worn, that was the flowers' bale:
And thus I see among these pleasant things
Each care decays, and yet my sorrow springs!

COMPLAINT OF A LOVER REBUKED

Love, that liveth and reigneth in my thought,
That built his seat within my captive breast,
Clad in the arms wherein with me he fought,
Oft in my face he doth his banner rest.
She that me taught to love, and suffer pain,
My doubtful hope and eke my hot desire
With shamefast cloak to shadow and refrain,
Her smiling grace converteth straight to ire.
The coward Love then to the heart apace
Taketh his flight, whereas he lurks and plains,
His purpose lost, and dare not show his face.
For my lord's guilt thus faultless bide I pains.
Yet from my lord shall not my foot remove;
Sweet is his death that takes his end by love.

DESCRIPTION AND PRAISE OF HIS LOVE GERALDINE

From Tuscan came my lady's worthy race;
Fair Florence was sometime her ancient seat;
The Western isle whose pleasant shore doth face
Wild Camber's cliffs did give her lively heat;

Fostered she was with milk of Irish breast;
Her sire, an earl; her dame, of princes' blood;
From tender years, in Britain she doth rest,
With a king's child, where she tasteth costly food;
Hunsdon did first present her to mine eyen;
Bright is her hue, and Geraldine she hight;
Hampton me taught to wish her first for mine;
And Windsor, alas, doth chase me from her sight:
Her beauty of kind, her virtues from above.
Happy is he that can obtain her love!

COMPLAINT OF THE LOVER DISDAINED

In Cyprus springs, whereas dame Venus dwelt,
A well so hot, that whoso tastes the same,
Were he of stone, as thawèd ice should melt,
And kindled find his breast with firèd flame;
Whose moist poison dissolvèd hath my heart.
With creeping fire my cold limbs are suprest,
Feeleth the heart that harbored freedom, smart:
Endless despair long thraldom hath imprest.
Another well of frozen ice is found,
Whose chilling venom of repugnant kind,
The fervent heat doth quench of Cupid's wound,
And with the spot of change infects the mind;
Whereof my dear hath tasted, to my pain:
Whereby my service grows into disdain.

A COMPLAINT BY NIGHT OF THE LOVER NOT BELOVED

Alas, so all things now do hold their peace!
Heaven and earth disturbèd in nothing;
The beasts, the air, the birds their song do cease,
The nightës chair the stars about doth bring.
Calm is the sea; the waves work less and less;
So am not I, whom love, alas, doth wring,
Bringing before my face the great increase
Of my desires, whereat I weep and sing,
In joy and woe, as in a doubtful ease.
For my sweet thoughts sometime do pleasure bring;
But by and by, the cause of my disease
Gives me a pang, that inwardly doth sting,
When that I think what grief it is again,
To live and lack the thing should rid my pain.

VOW TO LOVE FAITHFULLY HOWSOEVER HE BE REWARDED

Set me whereas the sun doth parch the green,
Or where his beams do not dissolve the ice;
In temperate heat, where he is felt and seen;
In presence prest of people, mad or wise;
Set me in high, or yet in low degree;
In longest night, or in the longest day;
In clearest sky, or where clouds thickest be;
In lusty youth, or when my hairs are gray:
Set me in heaven, in earth, or else in hell;
In hill, or dale, or in the foaming flood;
Thrall, or at large, alive whereso I dwell;
Sick or in health, in evil fame or good;
Hers will I be, and only with this thought
Content myself, although my chance be naught.

COMPLAINT OF THE ABSENCE OF HER LOVER BEING UPON THE SEA

O happy dames! that may embrace
The fruit of your delight;
Help to bewail the woeful case,
And eke the heavy plight,
Of me, that wonted to rejoice
The fortune of my pleasant choice:
Good ladies, help to fill my mourning voice.

In ship freight with rememberance
Of thoughts and pleasures past,
He sails that hath in governance
My life, while it will last;
With scalding sighs, for lack of gale,
Furthering his hope, that is his sail,
Toward me, the sweet port of his avail.

Alas, how oft in dreams I see
Those eyes that were my food;
Which sometime so delighted me,
That yet they do me good;
Wherewith I wake with his return,
Whose absent flame did make me burn:
But when I find the lack, Lord, how I mourn!

When other lovers in arms across,
Rejoice their chief delight,
Drownèd in tears to mourn my loss,
I stand the bitter night

In my window, where I may see
Before the winds how the clouds flee:
Lo, what a mariner love hath made me!

And in green waves when the salt flood
Doth rise by rage of wind,
A thousand fancies in that mood,
Assail my restless mind.
Alas, now drencheth my sweet foe,
That with the spoil of my heart did go,
And left me; but, alas, why did he so?

And when the seas wax calm again,
To chase from me annoy,
My doubtful hope doth cause me pain;
So dread cuts off my joy.
Thus is my wealth mingled with woe,
And of each thought a doubt doth grow;
Now he comes! Will he come? Alas, no, no!

A PRAISE OF HIS LOVE WHEREIN HE REPROVETH THEM THAT COMPARE THEIR LADIES WITH HIS

Give place, ye lovers, here before
That spent your boasts and brags in vain;
My lady's beauty passeth more
The best of yours, I dare well sayn,
Than doth the sun the candle light,
Or brightest day the darkest night.

And thereto hath a troth as just
As had Penelope the fair;
For what she saith, ye may it trust
As it by writing sealèd were:
And virtues hath she many mo
Than I with pen have skill to show.

I could rehearse, if that I would,
The whole effect of Nature's plaint,
When she had lost the perfect mold,
The like to whom she could not paint:
With wringing hands, how she did cry,
And what she said, I know it, I.

I know she swore with raging mind,
Her kingdom only set apart,
There was no loss by law of kind
That could have gone so near her heart.
And this was chiefly all her pain:
She could not make the like again.

Sith Nature thus gave her the praise,
To be the chiefest work she wrought;
In faith, methink, some better ways
On your behalf might well be sought,
Than to compare, as ye have done,
To match the candle with the sun.

DESCRIPTION OF THE RESTLESS STATE OF A LOVER

The sun hath twice brought forth his tender green
And clad the earth in lively lustiness,
Once have the winds the trees despoilèd clean,
And new again begins their cruelness,
Since I have hid under my breast the harm
That never shall recover healthfulness.
The winter's hurt recovers with the warm,
The parchèd green restored is with the shade.
What warmth, alas, may serve for to disarm
The frozen heart that mine in flame hath made?
What cold again is able to restore
My fresh green years, that wither thus and fade?
Alas, I see, nothing hath hurt so sore,
But time in time reduceth a return;
In time my harm increaseth more and more,
And seems to have my cure always in scorn.
Strange kinds of death, in life that I do try,
At hand to melt, far off in flame to burn;
And like as time list to my cure apply,
So doth each place my comfort clean refuse.
All thing alive that seeth the heavens with eye
With cloak of night may cover and excuse
Itself from travail of the day's unrest,
Save I, alas, against all others' use,
That then stir up the torments of my breast,
And curse each star as causer of my fate.
And when the sun hath eke the dark oprest,
And brought the day, it doth nothing abate
The travails of mine endless smart and pain;
For then, as one that hath the light in hate,
I wish for night, more covertly to plain,
And me withdraw from every haunted place,
Lest by my cheer my chance appear too plain.
And in my mind I measure, pace by pace,
To seek the place where I myself had lost,
That day that I was tangled in the lace,
In seeming slack, that knitteth ever most.
But never yet the travail of my thought
Of better state could catch a cause to boast;

For if I found, sometime that I have sought,
Those stars by whom I trusted of the port,
My sails do fall, and I advance right naught,
As anchored fast, my spirits do all resort
To stand agazed, and sink in more and more
The deadly harm which she doth take in sport.
Lo, if I seek, how do I find my sore!
And if I flee I carry with me still
The venomed shaft, which doth his force restore
By haste of flight, and I may plain my fill
Unto myself, unless this careful song
Print in your heart some parcel of my teen;
For I, alas, in silence all too long
Of mine old hurt yet feel the wound but green.
Rue on my life, or else your cruel wrong
Shall well appear, and by my death be seen!

THE MEANS TO ATTAIN HAPPY LIFE

Martial, the things that do attain
The happy life be these, I find:
The riches left, not got with pain;
The fruitful ground; the quiet mind;
The egall friend; no grudge, no strife;
No charge of rule, no governance;
Without disease, the healthful life;
The household of continuance;
The mean diet, no delicate fare;
True wisdom joined with simpleness;
The night dischargèd of all care,
Where wine the wit may not oppress;
The faithful wife, without debate;
Such sleeps as may beguile the night:
Contentèd with thine own estate,
Ne wish for death, ne fear his might.

OF THE DEATH OF SIR T[HOMAS] W[YATT]

W. resteth here, that quick could never rest;
Whose heavenly gifts, encreasèd by disdain,
And virtue sank the deeper in his breast;
Such profit he by envy could obtain.
A head where wisdom mysteries did frame;
Whose hammers beat still in that lively brain
As on a stithe where that some work of fame
Was daily wrought to turn to Britain's gain.
A visage stern and mild, where both did grow,
Vice to condemn, in virtue to rejoice;
Amid great storms, whom grace assurèd so
To live upright and smile at fortune's choice.
A hand that taught what might be said in rime;
That reft Chaucer the glory of his wit:
A mark, the which (unperfected, for time)
Some may approach, but never none shall hit.
A tongue that served in foreign realms his king;
Whose courteous talk to virtue did enflame
Each noble heart; a worthy guide to bring
Our English youth by travail unto fame.
An eye whose judgment none affect could blind,
Friends to allure, and foes to reconcile;
Whose piercing look did represent a mind
With virtue fraught, reposèd, void of guile.
A heart where dread was never so imprest,
To hide the thought that might the truth advance;
In neither fortune lost, nor yet represt,
To swell in wealth, or yield unto mischance.
A valiant corse, where force and beauty met;
Happy, alas, too happy, but for foes!
Lived, and ran the race that Nature set:
Of manhood's shape, where she the mold did lose.
But to the heavens that simple soul is fled,
Which left with such as covet Christ to know
Witness of faith that never shall be dead,
Sent for our health, but not receivèd so.
Thus for our guilt, this jewel have we lost;
The earth his bones, the heavens possess his ghost!

VIRGIL'S ÆNEID

BOOK II

They whisted all, with fixèd face attent,
When Prince Æneas from the royal seat
Thus gan to speak: 'O Queen, it is thy will
I should renew a woe cannot be told;
How that the Greeks did spoil and overthrow
The Phrygian wealth and wailful realm of Troy.
Those ruthful things that I myself beheld,
And whereof no small part fell to my share;
Which to express, who could refrain from tears?
What Myrmidon? or yet what Dolopës?
What stern Ulysses' wagèd soldier?
And lo! moist night now from the welkin falls,
And stars declining counsel us to rest;

But since so great is thy delight to hear
Of our mishaps and Troyës last decay,
Though to record the same my mind abhors
And plaint eschews, yet thus will I begin:—
The Greekës chieftains, all irked with the war,
Wherein they wastèd had so many years,
And oft repulsed by fatal destiny,
A huge horse made, high raisèd like a hill,
By the divine science of Minerva,—
Of cloven fir compacted were his ribs,
For their return a feignèd sacrifice,—
The fame whereof so wandered it at point.
In the dark bulk they closed bodies of men
Chosen by lot, and did enstuff by stealth
The hollow womb with armèd soldiers.
There stands in sight an isle hight Tenedon,
Rich, and of fame while Priam's kingdom stood,
Now but a bay and road unsure for ship.
Hither them secretly the Greeks withdrew,
Shrouding themselves under the desert shore;
And, weening we they had been fled and gone,
And with that wind had fet the land of Greece,
Troy discharged her long continued dole.
The gates cast up, we issued out to play,
The Greekish camp desirous to behold,
The places void and the forsaken coasts.
Here Pyrrhus' band, there fierce Achilles pight;
Here rode their ships, there did their battles join.
Astonied some the scathful gift beheld,
Behight by vow unto the chaste Minerve,
All wondering at the hugeness of the horse.
And first of all, Timœtes gan advise
Within the walls to lead and draw the same,
And place it eke amid the palace court,
Whether of guile, or Troyës fate it would.
Capys, with some of judgment more discreet,
Willed it to drown, or underset with flame,
The suspect present of the Greeks' deceit,
Or bore and gauge the hollow caves uncouth;
So diverse ran the giddy people's mind.
Lo! foremost of a rout that followed him,
Kindled Laöcoön hasted from the tower,
Crying far off: "O wretched citizens,
What so great kind of frenzy fretteth you?
Deem ye the Greeks, our enemies, to be gone?
Or any Greekish gifts can you suppose
Devoid of guile? Is so Ulysses known?
Either the Greeks are in this timber hid,
Or this an engine is to annoy our walls,
To view our towers, and overwhelm our town.
Here lurks some craft. Good Troyans give no trust
Unto this horse, for, whatsoever it be,
I dread the Greeks, yea, when they offer gifts."'

* * *

THOMAS SACKVILLE, LORD BUCKHURST (1536–1608)

About the year 1553, certain English printers projected a continuation of John Lydgate's *Fall of Princes*, a version of Boccaccio's *De Casibus Virorum Illustrium*, the design of these printers being to add stories of famous unfortunates from the period with which Boccaccio ended 'unto this presente time.' The project, under the general title *A Mirror for Magistrates*, was printed in gradually enlarged editions between the years 1555 and 1610. Although probably not a partner to the original plan, Sackville early became an associate and a contributor. *The Induction*, written as an introduction to such stories as he should contribute, and *The Complaint of Henry, Duke of Buckingham*, the only 'tragedy' actually contributed by Sackville, appeared in the edition of 1563.

The Induction is commonly accounted the best achievement in English poetry between Chaucer and Spenser. Although in writing his description of the lower world Sackville evidently had in mind both the sixth book of Virgil's *Æneid* and medieval allegory, the superb vivifying of such abstractions as Remorse of Conscience, Dread, Revenge, and the like, is to be credited to the genius of the English poet. Sackville owes his inspiration, perhaps, to Virgil, and his verse form, certainly, to Chaucer; his masterly control of his material and his power of phrasing are surely his own.

THE INDUCTION

The wrathful Winter, 'proaching on apace,
With blustering blasts had all ybared the treen,
And old Saturnus, with his frosty face,
With chilling cold had pierced the tender green;
The mantles rent, wherein enwrappèd been
The gladsome groves that now lay overthrown,
The tapets torn, and every bloom down blown.

The soil, that erst so seemly was to seen,
Was all despoilèd of her beauty's hue;
And soote fresh flowers, wherewith the summer's queen
Had clad the earth, now Boreas' blasts down blew;
And small fowls flocking, in their song did rue
The winter's wrath, wherewith each thing defaced
In woeful wise bewailed the summer past.

Hawthorn had lost his motley livery,
The naked twigs were shivering all for cold,
And dropping down the tears abundantly;
Each thing, methought, with weeping eye me told
The cruel season, bidding me withhold
Myself within; for I was gotten out
Into the fields, whereas I walked about.

When lo, the night with misty mantles spread,
Gan dark the day, and dim the azure skies;
And Venus in her message Hermes sped
To bloody Mars, to will him not to rise,
While she herself approached in speedy wise;
And Virgo hiding her disdainful breast,
With Thetis now had laid her down to rest.

Whiles Scorpio dreading Sagittarius' dart,
Whose bow prest bent in fight, the string had slipped,
Down slid into the ocean flood apart,
The Bear, that in the Irish seas had dipped
His grisly feet, with speed from thence he whipped:
For Thetis, hasting from the Virgin's bed,
Pursued the Bear, that ere she came was fled.

And Phaeton now, near reaching to his race
With glist'ring beams, gold streaming where they bent,
Was prest to enter in his resting place:
Erythius, that in the cart first went,
Had even now attained his journey's stent:
And, fast declining, hid away his head,
While Titan couched him in his purple bed.

And pale Cynthea, with her borrowed light,
Beginning to supply her brother's place
Was past the noonstead six degrees in sight,
When sparkling stars amid the heaven's face,

With twinkling light shone on the earth apace,
That, while they brought about the nightës chare,
The dark had dimmed the day ere I was ware.

And sorrowing I to see the summer flowers,
The lively green, the lusty leas forlorn,
The sturdy trees so shattered with the showers,
The fields so fade, that flourished so beforn,
It taught me well, all earthly things be born
To die the death, for naught long time may last;
The summer's beauty yields to winter's blast.

Then looking upward to the heaven's leams,
With nightës stars thick powdered everywhere,
Which erst so glistened with the golden streams
That cheerful Phœbus spread down from his sphere,
Beholding dark oppressing day so near:
The sudden sight reducèd to my mind,
The sundry changes that in earth we find.

That musing on this worldly wealth in thought,
Which comes, and goes, more faster than we see
The flickering flame that with the fire is wrought,
My busy mind presented unto me
Such fall of peers as in this realm had be;
That oft I wished some would their woes descrive,
To warn the rest whom fortune left alive.

And straight forth stalking with redoubled pace,
For that I saw the night drew on so fast,
In black all clad, there fell before my face
A piteous wight, whom woe had all forewaste;
Forth from her eyen the crystal tears out brast;
And sighing sore, her hands she wrung and fold,
Tare all her hair, that ruth was to behold.

Her body small, forewithered, and forespent,
As is the stalk that summer's drought oppressed;
Her welkèd face with woeful tears besprent;
Her color pale; and, as it seemed her best,
In woe and plaint reposèd was her rest;
And, as the stone that drops of water wears,
So dented were her cheeks with fall of tears.

Her eyes swollen with flowing streams afloat,
Wherewith, her looks thrown up full piteously,
Her forceless hands together oft she smote,
With doleful shrieks, that echoed in the sky;
Whose plaint such sighs did straight accompany,
That, in my doom, was never man did see
A wight but half so woe-begone as she.

I stood aghast, beholding all her plight,
'Tween dread and dolor, so distrained in heart,
That, while my hairs upstarted with the sight,
The tears outstreamed for sorrow of her smart:
But, when I saw no end that could apart
The deadly dewle which she so sore did make,
With doleful voice then thus to her I spake:

'Unwrap thy woes, whatever wight thou be,
And stint in time to spill thyself with plaint:
Tell what thou art, and whence, for well I see
Thou canst not dure, with sorrow thus attaint:'
And, with that word of sorrow, all forefaint
She lookèd up, and, prostrate as she lay,
With piteous sound, lo, thus she gan to say:

'Alas, I wretch, whom thus thou seest distrained
With wasting woes, that never shall aslake,
Sorrow I am, in endless torments pained
Among the Furies in the infernal lake,
Where Pluto, god of hell, so grisly black,
Doth hold his throne, and Lethe's deadly taste
Doth reave remembrance of each thing forepast:

'Whence come I am, the dreary destiny
And luckless lot for to bemoan of those
Whom fortune, in this maze of misery,
Of wretched chance, most woeful mirrors chose;
That, when thou seest how lightly they did lose
Their pomp, their power, and that they thought most sure,

Thou mayst soon deem no earthly joy may dure.'

Whose rueful voice no sooner had out brayed
Those woeful words wherewith she sorrowed so,
But out, alas, she shright, and never stayed,
Fell down, and all to-dashed herself for woe:
The cold pale dread my limbs gan overgo,
And I so sorrowed at her sorrows eft,
That, what with grief and fear, my wits were reft.

I stretched myself, and straight my heart revives,
That dread and dolor erst did so appale;
Like him that with the fervent fever strives,
When sickness seeks his castle health to scale;
With gathered spirits so forced I fear to avale:
And, rearing her, with anguish all foredone,
My spirits returned, and then I thus begun:

'O Sorrow, alas, sith Sorrow is thy name,
And that to thee this drear doth well pertain,
In vain it were to seek to cease the same:
But, as a man himself with sorrow slain,
So I, alas, do comfort thee in pain,
That here in sorrow art foresunk so deep,
That at thy sight I can but sigh and weep.'

I had no sooner spoken of a stike,
But that the storm so rumbled in her breast,
As Æölus could never roar the like;
And showers down rainèd from her eyen so fast,
That all bedrent the place, till at the last,
Well easèd they the dolor of her mind,
As rage of rain doth swage the stormy wind:

For forth she pacèd in her fearful tale:
'Come, come,' quoth she, 'and see what I shall show,
Come, hear the plaining and the bitter bale
Of worthy men by Fortune overthrow:
Come thou, and see them ruing all in row,
They were but shades that erst in mind thou rolled:
Come, come with me, thine eyes shall them behold.'

What could these words but make me more aghast,
To hear her tell whereon I mused whilere?
So was I mazed therewith, till, at the last,
Musing upon her words, and what they were,
All suddenly well lessoned was my fear;
For to my mind returnèd, how she telled
Both what she was, and where her won she held.

Whereby I knew that she a goddess was,
And, therewithal, resorted to my mind
My thought, that late presented me the glass
Of brittle state, of cares that here we find,
Of thousand woes to silly men assigned:
And how she now bid me come and behold,
To see with eye that erst in thought I rolled.

Flat down I fell, and with all reverence
Adorèd her, perceiving now that she,
A goddess, sent by godly providence,
In earthly shape thus showed herself to me,
To wail and rue this world's uncertainty:
And, while I honored thus her godhead's might
With plaining voice these words to me she shright:

'I shall thee guide first to the grisly lake,
And thence unto the blissful place of rest,
Where thou shall see, and hear, the plaint they make
That whilom here bare swing among the best:
This shalt thou see: but great is the unrest
That thou must bide, before thou canst attain
Unto the dreadful place where these remain.'

And, with these words, as I upraisèd stood,
And gan to follow her that straight forth paced,
Ere I was ware, into a desert wood
We now were come, where, hand in hand embraced,
She led the way, and through the thick so traced,
As, but I had been guided by her might,
It was no way for any mortal wight.

But lo, while thus amid the desert dark
We passèd on with steps and pace unmeet,
A rumbling roar, confused with howl and bark
Of dogs, shook all the ground under our feet,

And struck the din within our ears so deep,
As, half distraught, unto the ground I fell,
Besought return, and not to visit hell.

But she, forthwith, uplifting me apace,
Removed my dread, and, with a steadfast mind,
Bade me come on; for here was now the place,
The place where we our travail end should find:
Wherewith I rose, and to the place assigned
Astoined I stalk, when straight we approached near
The dreadful place, that you will dread to hear.

An hideous hole all vast, withouten shape,
Of endless depth, o'erwhelmed with ragged stone,
With ugly mouth, and grisly jaws doth gape,
And to our sight confounds itself in one:
Here entered we, and yeding forth, anon
An horrible loathly lake we might discern,
As black as pitch, that clepèd is Avern:

A deadly gulf, where naught but rubbish grows,
With foul black swelth in thickened lumps that lies,
Which up in th' air such stinking vapors throws,
That over there may fly no fowl but dies
Choked with the pestilent savors that arise:
Hither we come; whence forth we still did pace,
In dreadful fear amid the dreadful place:

And, first, within the porch and jaws of hell,
Sat deep Remorse of Conscience, all besprent
With tears; and to herself oft would she tell
Her wretchedness, and cursing never stent
To sob and sigh; but ever thus lament,
With thoughtful care, as she that, all in vain,
Would wear, and waste continually in pain.

Her eyes unsteadfast, rolling here and there,
Whirled on each place, as place that vengeance brought,
So was her mind continually in fear,
Tossed and tormented with the tedious thought
Of those detested crimes which she had wrought;
With dreadful cheer, and looks thrown to the sky,
Wishing for death, and yet she could not die.

Next saw we Dread, all trembling how he shook,
With foot uncertain, proffered here and there:
Benumbed of speech, and, with a ghastly look
Searched every place, all pale and dead for fear,
His cap borne up with staring of his hair,
'Stoined and amazed at his own shade for dread,
And fearing greater dangers than was need.

And next, within the entry of this lake,
Sat fell Revenge, gnashing her teeth for ire,
Devising means how she may vengeance take,
Never in rest, till she have her desire:
But frets within so far forth with the fire
Of wreaking flames, that now determines she
To die by death, or venged by death to be.

When fell Revenge, with bloody foul pretence
Had showed herself, as next in order set,
With trembling limbs we softly parted thence,
Till in our eyes another sight we met:
When from my heart a sigh forthwith I fet,
Ruing, alas! upon the woeful plight
Of Misery, that next appeared in sight.

His face was lean, and somedeal pined away,
And eke his hands consumèd to the bone,
But what his body was, I cannot say,
For on his carcass raiment had he none,
Save clouts and patches, piecèd one by one;
With staff in hand, and scrip on shoulders cast,
His chief defence against the winter's blast.

His food, for most, was wild fruits of the tree,
Unless sometimes some crumbs fell to his share,
Which in his wallet long, God wot, kept he,
As on the which full daint'ly would he fare:
His drink, the running stream; his cup, the bare

Of his palm closed; his bed, the hard cold ground:
To this poor life was Misery ybound.

Whose wretched state when we had well beheld,
With tender ruth on him, and on his fears,
In thoughtful cares forth then our pace we held;
And, by and by, another shape appears,
Of greedy Care, still brushing up the breres,
His knuckles knobbed, his flesh deep dented in,
With tawèd hands, and hard ytannèd skin.

The morrow gray no sooner hath begun
To spread his light, even peeping in our eyes,
When he is up, and to his work yrun:
But let the night's black misty mantles rise,
And with foul dark never so much disguise
The fair bright day, yet ceaseth he no while,
But hath his candles to prolong his toil.

By him lay heavy Sleep, the cousin of Death,
Flat on the ground, and still as any stone,
A very corpse, save yielding forth a breath:
Small keep took he, whom Fortune frownèd on,
Or whom she lifted up into the throne
Of high renown; but, as a living death,
So, dead alive, of life he drew the breath.

The body's rest, the quiet of the heart,
The travail's ease, the still night's fear was he,
And of our life in earth the better part;
Reaver of sight, and yet in whom we see
Things oft that tide, and oft that never be;
Without respect, esteeming equally
King Crœsus' pomp, and Irus' poverty.

And next, in order sad, Old Age we found:
His beard all hoar, his eyes hollow and blind,
With drooping cheer still poring on the ground,
As on the place where Nature him assigned
To rest, when that the Sisters had untwined
His vital thread, and ended with their knife
The fleeting course of fast declining life.

There heard we him with broke and hollow plaint
Rue with himself his end approaching fast,
And all for naught his wretched mind torment
With sweet remembrance of his pleasures past,
And fresh delights of lusty youth forewaste;
Recounting which, how would he sob and shriek,
And to be young again of Jove beseek!

But and the cruel fates so fixèd be,
That time forepast cannot return again,
This one request of Jove yet prayèd he:
That, in such withered plight, and wretched pain,
As eld, accompanied with his loathsome train,
Had brought on him, all were it woe and grief,
He might a while yet linger forth his life,

And not so soon descend into the pit,
Where Death, when he the mortal corpse hath slain,
With reckless hand in grave doth cover it,
Thereafter never to enjoy again
The gladsome light, but in the ground ylain,
In the depth of darkness waste and wear to naught,
As he had never into the world been brought.

But who had seen him sobbing, how he stood
Unto himself, and how he would bemoan
His youth forepast, as though it wrought him good
To talk of youth, all were his youth foregone,
He would have mused, and marveled much, whereon
This wretched Age should life desire so fain,
And knows full well life doth but length his pain.

Crookbacked he was, tooth-shaken, and blear-eyed,
Went on three feet, and sometime crept on four,
With old lame bones that rattled by his side,
His scalp all pilled, and he with eld forlore:
His withered fist still knocking at Death's door.

Fumbling, and driveling, as he draws his breath:
For brief, the shape and messenger of Death.

And fast by him pale Malady was placed,
Sore sick in bed, her color all foregone,
Bereft of stomach, savor, and of taste,
Ne could she brook no meat, but broths alone:
Her breath corrupt, her keepers every one
Abhorring her, her sickness past recure,
Detesting physic, and all physic's cure.

But, oh, the doleful sight that then we see!
We turned our look, and, on the other side,
A grisly shape of Famine might we see,
With greedy looks, and gaping mouth that cried
And roared for meat, as she should there have died;
Her body thin and bare as any bone,
Whereto was left naught but the case alone.

And that, alas, was gnawn on every where,
All full of holes, that I ne might refrain
From tears, to see how she her arms could tear,
And with her teeth gnash on the bones in vain,
When, all for naught, she fain would so sustain
Her starven corpse, that rather seemed a shade,
Than any substance of a creature made.

Great was her force, whom stone wall could not stay,
Her tearing nails snatching at all she saw;
With gaping jaws, that by no means ymay
Be satisfied from hunger of her maw,
But eats herself as she that hath no law:
Gnawing, alas, her carcass all in vain,
Where you may count each sinew, bone, and vein.

On her while we thus firmly fixed our eyes,
That bled for ruth of such a dreary sight,
Lo, suddenly she shrieked in so huge wise,
As made hell-gates to shiver with the might:
Wherewith, a dart we saw, how it did light
Right on her breast, and, therewithal, pale Death
Enthrilling it, to reave her of her breath.

And by and by, a dumb dead corpse we saw,
Heavy, and cold, the shape of Death aright,
That daunts all earthly creatures to his law;
Against whose force in vain it is to fight:
Ne peers, ne princes, nor no mortal wight,
No towns, ne realms, cities, ne strongest tower,
But all, perforce, must yield unto his power.

His dart, anon, out of the corpse he took,
And in his hand (a dreadful sight to see)
With great triumph eftsoons the same he shook,
That most of all my fears affrayèd me:
His body dight with naught but bones, pardé.
The naked shape of man there saw I plain,
All save the flesh, the sinew, and the vein.

Lastly, stood War, in glittering arms yclad,
With visage grim, stern looks, and blackly hued;
In his right hand a naked sword he had,
That to the hilts was all with blood imbrued;
And in his left (that kings and kingdoms rued)
Famine and fire he held, and therewithal
He razèd towns, and threw down towers and all.

Cities he sacked, and realms that whilom flowered
In honor, glory, and rule, above the best,
He overwhelmed, and all their fame devoured,
Consumed, destroyed, wasted and never ceased,
Till he their wealth, their name, and all oppressed:
His face forehewed with wounds, and by his side
There hung his targe, with gashes deep and wide.

In mids of which, depainted there, we found
Deadly Debate, all full of snaky hair,
That with a bloody fillet was ybound,
Out breathing naught but discord everywhere:
And round about were portrayed, here and there,
The hugy hosts, Darius and his power,
His kings, princes, his peers, and all his flower,

Whom great Macedo vanquished there in sight,
With deep slaughter, despoiling all his pride,

Pierced through his realms, and daunted all his might:
Duke Hannibal beheld I there beside,
In Canna's field, victor how he did ride,
And woeful Romans that in vain withstood,
And consul Paulus covered all in blood.

Yet saw I more the fight at Thrasimene,
And Treby field, and eke when Hannibal
And worthy Scipio last in arms were seen
Before Carthago gate, to cry for all
The world's empire, to whom it should befall:
There saw I Pompey and Cæsar clad in arms,
Their hosts allied and all their civil harms:

With conquerors' hands, forebathed in their own blood,
And Cæsar weeping over Pompey's head;
Yet saw I Sulla and Marius where they stood,
Their great cruelty, and the deep bloodshed
Of friends: Cyrus I saw and his host dead,
And how the queen with great despite hath flung
His head in blood of them she overcome.

Xerxes, the Persian king, yet saw I there,
With his huge host, that drank the rivers dry,
Dismounted hills, and made the vales uprear,
His host and all yet saw I slain, pardé:
Thebës I saw, all razed how it did lie
In heaps of stones, and Tyrus put to spoil,
With walls and towers flat evened with the soil.

But Troy, alas, methought, above them all,
It made mine eyes in very tears consume:
When I beheld the woeful word befall,
That by the wrathful will of gods was come;
And Jove's unmovèd sentence and foredoom
On Priam king, and on his town so bent,
I could not lin, but I must there lament.

And that the more, sith destiny was so stern
As, force perforce, there might no force avail,
But she must fall: and, by her fall, we learn,
That cities, towers, wealth, world, and all shall quail:
No manhood, might, nor nothing might prevail;
All were there pressed full many a prince, and peer,
And many a knight that sold his death full dear.

Not worthy Hector, worthiest of them all,
Her hope, her joy, his force is now for naught:
O Troy, Troy, Troy, there is no boot but bale,
The hugy horse within thy walls is brought;
Thy turrets fall, thy knights, that whilom fought
In arms amid the field, are slain in bed,
Thy gods defiled, and all thy honor dead.

The flames up spring, and cruelly they creep
From wall to roof, till all to cinders waste:
Some fire the houses where the wretches sleep,
Some rush in here, some run in there as fast;
In every where or sword or fire they taste:
The walls are torn, the towers whirled to the ground;
There is no mischief but may there be found.

Cassandra yet there saw I how they haled
From Pallas' house, with spercled tress undone,
Her wrists fast bound, and with Greeks' rout empaled:
And Priam eke, in vain how he did run
To arms, whom Pyrrhus with despite hath done
To cruel death, and bathed him in the baign
Of his son's blood, before the altar slain.

But how can I describe the doleful sight,
That in the shield so livelike fair did shine?
Sith in this world, I think was never wight
Could have set forth the half, not half so fine:
I can no more, but tell how there is seen
Fair Ilium fall in burning red gledes down,
And, from the soil, great Troy, Neptunus' town.

Herefrom when scarce I could mine eyes withdraw,
That filled with tears as doth the springing well,
We passèd on so far forth till we saw
Rude Acheron, a loathsome lake to tell,

That boils and bubs up swelth as black as hell;
Where grisly Charon, at their fixèd tide,
Still ferries ghosts unto the farther side.

The agèd God no sooner Sorrow spied,
But, hasting straight unto the bank apace,
With hollow call unto the rout he cried,
To swerve apart, and give the goddess place:
Straight it was done, when to the shore we pace,
Where, hand in hand as we then linkèd fast,
Within the boat we are together placed.

And forth we launch full fraughted to the brink:
When, with the unwonted weight, the rusty keel
Began to crack as if the same should sink:
We hoise up mast and sail, that in a while
We fetched the shore, where scarcely we had while
For to arrive, but that we heard anon
A three-sound bark confounded all in one.

We had not long forth passed, but that we saw
Black Cerberus, the hideous hound of hell,
With bristles reared, and with a three-mouthed jaw
Foredinning the air with his horrible yell,
Out of the deep dark cave where he did dwell.
The goddess straight he knew, and by and by,
He peased and couched, while that we passèd by.

Thence come we to the horror and the hell,
The large great kingdoms, and the dreadful reign
Of Pluto in his throne where he did dwell,
The wide waste places, and the hugy plain,
The wailings, shrieks, and sundry sorts of pain,
The sighs, the sobs, the deep and deadly groan;
Earth, air, and all, resounding plaint and moan.

Here puled the babes, and here the maids unwed
With folded hands their sorry chance bewailed;
Here wept the guiltless slain, and lovers dead,
That slew themselves when nothing else availed;
A thousand sorts of sorrows here, that wailed
With sighs, and tears, sobs, shrieks, and all yfear,
That, of, alas, it was a hell to hear.

We staid us straight, and with a rueful fear,
Beheld this heavy sight; while from mine eyes
The vapored tears down stillèd here and there,
And Sorrow eke, in far more woeful wise,
Took on with plaint, upheaving to the skies
Her wretched hands, that, with her cry, the rout
Gan all in heaps to swarm us round about.

'Lo here' quoth Sorrow, 'princes of renown,
That whilom sat on top of Fortune's wheel,
Now laid full low; like wretches whirlèd down,
Even with one frown, that stayed but with a smile:
And now behold the thing that thou, erewhile,
Saw only in thought; and, what thou now shalt hear,
Recount the same to kesar, king, and peer.'

* * *

ROGER ASCHAM (1515–1568)

Ascham was prepared for his career by gentle birth and by a thorough humanistic education at St. John's College, Cambridge. His studying of Greek resulted in his being one of the most enthusiastic advocates of the new classical learning. In 1531, he became a fellow of St. John's College, and subsequently held the appointments of reader in Greek and of public orator. Ascham's *Toxophilus* (1545), full of patriotism, learning, and human feeling, won for him the favor of Henry VIII, who granted him a pension, later renewed by Edward VI. In 1548, he became tutor of the Princess Elizabeth, and, soon after, secretary to an embassy to the court of Charles V. He became secretary to Queen Mary, and later received preferment from Queen Elizabeth. Ascham's vigorous humanism is emphatically expressed in his *Schoolmaster*, written late in life, and published posthumously in 1570.

THE SCHOOLMASTER

From BOOK I

But I am afraid that over-many of our travelers into Italy do not eschew the way to Circe's Court, but go and ride, and run, and fly thither; they make great haste to come to her; they make great suit to serve her; yea, I could point out some with my finger that never had gone out of England but only to serve Circe in Italy. Vanity and vice and any licence to ill living in England was counted stale and rude unto them. And so, being mules and horses before they went, returned very swine and asses home again; yet everywhere very foxes with subtle and busy heads; and where they may, very wolves with cruel malicious hearts. A marvelous monster, which, for filthiness of living, for dulness to learning himself, for wiliness in dealing with others, for malice in hurting without cause, should carry at once, in one body, the belly of a swine, the head of an ass, the brain of a fox, the womb of a wolf. If you think we judge amiss and write too sore against you, hear what the Italian saith of the Englishman, what the master reporteth of the scholar; who uttereth plainly what is taught by him, and what is learned by you, saying, '*Inglese Italianato è un diabolo incarnato,*' that is to say, you remain men in shape and fashion, but become devils in life and condition. This is not the opinion of one for some private spite, but the judgment of all in a common proverb, which riseth of that learning and those manners which you gather in Italy: a good schoolhouse of wholesome doctrine, and worthy masters of commendable scholars, where the master had rather defame himself for his teaching, than not shame his scholar for his learning. A good nature of the master, and fair conditions of the scholars. And now choose you, you Italian Englishmen, whether you will be angry with us for calling you monsters, or with the Italians for calling you devils, or else with your own selves that take so much pains and go so far to make yourselves both. If some yet do not well understand what is an Englishman Italianated, I will plainly tell him. He that by living and traveling in Italy bringeth home into England out of Italy the religion, the learning, the policy, the experience, the manners of Italy. That is to say, for religion, papistry or worse; for learning, less, commonly, than they carried out with them; for policy, a factious heart, a discoursing head, a mind to meddle in all men's matters; for experience, plenty of new mischiefs never known in England before; for manners, variety of vanities and change of filthy living. These be the enchantments of Circe, brought out of Italy to mar men's manners in England; much by example of ill life, but more by precepts of fond books of late translated out of Italian into English, sold in every shop in London, commended by honest titles, the sooner to corrupt honest manners; dedicated overboldly to virtuous and honorable personages, the easier to beguile simple and in-

nocent wits. It is pity that those which have authority and charge to allow and disallow books to be printed, be no more circumspect herein than they are. Ten sermons at Paul's Cross do not so much good for moving men to true doctrine, as one of those books do harm with enticing men to ill living. Yea, I say farther, those books tend not so much to corrupt honest living, as they do to subvert true religion. More papists be made by your merry books of Italy than by your earnest books of Louvain. And because our great physicians do wink at the matter, and make no count of this sore, I, though not admitted one of their fellowship, yet having been many years a prentice to God's true religion, and trust to continue a poor journeyman therein all days of my life, for the duty I owe and love I bear both to true doctrine and honest living, though I have no authority to amend the sore myself, yet I will declare my good-will to discover the sore to others.

St. Paul saith that sects and ill opinions be the works of the flesh and fruits of sin. This is spoken no more truly for the doctrine than sensible for the reason. And why? For ill doings breed ill thinkings. And of corrupted manners spring perverted judgments. And how? There be in man two special things: man's will, man's mind. Where will inclineth to goodness, the mind is bent to truth. Where will is carried from goodness to vanity, the mind is soon drawn from truth to false opinion. And so the readiest way to entangle the mind with false doctrine is first to entice the will to wanton living. Therefore, when the busy and open papists abroad could not by their contentious books turn men in England fast enough from truth and right judgment in doctrine, then the subtle and secret papists at home procured bawdy books to be translated out of the Italian tongue, whereby over-many young wills and wits, allured to wantonness, do now boldly contemn all severe books that sound to honesty and godliness. In our forefathers' time, when papistry, as a standing pool, covered and overflowed all England, few books were read in our tongue, saving certain books [of] chivalry, as they said, for pastime and pleasure, which, as some say, were made in monasteries by idle monks or wanton canons: as one, for example, *Morte Arthur*, the whole pleasure of which book standeth in two special points — in open manslaughter and bold bawdry. In which book those be counted the noblest knights that do kill most men without any quarrel, and commit foulest adulteries by subtlest shifts: as Sir Launcelot with the wife of King Arthur, his master; Sir Tristram with the wife of King Mark, his uncle; Sir Lamerock with the wife of King Lot, that was his own aunt. This is good stuff for wise men to laugh at, or honest men to take pleasure at! Yet I know when God's Bible was banished the court, and *Morte Arthur* received into the prince's chamber. What toys the daily reading of such a book may work in the will of a young gentleman or a young maid that liveth wealthily and idly, wise men can judge and honest men do pity. And yet ten *Morte Arthurs* do not the tenth part so much harm as one of these books made in Italy and translated in England. They open not fond and common ways to vice, but such subtle, cunning, new, and diverse shifts to carry young wills to vanity and young wits to mischief, to teach old bawds new schoolpoints, as the simple head of an Englishman is not able to invent, nor never was heard of in England before; yea, when papistry overflowed all. Suffer these books to be read, and they shall soon displace all books of godly learning. For they, carrying the will to vanity and marring good manners, shall easily corrupt the mind with ill opinions and false judgment in doctrine: first, to think nothing of God himself — one special point that is to be learned in Italy and Italian books. And that which is most to be lamented, and therefore more needful to be looked to, there be more of these ungracious books set out in print within these few months than have been seen in England many score years before. And because our Englishmen made Italians cannot hurt but certain persons and in certain places, therefore these Italian books are made English to bring mischief enough openly and boldly to all states, great and mean, young and old, everywhere.

And thus you see how will enticed to wantonness doth easily allure the mind to false opinions; and how corrupt manners in living, breed false judgment in doctrine; how sin and fleshliness bring forth sects and heresies. And, therefore, suffer not vain books to breed vanity in

men's wills, if you would have God's truth take root in men's minds.

That Italian that first invented the Italian proverb against our Englishmen Italianated, meant no more their vanity in living than their lewd opinion in religion. For in calling them devils, he carrieth them clean from God; and yet he carrieth them no farther than they willingly go themselves — that is, where they may freely say their minds — to the open contempt of God and all godliness, both in living and doctrine.

And how? I will express how, not by a fable of Homer, nor by the philosophy of Plato, but by a plain truth of God's Word, sensibly uttered by David thus: 'These men, *abominabiles facti in studiis suis,* think verily and sing gladly the verse before, *Dixit insipiens in corde suo, non est Deus'* — that is to say, they giving themselves up to vanity, shaking off the motions of grace, driving from them the fear of God, and running headlong into all sin, first lustily contemn God, then scornfully mock his Word, and also spitefully hate and hurt all well-willers thereof. Then they have in more reverence the *Triumphs* of Petrarch than the *Genesis* of Moses. They make more account of Tully's *Offices* than St. Paul's *Epistles;* of a tale in Boccaccio than a story of the Bible. Then they count as fables the holy mysteries of christian religion. They make Christ and his Gospel only serve civil policy. Then neither religion cometh amiss to them. In time they be promoters of both openly: in place, again, mockers of both privily, as I wrote once in a rude rime: —

Now new, now old, now both, now neither,
To serve the world's course, they care not with whether.

For where they dare, in company where they like, they boldly laugh to scorn both protestant and papist. They care for no Scripture; they make no count of general councils; they contemn the consent of the church; they pass for no doctors; they mock the Pope; they rail on Luther; they allow neither side; they like none, but only themselves. The mark they shoot at, the end they look for, the heaven they desire, is only their own present pleasure and private profit: whereby they plainly declare of whose school, of what religion they be — that is, epicures in living and ἄθεοι [godless] in doctrine. This last word is no more unknown now to plain Englishmen than the person was unknown some time in England, until some Englishman took pains to fetch that devilish opinion out of Italy. These men, thus Italianated abroad, cannot abide our godly Italian church at home; they be not of that parish; they be not of that fellowship; they like not that preacher; they hear not his sermons, except sometimes for company they come thither to hear the Italian tongue naturally spoken, not to hear God's doctrine truly preached.

And yet these men in matters of divinity openly pretend a great knowledge, and have privately to themselves a very compendious understanding of all, which, nevertheless, they will utter when and where they list. And that is this: all the mysteries of Moses, the whole law and ceremonies, the Psalms and prophets, Christ and his Gospel, God and the devil, heaven and hell, faith, conscience, sin, death, and all they shortly wrap up, they quickly expound with this one half verse of Horace:

Credat Judaeus Apella.
[Let the Jew Apella believe it]

Yet though in Italy they may freely be of no religion, as they are in England in very deed to, nevertheless, returning home into England, they must countenance the profession of the one or the other, however inwardly they laugh to scorn both. And though for their private matters they can follow, fawn, and flatter noble personages contrary to them in all respects, yet commonly they ally themselves with the worst papists, to whom they be wedded, and do well agree together in three proper opinions: in open contempt of God's Word; in a secret security of sin; and in a bloody desire to have all taken away by sword and burning that be not of their faction. They that do read with indifferent judgment Pygius and Machiavelli, two indifferent patriarchs of these two religions, do know full well what I say true.

Ye see what manners and doctrine our Englishmen fetch out of Italy. For, finding no other there, they can bring no other hither. And, therefore, many godly and excellent learned Englishmen, not

many years ago, did make a better choice, when open cruelty drove them out of this country, to place themselves there where Christ's doctrine, the fear of God, punishment of sin, and discipline of honesty were had in special regard.

I was once in Italy myself; but I thank God my abode there was but nine days. And yet I saw in that little time, in one city, more liberty to sin than ever I heard tell of in our noble city of London in nine years. I saw it was there as free to sin not only without all punishment, but also without any man's marking, as it is free in the city of London to choose without all blame whether a man lust to wear shoe or pantocle. And good cause why; for, being unlike in truth of religion, they must needs be unlike in honesty of living. For blessed be Christ, in our city of London commonly the commandments of God be more diligently taught, and the service of God more reverently used, and that daily in many private men's houses, than they be in Italy once a week in their common churches; where making ceremonies to delight the eye, and vain sounds to please the ear, do quite thrust out of the churches all service of God in spirit and truth. Yea, the Lord Mayor of London, being but a civil officer, is commonly, for his time, more diligent in punishing sin, the bent enemy against God and good order, than all the bloody inquisitors in Italy be in seven years. For their care and charge is not to punish sin, not to amend manners, not to purge doctrine, but only to watch and oversee that Christ's true religion set no sure footing where the Pope hath any jurisdiction. I learned, when I was at Venice, that there it is counted good policy, when there be four or five brethren of one family, one only to marry, and all the rest to welter with as little shame in open lechery as swine do here in the common mire. Yea, there be as fair houses of religion, as great provision, as diligent officers to keep up this misorder, as Bridewell is and all the masters there to keep down misorder. And, therefore, if the Pope himself do not only grant pardons to further these wicked purposes abroad in Italy, but also (although this present Pope in the beginning made some show of misliking thereof) assign both meed and merit to the maintenance of stews and brothel-houses at home in Rome, then let wise men think Italy a safe place for wholesome doctrine and godly manners, and a fit school for young gentlemen of England to be brought up in!

Our Italians bring home with them other faults from Italy, though not so great as this of religion, yet a great deal greater than many good men can well bear. For commonly they come home common contemners of marriage and ready persuaders of all others to the same; not because they love virginity, nor yet because they hate pretty young virgins, but, being free in Italy to go whithersoever lust will carry them, they do not like that law and honesty should be such a bar to their like liberty at home in England. And yet they be the greatest makers of love, the daily dalliers, with such pleasant words, with such smiling and secret countenances, with such signs, tokens, wagers, purposed to be lost before they were purposed to be made, with bargains of wearing colors, flowers, and herbs, to breed occasion of after meeting of him and her, and bolder talking of this and that, etc. And although I have seen some, innocent of all ill and staid in all honesty, that have used these things without all harm, without all suspicion of harm, yet these knacks were brought first into England by them that learned them before in Italy in Circe's court; and how courtly courtesies soever they be counted now, yet, if the meaning and manners of some that do use them were somewhat amended, it were no great hurt neither to themselves nor to others.

Another property of this our English Italians is to be marvelous singular in all their matters: singular in knowledge, ignorant of nothing; so singular in wisdom (in their own opinion) as scarce they count the best counselor the prince hath comparable with them; common discoursers of all matters; busy searchers of most secret affairs; open flatterers of great men; privy mislikers of good men; fair speakers, with smiling countenances and much courtesy openly to all men; ready backbiters, sore nippers, and spiteful reporters privily of good men. And being brought up in Italy in some free city, as all cities be there, where a man may freely discourse against what he will, against whom he lust, against any prince, against any government, yea, against God

himself and his whole religion; where he must be either Guelph or Ghibelin, either French or Spanish, and always compelled to be of some party, of some faction, he shall never be compelled to be of any religion; and if he meddle not over-much with Christ's true religion, he shall have free liberty to embrace all religions, and become, if he lust, at once, without any let or punishment, Jewish, Turkish, papish, and devilish.

A young gentleman thus bred up in this goodly school, to learn the next and ready way to sin, to have a busy head, a factious heart, a talkative tongue, fed with discoursing of factions, led to contemn God and his religion, shall come home into England but very ill taught, either to be an honest man himself, a quiet subject to his prince, or willing to serve God under the obedience of true doctrine, or within the order of honest living.

I know none will be offended with this my general writing, but only such as find themselves guilty privately therein: who shall have good leave to be offended with me, until they begin to amend themselves. I touch not them that be good; and I say too little of them that be not; and so, though not enough for their deserving, yet sufficiently for this time, and more else when if occasion so require.

And thus far have I wandered from my first purpose of teaching a child, yet not altogether out of the way, because this whole talk hath tended to the only advancement of truth in religion and honesty of living; and hath been wholly within the compass of learning and good manners, the special points belonging in the right bringing up of youth.

But to my matter, as I began plainly and simply with my young scholar, so will I not leave him, God willing, until I have brought him a perfect scholar out of the school, and placed him in the university, to become a fit student for logic and rhetoric: and so after to physic, law, or divinity, as aptness of nature, advice of friends, and God's disposition shall lead him.

JOHN LYLY (1554?–1606)

Of the events of Lyly's life little is known. After taking his degree from Oxford, thus securing for himself the somewhat invidious title of 'university wit,' he supported himself in London by his pen. Although his nine plays had an important influence in the development of pre-Shaksperean drama, and although they represent his most valuable contribution to English literature, Lyly is best known, probably, through the extravagant style of his *Euphues, the Anatomy of Wit* (1578) and *Euphues and his England* (1580). These two works, usually referred to in combination as *Euphues*, constitute, ostensibly, a romance. The story, however, meager at best, is almost infinitely attenuated by letters, 'model' conversations, and moral preachments. The interest of Euphues,— an interest more curious and historical than human,— lies in its unremitting artificiality of style, characterized especially by balance, alliteration, citations of classical examples, and references to natural history.

From EUPHUES AND HIS ENGLAND

This queen being deceased, Elizabeth, being of the age of twenty-two years, of more beauty than honor, and yet of more honor than any earthly creature, was called from a prisoner to be a prince, from the castle to the crown, from the fear of losing her head, to be supreme head. And here, ladies, it may be you will move a question, why this noble lady was either in danger of death, or cause of distress, which, had you thought to have passed in silence, I would, notwithstanding, have revealed.

This lady all the time of her sister's reign was kept close, as one that tendered not those proceedings which were contrary to her conscience, who, having divers enemies, endured many crosses, but so patiently as in her deepest sorrow she would rather sigh for the liberty of the Gospel than her own freedom. Suffering her inferiors to triumph over her, her foes to threaten her, her dissembling friends to undermine her, learning in all this misery only the patience that Zeno taught Eretricus to bear and forbear, never seeking revenge, but, with good Lycurgus, to lose her own eye rather than to hurt another's eye.

But being now placed in the seat royal, she first of all established religion, banished popery, advanced the Word, that before was so much defaced, who having in her hand the sword to revenge, used rather bountifully to reward, being as far from rigor when she might have killed, as her enemies were from honesty when they could not, giving a general pardon when she had cause to use particular punishments, preferring the name of pity before the remembrance of perils, thinking no revenge more princely than to spare when she might spill, to stay when she might strike, to proffer to save with mercy when she might have destroyed with justice. Here is the clemency worthy commendation and admiration, nothing inferior to the gentle disposition of Aristides, who, after his exile, did not so much as note them that banished him, saying with Alexander that there can be nothing more noble than to do well to those that deserve ill.

This mighty and merciful queen, having many bills of private persons that sought beforetime to betray her, burnt them all, resembling Julius Cæsar, who, being presented with the like complaints of his commons, threw them into the fire, saying that he had rather not know the names of rebels than have occasion to revenge, thinking it better to be ignorant of those that hated him than to be angry with them.

This clemency did her Majesty not only show at her coming to the throne, but also throughout her whole government, when she hath spared to shed their bloods that sought to spill hers, not racking the laws to extremity, but mitigating the rigor with mercy, insomuch as it may be said

of that royal monarch as it was of Antoninus, surnamed the godly Emperor, who reigned many years without the effusion of blood. What greater virtue can there be in a prince than mercy; what greater praise than to abate the edge which she should whet, to pardon where she should punish, to reward where she should revenge?

I myself being in England when her Majesty was for her recreation in her barge upon the Thames, heard of a gun that was shot off, though of the party unwittingly, yet to her noble person dangerously, which fact she most graciously pardoned, accepting a just excuse before a great amends, taking more grief for her poor bargeman, that was a little hurt, than care for herself that stood in greatest hazard. O rare example of pity, O singular spectacle of piety.

Divers besides have there been which by private conspiracies, open rebellions, close wiles, cruel witchcrafts, have sought to end her life, which saveth all their lives, whose practices by the divine providence of the Almighty, have ever been disclosed, insomuch that he hath kept her safe in the whale's belly when her subjects went about to throw her into the sea, preserved her in the hot oven, when her enemies increased the fire, not suffering a hair to fall from her, much less any harm to fasten upon her. These injuries and treasons of her subjects, these policies and undermining of foreign nations so little moved her, that she would often say, 'Let them know that, though it be not lawful for them to speak what they list, yet it is lawful for us to do with them what we list,' being always of that merciful mind, which was in Theodosius, who wished rather that he might call the dead to life than put the living to death, saying with Augustus when she should set her hand to any condemnation, 'I would to God we could not write.' Infinite were the examples that might be alleged, and almost incredible, whereby she hath shown herself a lamb in meekness, when she had cause to be a lion in might, proved a dove in favor, when she was provoked to be an eagle in fierceness, requiting injuries with benefits, revenging grudges with gifts, in highest majesty bearing the lowest mind, forgiving all that sued for mercy, and forgetting all that deserved justice.

O divine nature, O heavenly nobility, what thing can there more be required in a prince, than in greatest power to show greatest patience, in chiefest glory to bring forth chiefest grace, in abundance of all earthly pomp to manifest abundance of all heavenly piety? O fortunate England that hath such a Queen, ungrateful if thou pray not for her, wicked if thou do not love her, miserable if thou lose her.

* * *

Touching the beauty of this prince, her countenance, her personage, her majesty, I cannot think that it may be sufficiently commended, when it cannot be too much marveled at; so that I am constrained to say as Praxitiles did, when he began to paint Venus and her son, who doubted whether the world could afford colors good enough for two such fair faces, and I, whether our tongue can yield words to blaze that beauty, the perfection whereof none can imagine; which seeing it is so, I must do like those that want a clear sight, who, being not able to discern the sun in the sky, are enforced to behold it in the water. Zeuxis, having before him fifty fair virgins of Sparta whereby to draw one amiable Venus, said that fifty more fairer than those could not minister sufficient beauty to show the goddess of beauty; therefore, being in despair either by art to shadow her, or by imagination to comprehend her, he drew in a table a fair temple, the gates open, and Venus going in so as nothing could be perceived but her back, wherein he used such cunning that Apelles himself, seeing this work, wished that Venus would turn her face, saying that if it were in all parts agreeable to the back, he would become apprentice to Zeuxis, and slave to Venus. In the like manner fareth it with me, for having all the ladies in Italy, more than fifty hundred, whereby to color Elizabeth, I must say with Zeuxis that as many more will not suffice, and therefore in as great an agony paint her court with her back towards you, for that I cannot by art portray her beauty, wherein, though I want the skill to do it as Zeuxis did, yet viewing it narrowly, and comparing it wisely, you all will say that if her face be answerable to her back, you will like my handicraft and become her handmaids. In the mean season, I leave you gazing until she turn

her face, imagining her to be such a one as nature framed to that end, that no art should imitate, wherein she hath proved herself to be exquisite, and painters to be apes.

This beautiful mold when I beheld to be indued with chastity, temperance, mildness, and all other good gifts of nature (as hereafter shall appear), when I saw her to surpass all in beauty, and yet a virgin, to excel all in piety, and yet a prince, to be inferior to none in all the lineaments of the body, and yet superior to every one in all gifts of the mind, I began thus to pray, that as she hath lived forty years a virgin in great majesty, so she may live four score years a mother with great joy, that as with her we have long time had peace and plenty, so by her we may ever have quietness and abundance, wishing this even from the bottom of a heart that wisheth well to England, though feareth ill, that either the world may end before she die, or she live to see her children's children in the world; otherwise how fickle their state is that now triumph, upon what a twist they hang that now are in honor, they that live shall see, which I to think on, sigh! But God for his mercy's sake, Christ for his merits' sake, the Holy Ghost for his name's sake, grant to that realm comfort without any ill chance, and the prince they have without any other change, that the longer she liveth, the sweeter she may smell, like the bird Ibis, that she may be triumphant in victories, like the palm tree, fruitful in her age like the vine, in all ages prosperous, to all men gracious, in all places glorious, so that there be no end of her praise until the end of all flesh.

Thus did I often talk with myself, and wish with mine whole soul.

Why should I talk of her sharp wit, excellent wisdom, exquisite learning, and all other qualities of the mind, wherein she seemeth as far to excel those that have been accounted singular, as the learned have surpassed those that have been thought simple.

In questioning, not inferior to Nicaulia, the queen of Saba, that did put so many hard doubts to Solomon; equal to Nicostrata in the Greek tongue, who was thought to give precepts for the better perfection; more learned in the Latin than Amalasunta; passing Aspasia in philosophy, who taught Pericles; exceeding in judgment Themistoclea, who instructed Pythagoras. Add to these qualities, those that none of these had; the French tongue, the Spanish, the Italian, not mean in every one, but excellent in all; readier to correct escapes in those languages than to be controlled; fitter to teach others than learn of any; more able to add new rules than to err in the old; insomuch as there is no ambassador that cometh into her court but she is willing and able both to understand his message and utter her mind; not like unto the kings of Assyria, who answered ambassadors by messengers, while they themselves either dally in sin or snort in sleep. Her godly zeal to learning, with her great skill, hath been so manifestly approved that I cannot tell whether she deserve more honor for her knowledge, or admiration for her courtesy, who in great pomp hath twice directed her progress unto the universities, with no less joy to the students than glory to her state. Here, after long and solemn disputations in law, physic, and divinity, not as one wearied with scholars's arguments, but wedded to their orations, when every one feared to offend in length, she in her own person, with no less praise to her Majesty than delight to her subjects, with a wise and learned conclusion, both gave them thanks, and put herself to pains. O noble pattern of a princely mind, not like to the kings of Persia, who in their progresses did nothing else but cut sticks to drive away the time, nor like the delicate lives of the Sybarites, who would not admit any art to be exercised within their city that might make the least noise. Her wit so sharp, that if I should repeat the apt answers, the subtle questions, the fine speeches, the pithy sentences, which on the sudden she hath uttered, they would rather breed admiration than credit. But such are the gifts that the living God hath indued her withal, that look in what art or language, wit or learning, virtue or beauty any one hath particularly excelled most, she only hath generally exceeded every one in all, insomuch that there is nothing to be added that either man would wish in a woman, or God doth give to a creature.

I let pass her skill in music, her knowledge in all the other sciences, whenas I

fear lest by my simplicity I should make them less than they are, in seeking to show how great they are, unless I were praising her in the gallery of Olympia, where giving forth one word, I might hear seven.

But all these graces, although they be to be wondered at, yet her politic government, her prudent counsel, her zeal to religion, her clemency to those that submit, her stoutness to those that threaten, so far exceed all other virtues that they are more easy to be marveled at than imitated.

Two and twenty years hath she borne the sword with such justice, that neither offenders could complain of rigor, nor the innocent of wrong; yet so tempered with mercy as malefactors have been sometimes pardoned upon hope of grace, and the injured requited to ease their grief, insomuch that in the whole course of her glorious reign, it could never be said that either the poor were oppressed without remedy, or the guilty repressed without cause, bearing this engraven in her noble heart, that justice without mercy were extreme injury, and pity without equity, plain partiality, and that it is as great tyranny not to mitigate laws, as iniquity to break them.

Her care for the flourishing of the Gospel hath well appeared whenas neither the curses of the Pope (which are blessings to good people) nor the threatenings of kings (which are perilous to a prince) nor the persuasions of papists (which are honey to the mouth) could either fear her or allure her to violate the holy league contracted with Christ, or to maculate the blood of the ancient Lamb, which is Christ. But always constant in the true faith, she hath to the exceeding joy of her subjects, to the unspeakable comfort of her soul, to the great glory of God, established that religion the maintenance whereof she rather seeketh to confirm by fortitude, than leave off for fear, knowing that there is nothing smelleth sweeter to the Lord than a sound spirit, which neither the hosts of the ungodly nor the horror of death can either remove or move.

This Gospel with invincible courage, with rare constancy, with hot zeal, she hath maintained in her own countries without change, and defended against all kingdoms that sought change, insomuch that all nations round about her, threatening alteration, shaking swords, throwing fire, menacing famine, murder, destruction, desolation, she only hath stood like a lamp on the top of a hill, not fearing the blasts of the sharp winds, but trusting in his providence that rideth upon the wings of the four winds. Next followeth the love she beareth to her subjects, who no less tendereth them than the apple of her own eye, showing herself a mother to the afflicted, a physician to the sick, a sovereign and mild governess to all.

Touching her magnanimity, her majesty, her estate royal, there was neither Alexander, nor Galba the Emperor, nor any, that might be compared with her.

This is she that, resembling the noble queen of Navarre, useth the marigold for her flower, which at the rising of the sun openeth her leaves, and at the setting shutteth them, referring all her actions and endeavors to him that ruleth the sun. This is that Cæsar, that first bound the crocodile to the palm tree, bridling those that sought to rein her. This is that good pelican, that to feed her people spareth not to rend her own person. This is that mighty eagle, that hath thrown dust into the eyes of the hart that went about to work destruction to her subjects, into whose wings although the blind beetle would have crept, and so being carried into her nest, destroyed her young ones, yet hath she with the virtue of her feathers, consumed that fly in his own fraud. She hath exiled the swallow that sought to spoil the grasshopper, and given bitter almonds to the ravenous wolves that endeavored to devour the silly lambs, burning even with the breath of her mouth like the princely stag, the serpents that were engendered by the breath of the huge elephant, so that now all her enemies are as whist as the bird Attagen, who never singeth any tune after she is taken, nor they being so overtaken.

But whither do I wade, ladies, as one forgetting himself, thinking to sound the depth of her virtues with a few fathoms, when there is no bottom; for I know not how it cometh to pass that, being in this labyrinth, I may sooner lose myself than find the end.

Behold, ladies, in this glass a queen, a woman, a virgin in all gifts of the body,

in all graces of the mind, in all perfection of either, so far to excel all men, that I know not whether I may think the place too bad for her to dwell among men.

To talk of other things in that court were to bring eggs after apples, or after the setting out of the sun, to tell a tale of a shadow.

But this I say, that all offices are looked to with great care, that virtue is embraced of all, vice hated, religion daily increased, manners reformed, that whoso seeth the place there, will think it rather a church for divine service than a court for princes' delight.

This is the glass, ladies, wherein I would have you gaze, wherein I took my whole delight; imitate the ladies in England, amend your manners, rub out the wrinkles of the mind, and be not curious about the weams in the face. As for their Elizabeth, since you can neither sufficiently marvel at her, nor I praise her, let us all pray for her, which is the only duty we can perform, and the greatest that we can proffer.

Yours to command,

EUPHUES.

* * *

APELLES' SONG

(From ALEXANDER AND CAMPASPE)

Cupid and my Campaspe played
At cards for kisses; Cupid paid.
He stakes his quiver, bows and arrows,
His mother's doves and team of sparrows;
Loses them too; then down he throws
The coral of his lip, the rose
Growing on's cheek (but none knows how);
With these, the crystal of his brow,
And then the dimple of his chin;
All these did my Campaspe win.
At last he set her both his eyes;
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
O Love, has she done this to thee?
What shall, alas! become of me?

SPRING'S WELCOME

(From ALEXANDER AND CAMPASPE)

What bird so sings, yet so does wail?
O 'tis the ravished nightingale.
'Jug, jug, jug, jug, tereu,' she cries,
And still her woes at midnight rise.
Brave prick-song! who is't now we hear?
None but the lark so shrill and clear;
Now at heaven's gates she claps her wings,
The morn not waking till she sings.
Hark, hark, with what a pretty throat
Poor robin redbreast tunes his note!
Hark how the jolly cuckoos sing,
'Cuckoo,' to welcome in the spring!
'Cuckoo,' to welcome in the spring!

SAPPHO'S SONG

(From SAPPHO AND PHAO)

O cruel Love! on thee I lay
My curse, which shall strike blind the day;
Never may sleep with velvet hand
Charm thine eyes with sacred wand;
Thy jailors still be hopes and fears;
Thy prison-mates groans, sighs, and tears;
Thy play to wear out weary times,
Fantastic passions, vows, and rimes;
Thy bread be frowns; thy drink be gall;
Such as when you Phao call;
The bed thou liest on be despair;
Thy sleep, fond dreams; thy dreams, long care;
Hope (like thy fool) at thy bed's head,
Mock thee, till madness strikes thee dead,
As, Phao, thou dost me, with thy proud eyes.
In thee poor Sappho lives, in thee she dies.

SONG

(From GALLATHEA)

TELUSA: O yes, O yes! if any maid
Whom leering Cupid has betrayed
To frowns of spite, to eyes of scorn,
And would in madness now see torn
The boy in pieces,—

ALL THREE: Let her come
Hither, and lay on him her doom.

EUROTA: O yes, O yes! has any lost
A heart which many a sigh hath cost;
Is any cozened of a tear
Which, as a pearl, disdain does wear?

ALL THREE: Here stands the thief; let her but come
Hither, and lay on him her doom.

LARISSA: Is any one undone by fire,
And turned to ashes through desire?
Did ever any lady weep,
Being cheated of her golden sleep
Stol'n by sick thoughts?

ALL THREE: The pirate's found
And in her tears he shall be drowned.
Read this indictment, let him hear
What he's to trust to. Boy, give ear!

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY (1554–1586)

Sidney's parents were Sir Henry Sidney, subsequently lord deputy in Ireland, and Lady Mary Dudley, daughter of the Duke of Northumberland. After an agreeable schooling at Shrewsbury, Sidney took up residence at Christ Church, Oxford, a residence which he cut short in order to travel abroad, after the fashion of young men of rank. At the time of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, August 23–4, 1572, he was in Paris, and subsequently his travels, during about four years, extended to Germany, Italy, and other parts of the Continent. Of these travels, one interesting legacy is his Latin correspondence with the distinguished Huguenot, Hubert Languet. In 1576–77, Sidney was abroad on a diplomatic mission to the Emperor Rudolf II. As a courtier he was esteemed and honored on the continent, both for his personal charm and for his genuine talent. Although he was a favorite of Queen Elizabeth, his opposition to her proposed marriage with the Duke of Anjou may have been the cause of his retirement, for a time, to Wilton, where he wrote *Arcadia*, a pastoral romance (published 1590), in honor of his sister, the countess of Pembroke, and *An Apology for Poetry* (published 1595). During this period of retirement, also, he may have begun writing the sonnets and songs addressed to Penelope Devereux, and published, in 1591, as *Astrophel and Stella*. In 1582, Sidney was knighted by the queen, who is said to have interfered later against his being offered the Polish crown. In 1585, the queen appointed him governor of Flushing, on the coast of the Netherlands. During the siege of Zutphen, in an expedition to intercept a Spanish convoy, he was mortally wounded, and died, October 17, 1586.

Short-lived as he was, Sidney acquired a substantial place in English literature, as a masterly poet of the courtly order, as a charming romancer, and as a gentle but firm critic. The charm of his poetry and romance extended to his criticism, and gave to his somewhat too orthodox canons, a permanent allurement of frankness, gentleness, and humor.

From AN APOLOGY FOR POETRY

But since I have run so long a career in this matter, methinks, before I give my pen a full stop, it shall be but a little more lost time to inquire, why England, the mother of excellent minds, should be grown so hard a step-mother to poets, who certainly in wit ought to pass all others, since all only proceeds from their wit, being, indeed, makers of themselves, not takers of others. How can I but exclaim,

> Musa, mihi causas memora, quo numine laeso?
> [Muse, bring to my mind the reasons: for the injury of what divinity?]

Sweet poesy! that hath anciently had kings, emperors, senators, great captains, such as besides a thousand others, David, Adrian, Sophocles, Germanicus, not only to favor poets, but to be poets; and of our nearer times can present for her patrons, a Robert, King of Sicily; the great King Francis of France; King James of Scotland; such cardinals as Bembus and Bibiena; such famous preachers and teachers as Beza and Melancthon; so learned philosophers as Fracastorius and Scaliger; so great orators as Pontanus and Muretus; so piercing wits as George Buchanan; so grave councilors as, besides many, but before all, that Hospital of France, than whom, I think, that realm never brought forth a more accomplished judgment, more firmly builded upon virtue; I say these, with numbers of others, not only to read others' poesies, but to poetize for others' reading: that poesy, thus embraced in all other places, should only find in our time a hard welcome in England, I think the very earth laments it, and therefore decks our soil with fewer laurels than it was accustomed. For heretofore poets have in England also flourished; and, which is to be noted, even in those times when the trumpet of Mars did sound loudest. And now that an over-faint quietness should seem to strew the house for poets, they are almost in as good reputation as the mountebanks at Venice. Truly, even

that, as of the one side it giveth great praise to poesy, which, like Venus (but to better purpose), had rather be troubled in the net with Mars, than enjoy the homely quiet of Vulcan; so serves it for a piece of a reason why they are less grateful to idle England, which now can scarce endure the pain of a pen. Upon this necessarily followeth that base men with servile wits undertake it, who think it enough if they can be rewarded of the printer; and so as Epaminondas is said, with the honor of his virtue, to have made an office by his exercising it, which before was contemptible, to become highly respected; so these men, no more but setting their names to it, by their own disgracefulness, disgrace the most graceful poesy. For now, as if all the Muses were got with child, to bring forth bastard poets, without any commission, they do post over the banks of Helicon, until they make their readers more weary than post-horses; while, in the meantime, they,

> Queis meliore luto finxit praecordia Titan,
> [Whose heart-strings the Titan fastened with a better clay]

are better content to suppress the outflowings of their wit than by publishing them to be accounted knights of the same order.

But I that, before ever I durst aspire unto the dignity, am admitted into the company of the paper-blurrers, do find the very true cause of our wanting estimation is want of desert, taking upon us to be poets in despite of Pallas. Now, wherein we want desert, were a thankworthy labor to express. But if I knew, I should have mended myself; but as I never desired the title, so have I neglected the means to come by it; only, overmastered by some thoughts, I yielded an inky tribute unto them. Marry, they that delight in poesy itself, should seek to know what they do, and how they do, and, especially, look themselves in an unflattering glass of reason, if they be inclinable unto it.

For poesy must not be drawn by the ears, it must be gently led, or rather it must lead; which was partly the cause that made the ancient learned affirm it was a divine gift, and no human skill, since all other knowledges lie ready for any that have strength of wit; a poet no industry can make, if his own genius be not carried into it. And therefore is it an old proverb, *Orator fit, poeta nascitur* [The orator is made, the poet born]. Yet confess I always, that, as the fertilest ground must be manured, so must the highest flying wit have a Dædalus to guide him. That Dædalus, they say, both in this and in other, hath three wings to bear itself up into the air of due commendation; that is, art, imitation, and exercise. But these, neither artificial rules, nor imitative patterns, we much cumber ourselves withal. Exercise, indeed, we do, but that very forebackwardly; for where we should exercise to know, we exercise as having known; and so is our brain delivered of much matter which never was begotten by knowledge. For there being two principal parts, matter to be expressed by words, and words to express the matter, in neither we use art or imitation rightly. Our matter is *quodlibet* [what you will], indeed, although wrongly, performing Ovid's verse,

> Quicquid conabor dicere, versus erit;
> [Whatever I shall try to say will be verse]

never marshaling it into any assured rank, that almost the readers cannot tell where to find themselves.

Chaucer, undoubtedly, did excellently in his *Troilus and Criseyde;* of whom, truly, I know not whether to marvel more, either that he in that misty time could see so clearly, or that we in this clear age go so stumblingly after him. Yet had he great wants, fit to be forgiven in so reverend antiquity. I account the *Mirror for Magistrates* meetly furnished of beautiful parts. And in the Earl of Surrey's lyrics, many things tasting of a noble birth, and worthy of a noble mind. The *Shepherd's Calendar* hath much poetry in its eclogues, indeed, worthy the reading, if I be not deceived. That same framing of its style to an old rustic language, I dare not allow; since neither Theocritus in Greek, Virgil in Latin, nor Sannazaro in Italian, did affect it. Besides these, I do not remember to have seen but few (to speak boldly) printed that have poetical sinews in them. For proof whereof, let but most of the verses be put in prose, and then

ask the meaning, and it will be found that one verse did but beget another, without ordering at the first what should be at the last; which becomes a confused mass of words, with a tinkling sound of rime, barely accompanied with reason.

Our tragedies and comedies (not without cause, cried out against) observing rules neither of honest civility nor of skilful poetry, excepting *Gorboduc* (again I say of those that I have seen), which notwithstanding, as it is full of stately speeches and well-sounding phrases, climbing to the height of Seneca's style, and as full of notable morality, which it does most delightfully teach, and so obtain the very end of poesy; yet, in truth, it is very defectious in the circumstances, which grieves me, because it might not remain as an exact model of all tragedies. For it is faulty both in place and time, the two necessary companions of all corporal actions. For where the stage should always represent but one place, and the uttermost time presupposed in it should be, both by Aristotle's precept, and common reason, but one day, there is both many days and many places inartificially imagined.

But if it be so in *Gorboduc,* how much more in all the rest? where you shall have Asia of the one side, and Afric of the other, and so many other under kingdoms, that the player, when he comes in, must ever begin with telling where he is, or else the tale will not be conceived. Now you shall have three ladies walk to gather flowers, and then we must believe the stage to be a garden. By and by, we hear news of shipwreck in the same place, and then we are to blame if we accept it not for a rock. Upon the back of that comes out a hideous monster, with fire and smoke, and then the miserable beholders are bound to take it for a cave; while, in the meantime, two armies fly in, represented with four swords and bucklers, and then, what hard heart will not receive it for a pitched field?

Now, of time they are much more liberal; for ordinary it is, that two young princes fall in love; after many traverses she is got with child; delivered of a fair boy; he is lost, groweth a man, falls in love, and is ready to get another child; and all this in two hours' space; which, how absurd it is in sense, even sense may imagine; and art hath taught and all ancient examples justified, and at this day the ordinary players in Italy will not err in. Yet will some bring in an example of the *Eunuch* in Terence, that containeth matter of two days, yet far short of twenty years. True it is, and so was it to be played in two days, and so fitted to the time it set forth. And though Plautus have in one place done amiss, let us hit it with him, and not miss with him.

But they will say, How then shall we set forth a story which contains both many places and many times? And do they not know that a tragedy is tied to the laws of poesy, and not of history; not bound to follow the story, but having liberty either to feign a quite new matter, or to frame the history to the most tragical conveniency? Again, many things may be told, which cannot be showed: if they know the difference betwixt reporting and representing. As, for example, I may speak, though I am here, of Peru, and in speech digress from that to the description of Calicut; but in action I cannot represent it without Pacolet's horse. And so was the manner the ancients took, by some *Nuntius* [Messenger] to recount things done in former time, or other place.

Lastly, if they will represent an history, they must not, as Horace saith, begin *ab ovo,* [from the egg] but they must come to the principal point of that one action which they will represent. By example this will be best expressed. I have a story of young Polydorus, delivered, for safety's sake, with great riches, by his father Priamus to Polymnestor, King of Thrace, in the Trojan war time. He, after some years, hearing the overthrow of Priamus, for to make the treasure his own, murdereth the child; the body of the child is taken up by Hecuba; she, the same day, findeth a sleight to be revenged most cruelly of the tyrant. Where, now, would one of our tragedy-writers begin, but with the delivery of the child? Then should he sail over into Thrace, and so spend I know not how many years, and travel numbers of places. But where doth Euripides? Even with the finding of the body; leaving the rest to be told by the spirit of Polydorus. This needs no further to be enlarged; the dullest wit may conceive it.

But, besides these gross absurdities,

how all their plays be neither right tragedies nor right comedies, mingling kings and clowns, not because the matter so carrieth it, but thrust in clowns by head and shoulders to play a part in majestical matters, with neither decency nor discretion; so as neither the admiration and commiseration, nor the right sportfulness, is by their mongrel tragi-comedy obtained. I know Apuleius did somewhat so, but that is a thing recounted with space of time, not represented in one moment: and I know the ancients have one or two examples of tragi-comedies, as Plautus hath *Amphitruo*. But, if we mark them well, we shall find that they never, or very daintily, match hornpipes and funerals. So falleth it out, that, having, indeed, no right comedy in that comical part of our tragedy, we have nothing but scurrility, unworthy of any chaste ears; or some extreme show of doltishness, indeed fit to lift up a loud laughter, and nothing else; where the whole tract of a comedy should be full of delight as the tragedy should be still maintained in a well-raised admiration.

But our comedians think there is no delight without laughter, which is very wrong; for though laughter may come with delight, yet cometh it not of delight, as though delight should be the cause of laughter; but well may one thing breed both together. Nay, in themselves, they have, as it were, a kind of contrariety. For delight we scarcely do, but in things that have a conveniency to ourselves, or to the general nature. Laughter almost ever cometh of things most disproportioned to ourselves and nature: delight hath a joy in it, either permanent or present; laughter hath only a scornful tickling. For example: we are ravished with delight to see a fair woman, and yet are far from being moved to laughter; we laugh at deformed creatures, wherein certainly we cannot delight; we delight in good chances; we laugh at mischances; we delight to hear the happiness of our friends or country, at which he were worthy to be laughed at that would laugh: we shall, contrarily, laugh sometimes to find a matter quite mistaken, and go down the hill against the bias, in the mouth of some such men, as for the respect of them, one shall be heartily sorry, yet he cannot choose but laugh, and so is rather pained than delighted with laughter. Yet deny I not, but that they may go well together; for, as in Alexander's picture well set out, we delight without laughter, and in twenty mad antics we laugh without delight: so in Hercules, painted with his great beard and furious countenance, in a woman's attire, spinning at Omphale's commandment, it breedeth both delight and laughter; for the representing of so strange a power in love procures delight, and the scornfulness of the action stirreth laughter.

But I speak to this purpose, that all the end of the comical part be not upon such scornful matters as stir laughter only, but mix with it that delightful teaching which is the end of poesy. And the great fault, even in that point of laughter, and forbidden plainly by Aristotle, is, that they stir laughter in sinful things, which are rather execrable than ridiculous; or in miserable, which are rather to be pitied than scorned. For what is it to make folks gape at a wretched beggar, and a beggarly clown; or against the law of hospitality, to jest at strangers, because they speak not English so well as we do? what do we learn? since it is certain,

> Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se,
> Quam quod ridiculos, homines facit.
> [Of all the griefs that harass the distrest,
> Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest]

But rather a busy loving courtier, a heartless threatening Thraso; a self-wise-seeming schoolmaster; a wry-transformed traveler: these, if we saw walk in stage names, which we play naturally, therein were delightful laughter, and teaching delightfulness: as in the other, the tragedies of Buchanan do justly bring forth a divine admiration.

But I have lavished out too many words of this play matter; I do it, because, as they are excelling parts of poesy, so is there none so much used in England, and none can be more pitifully abused; which, like an unmannerly daughter, showing a bad education, causeth her mother Poesy's honesty to be called in question.

Other sorts of poetry, almost have we none, but that lyrical kind of songs and sonnets, which, if the Lord gave us so good minds, how well it might be employed, and with how heavenly fruits, both private and public in singing the

praises of the immortal beauty, the immortal goodness of that God, who giveth us hands to write, and wits to conceive; of which we might well want words, but never matter; of which we could turn our eyes to nothing, but we should ever have new budding occasions. But, truly, many of such writings as come under the banner of irresistible love, if I were a mistress, would never persuade me they were in love; so coldly they apply fiery speeches, as men that had rather read lovers' writings, and so caught up certain swelling phrases, which hang together — like a man which once told me, 'the wind was at northwest and by south,' because he would be sure to name winds enough — than that, in truth, they feel those passions, which easily, as I think, may be bewrayed by the same forcibleness, or *energia* (as the Greeks call it), of the writer. But let this be a sufficient, though short note, that we miss the right use of the material point of poesy.

Now for the outside of it, which is words, or, as I may term it, diction, it is even well worse; so is that honey-flowing matron Eloquence, appareled, or rather disguised, in a courtesan-like painted affectation. One time with so far-fetched words, that may seem monsters, but must seem strangers to any poor Englishman: another time with coursing of a letter, as if they were bound to follow the method of a dictionary: another time with figures and flowers, extremely winter-starved.

But I would this fault were only peculiar to versifiers, and had not as large possession among prose printers: and, which is to be marveled, among many scholars, and, which is to be pitied, among some preachers. Truly, I could wish (if at least I might be so bold to wish, in a thing beyond the reach of my capacity) the diligent imitators of Tully and Demosthenes, most worthy to be imitated, did not so much keep Nizolian paper-books of their figures and phrases, as by attentive translation, as it were, devour them whole, and make them wholly theirs. For now they cast sugar and spice upon every dish that is served to the table: like those Indians, not content to wear earrings at the fit and natural place of the ears, but they will thrust jewels through their nose and lips, because they will be sure to be fine. Tully, when he was to drive out Catiline, as it were with a thunderbolt of eloquence, often used the figure of repetition.

Vivit. Vivit? imo in Senatum venit, etc. [He lives. Lives? nay comes to the Senate]

Indeed, inflamed with a well-grounded rage, he would have his words, as it were, double out of his mouth; and so do that artificially which we see men do in choler naturally. And we, having noted the grace of those words, hale them in sometimes to a familiar epistle, when it were too much choler to be choleric.

How well, store of 'similiter cadences' doth sound with the gravity of the pulpit, I would but invoke Demosthenes' soul to tell, who with a rare daintiness useth them. Truly, they have made me think of the sophister, that with too much subtlety would prove two eggs three, and, though he might be counted a sophister, had none for his labor. So these men bringing in such a kind of eloquence, well may they obtain an opinion of a seeming fineness, but persuade few, which should be the end of their fineness.

Now for similitudes in certain printed discourses, I think all herbalists, all stories of beasts, fowls, and fishes are rifled up, that they come in multitudes to wait upon any of our conceits, which certainly is as absurd a surfeit to the ears as is possible. For the force of a similitude not being to prove anything to a contrary disputer, but only to explain to a willing hearer: when that is done, the rest is a most tedious prattling, rather overswaying the memory from the purpose whereto they were applied, than any whit informing the judgment, already either satisfied, or by similitudes not to be satisfied.

For my part, I do not doubt, when Antonius and Crassus, the great forefathers of Cicero in eloquence, the one (as Cicero testifieth of them) pretended not to know art, the other not to set by it, because with a plain sensibleness they might win credit of popular ears, which credit is the nearest step to persuasion (which persuasion is the chief mark of oratory); I do not doubt, I say, but that they used these knacks very sparingly; which who doth generally use, any man may see, doth dance to his own music; and so to be noted by the audience, more careful to speak curiously than to speak truly. Undoubtedly (at least to my opinion, un-

doubtedly) I have found in divers small-learned courtiers a more sound style than in some professors of learning; of which I can guess no other cause, but that the courtier following that which by practice he findeth fittest to nature, therein (though he know it not) doth according to art, though not by art: where the other, using art to show art, and not to hide art (as in these cases he should do), flieth from nature, and indeed abuseth art.

But what! methinks I deserve to be pounded for straying from poetry to oratory: but both have such an affinity in the wordish considerations, that I think this digression will make my meaning receive the fuller understanding: which is not to take upon me to teach poets how they should do, but only finding myself sick among the rest, to show some one or two spots of the common infection grown among the most part of writers; that, acknowledging ourselves somewhat awry, we may bend to the right use both of matter and manner: whereto our language giveth us great occasion, being, indeed, capable of any excellent exercising of it. I know some will say, it is a mingled language: and why not so much the better, taking the best of both the other? Another will say, it wanteth grammar. Nay, truly, it hath that praise, that it wanteth not grammar; for grammar it might have, but it needs it not; being so easy in itself, and so void of those cumbersome differences of cases, genders, moods, and tenses; which, I think, was a piece of the Tower of Babylon's curse, that a man should be put to school to learn his mother tongue. But for the uttering sweetly and properly the conceits of the mind, which is the end of speech, that hath it equally with any other tongue in the world, and is particularly happy in compositions of two or three words together, near the Greek, far beyond the Latin; which is one of the greatest beauties can be in a language.

Now, of versifying there are two sorts, the one ancient, the other modern; the ancient marked the quantity of each syllable, and according to that, framed its verse; the modern, observing only number, with some regard of the accent, the chief life of it standeth in that like sounding of the words, which we call rime. Whether of these be the more excellent, would bear many speeches; the ancient, no doubt more fit for music, both words and tune observing quantity; and more fit lively to express divers passions, by the low and lofty sound of the well-weighed syllable. The latter, likewise, with his rime striketh a certain music to the ear; and, in fine, since it doth delight, though by another way, it obtains the same purpose; there being in either, sweetness, and wanting in neither, majesty. Truly the English, before any other vulgar language I know, is fit for both sorts; for, for the ancient, the Italian is so full of vowels, that it must ever be cumbered with elisions. The Dutch so of the other side with consonants, that they cannot yield the sweet sliding fit for a verse. The French, in his whole language, hath not one word that hath its accent in the last syllable, saving two, called antepenultima; and little more hath the Spanish; and, therefore, very gracelessly may they use dactyls. The English is subject to none of these defects.

Now for rime, though we do not observe quantity, yet we observe the accent very precisely, which other languages either cannot do, or will not do so absolutely. That cæsura, or breathing-place, in the midst of the verse, neither Italian nor Spanish have, the French and we never almost fail of. Lastly, even the very rime itself the Italian cannot put in the last syllable, by the French named the masculine rime, but still in the next to the last, which the French call the female; or the next before that, which the Italians term *sdrucciola:* the example of the former is, *buono, suono;* of the *sdrucciola* is, *femina, semina.* The French, of the other side, hath both the male, as *bon, son,* and the female, as *plaise, taise;* but the *sdrucciola* he hath not; where the English hath all three, as 'due,' 'true,' 'father,' 'rather,' 'motion,' 'potion'; with much more which might be said, but that I find already the triflingness of this discourse is much too much enlarged.

So that since the ever praiseworthy poesy is full of virtue-breeding delightfulness, and void of no gift that ought to be in the noble name of learning; since the blames laid against it are either false or feeble; since the cause why it is not esteemed in England is the fault of poet-apes, not poets; since, lastly, our tongue is most fit to honor poesy, and to be honored by poesy; I conjure you all that

have had the evil luck to read this ink-wasting toy of mine, even in the name of the Nine Muses, no more to scorn the sacred mysteries of poesy; no more to laugh at the name of poets, as though they were next inheritors to fools; no more to jest at the reverend title of a rimer; but to believe, with Aristotle, that they were the ancient treasurers of the Grecians' divinity; to believe, with Bembus, that they were the first bringers in of all civility; to believe, with Scaliger, that no philosopher's precepts can sooner make you an honest man, than the reading of Virgil; to believe, with Clauserus, the translator of Cornutus, that it pleased the heavenly deity by Hesiod and Homer, under the veil of fables, to give us all knowledge, logic, rhetoric, philosophy natural and moral, and *Quid non?* [Why not] to believe, with me, that there are many mysteries contained in poetry, which of purpose were written darkly, lest by profane wits it should be abused; to believe, with Landin, that they are so beloved of the gods that whatsoever they write proceeds of a divine fury. Lastly, to believe themselves, when they tell you they will make you immortal by their verses.

Thus doing, your names shall flourish in the printers' shops: thus doing, you shall be of kin to many a poetical preface: thus doing, you shall be most fair, most rich, most wise, most all: you shall dwell upon superlatives: thus doing, though you be *Libertino patre natus* [Born of a freedman father], you shall suddenly grow *Herculea proles* [Descendant of Hercules],

Si quid mea Carmina possunt:
[If my poems are good for anything]

Thus doing, your soul shall be placed with Dante's Beatrice, or Virgil's Anchises.

But if (fie of such a but!) you be born so near the dull-making cataract of Nilus, that you cannot hear the planet-like music of poetry; if you have so earth-creeping a mind, that it cannot lift itself up to look to the sky of poetry, or rather, by a certain rustical disdain, will become such a Mome, as to be a Momus of poetry; then, though I will not wish unto you the ass's ears of Midas, nor to be driven by a poet's verses, as Bubonax was, to hang himself; nor to be rimed to death, as is said to be done in Ireland; yet thus much curse I must send you in the behalf of all poets; that while you live, you live in love, and never get favor, for lacking skill of a sonnet; and when you die, your memory die from the earth for want of an epitaph.

ASTROPHEL AND STELLA

I

Loving in truth, and fain in verse my love to show,
That she, dear she, might take some pleasure of my pain,—
Pleasure might cause her read, reading might make her know,
Knowledge might pity win, and pity grace obtain,—
I sought fit words to paint the blackest face of woe,
Studying inventions fine, her wits to entertain,
Oft turning others' leaves, to see if thence would flow
Some fresh and fruitful showers upon my sunburnt brain.
But words came halting forth, wanting Invention's stay;
Invention, Nature's child, fled step-dame Study's blows;
And others' feet still seemed but strangers' in my way.
Thus, great with child to speak, and helpless in my throes,
Biting my truant pen, beating myself for spite;
'Fool,' said my Muse to me, 'look in thy heart, and write.'

VII

When Nature made her chief work, Stella's eyes,
In color black why wrapt she beams so bright?
Would she, in beamy black, like painter wise,
Frame daintiest luster, mixed of shades and light?
Or did she else that sober hue devise,
In object best to knit and strength our sight;
Lest, if no veil these brave gleams did disguise,
They, sunlike, should more dazzle than delight?
Or would she her miraculous power show,
That, whereas black seems Beauty's contrary

She even in black doth make all beauties flow?
Both so, and thus,—she, minding Love should be
Placed ever there, gave him this mourning weed
To honor all their deaths which for her bleed.

XV

You that do search for every purling spring
Which from the ribs of old Parnassus flows,
And every flower, not sweet perhaps, which grows
Near thereabouts, into your poesy wring;
You that do dictionary's method bring
Into your rimes, running in rattling rows;
You that poor Petrarch's long-deceasèd woes
With new-born sighs and denizened wit do sing;
You take wrong ways; those far-fet helps be such
As do bewray a want of inward touch,
And sure, at length stolen goods do come to light:
But if, both for your love and skill, your name
You seek to nurse at fullest breasts of Fame,
Stella behold, and then begin to endite.

XXI

Your words, my friend, right healthful caustics, blame
My young mind marred, whom Love doth windlass so;
That mine own writings, like bad servants, show
My wits quick in vain thoughts, in virtue, lame;
That Plato I read for naught but-if he tame
Such coltish years; that to my birth I owe
Nobler desires, lest else that friendly foe,
Great Expectation, wear a train of shame:
For since mad March great promise made of me,
If now the May of my years much decline,
What can be hoped my harvest-time will be?
Sure, you say well, 'Your wisdom's golden mine
Dig deep with Learning's spade.' Now tell me this —
Hath this world aught so fair as Stella is?

XXXI

With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the skies!
How silently, and with how wan a face!
What, may it be that even in heavenly place
That busy archer his sharp arrows tries!
Sure, if that long-with-love-acquainted eyes
Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case,
I read it in thy looks; thy languished grace,
To me, that feel the like, thy state descries.
Then, even of fellowship, O Moon, tell me,
Is constant love deemed there but want of wit?
Are beauties there as proud as here they be?
Do they above love to be loved, and yet
Those lovers scorn whom that love doth possess?
Do they call virtue there ungratefulness?

XXXII

Morpheus, the lively son of deadly Sleep,
Witness of life to them that living die,
A prophet oft, and oft an history,
A poet eke, as humors fly or creep;
Since thou in me so sure a power dost keep,
That never I with closed-up sense do lie,
But by thy work my Stella I descry,
Teaching blind eyes both how to smile and weep;
Vouchsafe, of all acquaintance, this to tell,
Whence hast thou ivory, rubies, pearl, and gold,
To show her skin, lips, teeth, and head so well?
'Fool!' answers he; 'no Indes such treasures hold;
But from thy heart, while my sire charmeth thee,
Sweet Stella's image I do steal to me.'

XXXIX

Come, Sleep! O Sleep, the certain knot of peace,
The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe,
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
Th' indifferent judge between the high and low;
With shield of proof shield me from out the press
Of those fierce darts Despair at me doth throw:
O make in me those civil wars to cease;
I will good tribute pay, if thou do so.

Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed,
A chamber deaf of noise and blind of light,
A rosy garland and a weary head:
And if these things, as being thine by right,
Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me,
Livelier than elsewhere, Stella's image see.

XLI

Having this day my horse, my hand, my lance
Guided so well that I obtained the prize,
Both by the judgment of the English eyes
And of some sent from that sweet enemy, France;
Horsemen my skill in horsemanship advance,
Town folks my strength; a daintier judge applies
His praise to sleight which from good use doth rise;
Some lucky wits impute it but to chance;
Others, because of both sides I do take
My blood from them who did excel in this,
Think Nature me a man-at-arms did make.
How far they shot awry! the true cause is,
Stella looked on, and from her heavenly face
Sent forth the beams which made so fair my race.

LXIV

No more! My Dear, no more these counsels try!
O give my passions leave to run their race!
Let Fortune lay on me her worst disgrace!
Let folk o'ercharged with brain, against me cry!
Let clouds bedim my face, break in mine eye!
Let me no steps but of lost labor trace!
Let all the earth in scorn recount my case;
But do not will me from my love to fly!
I do not envy Aristotle's wit;
Nor do aspire to Cæsar's bleeding fame;
Nor ought do care, though some above me sit;
Nor hope, nor wish another course to frame:
But that which once may win thy cruel heart.
Thou art my wit, and thou my virtue art.

CVII

Stella, since thou so right a princess art
Of all the powers which life bestows on me;
That ere by them ought undertaken be,
The first resort unto that sovereign part.
Sweet, for a while give respite to my heart,
Which pants as though it still should leap to thee;
And on my thoughts give thy lieutenancy
To this great cause, which needs both use and art.
And as a queen, who from her presence sends
Whom she employs, dismiss from thee my wit!
Till it have wrought what thy own will attends.
On servants' shame oft master's blame doth sit.
O let not fools in me thy works reprove;
And scorning, say, 'See, what it is to love!'

ELEVENTH SONG

'Who is it that this dark night
Underneath my window plaineth?'
It is one who from thy sight
Being, ah! exiled, disdaineth
Every other vulgar light.

'Why, alas! and are you he?
Be not yet those fancies changed?'
Dear, when you find change in me,
Though from me you be estranged,
Let my change to ruin be.

'Well, in absence this will die;
Leave to see, and leave to wonder.'
Absence sure will help, if I
Can learn how myself to sunder
From what in my heart doth lie.

'But time will these thoughts remove;
Time doth work what no man knoweth.'
Time doth as the subject prove;
With time still the affection groweth
In the faithful turtle-dove.

'What if we new beauties see?
Will not they stir new affection?'
I will think they pictures be,
(Image-like, of saint's perfection)
Poorly counterfeiting thee.

'But your reason's purest light
Bids you leave such minds to nourish,'
Dear, do reason no such spite;
Never doth thy beauty flourish
More than in my reason's sight.

'But the wrongs Love bears will make
Love at length leave undertaking.'

No, the more fools it do shake,
In the ground of so firm making,
Deeper still they drive the stake.

'Peace, I think that some give ear!
Come no more, lest I get anger!'
Bliss, I will my bliss forbear;
Fearing, sweet, you to endanger;
But my soul shall harbor there.

'Well, be gone! be gone, I say,
Lest that Argus' eyes perceive you!'
O unjust is Fortune's sway,
Which can make me thus to leave you;
And from louts to run away.

SONG: THE NIGHTINGALE

The nightingale, as soon as April bringeth
Unto her rested sense a perfect waking,
While late bare earth, proud of new clothing, springeth,
Sings out her woes, a thorn her song-book making,
And mournfully bewailing,
Her throat in tunes expresseth
What grief her breast oppresseth
For Tereus' force on her chaste will prevailing.
O Philomela fair, O take some gladness,
That here is juster cause of painful sadness:
Thine earth now springs, mine fadeth;
Thy thorn without, my thorn my heart invadeth.

LOVE IS DEAD

Ring out your bells, let mourning shows be spread;
For Love is dead:
All Love is dead, infected
With plague of deep disdain:
Worth, as naught worth, rejected,
And Faith fair scorn doth gain.
From so ungrateful fancy,
From such a female franzie,
From them that use men thus,
Good Lord, deliver us!

Weep, neighbors, weep; do you not hear it said
That Love is dead?
His death-bed, peacock's folly;
His winding-sheet is shame;
His will, false-seeming holy;
His sole exec'tor, blame.
From so ungrateful fancy,
From such a female franzie,
From them that use men thus,
Good Lord, deliver us!

Let dirge be sung, and trentals rightly read,
For Love is dead;
Sir Wrong his tomb ordaineth
My mistress' marble heart;
Which epitaph containeth,
'Her eyes were once his dart.'
From so ungrateful fancy,
From such a female franzie,
From them that use men thus,
Good Lord, deliver us!

Alas, I lie: rage hath this error bred;
Love is not dead;
Love is not dead, but sleepeth
In her unmatchèd mind,
Where she his counsel keepeth,
Till due deserts she find.
Therefore from so vile fancy,
To call such wit a franzie,
Who Love can temper thus,
Good Lord, deliver us!

DORUS TO PAMELA

(From ARCADIA)

My sheep are thoughts, which I both guide and serve;
Their pasture is fair hills of fruitless love,
On barren sweets they feed, and feeding sterve.
I wail their lot, but will not other prove;
My sheep-hook is wan hope, which all upholds;
My weeds, desire, cut out in endless folds;
What wool my sheep shall bear, whilst thus they live,
In you it is, you must the judgment give.

A DITTY

My true-love hath my heart and I have his,
By just exchange one for the other given:
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss,
There never was a better bargain driven:
My true-love hath my heart, and I have his.

His heart in me keeps him and me in one.
My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides:
He loves my heart, for once it was his own,
I cherish his because in me it bides:
My true-love hath my heart, and I have his.

HAKLUYT'S VOYAGES

Richard Hakluyt (1553–1616) has been well termed by Professor Raleigh 'the Homer of our heroic age'; yet his aim was not so much to record great deeds as to inspire them, to urge his countrymen to explore and colonize unknown countries, to encourage trade with the distant parts of the earth, and to furnish maps and other helps to navigation. A clergyman and a student, he had no experience of the adventures he described and prompted; but he was much more than a mere compiler. He brought to his self-appointed task the devotion and enthusiasm of a lofty purpose, and must be given a high rank among those who founded the British Empire and established the Anglo-Saxon race beyond the seas. It was fortunate for posterity that the Elizabethan age of commercial enterprise and romantic adventure found a chronicler with leisure and ability to save its achievements from oblivion, for the voyagers themselves were, as a rule, too busy making history to write it. Most of them were much readier with the sword than with the pen; Grenville's desperate resolution, Gilbert's religious valor, and Drake's restless daring would have been lost to literature, and perhaps even to history, if we had had to depend on their own records. Raleigh must be mentioned as a conspicuous exception; he combined with the spirit of adventure a literary power which makes his narratives a strange contrast to the matter-of-fact or garrulous reports of his less gifted fellows.

DEDICATORY EPISTLE TO SIR FRANCIS WALSINGHAM

(From the first edition of the Voyages, 1589)

Right honorable, I do remember that being a youth, and one of her Majesty's scholars at Westminster, that fruitful nursery, it was my hap to visit the chamber of Mr. Richard Hakluyt, my cousin, a gentleman of the Middle Temple, well known unto you, at a time when I found lying open upon his board certain books of cosmography, with a universal map. He, seeing me somewhat curious in the view thereof, began to instruct my ignorance by showing me the division of the earth into three parts after the old account, and then according to the latter, and better distribution, into more. He pointed with his wand to all the known seas, gulfs, bays, straits, capes, rivers, empires, kingdoms, dukedoms, and territories of each part, with declaration also of their special commodities, and particular wants, which, by the benefit of traffic and intercourse of merchants, are plentifully supplied. From the map he brought me to the Bible, and turning to the 107th Psalm, directed me to the 23rd and 24th verses, where I read, that they which go down to the sea in ships and occupy by the great waters, they see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep, &c. Which words of the prophet, together with my cousin's discourse (things of high and rare delight to my young nature), took in me so deep an impression that I constantly resolved, if ever I were preferred to the university, where better time and more convenient place might be ministered for these studies, I would by God's assistance prosecute that knowledge and kind of literature, the doors whereof, after a sort, were so happily opened before me.

According to which my resolution, when, not long after, I was removed to Christ Church in Oxford, my exercises of duty first performed, I fell to my intended course, and by degrees read over whatsoever printed or written discoveries and voyages I found extant either in the Greek, Latin, Italian, Spanish, Portugal, French, or English languages, and in my public lectures was the first that produced and showed both the old imperfectly composed, and the new lately reformed maps, globes, spheres, and other instruments of this art for demonstration in the common schools, to the singular pleasure and general contentment of my auditory. In continuance of time, and by reason principally of my insight in this study, I grew familiarly acquainted with the chiefest captains at sea, the greatest merchants, and the best mariners of our nation; by which

means having gotten somewhat more than common knowledge, I passed at length the narrow seas into France with Sir Edward Stafford, her Majesty's careful and discreet Ligier, where during my five years' abode with him in his dangerous and chargeable residence in her Highness' service, I both heard in speech, and read in books other nations miraculously extolled for their discoveries and notable enterprises by sea, but the English of all others for their sluggish security, and continual neglect of the like attempts, especially in so long and happy a time of peace, either ignominiously reported, or exceedingly condemned; which singular opportunity, if some other people, our neighbors, had been blessed with, their protestations are often and vehement, they would far otherwise have used. * * * Thus both hearing and reading the obloquy of our nation, and finding few or none of our own men able to reply herein; and further, not seeing any man to have care to recommend to the world the industrious labors and painful travels of our countrymen: for stopping the mouths of the reproachers, myself being the last winter returned from France with the honorable the Lady Sheffield, for her passing good behavior highly esteemed in all the French court, determined notwithstanding all difficulties to undertake the burden of that work wherein all others pretended either ignorance or lack of leisure, or want of sufficient argument, whereas (to speak truly) the huge toil and the small profit to ensue were the chief causes of the refusal. I call the work a burden in consideration that these voyages lay so dispersed, scattered, and hidden in several hucksters' hands, that I now wonder at myself to see how I was able to endure the delays, curiosity, and backwardness of many from whom I was to receive my originals, so that I have just cause to make that complaint of the maliciousness of divers in our time which Pliny made of the men of his age: At nos elaborata iis abscondere atque supprimere cupimus, et fraudare vitam etiam alienis bonis, &c. [But we desire to hide away and suppress their achievements, and to rob life even of the glories of others.]

To harp no longer upon this string, and to speak a word of that just commendation which our nation do indeed deserve: it cannot be denied, but as in all former ages they have been men full of activity, stirrers abroad, and searchers of the remote parts of the world, so in this most famous and peerless government of her most excellent Majesty, her subjects, through the special assistance and blessing of God, in searching the most opposite corners and quarters of the world, and to speak plainly, in compassing the vast globe of the earth more than once, have excelled all the nations and people of the earth. For which of the kings of this land before her Majesty had their banners ever seen in the Caspian sea? which of them hath ever dealt with the emperor of Persia as her Majesty hath done, and obtained for her merchants large and loving privileges? who ever saw, before this regiment, an English Ligier in the stately porch of the Grand Signor at Constantinople? who ever found English consuls and agents at Tripolis in Syria, at Aleppo, at Babylon, at Balsara, and which is more, who ever heard of Englishman at Goa before now? what English ships did heretofore ever anchor in the mighty river of Plate? pass and repass the unpassable (in former opinion) Strait of Magellan, range along the coast of Chili, Peru, and all the backside of Nova Hispania, further than any christian ever passed, traverse the mighty breadth of the South Sea, land upon the Luzones in despite of the enemy, enter into alliance, amity, and traffic with the princes of the Moluccas and the isle of Java, double the famous cape of Bona Speranza, arrive at the isle of St. Helena, and last of all return home most richly laden with the commodities of China, as the subjects of this now flourishing monarchy have done?

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THE LAST FIGHT OF THE REVENGE

(From 'a report of the truth of the fight about the isles of Azores, the last of August, 1591, betwixt the *Revenge,* one of her Majesty's ships and an armada of the king of Spain. Penned by the honorable Sir Walter Raleigh, knight.')

The Lord Thomas Howard with six of her Majesty's ships, six victualers of London, the bark *Raleigh,* and two or three other pinnaces riding at anchor near unto Flores, one of the westerly islands of the

Azores, the last of August in the afternoon, had intelligence by one Captain Middleton of the approach of the Spanish armada. Which Middleton, being in a very good sailer, had kept them company three days before, of good purpose both to discover their forces the more, as also to give advice to my Lord Thomas of their approach. He had no sooner delivered the news but the fleet was in sight; many of our ships' companies were on shore in the island, some providing ballast for their ships, others filling of water and refreshing themselves from the land with such things as they could, either for money, or by force, recover. By reason whereof, our ships being all pestered and rummaging, every thing out of order, very light for want of ballast, and that which was most to our disadvantage, the one half part of the men of every ship sick and utterly unserviceable; for in the *Revenge* there were ninety diseased, in the *Bonaventure* not so many in health as could handle her mainsail. For had not twenty men been taken out of a bark of Sir George Carey's, his being commanded to be sunk, and those appointed to her, she had hardly ever recovered England. The rest, for the most part, were in little better state. The names of her Majesty's ships were these, as followeth: the *Defiance,* which was admiral; the *Revenge,* viceadmiral; the *Bonaventure,* commanded by Captain Cross; the *Lion* by George Fenner; the *Foresight* by Mr. Thomas Vavasour; and the *Crane* by Duffield. The *Foresight* and the *Crane* being but small ships, only the others were of the middle size; the rest, besides the bark *Raleigh,* commanded by Captain Thin, were victuallers, and of small force or none. The Spanish fleet, having shrouded their approach by reason of the island, were now so soon at hand as our ships had scarce time to weigh their anchors, but some of them were driven to let slip their cables and set sail. Sir Richard Grenville was the last that weighed, to recover the men that were upon the island, which otherwise had been lost. The Lord Thomas with the rest very hardly recovered the wind, which Sir Richard Grenville not being able to do, was persuaded by the master and others to cut his mainsail and cast about, and to trust to the sailing of the ship, for the squadron of Seville were on his weather bow. But Sir Richard utterly refused to turn from the enemy, alleging that he would rather choose to die than to dishonor himself, his country, and her Majesty's ship, persuading his company that he would pass through the two squadrons in despite of them and enforce those of Seville to give him way. Which he performed upon divers of the foremost, who, as the mariners term it, sprang their luff, and fell under the lee of the *Revenge.* But the other course had been the better, and might right well have been answered in so great an impossibility of prevailing. Notwithstanding, out of the greatness of his mind, he could not be persuaded. In the meanwhile, as he attended those which were nearest him, the great *San Philip,* being in the wind of him and coming towards him, becalmed his sails in such sort, as the ship could neither make way nor feel the helm; so huge and high carged was the Spanish ship, being of a thousand and five hundred tons. Who after laid the *Revenge* aboard. When he was thus bereft of his sails, the ships that were under his lee, luffing up, also laid him aboard, of which the next was the admiral of the Biscayans, a very mighty and puissant ship commanded by Brittandona. The said *Philip* carried three tiers of ordnance on a side, and eleven pieces in every tier. She shot eight forth right out of her chase, besides those of her stern ports.

After the *Revenge* was entangled with this *Philip,* four others boarded her, two on her larboard, and two on her starboard. The fight, thus beginning at three of the clock in the afternoon, continued very terrible all that evening. But the great *San Philip,* having received the lower tier of the *Revenge,* discharged with crossbar shot, shifted herself with all diligence from her sides, utterly misliking her first entertainment. Some say that the ship foundered, but we cannot report it for truth, unless we were assured. The Spanish ships were filled with companies of soldiers,— in some two hundred besides the mariners, in some five, in others eight hundred. In ours there were none at all beside the mariners but the servants of the commanders and some few voluntary gentlemen only. After many interchanged volleys of great ordnance and small shot, the Spaniards deliberated to enter the *Revenge,* and made divers attempts, hoping to force her by the multitudes of their

armed soldiers and musketeers, but were still repulsed again and again, and at all times beaten back into their own ships, or into the seas. In the beginning of the fight, the *George Noble* of London, having received some shot through her by the armadas, fell under the lee of the *Revenge,* and asked Sir Richard what he would command him, being but one of the victualers and of small force. Sir Richard bade him save himself, and leave him to his fortune. After the fight had thus, without intermission, continued while the day lasted and some hours of the night, many of our men were slain and hurt, and one of the great galleons of the armada, and the admiral of the hulks both sunk, and in many other of the Spanish ships great slaughter was made. Some write that Sir Richard was very dangerously hurt almost in the beginning of the fight, and lay speechless for a time ere he recovered. But two of the *Revenge's* own company brought home in a ship of Lima from the islands, examined by some of the lords and others, affirmed that he was never so wounded as that he forsook the upper deck, till an hour before midnight, and then, being shot into the body with a musket, as he was dressing was again shot into the head, and withal his surgeon wounded to death. This agreeth also with an examination, taken by Sir Francis Godolphin, of four other mariners of the same ship, being returned, which examination the said Sir Francis sent unto Master William Killigrew, of her Majesty's privy chamber.

But to return to the fight: the Spanish ships which attempted to board the *Revenge,* as they were wounded and beaten off, so always others came in their places, she having never less than two mighty galleons by her sides and aboard her. So that ere the morning, from three of the clock the day before, there had fifteen several armadas assailed her; and all so ill approved their entertainment as they were by the break of day far more willing to hearken to a composition than hastily to make any more assaults or entries. But as the day increased, so our men decreased; and as the light grew more and more, by so much more grew our discomforts. For none appeared in sight but enemies, saving one small ship called the *Pilgrim,* commanded by Jacob Whiddon, who hovered all night to see the success, but in the morning, bearing with the *Revenge,* was hunted like a hare amongst many ravenous hounds, but escaped.

All the powder of the *Revenge* to the last barrel was now spent, all her pikes broken, forty of her best men slain, and the most part of the rest hurt. In the beginning of the fight she had but one hundred free from sickness, and fourscore and ten sick, laid in hold upon the ballast: a small troop to man such a ship, and a weak garrison to resist so mighty an army. By those hundred all was sustained, the volleys, boardings, and enterings of fifteen ships of war, besides those which beat her at large. On the contrary, the Spanish were always supplied with soldiers brought from every squadron, all manner of arms and powder at will. Unto ours there remained no comfort at all, no hope, no supply either of ships, men, or weapons; the masts all beaten overboard, all her tackle cut asunder, her upper work altogether razed, and in effect evened she was with the water, but the very foundation or bottom of a ship, nothing being left overhead, either for flight or defence. Sir Richard, finding himself in this distress, and unable any longer to make resistance, having endured, in this fifteen hours' fight, the assault of fifteen several armadas, all by turns aboard him, and by estimation eight hundred shot of great artillery, besides many assaults and entries; and that himself and the ship must needs be possessed by the enemy, who were now all cast in a ring round about him, (the *Revenge* not able to move one way or other, but as she was moved with the waves and billows of the sea), commanded the master gunner, whom he knew to be a most resolute man, to split and sink the ship, that thereby nothing might remain of glory or victory to the Spaniards, seeing in so many hours' fight, and with so great a navy, they were not able to take her, having had fifteen hours' time, above ten thousand men, and fifty and three sail of men-of-war to perform it withal; and persuaded the company, or as many as he could induce, to yield themselves unto God, and to the mercy of none else; but as they had, like valiant resolute men, repulsed so many enemies, they should not now shorten the honor of their nation by prolonging their own lives for a few hours or a few days. The master gunner readily condescended and divers others; but the

captain and the master were of another opinion, and besought Sir Richard to have care of them, alleging that the Spaniard would be as ready to entertain a composition as they were willing to offer the same, and that there being divers sufficient and valiant men yet living, and whose wounds were not mortal, they might do their country and prince acceptable service hereafter. And whereas Sir Richard had alleged that the Spaniards should never glory to have taken one ship of her Majesty, seeing they had so long and so notably defended themselves, they answered, that the ship had six foot water in hold, three shot under water, which were so weakly stopped as with the first working of the sea, she must needs sink, and was besides so crushed and bruised as she could never be removed out of the place.

And as the matter was thus in dispute, and Sir Richard refusing to hearken to any of those reasons, the master of the *Revenge* (while the captain won unto him the greater party) was convoyed aboard the General Don Alfonso Bazan. Who (finding none over hasty to enter the *Revenge* again, doubting lest Sir Richard would have blown them up and himself, and perceiving by the report of the master of the *Revenge* his dangerous disposition) yielded that all their lives should be saved, the company sent for England, and the better sort to pay such reasonable ransom as their estate would bear, and in the mean season to be free from galley or imprisonment. To this he so much the rather condescended as well, as I have said, for fear of further loss and mischief to themselves, as also for the desire he had to recover Sir Richard Grenville, whom for his notable valor he seemed greatly to honor and admire.

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From LINSCHOTEN'S TESTIMONY

The 13th of September the said armada arrived at the island of Corvo, where the Englishmen with about 16 ships as then lay, staying for the Spanish fleet, whereof some or the most part were come, and there the English were in good hope to have taken them. But when they perceived the king's army to be strong, the admiral, being the Lord Thomas Howard, commanded his fleet not to fall upon them, nor any of them once to separate their ships from him, unless he gave commission so to do. Notwithstanding the vice-admiral, Sir Richard Grenville, being in the ship called the *Revenge,* went into the Spanish fleet and shot among them, doing them great hurt, and thinking the rest of the company would have followed; which they did not, but left him there, and sailed away. The cause why could not be known. Which the Spaniards perceiving, with 7 or 8 ships they boarded her, but she withstood them all, fighting with them, at the least 12 hours together, and sunk two of them, one being a new double flyboat of 600 tons, and admiral of the flyboats, the other a Biscayan. But in the end, by reason of the number that came upon her, she was taken, but to their great loss, for they had lost in fighting and by drowning above 400 men, and of the English were slain about 100, Sir Richard Grenville himself being wounded in his brain, whereof afterwards he died. He was carried into the ship called *San Paul,* wherein was the admiral of the fleet, Don Alonzo de Bazan. There his wounds were dressed by the Spanish surgeons, but Don Alonzo himself would neither see him nor speak with him. All the rest of the captains and gentlemen went to visit him, and to comfort him in his hard fortune, wondering at his courage and stout heart, for that he showed not any sign of faintness nor changing of color. But feeling the hour of death to approach, he spake these words in Spanish, and said: Here die I, Richard Grenville, with a joyful and quiet mind, for that I have ended my life as a true soldier ought to do, that hath fought for his country, queen, religion, and honor, whereby my soul most joyful departeth out of this body, and shall always leave behind it an everlasting fame of a valiant and true soldier, that hath done his duty, as he was bound to do. When he had finished these or such other like words, he gave up the ghost, with great and stout courage, and no man could perceive any true sign of heaviness in him.

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THE LOSS OF SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT

(From a report of the voyage and success thereof, attempted in the year of our

Lord, 1583, by Sir Humphrey Gilbert, knight, with other gentlemen assisting him in that action, intended to discover and to plant christian inhabitants in place convenient, upon those large and ample countries extended northward from the cape of Florida, lying under very temperate climes, esteemed fertile and rich in minerals, yet not in the actual possession of any christian prince, written by Mr. Edward Haie, gentleman, and principal actor in the same voyage, who alone continued to the end, and by God's special assistance returned home with his retinue safe and entire.')

So upon Saturday in the afternoon, the 31st of August, we changed our course and returned back for England, at which very instant, even in winding about, there passed along between us and towards the land which we now forsook, a very lion to our seeming, in shape, hair, and color, not swimming after the manner of a beast, by moving of his feet, but rather sliding upon the water with his whole body (excepting the legs) in sight; neither yet diving under, and again rising above the water, as the manner is of whales, dolphins, tunnies, porpoises, and all other fish, but confidently showing himself above water without hiding. Notwithstanding, we presented ourselves in open view and gesture to amaze him, as all creatures will be commonly at a sudden gaze and sight of men. Thus he passed along turning his head to and fro, yawning and gaping wide, with ugly demonstration of long teeth and glaring eyes, and to bid us a farewell (coming right against the *Hind*) he sent forth a horrible voice, roaring or bellowing as doth a lion, which spectacle we all beheld so far as we were able to discern the same, as men prone to wonder at every strange thing, as this doubtless was, to see a lion in the ocean sea, or fish in shape of a lion. What opinion others had thereof, and chiefly the general himself, I forbear to deliver. But he took it for *bonum omen* [a good omen], rejoicing that he was to war against such an enemy, if it were the devil.

The wind was large for England at our return, but very high, and the sea rough, insomuch as the frigate wherein the general went was almost swallowed up.

Monday in the afternoon (Sept. 2), we passed in the sight of Cape Race, having made as much way in little more than two days and nights back again, as before we had done in eight days from Cape Race unto the place where our ship perished, which hindrance thitherward and speed back again, is to be imputed unto the swift current, as well as to the winds, which we had more large in our return.

This Monday the general came aboard the *Hind* to have the surgeon of the *Hind* to dress his foot, which he hurt by treading upon a nail. At what time we comforted each other with hope of hard success to be all past, and of the good to come. So agreeing to carry out lights always by night, that we might keep together, he departed into his frigate, being by no means to be entreated to tarry in the *Hind,* which had been more for his security. Immediately after followed a sharp storm which we overpassed for that time. Praised be God.

The weather fair, the general came aboard the *Hind* again to make merry together with the captain, master, and company, which was the last meeting, and continued there from morning until night. During which time there passed sundry discourses, touching affairs past and to come, lamenting greatly the loss of his great ship, more of the men, but most of all of his books and notes, and what else I know not; for which he was out of measure grieved, the same doubtless being some matter of more importance than his books, which I could not draw from him, yet by circumstance I gathered the same to be the ore which Daniel the Saxon had brought unto him in the New-found-land. Whatsoever it was, the remembrance touched him so deep as not able to contain himself, he beat his boy in great rage, even at the same time, so long after the miscarrying of the great ship, because upon a fair day, when we were becalmed upon the coast of the New-found-land, near unto Cape Race, he sent his boy aboard the admiral to fetch certain things, amongst which, this being chief, was yet forgotten, and left behind. After which time, he could never conveniently send again aboard the great ship; much less he doubted her ruin so near at hand.

Herein my opinion was better confirmed diversely, and by sundry conjectures, which maketh me have the greater hope of this rich mine. For whereas the general had never before good conceit of these north parts of the world, now his

mind was wholly fixed upon the Newfound-land. And as before he refused not to grant assignments liberally to them that required the same into these north parts, now he became contrarily affected, refusing to make any so large grants, especially of St. John's, which certain English merchants made suit for, offering to employ their money and travel upon the same. Yet neither by their own suit, nor of others of his own company, whom he seemed willing to pleasure, it could be obtained.

Also laying down his determination in the spring following, for disposing of his voyage then to be re-attempted, he assigned the captain and master of the *Golden Hind* unto the south discovery, and reserved unto himself the north, affirming that this voyage had won his heart from the south, and that he was now become a northern man altogether.

Last, being demanded what means he had at his arrival in England to compass the charges of so great preparation as he intended to make the next spring, having determined upon two fleets, one for the south, another for the north: Leave that to me (he replied), I will ask a penny of no man. I will bring good tidings unto her Majesty, who will be so gracious to lend me 10,000 pounds, willing us therefore to be of good cheer, for he did thank God (he said) with all his heart for that he had seen, the same being enough for us all, and that we needed not to seek any further. And these last words he would often repeat, with demonstration of great fervency of mind, being himself very confident and settled in belief of inestimable good by this voyage, which the greater number of his followers nevertheless mistrusted altogether, not being made partakers of those secrets, which the general kept unto himself. Yet all of them that are living may be witnesses of his words and protestations, which sparingly I have delivered.

Leaving the issue of this good hope unto God, who knoweth the truth only, and can at his good pleasure bring the same to light, I will hasten to the end of this tragedy, which must be knit up in the person of our general. And as it was God's ordinance upon him, even so the vehement persuasion and entreaty of his friends could nothing avail to divert him from a wilful resolution of going through in his frigate, which was overcharged upon their decks, with fights, nettings, and small artillery, too cumbersome for so small a boat that was to pass through the ocean sea at that season of the year, when by course we might expect much storm of foul weather, whereof indeed we had enough.

But when he was entreated by the captain, master, and other his well-willers of the *Hind,* not to venture in the frigate, this was his answer: I will not forsake my little company going homeward, with whom I have passed so many storms and perils. And in very truth, he was urged to be so over hard, by hard reports given of him, that he was afraid of the sea, albeit this was rather rashness than advised resolution, to prefer the wind of a vain report to the weight of his own life.

Seeing he would not bend to reason, he had provision out of the *Hind,* such as was wanting aboard his frigate. And so we committed him to God's protection, and set him aboard his pinnace, we being more than 300 leagues onward of our way home.

By that time we had brought the islands of Azores south of us; yet we then keeping much to the north, until we had got into the height and elevation of England, we met with very foul weather and terrible seas, breaking short and high, pyramid wise. The reason whereof seemed to proceed either of hilly grounds, high and low, within the sea, (as we see hills and dales upon the land), upon which the seas do mount and fall; or else the cause proceedeth of diversity of winds, shifting often in sundry points, all which having power to move the great ocean, which again is not presently settled, so many seas do encounter together as there had been diversity of winds. Howsoever it cometh to pass, men which all their life time had occupied the sea, never saw more outrageous seas. We had also upon our mainyard, an apparition of a little fire by night, which seamen do call Castor and Pollux. But we had only one, which they take an evil sign of more tempest; the same is usual in storms.

Monday the ninth of September, in the afternoon, the frigate was near cast away, oppressed by waves; yet at that time recovered; and giving forth signs of joy, the general sitting abaft with a book in his hand, cried out unto us in the *Hind* (so oft as we did approach within hearing):

We are as near to heaven by sea as by land. Reiterating the same speech, well beseeming a soldier, resolute in Jesus Christ, as I can testify he was.

The same Monday night, about twelve of the clock, or not long after, the frigate being ahead of us in the *Golden Hind,* suddenly her lights were out, whereof, as it were in a moment, we lost the sight, and withal our watch cried, the general was cast away, which was too true. For in that moment, the frigate was devoured and swallowed up of the sea. Yet still we looked out all that night and ever after, until we arrived upon the coast of England, omitting no small sail at sea, unto which we gave not the tokens between us agreed upon, to have perfect knowledge of each other, if we should at any time be separated.

In great torment of weather and peril of drowning, it pleased God to send safe home the *Golden Hind,* which arrived in Falmouth, the 22nd day of September, being Sunday, not without as great danger escaped in a flaw, coming from the south-east, with such thick mist that we could not discern land, to put in right with the haven.

A REPORT OF VIRGINIA

(From 'a brief and true report of the new-found land of Virginia, of the commodities there found and to be raised, as well merchantable as others. Written by Thomas Heriot, servant to Sir Walter Raleigh, a member of the colony and there employed in discovering a full twelve-month.')

There is an herb which is sowed apart by itself, and is called by the inhabitants *uppowoc.* In the West Indies it hath divers names, according to the several places and countries where it groweth and is used; the Spaniards generally call it *tobacco.* The leaves thereof being dried and brought into powder, they use to take the fume or smoke thereof by sucking it, through pipes made of clay, into their stomach and head, from whence it purgeth superfluous phlegm and other gross humors, and opens all the pores and passages of the body; by which means the use thereof not only preserveth the body from obstructions, but also (if any be, so that they have not been of too long continuance) in short time breaketh them, whereby their bodies are notably preserved in health, and know not many grievous diseases, wherewithal we in England are often times afflicted.

This *uppowoc* is of so precious estimation amongst them, that they think their gods are marvelously delighted therewith. Whereupon sometimes they make hallowed fires, and cast some of the powder therein for a sacrifice. Being in a storm upon the waters, to pacify their gods, they cast some up into the air and into the water. So a weir for fish being newly set up, they cast some therein and into the air. Also, after an escape of danger, they cast some into the air likewise; but all done with strange gestures, stamping, sometime dancing, clapping of hands, holding up of hands, and staring up into the heavens, uttering therewithal, and chattering strange words and noises.

We ourselves, during the time we were there, used to suck it after their manner, as also since our return, and have found many rare and wonderful experiments of the virtues thereof, of which the relation would require a volume by itself. The use of it by so many of late, men and women of great calling, as else, and some learned physicians also, is sufficient witness.

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From RALEIGH'S DISCOVERY OF GUIANA

Upon this river one Captain George, that I took with Berreo, told me there was a great silver mine, and that it was near the banks of the said river. But by this time as well Orinoco, Caroli, as all the rest of the rivers were risen four or five feet in height so as it was not possible by the strength of any men, or with any boat whatsoever to row into the river against the stream. I therefore sent Captain Thyn, Captain Grenville, my nephew John Gilbert, my cousin Butshead Gorges, Captain Clark, and some thirty shot more to coast the river by land, and to go to a town some twenty miles over the valley called Amnatapoi. And they found guides there to go farther towards the mountain foot to another great town called Capurepana, belonging to a casique called Haharacoa (that was a nephew to old To-

piawari, king of Arromaia, our chiefest friend) because this town and province of Capurepana adjoined to Macureguarai, which was a frontier town of the empire. And the meanwhile myself with Captain Gifford, Captain Calfield, Edward Hancock, and some half a dozen shot marched overland to view the strange overfalls of the river of Caroli which roared so far off, and also to see the plains adjoining, and the rest of the province of Canuri. I sent also Captain Whiddon, William Connocke, and some eight shot with them, to see if they could find any mineral stone alongst the riverside. When we were come to the tops of the first hills of the plains adjoining to the river, we beheld that wonderful breach of waters which ran down Caroli, and might from that mountain see the river how it ran in three parts, above twenty miles off. And there appeared some ten or twelve overfalls in sight, every one as high over the other as a church-tower, which fell with that fury, that the rebound of water made it seem as if it had been all covered over with a great shower of rain; and in some places we took it at the first for a smoke that had risen over some great town. For mine own part, I was well persuaded from thence to have returned, being a very ill footman, but the rest were all so desirous to go near the said strange thunder of waters, as they drew me on by little and little, till we came into the next valley, where we might better discern the same. I never saw a more beautiful country, nor more lively prospects, hills so raised here and there over the valleys, the river winding into divers branches, the plains adjoining without bush or stubble, all fair green grass, the ground of hard sand, easy to march on, either for horse or foot, the deer crossing in every path, the birds towards the evening singing on every tree with a thousand several tunes, cranes, and herons of white, crimson, and carnation perching in the riverside, the air fresh with a gentle easterly wind, and every stone that we stooped to take up, promised either gold or silver by its complexion. Your lordship shall see of many sorts, and I hope some of them cannot be bettered under the sun; and yet we had no means but with our daggers and fingers to tear them out here and there, the rocks being most hard, of that mineral spar aforesaid, which is like a flint, and is altogether as hard or harder; and besides the veins lie a fathom or two deep in the rocks. But we wanted all things requisite, save only our desires and good will, to have performed more if it had pleased God. To be short, when both our companies returned, each of them brought also several sorts of stones that appeared very fair, but were such as they found loose on the ground, and were for the most part but colored, and had not any gold fixed in them; yet such as had no judgment or experience kept all that glistered, and would not be persuaded but it was rich because of the luster, and brought of those and of marquesite withal, from Trinidad, and have delivered of those stones to be tried in many places, and have thereby bred an opinion that all the rest is of the same. Yet some of these stones I showed afterward to a Spaniard of the Caracas, who told me that it was *el madre del oro,* that is, the mother of gold, and that the mine was farther in the ground.

* * *

I will enter no further into discourse of their manners, laws, and customs, and because I have not myself seen the cities of Inca, I cannot avow on my credit what I have heard, although it be very likely that the Emperor Inca hath built and erected as magnificent palaces in Guiana as his ancestors did in Peru, which were for their riches and rareness most marvelous and exceeding all in Europe, and I think of the world, China excepted; which also the Spaniards (which I had) assured me to be true, as also the nations of the borderers, who, being but savages to those of the inland, do cause much treasure to be buried with them. For I was informed of one of the casiques of the valley of Amariocapana, which had buried with him, a little before our arrival, a chair of gold most curiously wrought, which was made either in Macureguaray adjoining, or in Manoa. But if we should have grieved them in their religion at the first, before they had been taught better, and have digged up their graves, we had lost them all. And therefore I held my first resolution that her Majesty should either accept or refuse the enterprise ere anything should be done that might in any sort hinder the same. And if Peru had so many heaps of gold, whereof those Incas were princes, and that they delighted so much therein; no doubt but this which

now liveth and reigneth in Manoa, hath the same honor, and I am assured hath more abundance of gold within his territory than all Peru and the West Indies.

For the rest, which myself have seen, I will promise these things that follow, which I know to be true. Those that are desirous to discover and to see many nations may be satisfied within this river, which bringeth forth so many arms and branches leading to several countries and provinces, above 2000 miles east and west, and 800 miles south and north, and of these the most either rich in gold or in other merchandises. The common soldier shall here fight for gold, and pay himself, instead of pence with plates of half a foot broad, whereas he breaketh his bones in other wars for provant and penury. Those commanders and chieftains that shoot at honor and abundance, shall find there more rich and beautiful cities, more temples adorned with golden images, more sepulchres filled with treasure than either Cortez found in Mexico, or Pizarro in Peru; and the shining glory of this conquest will eclipse all those so far extended beams of the Spanish nation. There is no country which yieldeth more pleasure to the inhabitants, either for those common delights of hunting, hawking, fishing, fowling, or the rest, than Guiana doth. It hath so many plains, clear rivers, abundance of pheasants, partridges, quails, rails, cranes, herons, and all other fowl, deer of all sorts, porks, hares, lions, tigers, leopards, and divers other sorts of beasts, either for chase or food. It hath a kind of beast called *cama,* or *anta,* as big as an English beef, and in great plenty.

To speak of the several sorts of every kind, I fear would be troublesome to the reader, and therefore I will omit them and conclude that both for health, good air, pleasure, and riches I am resolved it cannot be equaled by any region either in the east or west. Moreover the country is so healthful, as of an hundred persons and more (which lay without shift most sluttishly, and were every day almost melted with heat in rowing and marching, and suddenly wet again with great showers, and did eat of all sorts of corrupt fruits, and made meals of fresh fish without seasoning, of tortugas, of lagartos or crocodiles, and of all sorts good and bad, without either order or measure, and besides lodged in the open air every night) we lost not any one, nor had one ill disposed to my knowledge, nor found any calentura, or other of those pestilent diseases which dwell in all hot regions, and so near the equinoctial line.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE AT SAN DOMINGO

(From 'a summary and true discourse of Sir Francis Drake's West Indian voyage, begun in the year 1585. Wherein were taken the cities of Saint Iago, Santo Domingo, Cartagena, and the town of Saint Augustine in Florida. Published by Mr. Thomas Cates.')

All things being thus considered on, the whole forces were commanded in the evening to embark themselves in pinnaces, boats, and other small barks appointed for this service. Our soldiers being thus embarked, the general put himself into the bark *Francis* as admiral, and all this night we lay on the sea, bearing small sail until our arrival to the landing place, which was about the breaking of the day, and so we landed, being New Year's Day, nine or ten miles to the westward of that brave city of San Domingo, for at that time, nor yet is known to us any landing place where the sea surge doth not threaten to overset a pinnace or boat. Our general, having seen us all landed in safety, returned to his fleet, bequeathing us to God, and the good conduct of Master Carliell, our lieutenant general: at which time, being about eight of the clock, we began to march, and about noon time, or towards one of the clock, we approached the town, where the gentlemen and those of the better sort, being some hundred and fifty brave horses, or rather more, began to present themselves. But our small shot played upon them, which were so sustained with good proportion of pikes in all parts, as they, finding no part of our troop unprepared to receive them, (for you must understand they viewed all round about), they were thus driven to give us leave to proceed towards the two gates of the town, which were the next to the seaward. They had manned them both, and planted their ordnance for that present and sudden alarm without the gate, and also some troops of small shot in ambuscade upon the highway side. We divided our whole force, being

some thousand or twelve hundred men, into two parts, to enterprise both the gates at one instant, the lieutenant general having openly vowed to Captain Powel (who led the troop that entered the other gate) that with God's good favor he would not rest until our meeting in the market place.

Their ordnance had no sooner discharged upon our near approach and made some execution amongst us, though not much, but the lieutenant general began forthwith to advance both his voice of encouragement, and pace of marching, the first man that was slain with the ordnance being very near unto himself: and thereupon hasted all that he might to keep them from the re-charging of the ordnance. And notwithstanding their ambuscades, we marched, or rather ran so roundly into them, as pell mell we entered the gates, and gave them more care every man to save himself by flight than reason to stand any longer to their broken fight. We forthwith repaired to the market place: but to be more truly understood, a place of very fair spacious square ground, whither also came, as had been agreed, Captain Powel with the other troop; which place with some part next unto it, we strengthened with barricades, and there, as the most convenient place, assured ourselves, the city being far too spacious for so small and weary a troop to undertake to guard. Somewhat after midnight, they who had the guard of the castle, hearing us busy about the gates of the said castle, abandoned the same, some being taken prisoners, and some fleeing away by the help of boats to the other side of the haven, and so into the country.

The next day we quartered a little more at large, but not into the half part of the town, and so making substantial trenches, and planting all the ordnance that each part was correspondent to other, we held this town the space of one month.

In the which time happened some accidents, more than are well remembered for the present, but amongst other things, it chanced that the general sent on his message to the Spaniards a negro boy with a flag of white, signifying truce, as is the Spaniards' ordinary manner to do there, when they approach to speak to us. Which boy unhappily was first met withal by some of those who had been belonging as officers for the king in the Spanish galley, which with the town was lately fallen into our hands; who without all order or reason, and contrary to that good usage wherewith we had entertained their messengers, furiously struck the poor boy through the body with one of their horsemen's staves; with which wound the boy returned to the general, and after he had declared the manner of this wrongful cruelty, died forthwith in his presence. Wherewith the general being greatly passioned, commanded the provost martial, to cause a couple of friars, then prisoners, to be carried to the same place where the boy was struck, accompanied with sufficient guard of our soldiers, and there presently to be hanged, dispatching at the same instant another poor prisoner, with this reason wherefore this execution was done, and with this message further, that until the party who had thus murdered the general's messenger were delivered into our hands, to receive condign punishment, there should no day pass, wherein there should not two prisoners be hanged, until they were all consumed which were in our hands.

Whereupon, the day following, he that had been captain of the king's galley, brought the offender to the town's end, offering to deliver him into our hands; but it was thought to be a more honorable revenge to make them there in our sight to perform the execution themselves, which was done accordingly.

* * *

DRAKE IN CALIFORNIA

(From 'the famous voyage of Sir Francis Drake into the South Sea, and therehence about the whole globe of the earth, begun in the year of our Lord, 1577.')

The fifth day of June, being in 43 degrees towards the pole Arctic, we found the air so cold that our men, being grievously pinched with the same, complained of the extremity thereof; and the further we went, the more the cold increased upon us. Whereupon we thought it best for that time to seek the land, and did so, finding it not mountainous, but low plain land, till we came within 38 degrees towards the Line. In which height it pleased God to send us into a fair and good bay, with a good wind to enter the same.

In this bay we anchored, and the people

of the country, having their houses close by the water's side, showed themselves unto us, and sent a present to our general.

When they came unto us, they greatly wondered at the things that we brought, but our general (according to his natural and accustomed humanity) courteously entreated them, and liberally bestowed on them necessary things to cover their nakedness, whereupon they supposed us to be gods, and would not be persuaded to the contrary. The presents which they sent to our general were feathers and cauls of network.

Their houses are digged round about with earth, and have from the uttermost brims of the circle clifts of wood set upon them, joining close together at the top like a spire steeple, which by reason of that closeness are very warm.

Their beds is the ground with rushes strewed on it, and lying about the house, have the fire in the midst. The men go naked, the women take bulrushes and comb them after the manner of hemp, and thereof make their loose garments, which being knit about their middles, hang down about their hips, having also about their shoulders a skin of deer with the hair upon it. These women are very obedient and serviceable to their husbands.

After they were departed from us, they came and visited us the second time and brought with them feathers and bags of tobacco for presents. And when they came to the top of the hill (at the bottom whereof we had pitched our tents) they stayed themselves, where one appointed for speaker wearied himself with making a long oration, which done, they left their bows upon the hill, and came down with their presents.

In the meantime the women, remaining on the hill, tormented themselves lamentably, tearing their flesh from their cheeks, whereby we perceived that they were about a sacrifice. In the meantime our general with his company went to prayer and to reading of the Scriptures, at which exercise they were attentive, and seemed greatly to be affected with it. But when they were come unto us, they restored again unto us those things which before we bestowed upon them.

The news of our being there being spread through the country, the people that inhabited round about came down, and amongst them the king himself, a man of goodly stature and comely personage, with many other tall and warlike men; before whose coming were sent two ambassadors to our general to signify that their king was coming, in doing of which message their speech was continued about half an hour. This ended, they by signs requested our general to send some thing by their hand to their king as a token that his coming might be in peace, wherein our general having satisfied them, they returned with glad tidings to their king, who marched to us with a princely majesty, the people crying continually after their manner; and as they drew near unto us, so did they strive to behave themselves in their actions with comeliness.

In the fore-front was a man of goodly personage, who bore the scepter or mace before the king, whereupon hung two crowns, a less and a bigger, with three chains of a marvelous length. The crowns were made of knit work wrought artificially with feathers of divers colors; the chains were made of a bony substance, and few be the persons among them that are admitted to wear them; and of that number also the persons are stinted, as some ten, some twelve, and so forth. Next unto him which bare the scepter was the king himself with his guard about his person, clad with coney skins, and other skins. After them followed the naked common sort of people, everyone having his face painted, some with white, some with black, and other colors, and having in their hands one thing or another for a present, not so much as their children, but they also brought their presents.

In the meantime our general gathered his men together and marched within his fenced place, making against their approaching a very warlike show. They being trooped together in their order and a general salutation being made, there was presently a general silence. Then he that bare the scepter before the king, being informed by another, whom they assigned to that office, with a manly and lofty voice proclaimed that which the other spoke to him in secret, continuing half an hour; which ended, and a general amen, as it were, given, the king with the whole number of men and women (the children excepted) came down without any weapon; who descending to the foot of the hill, set themselves in order.

In coming towards our bulwarks and tents, the scepter-bearer began a song, observing his measures in a dance, and that with a stately countenance; whom the king with his guard, and every degree of persons, following, did in like manner sing and dance, saving only the women, which danced and kept silence. The general permitted them to enter within our bulwark, where they continued their song and dance a reasonable time. When they had satisfied themselves, they made signs to our general to sit down, to whom the king and divers others made several orations, or rather supplications, that he would take their province and kingdom into his hand, and become their king, making signs that they would resign unto him their right and title of the whole land, and become his subjects. In which, to persuade us the better, the king and the rest with one consent and with great reverence, joyfully singing a song, did set the crown upon his head, enriched his neck with all their chains, and offered unto him many other things, honoring him by the name of *Hioh,* adding thereunto, as it seemed a sign of triumph, which thing our general thought not meet to reject, because he knew not what honor and profit it might be to our country. Wherefore in the name and to the use of her Majesty he took the scepter, crown, and dignity of the said country into his hands, wishing that the riches and treasure thereof might so conveniently be transported to the enriching of her kingdom at home, as it aboundeth in the same.

The common sort of people leaving the king and his guard with our general, scattered themselves together with their sacrifices among our people, taking a diligent view of every person; and such as pleased their fancy, (which were the youngest) they, inclosing them about, offered their sacrifices unto them with lamentable weeping, scratching, and tearing the flesh from their faces with their nails, whereof issued abundance of blood. But we used signs to them of disliking this, and stayed their hands from force, and directed them upwards to the living God, whom only they ought to worship. They showed unto us their wounds, and craved help of them at our hands, whereupon we gave them lotions, plasters, and ointments, agreeing to the state of their griefs, beseeching God to cure their diseases. Every third day they brought their sacrifices to us, until they understood our meaning that we had no pleasure in them. Yet they could not be long absent from us, but daily frequented our company to the hour of our departure, which departure seemed so grievous unto them that their joy was turned into sorrow. They entreated us that being absent we would remember them, and by stealth provided a sacrifice, which we misliked.

Our necessary business being ended, our general with his company traveled up into the country to their villages, where we found herds of deer by 1000 in a company, being most large and fat of body.

We found the whole country to be a warren of a strange kind of conies, their bodies in bigness as be the Barbary conies, their heads as the heads of ours, the feet of a want, and the tail of a rat, being of great length. Under her chin is on either side a bag, into the which she gathereth her meat, when she hath filled her belly abroad. The people eat their bodies and make great account of their skins, for their king's coat was made of them.

Our general called this country Nova Albion, and that for two causes: the one in respect of the white banks and cliffs which lie towards the sea; and the other because it might have some affinity with our country in name, which sometime was so called.

There is no part of earth here to be taken up, wherein there is not some probable show of gold or silver.

At our departure hence our general set up a monument of our being there, as also of her Majesty's right and title to the same, namely a plate, nailed upon a fair great post, whereupon was engraven her Majesty's name, the day and year of our arrival there, with the free giving up of the province and people into her Majesty's hands, together with her highness' picture and arms in a piece of six pence of current English money under the plate, whereunder was also written the name of our general.

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EDMUND SPENSER (1552–1599)

Although Spenser's father was 'a gentleman by birth,' he seems to have lacked adequate resources for bringing up his son. In spite of insufficient means, however, Spenser received a thoroughly good education, first as a 'poor scholar' in the Merchant Tailors' School in London, under Richard Mulcaster, and later, during seven years, as a sizar, or needy student, at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge. At the university he gained not only a high standing in classical studies, but also the permanent friendship of Gabriel Harvey, Fellow of Pembroke, the Hobbinol of Spenser's pastoral verse. After leaving the university, in 1576, Spenser seems to have retired for a year or so into the country, where, according to a persistent tradition, he met the Rosalind of the *Shepherd's Calendar*. He began his active career as a private secretary, first, perhaps, to Sir Henry Sidney, in Ireland, certainly to Bishop Young of Rochester, in 1578, and finally to the Earl of Leicester, in 1579. In this last position he met Leicester's nephew, Sir Philip Sidney, and Sir Edward Dyer, with both of whom he formed an intimate literary and personal friendship. His friendship with Sidney, Spenser recorded in *Astrophel: A Pastoral Elegy* (1595). Under Leicester's roof was completed the *Shepherd's Calendar*, published in 1579. The enthusiastic reception of the poem among men of letters promptly established Spenser as the chief of English poets then living. In 1580, Spenser went to Ireland as secretary to the lord deputy, Arthur Grey, and, except for two visits to England, he remained in Ireland until a month before his death. In 1581, he became clerk of the faculties in the Court of Chancery, and in the succeeding years prospered sufficiently to acquire land and to buy the office of clerk of the council of Munster, in 1588, when, probably, he began to reside upon his new estate at Kilcolman Castle. In 1589, Sir Walter Raleigh visited Spenser, who showed him the first three books of the *Faery Queen*, and who departed with his eminent visitor during that same year for London, there to present his work to the queen and to publish it. If the poet expected reward in the form of a government office in London, he was disappointed, for in 1591, after obtaining a pension of fifty pounds, he returned home. Raleigh's visit and the sojourn in London are reflected in *Colin Clout's Come Home Again* (1595). After his return to Ireland, Spenser seems to have worked assiduously upon the *Faery Queen*, for the second three books were completed before June 11, 1594, when he married Elizabeth Boyle, the inspiration of the *Amoretti* and of *Epithalamion*. In 1596, Spenser again visited London, to publish Books IV–VI of the *Faery Queen*, and, no doubt, to seek office,— once more unsuccessfully. To this London visit is assigned the writing of the *Four Hymns*, the *Prothalamion*, and the prose tract, *View of the Present State of Ireland*. In this last work the poet vigorously records his contempt for the Irish, a contempt that must have grown into bitter hatred when, in 1598, Irish rebels burned Kilcolman Castle and drove Spenser and his family to Cork. After having prepared for the queen an account of the situation in Ireland, Spenser set out with dispatches for London, where he died, January 16, 1599.

From THE SHEPHEARDES CALENDAR

FEBRUARIE

ÆGLOGA SECUNDA

CUDDIE. THENOT.

Cud. Ah for pittie! wil rancke winters rage
These bitter blasts never ginne tasswage?
The kene cold blowes through my beaten hyde,
All as I were through the body gryde.
My ragged rontes all shiver and shake,
As doen high towers in an earthquake:
They wont in the wind wagge their wrigle taïles,
Perke as peacock: but nowe it avales.
The. Lewdly complainest thou, laesie ladde,
Of winters wracke, for making thee sadde.
Must not the world wend in his commun course,
From good to badd, and from badde to worse,
From worse unto that is worst of all,
And then returne to his former fall?
Who will not suffer the stormy time,

Where will he live tyll the lusty prime?
Selfe have I worne out thrise threttie yeares,
Some in much joy, many in many teares;
Yet never complained of cold nor heate,
Of sommers flame, nor of winters threat;
Ne ever was to fortune foeman,
But gently tooke that ungently came:
And ever my flocke was my chiefe care;
Winter or sommer they mought well fare.

Cud. No marveile, Thenot, if thou can beare
Cherefully the winters wrathfull cheare:
For age and winter accord full nie,
This chill, that cold, this crooked, that wrye;
And as the lowring wether lookes downe,
So semest thou like Good Fryday to frowne.
But my flowring youth is foe to frost,
My shippe unwont in stormes to be tost.

The. The soveraigne of seas he blames in vaine,
That, once seabeate, will to sea againe.
So loytring live you little heardgroomes,
Keeping your beastes in the budded broomes:
And when the shining sunne laugheth once,
You deemen the spring is come attonce.
Tho gynne you, fond flyes, the cold to scorne,
And crowing in pypes made of greene corne,
You thinken to be lords of the yeare.
But eft, when ye count you freed from feare,
Comes the breme winter with chamfred browes,
Full of wrinckles and frostie furrowes,
Drerily shooting his stormy darte,
Which cruddles the blood, and pricks the harte.
Then is your carelesse corage accoied,
Your carefull heards with cold bene annoied:
Then paye you the price of your surquedrie,
With weeping, and wayling, and misery.

Cud. Ah, foolish old man! I scorne thy skill,
That wouldest me my springing youngth to spil.
I deeme thy braine emperished bee
Through rusty elde, that hath rotted thee:
Or sicker thy head veray tottie is,
So on thy corbe shoulder it leanes amisse.
Now thy selfe hast lost both lopp and topp,
Als my budding braunch thou wouldest cropp:
But were thy yeares greene, as now bene myne,
To other delights they would encline.
Tho wouldest thou learne to caroll of love,
And hery with hymnes thy lasses glove:
Tho wouldest thou pype of Phyllis prayse:
But Phyllis is myne for many dayes:
I wonne her with a grydle of gelt,
Embost with buegle about the belt:
Such an one shepeheards woulde make full faine,
Such an one would make thee younge againe.

The. Thou art a fon, of thy love to boste;
All that is lent to love wyll be lost.

Cud. Seest howe brag yond bullocke beares,
So shairke, so smoothe, his prickèd eares?
His hornes bene as broade as rainebowe bent,
His dewelap as lythe as lasse of Kent.
See howe he venteth into the wynd.
Weenest of love is not his mynd?
Seemeth thy flocke thy counsell can,
So lustlesse bene they, so weake, so wan,
Clothed with cold, and hoary wyth frost.
Thy flocks father his corage hath lost:
Thy ewes, that wont to have blowen bags,
Like wailefull widdowes hangen their crags:
The rather lambes bene starved with cold,
All for their maister is lustlesse and old.

The. Cuddie, I wote thou kenst little good,
So vainely tadvaunce thy headlessehood.
For youngth is a bubble blown up with breath,
Whose witt is weakenesse, whose wage is death,
Whose way is wildernesse, whose ynne penaunce,
And stoopegallaunt age, the hoste of greevaunce.
But shall I tel thee a tale of truth,
Which I cond of Tityrus in my youth,
Keeping his sheepe on the hils of Kent?

Cud. To nought more, Thenot, my mind is bent,
Then to heare novells of his devise:
They bene so well thewed, and so wise,
What ever that good old man bespake.

The. Many meete tales of youth did he make,
And some of love, and some of chevalrie:
But none fitter then this to applie.
Now listen a while, and hearken the end.

There grewe an agèd tree on the greene,
A goodly Oake sometime had it bene,
With armes full strong and largely displayd,
But of their leaves they were disarayde:
The bodie bigge, and mightely pight,
Throughly rooted, and of wonderous hight:

Whilome had bene the king of the field,
And mochell mast to the husband did yielde,
And with his nuts larded many swine.
But now the gray mosse marred his rine,
His barèd boughs were beaten with stormes,
His toppe was bald, and wasted with wormes,
His honor decayed, his braunches sere.
Hard by his side grewe a bragging Brere,
Which proudly thrust into thelement,
And seemed to threat the firmament.
Yt was embellisht with blossomes fayre,
And thereto aye wonned to repayre
The shepheards daughters, to gather flowres,
To peinct their girlonds with his colowres:
And in his small bushes used to shrowde
The sweete nightingale singing so lowde:
Which made this foolish Brere wexe so bold,
That on a time he cast him to scold
And snebbe the good Oake, for he was old.
'Why standst there,' quoth he, 'thou brutish blocke?
Nor for fruict nor for shadowe serves thy stocke.
Seest how fresh my flowers bene spredde,
Dyed in lilly white and cremsin redde,
With leaves engrained in lusty greene
Colours meete to clothe a mayden queene?
Thy wast bignes but combers the grownd,
And dirks the beauty of my blossomes round.
The mouldie mosse, which thee accloieth,
My sinamon smell too much annoieth.
Wherefore soone, I rede thee, hence remove,
Least thou the price of my displeasure prove.'
So spake this bold Brere with great disdaine:
Little him answered the Oake againe,
But yielded, with shame and greefe adawed,
That of a weede he was overawed.
Yt chaunced after upon a day,
The husbandman selfe to come that way,
Of custome for to survewe his grownd,
And his trees of state in compasse rownd.
Him when the spitefull Brere had espyed,
Causlesse complained, and lowdly cryed
Unto his lord, stirring up sterne strife:
'O my liege Lord, the god of my life,
Pleaseth you ponder your suppliants plaint,
Caused of wrong, and cruell constraint,
Which I your poore vassall dayly endure:
And but your goodnes the same recure,
Am like for desperate doole to dye,
Through felonous force of mine enemie.'
Greatly aghast with this piteous plea,
Him rested the goodman on the lea,
And badde the Brere in his plaint proceede.
With painted words tho gan this proude weede
(As most usen ambitious folke)
His colowred crime with craft to cloke.
'Ah my soveraigne, lord of creatures all,
Thou placer of plants both humble and tall,
Was not I planted of thine owne hand,
To be the primrose of all thy land,
With flowring blossomes to furnish the prime,
And scarlot berries in sommer time?
How falls it then, that this faded Oake,
Whose bodie is sere, whose braunches broke,
Whose naked armes stretch unto the fyre,
Unto such tyrannie doth aspire;
Hindering with his shade my lovely light,
And robbing me of the swete sonnes sight?
So beate his old boughes my tender side,
That oft the bloud springeth from wounds wyde:
Untimely my flowres forced to fall,
That bene the honor of your coronall.
And oft he lets his cancker wormes light
Upon my braunches, to worke me more spight:
And oft his hoarie locks downe doth cast,
Where with my fresh flowretts bene defast.
For this, and many more such outrage,
Craving your goodlihead to aswage
The ranckorous rigour of his might,
Nought aske I, but onely to hold my right;
Submitting me to your good sufferance,
And praying to be garded from greevance.'
To this the Oake cast him to replie
Well as he couth: but his enemie
Had kindled such coles of displeasure,
That the good man noulde stay his leasure,
But home him hasted with furious heate,
Encreasing his wrath with many a threate.
His harmefull hatchet he hent in hand,
(Alas, that it so ready should stand!)
And to the field alone he speedeth,
(Ay little helpe to harme there needeth.)
Anger nould let him speake to the tree,
Enaunter his rage mought coolèd bee;
But to the roote bent his sturdy stroke,
And made many wounds in the wast Oake.
The axes edge did oft turne againe,
As halfe unwilling to cutte the graine:
Semed, the sencelesse yron dyd feare,
Or to wrong holy eld did forbeare.
For it had bene an auncient tree,
Sacred with many a mysteree,
And often crost with the priestes crewe,
And often halowed with holy water dewe.

But sike fancies weren foolerie,
And broughten this Oake to this miserye.
For nought mought they quitten him from decay:
For fiercely the goodman at him did laye.
The blocke oft groned under the blow,
And sighed to see his neare overthrow.
In fine, the steele had pierced his pitth:
Tho downe to the earth he fell forthwith:
His wonderous weight made the grounde to quake,
Thearth shronke under him, and seemed to shake.
There lyeth the Oake, pitied of none.
Now stands the Brere like a lord alone,
Puffed up with pryde and vaine pleasaunce:
But all this glee had no continuaunce.
For eftsones winter gan to approche,
The blustring Boreas did encroche,
And beate upon the solitarie Brere:
For nowe no succoure was seene him nere.
Now gan he repent his pryde to late:
For naked left and disconsolate,
The byting frost nipt his stalke dead,
The watrie wette weighed downe his head,
And heaped snowe burdned him so sore,
That nowe upright he can stand no more:
And being downe, is trodde in the durt
Of cattell, and brouzed, and sorely hurt.
Such was thend of this ambitious Brere,
For scorning eld —

Cud. Now I pray thee, shepheard, tel it not forth:
Here is a long tale, and little worth.
So longe have I listened to thy speche,
That graffèd to the ground is my breche:
My hartblood is welnigh frorne, I feele,
And my galage growne fast to my heele:
But little ease of thy lewd tale I tasted.
Hye thee home, shepheard, the day is nigh wasted.

THENOTS EMBLEME.

Iddio, perchè è vecchio,
Fa suoi al suo essempio.

CUDDIES EMBLEME.

Niuno vecchio
Spaventa Iddio.

OCTOBER

ÆGLOGA DECIMA

PIERCE. CUDDIE.

Piers. Cuddie, for shame! hold up thy heavye head,
And let us cast with what delight to chace
And weary thys long lingring Phœbus race.
Whilome thou wont the shepheards laddes to leade
In rymes, in ridles, and in bydding base:
Now they in thee, and thou in sleepe art dead.

Cud. Piers, I have pypèd erst so long with payne,
That all mine oten reedes bene rent and wore:
And my poore Muse hath spent her sparèd store,
Yet little good hath got, and much lesse gayne.
Such pleasaunce makes the grashopper so poore,
And ligge so layd, when winter doth her straine.

The dapper ditties that I wont devise,
To feede youthes fancie and the flocking fry,
Delighten much: what I the bett forthy?
They han the pleasure, I a sclender prise:
I beate the bush, the byrds to them doe flye:
What good thereof to Cuddie can arise?

Piers. Cuddie, the prayse is better then the price,
The glory eke much greater then the gayne:
O what an honor is it, to restraine
The lust of lawlesse youth with good advice,
Or pricke them forth with pleasaunce of thy vaine,
Whereto thou list their traynèd willes entice!

Soone as thou gynst to sette thy notes in frame,
O how the rurall routes to thee doe cleave!
Seemeth thou doest their soule of sense bereave,
All as the shepheard, that did fetch his dame
From Plutoes balefull bowre withouten leave:
His musicks might the hellish hound did tame.

Cud. So praysen babes the peacoks spotted traine,
And wondren at bright Argus blazing eye;
But who rewards him ere the more forthy?
Or feedes him once the fuller by a graine?
Sike prayse is smoke, that sheddeth in the skye,
Sike words bene wynd, and wasten soone in vayne.

Piers. Abandon then the base and viler clowne:
Lyft up thy selfe out of the lowly dust,
And sing of bloody Mars, of wars, of giusts:
Turne thee to those that weld the awful crowne,
To doubted knights, whose woundlesse armour rusts,
And helmes unbruzèd wexen dayly browne.

There may thy Muse display her fluttryng wing,
And stretch her selfe at large from east to west:
Whither thou list in fayre Elisa rest,
Or if thee please in bigger notes to sing,
Advaunce the worthy whome shee loveth best,
That first the white beare to the stake did bring.

And when the stubborne stroke of stronger stounds
Has somewhat slackt the tenor of thy string,
Of love and lustihead tho mayst thou sing,
And carrol lowde, and leade the myllers rownde,
All were Elisa one of thilke same ring.
So mought our Cuddies name to heaven sownde.

Cud. Indeede the Romish Tityrus, I heare,
Through his Mecœnas left his oaten reede,
Whereon he earst had taught his flocks to feede,
And laboured lands to yield the timely eare,
And eft did sing of warres and deadly drede,
So as the heavens did quake his verse to here.

But ah! Mecœnas is yclad in claye,
And great Augustus long ygoe is dead,
And all the worthies liggen wrapt in leade,
That matter made for poets on to play:
For, ever, who in derring doe were dreade,
The loftie verse of hem was lovèd aye.

But after vertue gan for age to stoupe,
And mighty manhode brought a bedde of ease,
The vaunting poets found nought worth a pease
To put in preace emong the learnèd troupe.
Tho gan the streames of flowing wittes to cease,
And sonnebright honour pend in shamefull coupe.

And if that any buddes of poesie
Yet of the old stocke gan to shoote agayne,
Or it mens follies mote be forst to fayne,
And rolle with rest in rymes of rybaudrye,
Or, as it sprong, it wither must agayne:
Tom Piper makes us better melodie.

Piers. O pierlesse Poesye, where is then thy place?
If nor in princes pallace thou doe sitt,
(And yet is princes pallace the most fitt)
Ne brest of baser birth doth thee embrace.
Then make thee winges of thine aspyring wit,
And, whence thou camst, flye backe to heaven apace.

Cud. Ah, Percy! it is all to weake and wanne,
So high to sore, and make so large a flight;
Her peecèd pyneons bene not so in plight:
For Colin fittes such famous flight to scanne:
He, were he not with love so ill bedight,
Would mount as high and sing as soote as swanne.

Piers. Ah, fon! for love does teach him climbe so hie,
And lyftes him up out of the loathsome myre:
Such immortall mirrhor as he doth admire
Would rayse ones mynd above the starry skie,
And cause a caytive corage to aspire;
For lofty love doth loath a lowly eye.

Cud. All otherwise the state of poet stands:
For lordly Love is such a tyranne fell,
That, where he rules, all power he doth expell.
The vaunted verse a vacant head demaundes,
Ne wont with crabbèd Care the Muses dwell:
Unwisely weaves, that takes two webbes in hand.

Who ever casts to compasse weightye prise,
And thinks to throwe out thondring words of threate,
Let powre in lavish cups and thriftie bitts of meate;
For Bacchus fruite is frend to Phœbus wise,
And when with wine the braine begins to sweate,
The nombers flowe as fast as spring doth ryse.

Thou kenst not, Percie, howe the ryme should rage.
O if my temples were distaind with wine,
And girt in girlonds of wild yvie twine,
How I could reare the Muse on stately stage,
And teache her tread aloft in buskin fine,
With queint Bellona in her equipage!

But ah! my corage cooles ere it be warme;
Forthy content us in thys humble shade,
Where no such troublous tydes han us assayde.
Here we our slender pipes may safely charme.
Piers. And when my gates shall han their bellies layd,
Cuddie shall have a kidde to store his farme.

CUDDIES EMBLEME.

Agitante calescimus illo, &c.

THE FAERIE QUEENE

THE FIRST BOOKE OF THE FAERIE QUEENE, CONTAYNING THE LEGEND OF THE KNIGHT OF THE RED CROSSE OR OF HOLINESSE

I

Lo! I the man, whose muse whylome did maske,
As time her taught, in lowly shephards weeds,
Am now enforst, a farre unfitter taske,
For trumpets sterne to chaunge mine oaten reeds,
And sing of knights and ladies gentle deeds;
Whose praises having slept in silence long,
Me, all too meane, the sacred Muse areeds
To blazon broade emongst her learnèd throng:
Fierce warres and faithfull loves shall moralize my song.

II

Helpe then, O holy virgin, chiefe of nyne,
Thy weaker novice to performe thy will;
Lay forth out of thine everlasting scryne
The antique rolles, which there lye hidden still,
Of Faerie knights, and fayrest Tanaquill,
Whom that most noble Briton Prince so long
Sought through the world, and suffered so much ill,
That I must rue his undeservèd wrong:
O helpe thou my weake wit, and sharpen my dull tong.

III

And thou, most dreaded impe of highest Jove,
Faire Venus sonne, that with thy cruell dart
At that good knight so cunningly didst rove,
That glorious fire it kindled in his hart,
Lay now thy deadly heben bowe apart,
And with thy mother mylde come to mine ayde:
Come both, and with you bring triumphant Mart,
In loves and gentle jollities arraid,
After his murdrous spoyles and bloudie rage allayd.

IV

And with them eke, O Goddesse heavenly bright,
Mirrour of grace and majestie divine,
Great Ladie of the greatest Isle, whose light
Like Phœbus lampe throughout the world doth shine,
Shed thy faire beames into my feeble eyne,
And raise my thoughtes, too humble and too vile,
To thinke of that true glorious type of thine,
The argument of mine afflicted stile:
The which to heare vouchsafe, O dearest dread, a while.

CANTO I

The patrone of true Holinesse
Foule Errour doth defeate:
Hypocrisie, him to entrappe,
Doth to his home entreate.

I

A gentle knight was pricking on the plaine,
Ycladd in mightie armes and silver shielde,
Wherein old dints of deepe woundes did remaine,
The cruell markes of many a bloody fielde;
Yet armes till that time did he never wield:
His angry steede did chide his foming bitt,
As much disdayning to the curbe to yield:
Full jolly knight he seemd, and faire did sitt,

As one for knightly giusts and fierce encounters fitt.

II

But on his brest a bloodie crosse he bore,
The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweete sake that glorious badge he wore,
And dead as living ever him ador'd:
Upon his shield the like was also scor'd,
For soveraine hope, which in his helpe he had:
Right faithfull true he was in deede and word,
But of his cheere did seeme too solemne sad;
Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.

III

Upon a great adventure he was bond,
That greatest Gloriana to him gave,
That greatest glorious queene of Faery Lond,
To winne him worshippe, and her grace to have,
Which of all earthly thinges he most did crave;
And ever as he rode his hart did earne
To prove his puissance in battell brave
Upon his foe, and his new force to learne;
Upon his foe, a dragon horrible and stearne.

IV

A lovely ladie rode him faire beside,
Upon a lowly asse more white then snow,
Yet she much whiter, but the same did hide
Under a vele, that wimpled was full low,
And over all a blacke stole shee did throw:
As one that inly mournd, so was she sad,
And heavie sate upon her palfrey slow:
Seemèd in heart some hidden care she had;
And by her in a line a milkewhite lambe she lad.

V

So pure and innocent, as that same lambe,
She was in life and every vertuous lore,
And by descent from royall lynage came
Of ancient kinges and queenes, that had of yore
Their scepters stretcht from east to westerne shore,
And all the world in their subjection held,
Till that infernall feend with foule uprore
Forwasted all their land, and them expeld:
Whom to avenge, she had this knight from far compeld.

VI

Behind her farre away a dwarfe did lag,
That lasie seemd, in being ever last,
Or wearièd with bearing of her bag
Of needments at his backe. Thus as they past,
The day with cloudes was suddeine overcast,
And angry Jove an hideous storme of raine
Did poure into his lemans lap so fast,
That everie wight to shrowd it did constrain,
And this faire couple eke to shroud themselves were fain.

VII

Enforst to seeke some covert nigh at hand,
A shadie grove not farr away they spide,
That promist ayde the tempest to withstand:
Whose loftie trees, yclad with sommers pride,
Did spred so broad, that heavens light did hide,
Not perceable with power of any starr;
And all within were pathes and alleies wide,
With footing worne, and leading inward farr:
Faire harbour that them seemes, so in they entred ar.

VIII

And foorth they passe, with pleasure forward led,
Joying to heare the birdes sweete harmony,
Which, therein shrouded from the tempest dred,
Seemd in their song to scorne the cruell sky.
Much can they praise the trees so straight and hy,
The sayling pine, the cedar proud and tall,
The vine-propp elme, the poplar never dry,
The builder oake, sole king of forrests all,
The aspine good for staves, the cypresse funerall,

IX

The laurell, meed of mightie conquerours
And poets sage, the firre that weepeth still,
The willow worne of forlorne paramours,
The eugh obedient to the benders will,

The birch for shaftes, the sallow for the mill,
The mirrhe sweete bleeding in the bitter wound,
The warlike beech, the ash for nothing ill,
The fruitfull olive, and the platane round,
The carver holme, the maple seeldom inward sound.

X

Led with delight, they thus beguile the way,
Untill the blustring storme is overblowne;
When, weening to returne whence they did stray,
They cannot finde that path, which first was showne,
But wander too and fro in waies unknowne,
Furthest from end then, when they neerest weene,
That makes them doubt, their wits be not their owne:
So many pathes, so many turnings seene,
That which of them to take, in diverse doubt they been.

XI

At last resolving forward still to fare,
Till that some end they finde, or in or out,
That path they take, that beaten seemd most bare,
And like to lead the labyrinth about;
Which when by tract they hunted had throughout,
At length it brought them to a hollowe cave,
Amid the thickest woods. The champion stout
Eftsoones dismounted from his courser brave,
And to the dwarfe a while his needlesse spere he gave.

XII

'Be well aware,' quoth then that ladie milde,
'Least suddaine mischiefe ye too rash provoke:
The danger hid, the place unknowne and wilde,
Breedes dreadfull doubts: oft fire is without smoke,
And perill without show: therefore your stroke,
Sir knight, with-hold, till further tryall made.'
'Ah, ladie,' sayd he, 'shame were to revoke
The forward footing for an hidden shade:
Vertue gives her selfe light, through darkenesse for to wade.'

XIII

'Yea, but,' quoth she, 'the perill of this place
I better wot then you; though nowe too late
To wish you backe returne with foule disgrace,
Yet wisedome warnes, whilest foot is in the gate,
To stay the steppe, ere forcèd to retrate.
This is the wandring wood, this Errours den,
A monster vile, whom God and man does hate:
Therefore I read beware.' 'Fly, fly!' quoth then
The fearefull dwarfe: 'this is no place for living men.'

XIV

But full of fire and greedy hardiment,
The youthfull knight could not for ought be staide,
But forth unto the darksom hole he went,
And lookèd in: his glistring armor made
A litle glooming light, much like a shade,
By which he saw the ugly monster plaine,
Halfe like a serpent horribly displaide,
But th' other halfe did womans shape retaine,
Most lothsom, filthie, foule, and full of vile disdaine.

XV

And as she lay upon the durtie ground,
Her huge long taile her den all overspred,
Yet was in knots and many boughtes upwound,
Pointed with mortall sting. Of her there bred
A thousand yong ones, which she dayly fed,
Sucking upon her poisnous dugs, eachone
Of sundrie shapes, yet all ill favorèd:
Soone as that uncouth light upon them shone,
Into her mouth they crept, and suddain all were gone.

XVI

Their dam upstart, out of her den effraide,
And rushèd forth, hurling her hideous taile
About her cursèd head, whose folds displaid
Were stretcht now forth at length without entraile.
She lookt about, and seeing one in mayle

Armèd to point, sought backe to turne
againe;
For light she hatèd as the deadly bale,
Ay wont in desert darknes to remaine,
Where plain none might her see, nor she
see any plaine.

XVII

Which when the valiant elfe perceiv'd, he
lept
As lyon fierce upon the flying pray,
And with his trenchand blade her boldly
kept
From turning backe, and forcèd her to stay:
Therewith enrag'd she loudly gan to bray,
And turning fierce, her speckled taile ad-
vaunst,
Threatning her angrie sting, him to dis-
may:
Who, nought aghast, his mightie hand en-
haunst:
The stroke down from her head unto her
shoulder glaunst.

XVIII

Much daunted with that dint, her sence was
dazed,
Yet kindling rage her selfe she gathered
round,
And all attonce her beastly bodie raizd
With doubled forces high above the ground:
Tho, wrapping up her wrethèd sterne
arownd,
Lept fierce upon his shield, and her huge
traine
All suddenly about his body wound,
That hand or foot to stirr he strove in
vaine:
God helpe the man so wrapt in Errours
endlesse traine.

XIX

His lady, sad to see his sore constraint,
Cride out, 'Now, now, sir knight, shew
what ye bee;
Add faith unto your force, and be not
faint:
Strangle her, els she sure will strangle
thee.'
That when he heard, in great perplexitie,
His gall did grate for griefe and high dis-
daine;
And knitting all his force, got one hand
free,
Wherewith he grypt her gorge with so great
paine,
That soone to loose her wicked bands did
her constraine.

XX

Therewith she spewd out of her filthie maw
A floud of poyson horrible and blacke,
Full of great lumps of flesh and gobbets
raw,
Which stunck so vildly, that it forst him
slacke
His grasping hold, and from her turne him
backe:
Her vomit full of bookes and papers was,
With loathy frogs and toades, which eyes
did lacke,
And creeping sought way in the weedy gras:
Her filthie parbreake all the place defilèd
has.

XXI

As when old father Nilus gins to swell
With timely pride above the Aegyptian vale,
His fattie waves doe fertile slime outwell,
And overflow each plaine and lowly dale:
But when his later spring gins to avale,
Huge heapes of mudd he leaves, wherin
there breed
Ten thousand kindes of creatures, partly
male
And partly femall, of his fruitful seed;
Such ugly monstrous shapes elswher may
no man reed.

XXII

The same so sore annoyèd has the knight,
That, welnigh chokèd with the deadly stinke,
His forces faile, ne can no lenger fight.
Whose corage when the feend perceivd to
shrinke,
She pourèd forth out of her hellish sinke
Her fruitfull cursèd spawne of serpents
small,
Deformèd monsters, fowle, and blacke as
inke,
Which swarming all about his legs did crall,
And him encombred sore, but could not
hurt at all.

XXIII

As gentle shepheard in sweete eventide,
When ruddy Phebus gins to welke in west,
High on an hill, his flocke to vewen wide,
Markes which doe byte their hasty supper
best;
A cloud of cumbrous gnattes doe him mo-
lest,
All striving to infixe their feeble stinges,
That from their noyance he no where can
rest,

But with his clownish hands their tender wings
He brusheth oft, and oft doth mar their murmurings.

XXIV

Thus ill bestedd, and fearefull more of shame
Then of the certeine perill he stood in,
Halfe furious unto his foe he came,
Resolvd in minde all suddenly to win,
Or soone to lose, before he once would lin;
And stroke at her with more then manly force,
That from her body, full of filthie sin,
He raft her hatefull heade without remorse:
A streame of cole black blood forth gushèd from her corse.

XXV

Her scattred brood, soone as their parent deare
They saw so rudely falling to the ground,
Groning full deadly, all with troublous feare,
Gathred themselves about her body round,
Weening their wonted entrance to have found
At her wide mouth: but being there withstood,
They flockèd all about her bleeding wound,
And suckèd up their dying mothers bloud,
Making her death their life, and eke her hurt their good.

XXVI

That detestable sight him much amazde,
To see th' unkindly impes, of heaven accurst,
Devoure their dam; on whom while so he gazd,
Having all satisfide their bloudy thurst,
Their bellies swolne he saw with fulnesse burst,
And bowels gushing forth; well worthy end
Of such as drunke her life, the which them nurst!
Now needeth him no lenger labour spend;
His foes have slaine themselves, with whom he should contend.

XXVII

His lady, seeing all that chaunst, from farre,
Approcht in hast to greet his victorie,
And saide, 'Faire knight, borne under happie starre,
Who see your vanquisht foes before you lye,
Well worthie be you of that armory,
Wherein ye have great glory wonne this day,
And proov'd your strength on a strong enimie,
Your first adventure: many such I pray,
And henceforth ever wish that like succeed it may.'

XXVIII

Then mounted he upon his steede againe,
And with the lady backward sought to wend;
That path he kept which beaten was most plaine,
Ne ever would to any by way bend,
But still did follow one unto the end,
The which at last out of the wood them brought.
So forward on his way (with God to frend)
He passèd forth, and new adventure sought:
Long way he traveilèd, before he heard of ought.

XXIX

At length they chaunst to meet upon the way
An agèd sire, in long blacke weedes yclad,
His feete all bare, his beard all hoarie gray,
And by his belte his booke he hanging had;
Sober he seemde, and very sagely sad,
And to the ground his eyes were lowly bent,
Simple in shew, and voide of malice bad,
And all the way he prayèd as he went,
And often knockt his brest, as one that did repent.

XXX

He faire the knight saluted, louting low,
Who faire him quited, as that courteous was;
And after askèd him, if he did know
Of straunge adventures, which abroad did pas.
'Ah! my dear sonne,' quoth he, 'how should, alas!
Silly old man, that lives in hidden cell,
Bidding his beades all day for his trespas,
Tydings of warre and worldly trouble tell?
With holy father sits not with such thinges to mell.

XXXI

'But if of daunger, which hereby doth dwell,
And homebredd evil ye desire to heare,
Of a straunge man I can you tidings tell,
That wasteth all his countrie farre and neare.'
'Of such,' saide he, 'I chiefly doe inquere,
And shall you well rewarde to shew the place,
In which that wicked wight his dayes doth weare:
For to all knighthood it is foule disgrace,
That such a cursèd creature lives so long a space.'

XXXII

'Far hence,' quoth he, 'in wastfull wildernesse,
His dwelling is, by which no living wight
May ever passe, but thorough great distresse.'
'Now,' saide the ladie, 'draweth toward night,
And well I wote, that of your later fight
Ye all forwearied be: for what so strong,
But, wanting rest, will also want of might?
The Sunne, that measures heaven all day long,
At night doth baite his steedes the ocean waves emong.

XXXIII

'Then with the Sunne take, sir, your timely rest,
And with new day new worke at once begin:
Untroubled night, they say, gives counsell best.'
'Right well, sir knight, ye have advisèd bin,'
Quoth then that agèd man; 'the way to win
Is wisely to advise: now day is spent;
Therefore with me ye may take up your in
For this same night.' The knight was well content:
So with that godly father to his home they went.

XXXIV

A litle lowly hermitage it was,
Downe in a dale, hard by a forests side,
Far from resort of people, that did pas
In traveill to and froe: a litle wyde
There was an holy chappell edifyde,
Wherein the hermite dewly wont to say
His holy thinges each morne and even-tyde:
Thereby a christall streame did gently play,
Which from a sacred fountaine wellèd forth alway.

XXXV

Arrivèd there, the little house they fill,
Ne looke for entertainement, where none was:
Rest is their feast, and all thinges at their will;
The noblest mind the best contentment has.
With faire discourse the evening so they pas:
For that olde man of pleasing wordes had store,
And well could file his tongue as smooth as glas:
He told of saintes and popes, and evermore
He strowd an Ave-Mary after and before.

XXXVI

The drouping night thus creepeth on them fast,
And the sad humor loading their eye liddes,
As messenger of Morpheus, on them cast
Sweet slombring deaw, the which to sleep them biddes:
Unto their lodgings then his guestes he riddes:
Where when all drownd in deadly sleepe he findes,
He to his studie goes, and there amiddes
His magick bookes and artes of sundrie kindes,
He seekes out mighty charmes, to trouble sleepy minds.

XXXVII

Then choosing out few words most horrible,
(Let none them read) thereof did verses frame;
With which and other spelles like terrible,
He bad awake blacke Plutoes grisely dame,
And cursèd heven, and spake reproachful shame
Of highest God, the Lord of life and light:
A bold bad man, that dar'd to call by name
Great Gorgon, prince of darknes and dead night,
At which Cocytus quakes, and Styx is put to flight.

XXXVIII

And forth he cald out of deepe darknes dredd
Legions of sprights, the which, like litle flyes
Fluttring about his ever damnèd hedd,
Awaite whereto their service he applyes,
To aide his friendes, or fray his enimies:
Of those he chose out two, the falsest twoo,
And fittest for to forge true-seeming lyes;
The one of them he gave a message too,
The other by him selfe staide, other worke to doo.

XXXIX

He, making speedy way through spersèd ayre,
And through the world of waters wide and deepe,
To Morpheus house doth hastily repaire.
Amid the bowels of the earth full steepe,
And low, where dawning day doth never peepe,
His dwelling is; there Tethys his wet bed
Doth ever wash, and Cynthia still doth steepe
In silver deaw his ever-drouping hed,
Whiles sad Night over him her mantle black doth spred.

XL

Whose double gates he findeth lockèd fast,
The one faire fram'd of burnisht yvory,
The other all with silver overcast;
And wakeful dogges before them farre doe lye,
Watching to banish Care their enimy,
Who oft is wont to trouble gentle Sleepe.
By them the sprite doth passe in quietly,
And unto Morpheus comes, whom drownèd deepe
In drowsie fit he findes: of nothing he takes keepe.

XLI

And more, to lulle him in his slumber soft,
A trickling streame from high rock tumbling downe,
And ever drizling raine upon the loft,
Mixt with a murmuring winde, much like the sowne
Of swarming bees, did cast him in a swowne:
No other noyse, nor peoples troublous cryes,
As still are wont t'annoy the wallèd towne,
Might there be heard: but carelesse Quiet lyes,
Wrapt in eternall silence farre from enimyes.

XLII

The messenger approching to him spake,
But his waste wordes retourned to him in vaine:
So sound he slept, that nought mought him awake.
Then rudely he him thrust, and pusht with paine,
Whereat he gan to stretch: but he againe
Shooke him so hard, that forcèd him to speake.
As one then in a dreame, whose dryer braine
Is tost with troubled sights and fancies weake,
He mumbled soft, but would not all his silence breake.

XLIII

The sprite then gan more boldly him to wake,
And threatened unto him the dreaded name
Of Hecate: whereat he gan to quake,
And, lifting up his lompish head, with blame
Halfe angrie askèd him, for what he came.
'Hether,' quoth he, 'me Archimago sent,
He that the stubborne sprites can wisely tame;
He bids thee to him send for his intent
A fit false dreame, that can delude the sleepers sent.'

XLIV

The god obayde, and calling forth straight way
A diverse dreame out of his prison darke,
Delivered it to him, and downe did lay
His heavie head, devoide of careful carke;
Whose sences all were straight benumbd and starke.
He, backe returning by the yvorie dore,
Remounted up as light as chearefull larke,
And on his litle winges the dreame he bore
In hast unto his lord, where he him left afore.

XLV

Who all this while, with charmes and hidden artes,
Had made a lady of that other spright,
And fram'd of liquid ayre her tender partes,
So lively and so like in all mens sight,
That weaker sence it could have ravisht quight:
The maker selfe, for all his wondrous witt,

Was nigh beguilèd with so goodly sight:
Her all in white he clad, and over it
Cast a black stole, most like to seeme for Una fit.

XLVI

Now when that ydle dreame was to him brought,
Unto that Elfin knight he bad him fly,
Where he slept soundly, void of evil thought,
And with false shewes abuse his fantasy,
In sort as he him schoolèd privily:
And that new creature, borne without her dew,
Full of the makers guyle, with usage sly
He taught to imitate that lady trew,
Whose semblance she did carrie under feignèd hew.

XLVII

Thus well instructed, to their worke they haste,
And comming where the knight in slomber lay,
The one upon his hardie head him plaste,
And made him dreame of loves and lustfull play,
That nigh his manly hart did melt away,
Bathèd in wanton blis and wicked joy.
Then seemèd him his lady by him lay,
And to him playnd, how that false wingèd boy
Her chaste hart had subdewd to learne Dame Pleasures toy.

XLVIII

And she her selfe, of beautie soveraigne queene,
Fayre Venus, seemde unto his bed to bring
Her, whom he, waking, evermore did weene
To bee the chastest flowre that aye did spring
On earthly braunch, the daughter of a king,
Now a loose leman to vile service bound:
And eke the Graces seemèd all to sing
Hymen iö Hymen, dauncing all around,
Whylst freshest Flora her with yvie girlond crownd.

XLIX

In this great passion of unwonted lust,
Or wonted feare of doing ought amis,
He started up, as seeming to mistrust
Some secret ill, or hidden foe of his:
Lo! there before his face his ladie is,
Under blacke stole hyding her bayted hooke,
And as halfe blushing offred him to kis,
With gentle blandishment and lovely looke,
Most like that virgin true, which for her knight him took.

L

All cleane dismayd to see so uncouth sight,
And halfe enragèd at her shamelesse guise,
He thought have slaine her in his fierce despight;
But hastie heat tempring with sufferance wise,
He stayde his hand, and gan himselfe advise
To prove his sense, and tempt her faignèd truth.
Wringing her hands in wemens pitteous wise,
Tho can she weepe, to stirre up gentle ruth,
Both for her noble blood, and for her tender youth.

LI

And sayd, 'Ah sir, my liege lord and my love,
Shall I accuse the hidden cruell fate,
And mightie causes wrought in heaven above,
Or the blind god, that doth me thus amate,
For hopèd love to winne me certaine hate?
Yet thus perforce he bids me do, or die
Die is my dew: yet rew my wretched state
You, whom my hard avenging destinie
Hath made judge of my life or death indifferently.

LII

'Your owne deare sake forst me at first to leave
My fathers kingdom'—There she stopt with teares;
Her swollen hart her speech seemed to bereave;
And then againe begonne: 'My weaker yeares,
Captiv'd to fortune and frayle worldly feares,
Fly to your fayth for succour and sure ayde:
Let me not die in languor and long teares.'
'Why, dame,' quoth he, 'what hath ye thus dismayd?
What frayes ye, that were wont to comfort me affrayd?'

LIII

'Love of your selfe,' she saide, 'and deare constraint,
Lets me not sleepe, but waste the wearie night

In secret anguish and unpittied plaint,
Whiles you in careless sleepe are drownèd quight.'
Her doubtfull words made that redoubted knight
Suspect her truth: yet since no' untruth he knew,
Her fawning love with foule disdainefull spight
He would not shend, but said, 'Deare dame, I rew,
That for my sake unknowne such griefe unto you grew.

LIV

'Assure your selfe, it fell not all to ground;
For all so deare as life is to my hart,
I deeme your love, and hold me to you bound;
Ne let vaine feares procure your needlesse smart,
Where cause is none, but to your rest depart.'
Not all content, yet seemd she to appease
Her mournfull plaintes, beguilèd of her art,
And fed with words, that could not chose but please;
So slyding softly forth, she turnd as to her ease.

LV

Long after lay he musing at her mood,
Much griev'd to thinke that gentle dame so light,
For whose defence he was to shed his blood.
At last dull wearines of former fight
Having yrockt a sleepe his irkesome spright,
That troublous dreame gan freshly tosse his braine
With bowres, and beds, and ladies deare delight:
But when he saw his labour all was vaine,
With that misformèd spright he backe returnd againe.

CANTO II

The guilefull great enchaunter parts
The Redcrosse Knight from Truth:
Into whose stead faire Falshood steps,
And workes him woefull ruth.

I

By this the northerne wagoner had set
His sevenfold teme behind the stedfast starre,
That was in ocean waves yet never wet,
But firme is fixt, and sendeth light from farre
To al that in the wide deepe wandring arre:
And chearefull Chaunticlere with his note shrill
Had warnèd once, that Phoebus fiery carre
In hast was climbing up the easterne hill,
Full envious that night so long his roome did fill:

II

When those accursèd messengers of hell,
That feigning dreame, and that faire-forgèd spright,
Came to their wicked maister, and gan tel
Their bootelesse paines, and ill succeeding night:
Who, all in rage to see his skilfull might
Deluded so, gan threaten hellish paine
And sad Proserpines wrath, them to affright.
But when he saw his threatning was but vaine,
He cast about, and searcht his baleful bokes againe.

III

Eftsoones he tooke that miscreated faire,
And that false other spright, on whom he spred
A seeming body of the subtile aire,
Like a young squire, in loves and lustyhed
His wanton daies that ever loosely led,
Without regard of armes and dreaded fight:
Those twoo he tooke, and in a secrete bed,
Covered with darkenes and misdeeming night,
Them both together laid, to joy in vaine delight.

IV

Forthwith he runnes with feignèd faithfull hast
Unto his guest, who, after troublous sights
And dreames, gan now to take more sound repast;
Whom suddenly he wakes with fearful frights,
As one aghast with feends or damnèd sprights,
And to him cals: 'Rise, rise, unhappy swaine,
That here wex old in sleepe, whiles wicked wights
Have knit themselves in Venus shameful chaine;

Come see, where your false lady doth her honor staine.'

V

All in amaze he suddenly up start
With sword in hand, and with the old man went;
Who soone him brought into a secret part,
Where that false couple were full closely ment
In wanton lust and leud enbracement:
Which when he saw, he burnt with gealous fire,
The eie of reason was with rage yblent,
And would have slaine them in his furious ire,
But hardly was restreinèd of that agèd sire.

VI

Retourning to his bed in torment great,
And bitter anguish of his guilty sight,
He could not rest, but did his stout heart eat,
And wast his inward gall with deepe despight,
Yrkesome of life, and too long lingring night.
At last faire Hesperus in highest skie
Had spent his lampe, and brought forth dawning light;
Then up he rose, and clad him hastily;
The dwarfe him brought his steed: so both away do fly.

VII

Now when the rosy fingred Morning faire,
Weary of agèd Tithones saffron bed,
Had spred her purple robe through deawy aire,
And the high hils Titan discoverèd,
The royall virgin shooke of drousyhed,
And rising forth out of her baser bowre,
Lookt for her knight, who far away was fled,
And for her dwarfe, that wont to wait each howre:
Then gan she wail and weepe, to see that woeful stowre.

VIII

And after him she rode with so much speede,
As her slowe beast could make; but all in vaine:
For him so far had borne his light-foot steede,
Prickèd with wrath and fiery fierce disdaine,
That him to follow was but fruitlesse paine;
Yet she her weary limbes would never rest,
But every hil and dale, each wood and plaine,
Did search, sore grievèd in her gentle brest,
He so ungently left her, whome she lovèd best.

IX

But subtill Archimago, when his guests
He saw divided into double parts,
And Una wandring in woods and forrests,
Th' end of his drift, he praisd his divelish arts,
That had such might over true meaning harts:
Yet rests not so, but other meanes doth make,
How he may worke unto her further smarts:
For her he hated as the hissing snake,
And in her many troubles did most pleasure take.

X

He then devisde himselfe how to disguise;
For by his mighty science he could take
As many formes and shapes in seeming wise,
As ever Proteus to himselfe could make:
Sometime a fowle, sometime a fish in lake,
Now like a foxe, now like a dragon fell,
That of himselfe he ofte for feare would quake,
And oft would flie away. O who can tell
The hidden powre of herbes, and might of magick spel?

XI

But now seemde best, the person to put on
Of that good knight, his late beguilèd guest:
In mighty armes he was yclad anon,
And silver shield; upon his coward brest
A bloody crosse, and on his craven crest
A bounch of heares discolourd diversly:
Full jolly knight he seemde, and wel addrest,
And when he sate uppon his courser free,
Saint George himselfe ye would have deemèd him to be.

XII

But he, the knight whose semblaunt he did beare,
The true Saint George, was wandred far away,

Still flying from his thoughts and gealous feare;
Will was his guide, and griefe led him astray.
At last him chaunst to meete upon the way
A faithlesse Sarazin, all armde to point,
In whose great shield was writ with letters gay
Sans foy: full large of limbe and every joint
He was, and carèd not for God or man a point.

XIII

Hee had a faire companion of his way,
A goodly lady clad in scarlot red,
Purfled with gold and pearle of rich assay;
And like a Persian mitre on her hed
Shee wore, with crowns and owches garnishèd,
The which her lavish lovers to her gave:
Her wanton palfrey all was overspred
With tinsell trappings, woven like a wave,
Whose bridle rung with golden bels and bosses brave.

XIV

With faire disport and courting dalliaunce
She intertainde her lover all the way:
But when she saw the knight his speare advaunce,
Shee soone left of her mirth and wanton play,
And bad her knight addresse him to the fray:
His foe was nigh at hand. He, prickte with pride
And hope to winne his ladies hearte that day,
Forth spurrèd fast: adowne his coursers side
The red bloud trickling staind the way, as he did ride.

XV

The Knight of the Redcrosse, when him he spide
Spurring so hote with rage dispiteous,
Gan fairely couch his speare, and towards ride:
Soone meete they both, both fell and furious,
That, daunted with theyr forces hideous,
Their steeds doe stagger, and amazèd stand,
And eke themselves, too rudely rigorous,
Astonied with the stroke of their owne hand,
Doe backe rebutte, and ech to other yealdeth land.

XVI

As when two rams, stird with ambitious pride,
Fight for the rule of the rich fleecèd flocke,
Their hornèd fronts so fierce on either side
Doe meete, that, with the terror of the shocke
Astonied, both stand sencelesse as a blocke,
Forgetfull of the hanging victory:
So stood these twaine, unmovèd as a rocke,
Both staring fierce, and holding idely
The broken reliques of their former cruelty.

XVII

The Sarazin, sore daunted with the buffe,
Snatcheth his sword, and fiercely to him flies;
Who well it wards, and quyteth cuff with cuff:
Each others equall puissaunce envies,
And through their iron sides with cruell spies
Does seeke to perce: repining courage yields
No foote to foe. The flashing fier flies,
As from a forge, out of their burning shields,
And streams of purple bloud new dies the verdant fields.

XVIII

'Curse on that Crosse,' quoth then the Sarazin,
'That keepes thy body from the bitter fitt!
Dead long ygoe, I wote, thou haddest bin,
Had not that charme from thee forwarnèd itt:
But yet I warne thee now assurèd sitt,
And hide thy head.' Therewith upon his crest
With rigor so outrageous he smitt,
That a large share it hewd out of the rest,
And glauncing downe his shield, from blame him fairely blest.

XIX

Who thereat wondrous wroth, the sleeping spark
Of native vertue gan eftsoones revive,
And at his haughty helmet making mark,
So hugely stroke, that it the steele did rive,
And cleft his head. He, tumbling downe alive,

With bloudy mouth his mother earth did kis,
Greeting his grave: his grudging ghost did strive
With the fraile flesh; at last it flitted is,
Whether the soules doe fly of men that live amis.

XX

The lady, when she saw her champion fall,
Like the old ruines of a broken towre,
Staid not to waile his woefull funerall,
But from him fled away with all her powre;
Who after her as hastily gan scowre,
Bidding the dwarfe with him to bring away
The Sarazins shield, signe of the conqueroure.
Her soone he overtooke, and bad to stay,
For present cause was none of dread her to dismay.

XXI

Shee, turning backe with ruefull countenaunce,
Cride, 'Mercy, mercy, sir, vouchsafe to showe
On silly dame, subject to hard mischaunce,
And to your mighty wil!' Her humblesse low,
In so ritch weedes and seeming glorious show,
Did much emmove his stout heroïcke heart,
And said, 'Deare dame, your suddein overthrow
Much rueth me; but now put feare apart,
And tel, both who ye be, and who that tooke your part.'

XXII

Melting in teares, then gan shee thus lament:
'The wreched woman, whom unhappy howre
Hath now made thrall to your commandement,
Before that angry heavens list to lowre,
And Fortune false betraide me to your powre,
Was, (O what now availeth that I was?)
Borne the sole daughter of an emperour,
He that the wide west under his rule has,
And high hath set his throne where Tiberis doth pas.

XXIII

'He, in the first flowre of my freshest age,
Betrothèd me unto the onely haire
Of a most mighty king, most rich and sage;
Was never prince so faithfull and so faire,
Was never prince so meeke and debonaire;
But ere my hopèd day of spousall shone,
My dearest lord fell from high honors staire,
Into the hands of hys accursèd fone,
And cruelly was slaine, that shall I ever mone.

XXIV

'His blessèd body, spoild of lively breath,
Was afterward, I know not how, convaid
And fro me hid: of whose most innocent death
When tidings came to mee, unhappy maid,
O how great sorrow my sad soule assaid!
Then forth I went his woefull corse to find,
And many yeares throughout the world I straid,
A virgin widow, whose deepe wounded mind
With love, long time did languish as the striken hind.

XXV

'At last it chauncèd this proud Sarazin
To meete me wandring; who perforce me led
With him away, but yet could never win
The fort, that ladies hold in soveraigne dread.
There lies he now with foule dishonor dead,
Who, whilse he livde, was callèd proud Sansfoy:
The eldest of three brethren, all three bred
Of one bad sire, whose youngest is Sansjoy,
And twixt them both was born the bloudy bold Sansloy.

XXVI

'In this sad plight, friendlesse, unfortunate,
Now miserable I Fidessa dwell,
Craving of you, in pitty of my state,
To doe none ill, if please ye not doe well.'
He in great passion al this while did dwell,
More busying his quicke eies, her face to view,
Then his dull eares, to heare what shee did tell;
And said, 'Faire lady, hart of flint would rew
The undeservèd woes and sorrows which ye shew.

XXVII

'Henceforth in safe assuraunce may ye rest,

Having both found a new friend you to aid,
And lost an old foe, that did you molest:
Better new friend then an old foe is said.'
With chaunge of chear the seeming simple maid
Let fal her eien, as shamefast, to the earth,
And yeelding soft, in that she nought gainsaid,
So forth they rode, he feining seemely merth,
And shee coy lookes: so dainty, they say, maketh derth.

XXVIII

Long time they thus together traveilèd,
Til, weary of their way, they came at last
Where grew two goodly trees, that faire did spred
Their armes abroad, with gray mosse overcast,
And their greene leaves, trembling with every blast,
Made a calme shadowe far in compasse round:
The fearefull shepheard, often there aghast,
Under them never sat, ne wont there sound
His merry oaten pipe, but shund th' unlucky ground.

XXIX

But this good knight, soone as he them can spie,
For the coole shade him thither hastly got:
For golden Phoebus, now ymounted hie,
From fiery wheeles of his faire chariot
Hurlèd his beame so scorching cruell hot,
That living creature mote it not abide;
And his new lady it endurèd not.
There they alight, in hope themselves to hide
From the fierce heat, and rest their weary limbs a tide.

XXX

Faire seemely pleasaunce each to other makes,
With goodly purposes, there as they sit:
And in his falsèd fancy he her takes
To be the fairest wight that livèd yit;
Which to expresse, he bends his gentle wit,
And thinking of those braunches greene to frame
A girlond for her dainty forehead fit,
He pluckt a bough; out of whose rifte there came
Smal drops of gory bloud, that trickled down the same.

XXXI

Therewith a piteous yelling voice was heard,
Crying, 'O spare with guilty hands to teare
My tender sides in this rough rynd embard;
But fly, ah! fly far hence away, for feare
Least to you hap that happened to me heare,
And to this wretched lady, my deare love;
O too deare love, love bought with death too deare!'
Astond he stood, and up his heare did hove,
And with that suddein horror could no member move.

XXXII

At last, whenas the dreadfull passion
Was overpast, and manhood well awake,
Yet musing at this straunge occasion,
And doubting much his sence, he thus bespake:
'What voice of damnèd ghost from Limbo-lake,
Or guilefull spright wandring in empty aire,
Both which fraile men doe oftentimes mistake,
Sends to my doubtful eares these speaches rare,
And ruefull plaints, me bidding guiltlesse blood to spare?'

XXXIII

Then groning deep: 'Nor damnèd ghost,' quoth he,
'Nor guileful spirite to thee these words doth speake,
But once a man, Fradubio, now a tree;
Wretched man, wretched tree! whose nature weake
A cruell witch, her cursèd will to wreake,
Hath thus transformd, and plast in open plaines,
Where Boreas doth blow full bitter bleake,
And scorching sunne does dry my secret vaines:
For though a tree I seme, yet cold and heat me paines.'

XXXIV

'Say on, Fradubio, then, or man or tree,'
Quoth then the knight; 'by whose mischievous arts
Art thou misshapèd thus, as now I see?
He oft finds med'cine who his griefe imparts;
But double griefs afflict concealing harts,
As raging flames who striveth to suppresse.'

'The author then,' said he, 'of all my smarts,
Is one Duessa, a false sorceresse,
That many errant knights hath broght to wretchednesse.

XXXV

'In prime of youthly yeares, when corage hott
The fire of love and joy of chevalree
First kindled in my brest, it was my lott
To love this gentle lady, whome ye see
Now not a lady, but a seeming tree;
With whome as once I rode accompanyde,
Me chauncèd of a knight encountred bee,
That had a like faire lady by his syde;
Lyke a faire lady, but did fowle Duessa hyde.

XXXVI

'Whose forgèd beauty he did take in hand
All other dames to have exceded farre;
I in defence of mine did likewise stand,
Mine, that did then shine as the morning starre:
So both to batteill fierce arraungèd arre;
In which his harder fortune was to fall
Under my speare; such is the dye of warre:
His lady, left as a prise martiall,
Did yield her comely person, to be at my call.

XXXVII

'So doubly lov'd of ladies unlike faire,
Th' one seeming such, the other such indeede,
One day in doubt I cast for to compare,
Whether in beauties glorie did exceede;
A rosy girlond was the victors meede.
Both seemde to win, and both seemde won to bee,
So hard the discord was to be agreede:
Frælissa was as faire as faire mote bee,
And ever false Duessa seemde as faire as shee.

XXXVIII

'The wicked witch, now seeing all this while
The doubtfull ballaunce equally to sway,
What not by right, she cast to win by guile;
And by her hellish science raisd streight way
A foggy mist, that overcast the day,
And a dull blast, that, breathing on her face,
Dimmèd her former beauties shining ray,
And with foule ugly forme did her disgrace:
Then was she fayre alone, when none was faire in place.

XXXIX

'Then cride she out, "Fye, fye! deformèd wight,
Whose borrowed beautie now appeareth plaine
To have before bewitchèd all mens sight;
O leave her soone, or let her soone be slaine."
Her loathly visage viewing with disdaine,
Eftsoones I thought her such as she me told,
And would have kild her; but with faignèd paine
The false witch did my wrathfull hand with-hold:
So left her, where she now is turnd to treen mould.

XL

'Thensforth I tooke Duessa for my dame,
And in the witch unweeting joyd long time,
Ne ever wist but that she was the same:
Till on a day (that day is everie prime,
When witches wont do penance for their crime)
I chaunst to see her in her proper hew,
Bathing her selfe in origane and thyme:
A filthy foule old woman I did vew,
That ever to have toucht her I did deadly rew.

XLI

'Her neather partes misshapen, monstruous,
Were hidd in water, that I could not see,
But they did seeme more foule and hideous,
Then womans shape man would beleeve to bee.
Thensforth from her most beastly companie
I gan refraine, in minde to slipp away,
Soone as appeard safe opportunitie:
For danger great, if not assurd decay,
I saw before mine eyes, if I were knowne to stray.

XLII

'The divelish hag, by chaunges of my cheare,
Perceiv'd my thought; and drownd in sleepie night,

With wicked herbes and oyntments did besmeare
My body all, through charmes and magicke might,
That all my senses were bereavèd quight:
Then brought she me into this desert waste,
And by my wretched lovers side me pight,
Where now enclosd in wooden wals full faste,
Banisht from living wights, our wearie daies we waste.'

XLIII

'But how long time,' said then the Elfin knight,
'Are you in this misformèd hous to dwell?'
'We may not chaunge,' quoth he, 'this evill plight
Till we be bathèd in a living well;
That is the terme prescribèd by the spell.'
'O how,' sayd he, 'mote I that well out find,
That may restore you to your wonted well?'
'Time and suffisèd fates to former kynd
Shall us restore; none else from hence may us unbynd.'

XLIV

The false Duessa, now Fidessa hight,
Heard how in vaine Fradubio did lament,
And knew well all was true. But the good knight
Full of sad feare and ghastly dreriment,
When all this speech the living tree had spent,
The bleeding bough did thrust into the ground,
That from the blood he might be innocent,
And with fresh clay did close the wooden wound:
Then turning to his lady, dead with feare her fownd.

XLV

Her seeming dead he fownd with feignèd feare,
As all unweeting of that well she knew,
And paynd himselfe with busie care to reare
Her out of carelesse swowne. Her eyelids blew,
And dimmèd sight, with pale and deadly hew,
At last she up gan lift: with trembling cheare
Her up he tooke, too simple and too trew,
And oft her kist. At length, all passèd feare,
He set her on her steede, and forward forth did beare.

* * *

AMORETTI

I

Happy ye leaves! when as those lilly hands,
Which hold my life in their dead doing might,
Shall handle you, and hold in loves soft bands,
Lyke captives trembling at the victors sight.
And happy lines! on which, with starry light,
Those lamping eyes will deigne sometimes to look,
And reade the sorrowes of my dying spright,
Written with teares in harts close bleeding book.
And happy rymes! bath'd in the sacred brooke
Of Helicon, whence she derivèd is,
When ye behold that angels blessèd looke,
My soules long lackèd foode, my heavens blis.
Leaves, lines, and rymes, seeke her to please alone,
Whom if ye please, I care for other none.

VIII

More then most faire, full of the living fire
Kindled above unto the Maker neere:
No eies, but joyes, in which al powers conspire,
That to the world naught else be counted deare:
Thrugh your bright beams doth not the blinded guest
Shoot out his darts to base affections wound;
But angels come, to lead fraile mindes to rest
In chast desires, on heavenly beauty bound.
You frame my thoughts, and fashion me within,
You stop my toung, and teach my hart to speake,
You calme the storme that passion did begin,
Strong thrugh your cause, but by your vertue weak.

Dark is the world where your light shinèd never;
Well is he borne that may behold you ever.

XXIV

When I behold that beauties wonderment,
And rare perfection of each goodly part,
Of Natures skill the onely complement,
I honor and admire the Makers art.
But when I feele the bitter balefulle smart
Which her fayre eyes unwares doe worke in mee,
That death out of theyr shiny beames doe dart,
I thinke that I a new Pandora see;
Whom all the gods in councell did agree,
Into this sinfull world from heaven to send,
That she to wicked men a scourge should bee,
For all their faults with which they did offend.
But since ye are my scourge, I will intreat
That for my faults ye will me gently beat.

XXXIV

Lyke as a ship, that through the ocean wyde
By conduct of some star doth make her way,
Whenas a storme hath dimd her trusty guyde,
Out of her course doth wander far astray;
So I, whose star, that wont with her bright ray
Me to direct, with cloudes is overcast,
Doe wander now in darknesse and dismay,
Through hidden perils round about me plast.
Yet hope I well, that when this storme is past,
My Helice, the lodestar of my lyfe,
Will shine again, and looke on me at last,
With lovely light to cleare my cloudy grief.
Till then I wander carefull comfortlesse,
In secret sorrow and sad pensivenesse.

LXIII

After long stormes and tempests sad assay,
Which hardly I endurèd heretofore,
In dread of death, and daungerous dismay,
With which my silly barke was tossèd sore,
I doe at length descry the happy shore,
In which I hope ere long for to arryve:
Fayre soyle it seemes from far, and fraught with store
Of all that deare and daynty is alyve.
Most happy he that can at last atchyve
The joyous safety of so sweet a rest;
Whose least delight sufficeth to deprive
Remembrance of all paines which him oppprest.
All paines are nothing in respect of this,
All sorrowes short that gaine eternall blisse.

LXX

Fresh Spring, the herald of loves mighty king,
In whose cote-armour richly are displayd
All sorts of flowers the which on earth do spring,
In goodly colours gloriously arrayd,
Goe to my love, where she is carelesse layd,
Yet in her winters bowre, not well awake;
Tell her the joyous time wil not be staid,
Unlesse she doe him by the forelock take:
Bid her therefore her selfe soone ready make,
To wayt on Love amongst his lovely crew,
Where every one that misseth then her make
Shall be by him amearst with penance dew.
Make hast therefore, sweet love, whilest it is prime;
For none can call againe the passèd time.

LXXII

Oft when my spirit doth spred her bolder winges,
In mind to mount up to the purest sky,
It down is weighd with thoght of earthly things,
And clogd with burden of mortality:
Where, when that soverayne beauty it doth spy,
Resembling heavens glory in her light,
Drawne with sweet pleasures bayt, it back doth fly,
And unto heaven forgets her former flight.
There my fraile fancy, fed with full delight,
Doth bath in blisse, and mantleth most at ease;
Ne thinks of other heaven, but how it might
Her harts desire with most contentment please.
Hart need not wish none other happinesse,
But here on earth to have such hevens blisse.

LXXIX

Men call you fayre, and you doe credit it,
For that your selfe ye dayly such doe see:

But the trew fayre, that is the gentle wit
And vertuous mind, is much more praysd of me.
For all the rest, how ever fayre it be,
Shall turne to nought and loose that glorious hew:
But onely that is permanent, and free
From frayle corruption, that doth flesh ensew.
That is true beautie: that doth argue you
To be divine, and borne of heavenly seed,
Deriv'd from that fayre Spirit from whom al true
And perfect beauty did at first proceed.
He onely fayre, and what he fayre hath made;
All other fayre, lyke flowres, untymely fade.

EPITHALAMION

Ye learnèd sisters, which have oftentimes
Beene to me ayding, others to adorne,
Whom ye thought worthy of your gracefull rymes,
That even the greatest did not greatly scorne
To heare theyr names sung in your simple layes,
But joyèd in theyr praise;
And when ye list your owne mishaps to mourne,
Which death, or love, or fortunes wreck did rayse,
Your string could soone to sadder tenor turne,
And teach the woods and waters to lament
Your dolefull dreriment:
Now lay those sorrowfull complaints aside,
And having all your heads with girland crownd,
Helpe me mine owne loves prayses to resound;
Ne let the same of any be envide:
So Orpheus did for his owne bride:
So I unto my selfe alone will sing;
The woods shall to me answer, and my eccho ring.

Early, before the worlds light giving lampe
His golden beame upon the hils doth spred,
Having disperst the nights unchearefull dampe,
Doe ye awake, and, with fresh lustyhed,
Go to the bowre of my belovèd love,
My truest turtle dove:
Bid her awake; for Hymen is awake,
And long since ready forth his maske to move,
With his bright tead that flames with many a flake,
And many a bachelor to waite on him,
In theyr fresh garments trim.
Bid her awake therefore, and soone her dight,
For lo! the wishèd day is come at last,
That shall, for al the paynes and sorrowes past,
Pay to her usury of long delight:
And whylest she doth her dight,
Doe ye to her of joy and solace sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

Bring with you all the nymphes that you can heare,
Both of the rivers and the forrests greene,
And of the sea that neighbours to her neare,
Al with gay girlands goodly wel beseene.
And let them also with them bring in hand
Another gay girland,
For my fayre love, of lillyes and of roses,
Bound truelove wize with a blew silke riband.
And let them make great store of bridale poses,
And let them eeke bring store of other flowers,
To deck the bridale bowers.
And let the ground whereas her foot shall tread,
For feare the stones her tender foot should wrong,
Be strewed with fragrant flowers all along,
And diapred lyke the discolored mead.
Which done, doe at her chamber dore awayt,
For she will waken strayt;
The whiles doe ye this song unto her sing,
The woods shall to you answer, and your eccho ring.

Ye nymphes of Mulla, which with carefull heed
The silver scaly trouts doe tend full well,
And greedy pikes which use therein to feed,
(Those trouts and pikes all others doo excell)
And ye likewise which keepe the rushy lake,
Where none doo fishes take,
Bynd up the locks the which hang scatterd light,
And in his waters, which your mirror make,

Behold your faces as the christall bright,
That when you come whereas my love doth lie,
No blemish she may spie.
And eke ye lightfoot mayds which keepe the dere
That on the hoary mountayne use to towre,
And the wylde wolves, which seeke them to devoure,
With your steele darts doo chace from comming neer,
Be also present heere,
To helpe to decke her, and to help to sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

Wake now, my love, awake! for it is time:
The rosy Morne long since left Tithones bed,
All ready to her silver coche to clyme,
And Phœbus gins to shew his glorious hed.
Hark how the cheerefull birds do chaunt theyr laies,
And carroll of loves praise!
The merry larke hir mattins sings aloft,
The thrush replyes, the mavis descant playes,
The ouzell shrills, the ruddock warbles soft,
So goodly all agree, with sweet consent,
To this dayes merriment.
Ah! my deere love, why doe ye sleepe thus long,
When meeter were that ye should now awake,
T 'awayt the comming of your joyous mate,
And hearken to the birds love-learnèd song,
The deawy leaves among?
For they of joy and pleasance to you sing,
That all the woods them answer, and theyr eccho ring.

My love is now awake out of her dreame,
And her fayre eyes, like stars that dimmèd were
With darksome cloud, now shew theyr goodly beams
More bright then Hesperus his head doth rere.
Come now, ye damzels, daughters of delight,
Helpe quickly her to dight.
But first come ye, fayre Houres, which were begot,
In Joves sweet paradice, of Day and Night,
Which doe the seasons of the year allot,
And al that ever in this world is fayre
Do make and still repayre.
And ye three handmayds of the Cyprian Queene,
The which doe still adorne her beauties pride,
Helpe to addorne my beautifullest bride:
And as ye her array, still throw betweene
Some graces to be seene:
And as ye use to Venus, to her sing,
The whiles the woods shal answer, and your eccho ring.

Now is my love all ready forth to come:
Let all the virgins therefore well awayt,
And ye fresh boyes, that tend upon her groome,
Prepare your selves, for he is comming strayt.
Set all your things in seemely good aray,
Fit for so joyfull day,
The joyfulst day that ever sunne did see.
Faire Sun, shew forth thy favourable ray,
And let thy lifull heat not fervent be,
For feare of burning her sunshyny face,
Her beauty to disgrace.
O fayrest Phœbus, father of the Muse,
If ever I did honour thee aright,
Or sing the thing that mote thy mind delight,
Doe not thy servants simple boone refuse,
But let this day, let this one day be myne,
Let all the rest be thine.
Then I thy soverayne prayses loud wil sing,
That all the woods shal answer, and theyr eccho ring.

Harke how the minstrels gin to shrill aloud
Their merry musick that resounds from far,
The pipe, the tabor, and the trembling croud,
That well agree withouten breach or jar,
But most of all the damzels doe delite,
When they their tymbrels smyte,
And thereunto doe daunce and carrol sweet,
That all the sences they doe ravish quite,
The whyles the boyes run up and downe the street,
Crying aloud with strong confusèd noyce,
As if it were one voyce.
'Hymen, Iö Hymen, Hymen,' they do shout,
That even to the heavens theyr shouting shrill
Doth reach, and all the firmament doth fill;
To which the people, standing all about,
As in approvance doe thereto applaud,
And loud advaunce her laud,
And evermore they 'Hymen, Hymen' sing,
That al the woods them answer, and theyr eccho ring.

Loe! where she comes along with portly pace,

Lyke Phœbe, from her chamber of the east,
Arysing forth to run her mighty race,
Clad all in white, that seemes a virgin best.
So well it her beseemes, that ye would weene
Some angell she had beene.
Her long loose yellow locks lyke golden wyre,
Sprinckled with perle, and perling flowres atweene,
Doe lyke a golden mantle her attyre,
And being crownèd with a girland greene,
Seeme lyke some mayden queene.
Her modest eyes, abashèd to behold
So many gazers as on her do stare,
Upon the lowly ground affixèd are;
Ne dare lift up her countenance too bold,
But blush to heare her prayses sung so loud,
So farre from being proud.
Nathlesse doe ye still loud her prayses sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

Tell me, ye merchants daughters, did ye see
So fayre a creature in your towne before,
So sweet, so lovely, and so mild as she,
Adornd with beautyes grace and vertues store?
Her goodly eyes lyke saphyres shining bright,
Her forehead yvory white,
Her cheekes lyke apples which the sun hath rudded,
Her lips lyke cherryes charming men to byte,
Her brest like to a bowle of creame uncrudded,
Her paps lyke lyllies budded,
Her snowie necke lyke to a marble towre,
And all her body like a pallace fayre,
Ascending uppe, with many a stately stayre,
To honors seat and chastities sweet bowre.
Why stand ye still, ye virgins, in amaze,
Upon her so to gaze,
Whiles ye forget your former lay to sing,
To which the woods did answer, and your eccho ring.

But if ye saw that which no eyes can see,
The inward beauty of her lively spright,
Garnisht with heavenly guifts of high degree,
Much more then would ye wonder at that sight,
And stand astonisht lyke to those which red
Medusaes mazeful hed.
There dwels sweet Love and constant Chastity,
Unspotted Fayth, and comely Womanhood,
Regard of Honour, and mild Modesty;
There Vertue raynes as queene in royal throne,
And giveth lawes alone,
The which the base affections doe obay,
And yeeld theyr services unto her will;
Ne thought of thing uncomely ever may
Thereto approch to tempt her mind to ill.
Had ye once seene these her celestial threasures,
And unrevealèd pleasures,
Then would ye wonder, and her prayses sing,
That al the woods should answer, and your echo ring.

Open the temple gates unto my love,
Open them wide that she may enter in,
And all the postes adorne as doth behove,
And all the pillours deck with girlands trim,
For to receyve this saynt with honour dew,
That commeth in to you.
With trembling steps and humble reverence,
She commeth in before th' Almighties vew:
Of her, ye virgins, learne obedience,
When so ye come into those holy places,
To humble your proud faces.
Bring her up to th' high altar, that she may
The sacred ceremonies there partake,
The which do endlesse matrimony make;
And let the roring organs loudly play
The praises of the Lord in lively notes,
The whiles with hollow throates
The choristers the joyous antheme sing,
That al the woods may answere, and their eccho ring.

Behold, whiles she before the altar stands,
Hearing the holy priest that to her speakes,
And blesseth her with his two happy hands,
How the red roses flush up in her cheekes,
And the pure snow with goodly vermill stayne,
Like crimsin dyde in grayne:
That even th' angels, which continually
About the sacred altare doe remaine,
Forget their service and about her fly,
Ofte peeping in her face, that seemes more fayre,
The more they on it stare.
But her sad eyes, still fastened on the ground,

Are governèd with goodly modesty,
That suffers not one looke to glaunce awry,
Which may let in a little thought unsownd.
Why blush ye, love, to give to me your hand,
The pledge of all our band?
Sing, ye sweet angels, Alleluya sing,
That all the woods may answere, and your eccho ring.

Now al is done; bring home the bride againe,
Bring home the triumph of our victory,
Bring home with you the glory of her gaine,
With joyance bring her and with jollity.
Never had man more joyfull day then this,
Whom heaven would heape with blis.
Make feast therefore now all this live long day;
This day for ever to me holy is;
Poure out the wine without restraint or stay,
Poure not by cups, but by the belly full,
Poure out to all that wull,
And sprinkle all the postes and wals with wine,
That they may sweat, and drunken be withall.
Crowne ye God Bacchus with a coronall.
And Hymen also crowne with wreathes of vine;
And let the Graces daunce unto the rest,
For they can doo it best:
The whiles the maydens doe theyr carroll sing,
The which the woods shal answer, and theyr eccho ring.

Ring ye the bels, ye yong men of the towne,
And leave your wonted labors for this day:
This day is holy; doe ye write it downe,
That ye for ever it remember may.
This day the sunne is in his chiefest hight,
With Barnaby the bright,
From whence declining daily by degrees,
He somewhat loseth of his heat and light,
When once the Crab behind his back he sees.
But for this time it ill ordainèd was,
To chose the longest day in all the yeare,
And shortest night, when longest fitter weare:
Yet never day so long, but late would passe.
Ring ye the bels, to make it weare away,
And bonefires make all day,
And daunce about them, and about them sing:
That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

Ah! when will this long weary day have end,
And lende me leave to come unto my love?
How slowly do the houres theyr numbers spend!
How slowly does sad Time his feathers move!
Hast thee, O fayrest planet, to thy home
Within the westerne fome:
Thy tyrèd steedes long since have need of rest.
Long though it be, at last I see it gloome,
And the bright evening star with golden creast
Appeare out of the east.
Fayre childe of beauty, glorious lampe of love,
That all the host of heaven in rankes doost lead,
And guydest lovers through the nightes dread,
How chearefully thou lookest from above,
And seemst to laugh atweene thy twinkling light,
As joying in the sight
Of these glad many, which for joy doe sing,
That all the woods them answer, and their echo ring!

Now ceasse, ye damsels, your delights forepast;
Enough is it that all the day was youres:
Now day is doen, and night is nighing fast:
Now bring the bryde into the brydall boures.
The night is come, now soone her disaray,
And in her bed her lay;
Lay her in lillies and in violets,
And silken courteins over her display,
And odourd sheetes, and Arras coverlets.
Behold how goodly my faire love does ly,
In proud humility!
Like unto Maia, when as Jove her tooke
In Tempe, lying on the flowry gras,
Twixt sleepe and wake, after she weary was
With bathing in the Acidalian brooke.
Now it is night, ye damsels may be gon,
And leave my love alone,
And leave likewise your former lay to sing:
The woods no more shal answere, nor your echo ring.

Now welcome, night! thou night so long expected,
That long daies labour doest at last defray,
And all my cares, which cruell Love collected,
Hast sumd in one, and cancellèd for aye:
Spread thy broad wing over my love and me,
That no man may us see,
And in thy sable mantle us enwrap,
From feare of perrill and foule horror free.
Let no false treason seeke us to entrap,
Nor any dread disquiet once annoy
The safety of our joy:
But let the night be calme and quietsome,
Without tempestuous storms or sad afray:
Lyke as when Jove with fayre Alcmena lay,
When he begot the great Tirynthian groome:
Or lyke as when he with thy selfe did lie,
And begot Majesty.
And let the mayds and yongmen cease to sing:
Ne let the woods them answer, nor theyr eccho ring.

Let no lamenting cryes, nor dolefull teares,
Be heard all night within, nor yet without:
Ne let false whispers, breeding hidden feares,
Breake gentle sleepe with misconceivèd dout.
Let no deluding dreames, nor dreadful sights,
Make sudden sad affrights;
Ne let house-fyres, nor lightnings helplesse harmes,
Ne let the Pouke, nor other evill sprights,
Ne let mischivous witches with theyr charmes,
Ne let hob goblins, names whose sense we see not,
Fray us with things that be not.
Let not the shriech oule, nor the storke be heard,
Nor the night raven that still deadly yels,
Nor damnèd ghosts cald up with mighty spels,
Nor griesly vultures make us once affeard:
Ne let th' unpleasant quyre of frogs still croking
Make us to wish theyr choking.
Let none of these theyr drery accents sing;
Ne let the woods them answer, nor theyr eccho ring.

But let stil Silence trew night watches keepe,
That sacred Peace may in assurance rayne,
And tymely Sleep, when it is tyme to sleepe,
May poure his limbs forth on your pleasant playne,
The whiles an hundred little wingèd loves,
Like divers fethered doves,
Shall fly and flutter round about our bed,
And in the secret darke, that none reproves,
Their prety stealthes shall worke, and snares shal spread
To filch away sweet snatches of delight,
Conceald through covert night.
Ye sonnes of Venus, play your sports at will:
For greedy Pleasure, careless of your toyes,
Thinks more upon her paradise of joyes,
Then what ye do, albe it good or ill.
All night therefore attend your merry play,
For it will soone be day:
Now none doth hinder you, that say or sing,
Ne will the woods now answer, nor your eccho ring.

Who is the same which at my window peepes?
Or whose is that faire face that shines so bright?
Is it not Cinthia, she that never sleepes,
But walkes about high heaven al the night?
O fayrest goddesse, do thou not envy
My love with me to spy:
For thou likewise didst love, though now unthought,
And for a fleece of woll, which privily
The Latmian shephard once unto thee brought,
His pleasures with thee wrought.
Therefore to us be favorable now;
And sith of wemens labours thou hast charge,
And generation goodly dost enlarge,
Encline thy will t' effect our wishfull vow,
And the chast wombe informe with timely seed,
That may our comfort breed:
Till which we cease our hopefull hap to sing,
Ne let the woods us answere, nor our eccho ring.

And thou, great Juno, which with awful might
The lawes of wedlock still dost patronize,
And the religion of the faith first plight
With sacred rites hast taught to solemnize,
And eeke for comfort often callèd art
Of women in their smart,

Eternally bind thou this lovely band,
And all thy blessings unto us impart.
And thou, glad Genius, in whose gentle hand
The bridale bowre and geniall bed remaine,
Without blemish or staine,
And the sweet pleasures of theyr loves delight
With secret ayde doest succour and supply,
Till they bring forth the fruitfull progeny,
Send us the timely fruit of this same night.
And thou, fayre Hebe, and thou, Hymen free,
Grant that it may so be.
Til which we cease your further prayse to sing,
Ne any woods shal answer, nor your eccho ring.

And ye high heavens, the temple of the gods,
In which a thousand torches flaming bright
Doe burne, that to us wretched earthly clods
In dreadful darknesse lend desirèd light,
And all ye powers which in the same remayne,
More then we men can fayne,
Poure out your blessing on us plentiously,
And happy influence upon us raine,
That we may raise a large posterity,
Which from the earth, which they may long possesse
With lasting happinesse,
Up to your haughty pallaces may mount,
And for the guerdon of theyr glorious merit,
May heavenly tabernacles there inherit,
Of blessèd saints for to increase the count.
So let us rest, sweet love, in hope of this,
And cease till then our tymely joyes to sing:
The woods no more us answer, nor our eccho ring.

Song, made in lieu of many ornaments
With which my love should duly have bene dect,
Which cutting off through hasty accidents,
Ye would not stay your dew time to expect,
But promist both to recompens,
Be unto her a goodly ornament,
And for short time an endlesse moniment.

PROTHALAMION

Calme was the day, and through the trembling ayre
Sweete breathing Zephyrus did softly play,
A gentle spirit, that lightly did delay
Hot Titans beames, which then did glyster fayre:
When I, whom sullein care,
Through discontent of my long fruitlesse stay
In princes court, and expectation vayne
Of idle hopes, which still doe fly away,
Like empty shaddowes, did aflict my brayne,
Walkt forth to ease my payne
Along the shoare of silver streaming Themmes;
Whose rutty bancke, the which his river hemmes,
Was paynted all with variable flowers,
And all the meades adornd with daintie gemmes,
Fit to decke maydens bowres,
And crowne their paramours,
Against the brydale day, which is not long:
Sweete Themmes, runne softly, till I end my song.

There, in a meadow, by the rivers side,
A flocke of nymphes I chaunced to espy,
All lovely daughters of the flood thereby,
With goodly greenish locks all loose untyde,
As each had bene a bryde:
And each one had a little wicker basket,
Made of fine twigs entraylèd curiously,
In which they gathered flowers to fill their flasket;
And with fine fingers cropt full feateously
The tender stalkes on hye.
Of every sort, which in that meadow grew,
They gathered some; the violet pallid blew,
The little dazie, that at evening closes,
The virgin lillie, and the primrose trew,
With store of vermeil roses,
To decke their bridegromes posies
Against the brydale day, which was not long:
Sweete Themmes, runne softly, till I end my song.

With that I saw two swannes of goodly hewe
Come softly swimming downe along the lee;
Two fairer birds I yet did never see:
The snow which doth the top of Pindus strew
Did never whiter shew,
Nor Jove himselfe, when he a swan would be
For love of Leda, whiter did appear:
Yet Leda was, they say, as white as he,
Yet not so white as these, nor nothing neare:
So purely white they were,
That even the gentle streame, the which them bare,

Seem'd foule to them, and bad his billowes spare
To wet their silken feathers, least they might
Soyle their fayre plumes with water not so fayre,
And marre their beauties bright,
That shone as heavens light,
Against their brydale day, which was not long:
Sweete Themmes, runne softly, till I end my song.

Eftsoones the nymphes, which now had flowers their fill,
Ran all in haste to see that silver brood,
As they came floating on the christal flood;
Whom when they sawe, they stood amazèd still,
Their wondring eyes to fill.
Them seem'd they never saw a sight so fayre,
Of fowles so lovely, that they sure did deeme
Them heavenly borne, or to be that same payre
Which through the skie draw Venus silver teeme;
For sure they did not seeme
To be begot of any earthly seede,
But rather angels or of angels breede:
Yet were they bred of Somers-heat, they say,
In sweetest season, when each flower and weede
The earth did fresh aray;
So fresh they seem'd as day,
Even as their brydale day, which was not long:
Sweete Themmes, runne softly, till I end my song.

Then forth they all out of their baskets drew
Great store of flowers, the honour of the field,
That to the sense did fragrant odours yield,
All which upon those goodly birds they threw,
And all the waves did strew,
That like old Peneus waters they did seeme,
When downe along by pleasant Tempes shore,
Scattred with flowres, through Thessaly they streeme,
That they appeare, through lillies plenteous store,
Like a brydes chamber flore.

Two of those nymphes, meane while, two garlands bound
Of freshest flowres which in that mead they found,
The which presenting all in trim array,
Their snowie foreheads therewithall they crownd,
Whil'st one did sing this lay,
Prepar'd against that day,
Against their brydale day, which was not long:
Sweete Themmes, runne softly, till I end my song.

'Ye gentle birdes, the worlds faire ornament,
And heavens glorie, whom this happie hower
Doth leade unto your lovers blissfull bower,
Joy may you have and gentle hearts content
Of your loves couplement:
And let faire Venus, that is Queene of Love,
With her heart-quelling sonne upon you smile,
Whose smile, they say, hath vertue to remove
All loves dislike, and friendships faultie guile
For ever to assoile.
Let endlesse peace your steadfast hearts accord,
And blessèd plentie wait upon your lord;
And let your bed with pleasures chast abound,
That fruitfull issue may to you afford,
Which may your foes confound,
And make your joyes redound,
Upon your brydale day, which is not long:
Sweete Themmes, run softlie, till I end my song.'

So ended she; and all the rest around
To her redoubled that her undersong,
Which said, their bridale daye should not be long.
And gentle Eccho from the neighbour ground
Their accents did resound.
So forth those joyous birdes did passe along,
Adowne the lee, that to them murmurde low,
As he would speake, but that he lackt a tong,
Yeat did by signes his glad affection show,
Making his streame run slow.
And all the foule which in his flood did dwell

Gan flock about these twaine, that did excell
The rest so far as Cynthia doth shend
The lesser starres. So they, enrangèd well,
Did on those two attend,
And their best service lend,
Against their wedding day, which was not long:
Sweete Themmes, run softly, till I end my song.

At length they all to mery London came,
To mery London, my most kyndly nurse,
That to me gave this lifes first native sourse:
Though from another place I take my name,
An house of auncient fame.
There when they came, whereas those bricky towres,
The which on Themmes brode agèd backe doe ryde,
Where now the studious lawyers have their bowers,
There whylome wont the Templer Knights to byde,
Till they decayd through pride:
Next whereunto there standes a stately place,
Where oft I gaynèd giftes and goodly grace
Of that great lord which therein wont to dwell,
Whose want too well now feeles my freendles case:
But ah! here fits not well
Olde woes, but joyes to tell,
Against the bridale daye, which is not long:
Sweete Themmes, runne softly, till I end my song.

Yet therein, now doth lodge a noble peer,
Great Englands glory and the worlds wide wonder,
Whose dreadfull name late through all Spaine did thunder,
And Hercules two pillors standing neere
Did make to quake and feare.
Faire branch of honor, flower of chevalrie,
That fillest England with thy triumphes fame,
Joy have thou of thy noble victorie,
And endlesse happinesse of thine owne name
That promiseth the same:
That through thy prowesse and victorious armes
Thy country may be freed from forraine harmes;
And great Elisaes glorious name may ring
Through al the world, fil'd with thy wide alarmes,
Which some brave Muse may sing
To ages following,
Upon the brydale day, which is not long:
Sweete Themmes, runne softly, till I end my song.

From those high towers this noble lord issuing,
Like radiant Hesper when his golden hayre
In th' ocean billows he hath bathèd fayre,
Descended to the rivers open vewing,
With a great traine ensuing.
Above the rest were goodly to bee seene
Two gentle knights of lovely face and feature,
Beseeming well the bower of anie queene,
With gifts of wit and ornaments of nature,
Fit for so goodly stature:
That like the twins of Jove they seem'd in sight,
Which decke the bauldricke of the heavens bright.
They two, forth pacing to the rivers side,
Received those two faire brides, their loves delight,
Which, at th' appointed tyde,
Each one did make his bryde,
Against their brydale day, which is not long:
Sweete Themmes, runne softly, till I end my song.

ELIZABETHAN LYRICS

As a whole, the brilliant lyrical effluence of the Elizabethan period may fairly be regarded as the product of English courtly life, and particularly, in its beginning, the product of the Renaissance court of Henry VIII. Wyatt and Surrey were conspicuous courtiers, and scarcely one of the contributors to *Tottel's Miscellany* (1557) was free from court influence. An inevitable result of courtliness in literature is convention, a too conscious refinement, and, often, a baffling veil of literary pretence. These qualities are salient and inherent in the Elizabethan sonnet. After its introduction into English literature by Sir Thomas Wyatt, and after its chastening in the hands of Surrey and others, this poetical form was first used in masterly fashion by Sir Philip Sidney in his *Astrophel and Stella*, the earliest sonnet sequence in English, composed a good while before its publication in 1591. During the decade 1590–1600, the sonnet was, apparently, the prevailing literary fashion, a fashion to which Shakspere submitted without restraint. Of the total number of these sonnets,— which 'far exceeds two thousand,'— the larger proportion are found in sonnet collections, or sonnet sequences, of which the most important, after those of Shakspere and Sidney, are the following: *Delia* (1592), by Samuel Daniel; *Idea* (1594), by Michael Drayton; and *Amoretti* (1595), by Edmund Spenser. With few exceptions, these sonnets, like those of Wyatt and Surrey, are imitations of Continental models.

But since lyric is essentially the expression of personal emotion, the lyrist inevitably breaks out, at times, into a frank, intimate, and spontaneous utterance which is of all sorts of expression the most immediately pleasurable. Free, fresh, and various are the lyrics found in the series of miscellanies which began with *Tottel's Miscellany*, and continued with *The Paradise of Dainty Devices* (1576), *A Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions* (1578), *A Handful of Pleasant Delights* (1584), *The Phoenix' Nest* (1593), *The Passionate Pilgrim* (1599), *England's Helicon* (1600), and Francis Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody* (1602). In one or other of these collections are represented the chief lyrical writers of the Elizabethan period.

In a group apart from the lyrical miscellanies, though not conspicuously different from some of them in content, may be reckoned the Elizabethan song books. William Byrd's *Psalms, Sonnets, and Songs of Sadness and Piety* (1587) and *Songs of Sundry Natures* (1589) were followed, during the next decade or two, by some scores of similar collections, such as John Dowland's *The First Book of Songs or Airs* (1597), and Thomas Campion's *A Book of Airs* (1601). Along with the songs in song books should be mentioned those that delightfully enliven many of the plays of the period, eminently those of Lyly and of Shakspere.

GEORGE GASCOIGNE
(1525?–1577)

A STRANGE PASSION OF A LOVER

Amid my bale I bathe in bliss,
I swim in heaven, I sink in hell:
I find amends for every miss,
And yet my moan no tongue can tell.
I live and love, what would you more?
As never lover lived before.

I laugh sometimes with little lust,
So jest I oft and feel no joy;
Mine eye is builded all on trust,
And yet mistrust breeds mine annoy.
I live and lack, I lack and have;
I have and miss the thing I crave.

These things seem strange, yet are they true.
Believe me, sweet, my state is such,
One pleasure which I would eschew,
Both slakes my grief and breeds my grutch.
So doth one pain which I would shun,
Renew my joys where grief begun.

Then like the lark that passed the night
In heavy sleep with cares opprest;
Yet when she spies the pleasant light,
She sends sweet notes from out her breast.
So sing I now because I think
How joys approach, when sorrows shrink.

And as fair Philomene again
Can watch and sing when others sleep;
And taketh pleasure in her pain,
To wray the woe that makes her weep.
So sing I now for to bewray
The loathsome life I lead alway.

The which to thee, dear wench, I write,
That know'st my mirth, but not my moan:
I pray God grant thee deep delight,
To live in joys when I am gone.
I cannot live; it will not be:
I die to think to part from thee.

SIR EDWARD DYER (1550?–1607)

MY MIND TO ME A KINGDOM IS

My mind to me a kingdom is,
Such present joys therein I find
That it excels all other bliss
That earth affords or grows by kind:
Though much I want which most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

No princely pomp, no wealthy store,
No force to win the victory,
No wily wit to salve a sore,
No shape to feed a loving eye;
To none of these I yield as thrall:
For why? My mind doth serve for all.

I see how plenty [surfeits] oft,
And hasty climbers soon do fall;
I see that those which are aloft
Mishap doth threaten most of all;
They get with toil, they keep with fear:
Such cares my mind could never bear.

Content to live, this is my stay;
I seek no more than may suffice;
I press to bear no haughty sway;
Look, what I lack my mind supplies:
Lo, thus I triumph like a king,
Content with that my mind doth bring.

Some have too much, yet still do crave;
I little have, and seek no more.
They are but poor, though much they have,
And I am rich with little store:
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
They lack, I leave; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's loss;
I grudge not at another's pain;
No worldly waves my mind can toss;
My state at one doth still remain:
I fear no foe, I fawn no friend;
I loathe not life, nor dread my end.

Some weigh their pleasure by their lust,
Their wisdom by their rage of will;
Their treasure is their only trust;
A cloakèd craft their store of skill:
But all the pleasure that I find
Is to maintain a quiet mind.

My wealth is health and perfect ease;
My conscience clear my chief defence;
I neither seek by bribes to please,
Nor by deceit to breed offence:
Thus do I live; thus will I die;
Would all did so as well as I!

SIR WALTER RALEIGH (1552?–1618)

THE SILENT LOVER

I

Passions are likened best to floods and streams:
The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb.
So, when affection yields discourse, it seems
The bottom is but shallow whence they come.
They that are rich in words, in words discover
That they are poor in that which makes a lover.

II

Wrong not, sweet empress of my heart,
The merit of true passion,
With thinking that he feels no smart,
That sues for no compassion.

Silence in love bewrays more woe
Than words, though ne'er so witty:
A beggar that is dumb, you know,
May challenge double pity.

Then wrong not, dearest to my heart,
My true, though secret passion;
He smarteth most that hides his smart,
And sues for no compassion.

HIS PILGRIMAGE

Give me my scallop-shell of quiet,
My staff of faith to walk upon,
My scrip of joy, immortal diet,
My bottle of salvation,
My gown of glory, hope's true gauge;
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage.

Blood must be my body's balmer;
No other balm will there be given;
Whilst my soul, like a quiet palmer,
Traveleth towards the land of heaven,
Over the silver mountains,
Where spring the nectar fountains.
There will I kiss
The bowl of bliss;
And drink mine everlasting fill
Upon every milken hill.
My soul will be a-dry before;
But, after, it will thirst no more.

Then by that happy blissful day
More peaceful pilgrims I shall see,
That have cast off their rags of clay,
And walk appareled fresh like me.
I 'll take them first,
To quench their thirst
And taste of nectar suckets,
At those clear wells
Where sweetness dwells,
Drawn up by saints in crystal buckets.

And when our bottles and all we
Are filled with immortality,
Then the blessèd paths we 'll travel,
Strowed with rubies thick as gravel;
Ceilings of diamonds, sapphire floors,
High walls of coral, and pearly bowers.

From thence to heaven's bribeless hall,
Where no corruptèd voices brawl;
No conscience molten into gold;
No forged accuser bought or sold;
No cause deferred, no vain-spent journey,
For there Christ is the King's attorney,
Who pleads for all, without degrees,
And he hath angels but no fees.
And when the grand twelve million jury
Of our sins, with direful fury,
Against our souls black verdicts give,
Christ pleads his death; and then we live.

Be Thou my speaker, taintless pleader!
Unblotted lawyer! true proceeder!
Thou giv'st salvation, even for alms,
Not with a bribèd lawyer's palms.

And this is mine eternal plea
To him that made heaven and earth and sea:
That, since my flesh must die so soon,
And want a head to dine next noon,
Just at the stroke, when my veins start and spread,
Set on my soul an everlasting head!

Then am I ready, like a palmer fit,
To tread those blest paths; which before I writ.

A VISION UPON THIS CONCEIT OF THE FAERY QUEEN

Methought I saw the grave where Laura lay,
Within that temple where the vestal flame
Was wont to burn: and, passing by that way,
To see that buried dust of living fame,
Whose tomb fair Love and fairer Virtue kept,
All suddenly I saw the Faery Queen;
At whose approach the soul of Petrarch wept,
And from thenceforth those graces were not seen,
For they this queen attendèd; in whose stead
Oblivion laid him down on Laura's hearse.
Hereat the hardest stones were seen to bleed,
And groans of buried ghosts the heavens did pierce:
Where Homer's sprite did tremble all for grief,
And cursed the access of that celestial thief.

THE CONCLUSION

Even such is time, that takes in trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with earth and dust;
Who, in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days:
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
My God shall raise me up, I trust.

GEORGE PEELE (1558?–1597?)

SONG FROM THE ARRAIGNMENT OF PARIS

ŒNONE. Fair and fair, and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be;
The fairest shepherd on our green,
A love for any lady.

PARIS. Fair and fair, and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be;
Thy love is fair for thee alone,
And for no other lady.

ŒN. My love is fair, my love is gay,
As fresh as bin the flowers in May,
And of my love my roundelay,
My merry, merry roundelay,
Concludes with Cupid's curse,—

'They that do change old love for new,
Pray gods they change for worse!'

AMBO SIMUL. They that do change, etc.
ŒN. Fair and fair, etc.
PAR. Fair and fair, etc.
Thy love is fair, etc.
ŒN. My love can pipe, my love can sing,
My love can many a pretty thing,
And of his lovely praises ring
My merry, merry roundelays,
Amen to Cupid's curse,—
'They that do change,' etc.
PAR. They that do change, etc.
AMBO. Fair and fair, etc.

HARVESTMEN A-SINGING

FROM THE OLD WIVES' TALE

All ye that lovely lovers be,
Pray you for me:
Lo, here we come a-sowing, a-sowing,
And sow sweet fruits of love;
In your sweet hearts well may it prove!

Lo, here we come a-reaping, a-reaping,
To reap our harvest-fruit!
And thus we pass the year so long,
And never be we mute.

ROBERT GREENE (1560?–1592)

SONG FROM THE FAREWELL TO FOLLY

Sweet are the thoughts that savor of content;
The quiet mind is richer than a crown;
Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent;
The poor estate scorns fortune's angry frown:
Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such bliss,
Beggars enjoy, when princes oft do miss.

The homely house that harbors quiet rest;
The cottage that affords no pride nor care;
The mean that 'grees with country music best;
The sweet consort of mirth and music's fare;
Obscurèd life sets down a type of bliss:
A mind content both crown and kingdom is.

PHILOMELA'S ODE

FROM PHILOMELA

Sitting by a river's side,
Where a silent stream did glide,
Muse I did of many things
That the mind in quiet brings.
I gan think how some men deem
Gold their god; and some esteem
Honor is the chief content
That to man in life is lent.
And some others do contend,
Quiet none like to a friend.
Others hold there is no wealth
Compared to a perfect health.
Some man's mind in quiet stands,
When he is lord of many lands.
But I did sigh, and said all this
Was but a shade of perfect bliss;
And in my thoughts I did approve,
Naught so sweet as is true love.
Love 'twixt lovers passeth these,
When mouth kisseth and heart 'grees,
With folded arms and lips meeting,
Each soul another sweetly greeting;
For by the breath the soul fleeteth,
And soul with soul in kissing meeteth.
If love be so sweet a thing,
That such happy bliss doth bring,
Happy is love's sugared thrall,
But unhappy maidens all,
Who esteem your virgin blisses
Sweeter than a wife's sweet kisses.
No such quiet to the mind
As true love with kisses kind;
But if a kiss prove unchaste,
Then is true love quite disgraced.
Though love be sweet, learn this of me
No sweet love but honesty.

SONG FROM MENAPHON

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee,
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.
Mother's wag, pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy;
When thy father first did see
Such a boy by him and me,
He was glad, I was woe,
Fortune changèd made him so,
When he left his pretty boy
Last his sorrow, first his joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee,
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.

Streaming tears that never stint,
Like pearl-drops from a flint,
Fell by course from his eyes,
That one another's place supplies;
Thus he grieved in every part,
Tears of blood fell from his heart,
When he left his pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee,
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.
The wanton smiled, father wept,
Mother cried, baby leapt;
More he crowed, more he cried,
Nature could not sorrow hide:
He must go, he must kiss
Child and mother, baby bless,
For he left his pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy.
Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee,
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.

SONG FROM MENAPHON

Some say Love,
Foolish Love,
Doth rule and govern all the gods:
I say Love,
Inconstant Love,
Sets men's senses far at odds.
Some swear Love,
Smooth-faced Love,
Is sweetest sweet that men can have:
I say Love,
Sour Love,
Makes virtue yield as beauty's slave.
A bitter sweet, a folly worst of all,
That forceth wisdom to be folly's thrall.

Love is sweet,
Wherein sweet?
In fading pleasures that do pain.
Beauty sweet:
Is that sweet
That yieldeth sorrow for a gain?
If Love's sweet,
Herein sweet,
That minutes' joys are monthly woes:
'Tis not sweet,
That is sweet
Nowhere but where repentance grows.
Then love who list, if beauty be so sour;
Labor for me, Love rest in prince's bower.

THE SHEPHERD'S WIFE'S SONG

FROM THE MOURNING GARMENT

Ah, what is love? It is a pretty thing,
As sweet unto a shepherd as a king;
And sweeter too:
For kings have cares that wait upon a crown,
And cares can make the sweetest love to frown.
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

His flocks are folded, he comes home at night,
As merry as a king in his delight;
And merrier too:
For kings bethink them what the state require,
Where shepherds careless carol by the fire.
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

He kisseth first, then sits as blithe to eat
His cream and curds as doth the king his meat;
And blither too:
For kings have often fears when they do sup,
Where shepherds dread no poison in their cup.
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

To bed he goes, as wanton then, I ween,
As is a king in dalliance with a queen;
More wanton too:
For kings have many griefs affects to move,
Where shepherds have no greater grief than love.
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

Upon his couch of straw he sleeps as sound,
As doth the king upon his bed of down;
More sounder too:
For cares cause kings full oft their sleep to spill,
Where weary shepherds lie and snort their fill.
Ah then, ah then,

If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

Thus with his wife he spends the year, as blithe
As doth the king at every tide or sithe;
And blither too:
For kings have wars and broils to take in hand
When shepherds laugh and love upon the land.
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

ROBERT SOUTHWELL (1561?–1595)

THE BURNING BABE

As I in hoary winter's night stood shivering in the snow,
Surprised I was with sudden heat which made my heart to glow;
And lifting up a fearful eye to view what fire was near,
A pretty babe, all burning bright, did in the air appear,
Who scorchèd with exceeding heat such floods of tears did shed,
As though his floods should quench his flames with what his tears were fed;
'Alas!' quoth he, 'but newly born in fiery heats I fry,
Yet none approach to warm their hearts or feel my fire but I!
My faultless breast the furnace is, the fuel wounding thorns;
Love is the fire and sighs the smoke, the ashes shame and scorns;
The fuel Justice layeth on, and Mercy blows the coals;
The metal in this furnace wrought are men's defilèd souls;
For which, as now on fire I am, to work them to their good,
So will I melt into a bath, to wash them in my blood:'
With this he vanished out of sight, and swiftly shrunk away,
And straight I callèd unto mind that it was Christmas-day.

SAMUEL DANIEL (1562–1619)

SONNETS FROM DELIA

XIX

Restore thy treasure to the golden ore;
Yield Cytherea's son those arcs of love:
Bequeath the heavens the stars that I adore;
And to the orient do thy pearls remove.
Yield thy hands' pride unto the ivory white;
To Arabian odors give thy breathing sweet,
Restore thy blush unto Aurora bright;
To Thetis give the honor of thy feet.
Let Venus have the graces she resigned;
And thy sweet voice yield to Hermonius' spheres:
But yet restore thy fierce and cruel mind
To Hyrcan tigers and to ruthless bears.
Yield to the marble thy hard heart again;
So shalt thou cease to plague and I to pain.

XXIII

False Hope prolongs my ever certain grief,
Traitor to me, and faithful to my Love.
A thousand times it promised me relief,
Yet never any true effect I prove.
Oft, when I find in her no truth at all,
I banish her, and blame her treachery:
Yet, soon again, I must her back recall,
As one that dies without her company.
Thus often, as I chase my Hope from me,
Straightway, she hastes her unto Delia's eyes:
Fed with some pleasing look, there shall she be;
And so sent back. And thus my fortune lies.
Looks feed my Hope, Hope fosters me in vain;
Hopes are unsure, when certain is my pain.

XXVIII

Oft do I marvel, whether Delia's eyes
Are eyes, or else two radiant stars that shine?
For how could Nature ever thus devise
Of earth, on earth, a substance so divine?
Stars, sure, they are, whose motions rule desires;
And calm and tempest follow their aspects:
Their sweet appearing still such power inspires,
That makes the world admire so strange effects.
Yet whether fixed or wandering stars are they,

Whose influence rules the orb of my poor heart?
Fixed, sure, they are, but wandering, make me stray
In endless errors, whence I cannot part.
Stars, then, not eyes, move you, with milder view,
Your sweet aspect on him that honors you!

XXXVIII

Thou canst not die, whilst any zeal abound
In feeling hearts, that can conceive these lines:
Though thou, a Laura, hast no Petrarch found;
In base attire, yet, clearly, Beauty shines.
And I, though born within a colder clime,
Do feel mine inward heat as great, I know it.
He never had more faith, although more rime:
I love as well, though he could better show it.
But I may add one feather to thy fame,
To help her flight throughout the fairest Isle;
And if my pen could more enlarge thy name,
Then should'st thou live in an immortal style.
For though that Laura better limnèd be,
Suffice, thou shalt be loved as well as she!

XLIX

Care-charmer Sleep, son of the sable Night,
Brother to Death, in silent darkness born:
Relieve my anguish, and restore the light;
With dark forgetting of my care, return!
And let the day be time enough to mourn
The shipwreck of my ill-adventured youth:
Let waking eyes suffice to wail their scorn,
Without the torment of the night's untruth.
Cease, dreams, the images of day-desires,
To model forth the passions of the morrow;
Never let rising sun approve you liars,
To add more grief to aggravate my sorrow.
Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain;
And never wake to feel the day's disdain.

L

Let others sing of Knights and Paladins
In agèd accents and untimely words;
Paint shadows in imaginary lines
Which well the reach of their high wits records:
But I must sing of thee, and those fair eyes
Authentic shall my verse in time to come;
When yet th' unborn shall say, 'Lo, where she lies
Whose beauty made him speak that else was dumb.'
These are the arcs, the trophies I erect,
That fortify thy name against old age;
And these thy sacred virtues must protect
Against the dark, and Time's consuming rage.
Though the error of my youth in them appear,
Suffice they show I lived and loved thee dear.

MICHAEL DRAYTON (1563–1631)

SONNETS FROM IDEA

TO THE READER OF THESE SONNETS

Into these loves, who but for passion looks,
At this first sight, here let him lay them by,
And seek elsewhere in turning other books,
Which better may his labor satisfy.
No far-fetched sigh shall ever wound my breast;
Love from mine eye a tear shall never wring;
Nor in 'Ah me's!' my whining sonnets drest!
A libertine! fantasticly I sing!
My verse is the true image of my mind,
Ever in motion, still desiring change;
And as thus, to variety inclined,
So in all humors sportively I range!
My Muse is rightly of the English strain,
That cannot long one fashion entertain.

IV

Bright Star of Beauty, on whose eyelids sit
A thousand nymph-like and enamored Graces,
The Goddesses of Memory and Wit,
Which there in order take their several places;
In whose dear bosom, sweet delicious Love
Lays down his quiver, which he once did bear,
Since he that blessèd paradise did prove;
And leaves his mother's lap, to sport him there.
Let others strive to entertain with words!
My soul is of a braver mettle made:

I hold that vile, which vulgar wit affords;
In me 's that faith which time cannot invade!
Let what I praise be still made good by you!
Be you most worthy, whilst I am most true!

IX

As other men, so I myself, do muse
Why in this sort I wrest invention so?
And why these giddy metaphors I use,
Leaving the path the greater part do go?
I will resolve you. I am lunatic!
And ever this in madmen you shall find,
What they last thought of, when the brain grew sick,
In most distraction, they keep that in mind.
Thus talking idly, in this Bedlam fit,
Reason and I, you must conceive, are twain;
'Tis nine years now, since first I lost my wit.
Bear with me, then, though troubled be my brain!
What diet and correction, men distraught,
Not too far past, may to their wits be brought.

XX

An evil Spirit (your Beauty) haunts me still,
Wherewith, alas, I have been long possest;
Which ceaseth not to attempt me to each ill,
Nor give me once, but one poor minute's rest.
In me it speaks, whether I sleep or wake;
And when by means to drive it out I try,
With greater torments then it me doth take,
And tortures me in most extremity.
Before my face, it lays down my despairs,
And hastes me on unto a sudden death;
Now tempting me to drown myself in tears,
And then in sighing to give up my breath.
Thus am I still provoked to every evil,
By this good-wicked Spirit, sweet Angel-Devil.

XLIV

Whilst thus my pen strives to eternize thee,
Age rules my lines with wrinkles in my face,
Where, in the map of all my misery,
Is modeled out the world of my disgrace;
Whilst in despite of tyrannizing times,
Medea-like, I make thee young again,
Proudly thou scorn'st my world-outwearing rimes,
And murder'st Virtue with thy coy disdain!
And though in youth my youth untimely perish
To keep thee from oblivion and the grave,
Ensuing ages yet my rimes shall cherish,
Where I entombed, my better part shall save;
And though this earthly body fade and die,
My name shall mount upon Eternity!

LXI

Since there's no help, come, let us kiss and part!
Nay, I have done; you get no more of me!
And I am glad, yea, glad, with all my heart,
That thus so cleanly I myself can free.
Shake hands for ever! Cancel all our vows!
And when we meet at any time again,
Be it not seen in either of our brows,
That we one jot of former love retain!
Now at the last gasp of Love's latest breath,
When, his pulse failing, Passion speechless lies;
When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
And Innocence is closing up his eyes,—
Now, if thou wouldst, when all have given him over,
From death to life thou might'st him yet recover!

ODE XI

TO THE VIRGINIAN VOYAGE

You brave heroic minds,
Worthy your country's name,
That honor still pursue;
Go and subdue!
Whilst loitering hinds
Lurk here at home with shame.

Britons, you stay too long;
Quickly aboard bestow you!
And with a merry gale
Swell your stretched sail,
With vows as strong
As the winds that blow you!

Your course securely steer,
West-and-by-south forth keep!

Rocks, lee-shores, nor shoals,
When Eolus scowls,
You need not fear,
So absolute the deep.

And, cheerfully at sea,
Success you still entice,
To get the pearl and gold;
And ours to hold,
Virginia,
Earth's only Paradise.

Where Nature hath in store
Fowl, venison, and fish;
And the fruitful'st soil,—
Without your toil,
Three harvests more,
All greater than your wish.

And the ambitious vine
Crowns with his purple mass
The cedar reaching high
To kiss the sky,
The cypress, pine,
And useful sassafras.

To whom, the Golden Age
Still Nature's laws doth give:
Nor other cares attend,
But them to defend
From winter's rage,
That long there doth not live.

When as the luscious smell
Of that delicious land,
Above the seas that flows,
The clear wind throws,
Your hearts to swell,
Approaching the dear strand.

In kenning of the shore
(Thanks to God first given!)
O you, the happiest men,
Be frolic then!
Let cannons roar,
Frightening the wide heaven!

And in regions far,
Such heroes bring ye forth
As those from whom we came!
And plant our name
Under that star
Not known unto our North!

And as there plenty grows
The laurel everywhere,
Apollo's sacred tree
You may it see
A poet's brows
To crown, that may sing there.

Thy Voyages attend,
Industrious Hakluyt!
Whose reading shall inflame
Men to seek fame;
And much commend
To after times thy wit.

ODE XII

TO THE CAMBRO-BRITONS AND THEIR HARP HIS BALLAD OF AGINCOURT

Fair stood the wind for France,
When we our sails advance;
Nor now to prove our chance
Longer will tarry;
But putting to the main,
At Caux, the mouth of Seine,
With all his martial train
Landed King Harry.

And taking many a fort,
Furnished in warlike sort,
Marcheth towards Agincourt
In happy hour;
Skirmishing, day by day,
With those that stopped his way,
Where the French general lay
With all his power.

Which, in his height of pride,
King Henry to deride,
His ransom to provide,
To the King sending;
Which he neglects the while,
As from a nation vile,
Yet, with an angry smile,
Their fall portending.

And turning to his men,
Quoth our brave Henry then:
'Though they to one be ten
Be not amazed!
Yet have we well begun:
Battles so bravely won
Have ever to the sun
By Fame been raised!

'And for myself,' quoth he,
'This my full rest shall be:
England ne'er mourn for me,
Nor more esteem me!
Victor I will remain,

Or on this earth lie slain;
Never shall she sustain
Loss to redeem me!

'Poitiers and Cressy tell,
When most their pride did swell,
Under our swords they fell.
No less our skill is,
Than when our Grandsire great,
Claiming the regal seat,
By many a warlike feat
Lopped the French lilies.'

The Duke of York so dread
The eager vanward led;
With the main, Henry sped
Amongst his henchmen;
Exeter had the rear,
A braver man not there!
O Lord, how hot they were
On the false Frenchmen!

They now to fight are gone;
Armor on armor shone;
Drum now to drum did groan:
To hear, was wonder;
That, with the cries they make,
The very earth did shake;
Trumpet to trumpet spake;
Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,
O noble Erpingham,
Which didst the signal aim
To our hid forces!
When, from a meadow by,
Like a storm suddenly,
The English archery
Stuck the French horses.

With Spanish yew so strong;
Arrows a cloth-yard long,
That like to serpents stung,
Piercing the weather.
None from his fellow starts;
But, playing manly parts,
And like true English hearts,
Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw,
And forth their bilboes drew,
And on the French they flew:
Not one was tardy.
Arms were from shoulders sent,
Scalps to the teeth were rent,
Down the French peasants went:
Our men were hardy.

This while our noble King,
His broad sword brandishing,
Down the French host did ding,
As to o'erwhelm it.
And many a deep wound lent;
His arms with blood besprent,
And many a cruel dent
Bruisèd his helmet.

Gloucester, that duke so good,
Next of the royal blood,
For famous England stood
With his brave brother.
Clarence, in steel so bright,
Though but a maiden knight,
Yet in that furious fight
Scarce such another!

Warwick in blood did wade;
Oxford, the foe invade,
And cruel slaughter made,
Still as they ran up.
Suffolk his axe did ply;
Beaumont and Willoughby
Bare them right doughtily;
Ferrers, and Fanhope.

Upon Saint Crispin's Day
Fought was this noble fray;
Which Fame did not delay
To England to carry.
O, when shall English men
With such acts fill a pen?
Or England breed again
Such a King Harry?

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE
(1564–1593)

HERO AND LEANDER

From THE FIRST SESTIAD

On Hellespont, guilty of true love's blood,
In view and opposite two cities stood,
Sea-borderers, disjoined by Neptune's might;
The one Abydos, the other Sestos hight.
At Sestos Hero dwelt; Hero the fair,
Whom young Apollo courted for her hair,
And offered as a dower his burning throne,
Where she should sit, for men to gaze upon.
The outside of her garments were of lawn,
The lining purple silk, with gilt stars drawn;

Her wide sleeves green, and bordered with a grove,
Where Venus in her naked glory strove
To please the careless and disdainful eyes
Of proud Adonis, that before her lies;
Her kirtle blue, whereon was many a stain,
Made with the blood of wretched lovers slain.
Upon her head she ware a myrtle wreath,
From whence her veil reached to the ground beneath;
Her veil was artificial flowers and leaves,
Whose workmanship both man and beast deceives.
Many would praise the sweet smell as she past,
When 'twas the odor which her breath forth cast;
And there, for honey, bees have sought in vain,
And, beat from thence, have lighted there again.
About her neck hung chains of pebble-stone,
Which, lightened by her neck, like diamonds shone.
She ware no gloves; for neither sun nor wind
Would burn or parch her hands, but, to her mind,
Or warm or cool them, for they took delight
To play upon those hands, they were so white.
Buskins of shells, all silvered, usèd she,
And branched with blushing coral to the knee;
Where sparrows perched of hollow pearl and gold,
Such as the world would wonder to behold:
Those with sweet water oft her handmaid fills,
Which as she went, would chirrup through the bills.
Some say, for her the fairest Cupid pined,
And, looking in her face, was strooken blind.
But this is true; so like was one the other,
As he imagined Hero was his mother;
And oftentimes into her bosom flew,
About her naked neck his bare arms threw,
And laid his childish head upon her breast,
And, with still panting rock, there took his rest.
So lovely-fair was Hero, Venus' nun,
As Nature wept, thinking she was undone,
Because she took more from her than she left,
And of such wondrous beauty her bereft:
Therefore, in sign her treasure suffered wrack,
Since Hero's time hath half the world been black.

Amorous Leander, beautiful and young
(Whose tragedy divine Musæus sung),
Dwelt at Abydos; since him dwelt there none
For whom succeeding times make greater moan.
His dangling tresses, that were never shorn,
Had they been cut, and unto Colchos borne,
Would have allured the venturous youth of Greece
To hazard more than for the golden fleece.
Fair Cynthia wished his arms might be her sphere;
Grief makes her pale, because she moves not there.
His body was as straight as Circe's wand;
Jove might have sipt out nectar from his hand.
Even as delicious meat is to the taste,
So was his neck in touching, and surpast
The white of Pelops' shoulder: I could tell ye,
How smooth his breast was, and how white his belly;
And whose immortal fingers did imprint
That heavenly path with many a curious dint
That runs along his back; but my rude pen
Can hardly blazon forth the loves of men,
Much less of powerful gods: let it suffice
That my slack Muse sings of Leander's eyes;
Those orient cheeks and lips, exceeding his
That leapt into the water for a kiss
Of his own shadow, and, despising many,
Died ere he could enjoy the love of any.
Had wild Hippolytus Leander seen,
Enamored of his beauty had he been.
His presence made the rudest peasant melt,
That in the vast uplandish country dwelt;
The barbarous Thracian soldier, moved with naught,
Was moved with him, and for his favor sought.
Some swore he was a maid in man's attire,
For in his looks were all that men desire,—
A pleasant-smiling cheek, a speaking eye,
A brow for love to banquet royally;
And such as knew he was a man, would say,
'Leander, thou art made for amorous play;
Why art thou not in love, and loved of all?
Though thou be fair, yet be not thine own thrall.'

The men of wealthy Sestos every year,

For his sake whom their goddess held so dear,
Rose-cheeked Adonis, kept a solemn feast.
Thither resorted many a wandering guest
To meet their loves; such as had none at all,
Came lovers home from this great festival;
For every street, like to a firmament,
Glistered with breathing stars, who, where they went,
Frightèd the melancholy earth, which deemed
Eternal heaven to burn, for so it seemed
As if another Phaëton had got
The guidance of the sun's rich chariot.
But, far above the loveliest, Hero shined,
And stole away th' enchanted gazer's mind;
For like sea-nymphs' inveigling harmony,
So was her beauty to the standers by;
Nor that night-wandering, pale, and watery star
(When yawning dragons draw her thirling car
From Latmus' mount up to the gloomy sky,
Where, crowned with blazing light and majesty,
She proudly sits) more over-rules the flood
Than she the hearts of those that near her stood.
Even as, when gaudy nymphs pursue the chase,
Wretched Ixion's shaggy-footed race,
Incensed with savage heat, gallop amain
From steep pine-bearing mountains to the plain,
So ran the people forth to gaze upon her,
And all that viewed her were enamored on her.
And as, in fury of a dreadful fight,
Their fellows being slain or put to flight,
Poor soldiers stand with fear of death dead-strooken,
So at her presence all surprised and tooken,
Await the sentence of her scornful eyes;
He whom she favors lives; the other dies.
There might you see one sigh; another rage;
And some, their violent passions to assuage,
Compile sharp satires; but, alas, too late!
For faithful love will never turn to hate.
And many, seeing great princes were denied,
Pined as they went, and thinking on her died.
On this feast-day — O cursèd day and hour! —
Went Hero thorough Sestos, from her tower
To Venus' temple, where unhappily,
As after chanced, they did each other spy.
So fair a church as this had Venus none:
The walls were of discolored jasper-stone,
Wherein was Proteus carved; and overhead
A lively vine of green sea-agate spread,
Where by one hand light-headed Bacchus hung,
And with the other wine from grapes outwrung.
Of crystal shining fair the pavement was;
The town of Sestos called it Venus' glass:
There might you see the gods in sundry shapes,
Committing heady riots, incest, rapes:

* * *

Blood-quaffing Mars, heaving the iron net,
Which limping Vulcan and his Cyclops set:
Love kindling fire, to burn such towns as Troy:
Silvanus weeping for the lovely boy
That now is turned into a cypress-tree,
Under whose shade the wood-gods love to be.
And in the midst a silver altar stood:
There Hero, sacrificing turtles' blood,
Vailed to the ground, veiling her eyelids close;
And modestly they opened as she rose.
Thence flew Love's arrow with the golden head;
And thus Leander was enamorèd.
Stone-still he stood, and evermore he gazed,
Till with the fire that from his countenance blazed
Relenting Hero's gentle heart was strook:
Such force and virtue hath an amorous look.

It lies not in our power to love or hate,
For will in us is over-ruled by fate.
When two are stript long ere the course begin,
We wish that one should lose, the other win;
And one especially do we affect
Of two gold ingots, like in each respect:
The reason no man knows, let it suffice,
What we behold is censured by our eyes.
Where both deliberate, the love is slight:
Who ever loved, that loved not at first sight?

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE
(1564–1616)

From VENUS AND ADONIS

Lo, here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
The sun ariseth in his majesty;
Who doth the world so glorious behold
That cedar-tops and hills seem burnished gold.

Venus salutes him with this fair good-morrow:
'O thou clear god, and patron of all light,
From whom each lamp and shining star doth borrow
The beauteous influence that makes him bright,
There lives a son that sucked an earthly mother,
May lend thee light, as thou dost lend to other.

This said, she hasteth to a myrtle grove,
Musing the morning is so much o'erworn,
And yet she hears no tidings of her love:
She hearkens for his hounds and for his horn:
Anon she hears them chant it lustily,
And all in haste she coasteth to the cry.

And as she runs, the bushes in the way
Some catch her by the neck, some kiss her face,
Some twine about her thigh to make her stay:
She wildly breaketh from their strict embrace,
Like a milch doe, whose swelling dugs do ache,
Hasting to feed her fawn hid in some brake.

By this, she hears the hounds are at a bay;
Whereat she starts, like one that spies an adder
Wreathed up in fatal folds just in his way,
The fear whereof doth make him shake and shudder;
Even so the timorous yelping of the hounds
Appals her senses and her spirit confounds.

For now she knows it is no gentle chase,
But the blunt boar, rough bear, or lion proud.
Because the cry remaineth in one place,
Where fearfully the dogs exclaim aloud:
Finding their enemy to be so curst,
They all strain courtesy who shall cope him first.

This dismal cry rings sadly in her ear,
Through which it enters to surprise her heart;
Who, overcome by doubt and bloodless fear,
With cold-pale weakness numbs each feeling part:
Like soldiers, when their captain once doth yield,
They basely fly and dare not stay the field.

Thus stands she in a trembling ecstasy;
Till, cheering up her senses all dismayed,
She tells them 'tis a causeless fantasy,
And childish error, that they are afraid;
Bids them leave quaking, bids them fear no more:—
And with that word she spied the hunted boar,

Whose frothy mouth, bepainted all with red,
Like milk and blood being mingled both together,
A second fear through all her sinews spread,
Which madly hurries her she knows not whither:
This way she runs, and now she will no further,
But back retires to rate the boar for murther.

A thousand spleens bear her a thousand ways:
She treads the path that she untreads again;
Her more than haste is mated with delays,
Like the proceedings of a drunken brain,
Full of respects, yet naught at all respecting;
In hand with all things, naught at all effecting.

Here kenneled in a brake she finds a hound,
And asks the weary catitiff for his master,
And there another licking of his wound,
'Gainst venomed sores the only sovereign plaster;
And here she meets another sadly scowling
To whom she speaks, and he replies with howling.

When he hath ceased his ill-resounding noise,
Another flap-mouthed mourner, black and grim,
Against the welkin volleys out his voice,
Another and another answer him,
Clapping their proud tails to the ground below,
Shaking their scratched ears, bleeding as they go.

Look, how the world's poor people are amazed
At apparitions, signs, and prodigies,
Whereon with fearful eyes they long have gazed,
Infusing them with dreadful prophecies;
So she at these sad signs draws up her breath
And sighing it again, exclaims on Death.

'Hard-favored tyrant, ugly, meager, lean,
Hateful divorce of love,'—thus chides she Death,—
'Grim-grinning ghost, earth's worm, what dost thou mean
To stifle beauty and to steal his breath,
Who when he lived, his breath and beauty set
Gloss on the rose, smell to the violet?

'If he be dead,—O no, it cannot be,
Seeing his beauty, thou shouldst strike at it:—
O yes, it may; thou hast no eyes to see,
But hatefully at random dost thou hit.
Thy mark is feeble age, but thy false dart
Mistakes that aim and cleaves an infant's heart.

'Hadst thou but bid beware, then he had spoke,
And, hearing him, thy power had lost his power.
The Destinies will curse thee for this stroke;
They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluck'st a flower:
Love's golden arrow at him should have fled,
And not Death's ebon dart, to strike him dead.

'Dost thou drink tears, that thou provok'st such weeping?
What may a heavy groan advantage thee?
Why hast thou cast into eternal sleeping
Those eyes that taught all other eyes to see?
Now Nature cares not for thy mortal vigor,
Since her best work is ruined with thy rigor.'

Here overcome, as one full of despair,
She vailed her eyelids, who, like sluices, stopt
The crystal tide that from her two cheeks fair
In the sweet channel of her bosom dropt;
But through the flood-gates breaks the silver rain,
And with his strong course opens them again.

O, how her eyes and tears did lend and borrow!
Her eyes seen in the tears, tears in her eye;
Both crystals, where they viewed each other's sorrow,
Sorrow that friendly sighs sought still to dry;
But like a stormy day, now wind, now rain,
Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet again.

Variable passions throng her constant woe,
As striving who should best become her grief;
All entertained, each passion labors so,
That every present sorrow seemeth chief,
But none is best: then join they all together,
Like many clouds consulting for foul weather.

By this, far off she hears some huntsman hallo;
A nurse's song ne'er pleased her babe so well:
The dire imagination she did follow
This sound of hope doth labor to expel;
For now reviving joy bids her rejoice,
And flatters her it is Adonis' voice.

Whereat her tears began to turn their tide,
Being prisoned in her eye like pearls in glass;
Yet sometimes falls an orient drop beside,
Which her cheek melts, as scorning it should pass,
To wash the foul face of the sluttish ground,
Who is but drunken when she seemeth drowned.

O hard-believing love, how strange it seems
Not to believe, and yet too credulous!
Thy weal and woe are both of them extremes;
Despair and hope makes thee ridiculous:
The one doth flatter thee in thoughts unlikely,
In likely thoughts the other kills thee quickly.

Now she unweaves the web that she hath wrought;
Adonis lives, and Death is not to blame;
It was not she that called him all to naught:
Now she adds honors to his hateful name;
She clepes him king of graves and grave for kings,
Imperious supreme of all mortal things.

'No, no,' quoth she, 'sweet Death, I did but jest;
Yet pardon me I felt a kind of fear
When-as I met the boar, that bloody beast,
Which knows no pity, but is still severe;
Then, gentle shadow,—truth I must confess,—
I railed on thee, fearing my love's decease.

''Tis not my fault: the boar provoked my tongue;
Be wreaked on him, invisible commander;
'Tis he, foul creature, that hath done thee wrong;
I did but act, he's author of thy slander;
Grief hath two tongues, and never woman yet
Could rule them both without ten women's wit.'

Thus hoping that Adonis is alive,
Her rash suspect she doth extenuate;
And that his beauty may the better thrive,
With Death she humbly doth insinuate;
Tells him of trophies, statues, tombs, and stories;
His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.

'O Jove,' quoth she, 'how much a fool was I
To be of such a weak and silly mind
To wail his death who lives and must not die
Till mutual overthrow of mortal kind!
For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,
And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again.

'Fie, fie, fond love, thou art as full of fear
As one with treasure laden, hemmed with thieves;
Trifles, unwitnessèd with eye or ear,
Thy coward heart with false bethinking grieves.'
Even at this word she hears a merry horn,
Whereat she leaps that was but late forlorn.

As falcon to the lure, away she flies;
The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light;
And in her haste unfortunately spies
The foul boar's conquest on her fair delight;
Which seen, her eyes, as murdered with the view,
Like stars ashamed of day, themselves withdrew;

Or, as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,
Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with pain,
And there, all smothered up, in shade doth sit,
Long after fearing to creep forth again;
So, at his bloody view, her eyes are fled
Into the deep dark cabins of her head:

Where they resign their office and their light
To the disposing of her troubled brain;
Who bids them still consort with ugly night,
And never wound the heart with looks again;
Who, like a king perplexèd in his throne,
By their suggestion gives a deadly groan,

Whereat each tributary subject quakes;
As when the wind, imprisoned in the ground,
Struggling for passage, earth's foundation shakes,
Which with cold terror doth men's minds confound.
This mutiny each part doth so surprise
That from their dark beds once more leap her eyes;

And, being opened, threw unwilling light
Upon the wide wound that the boar had trenched
In his soft flank; whose wonted lily white
With purple tears, that his wound wept, was drenched.

No flower was nigh, no grass, herb, leaf, or weed,
But stole his blood and seemed with him to bleed.

This solemn sympathy poor Venus noteth;
Over one shoulder doth she hang her head;
Dumbly she passions, franticly she doteth;
She thinks he could not die, he is not dead:
Her voice is stopt, her joints forget to bow;
Her eyes are mad that they have wept till now.

Upon his hurt she looks so steadfastly,
That her sight dazzling makes the wound seem three;
And then she reprehends her mangling eye,
That makes more gashes where no breach should be:
His face seems twain, each several limb is doubled;
For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being troubled.

'My tongue cannot express my grief for one,
And yet,' quoth she, 'behold two Adons dead!
My sighs are blown away, my salt tears gone,
Mine eyes are turned to fire, my heart to lead:
Heavy heart's lead, melt at mine eyes' red fire!
So shall I die by drops of hot desire.

'Alas, poor world, what treasure hast thou lost!
What face remains alive that's worth the viewing?
Whose tongue is music now? what canst thou boast
Of things long since, or anything ensuing?
The flowers are sweet, their colors fresh and trim;
But true-sweet beauty lived and died with him.

'Bonnet nor veil henceforth no creature wear!
Nor sun nor wind will ever strive to kiss you:
Having no fair to lose, you need not fear;
The sun doth scorn you and the wind doth hiss you:
But when Adonis lived, sun and sharp air
Lurked like two thieves, to rob him of his fair.

'And therefore would he put his bonnet on,
Under whose brim the gaudy sun would peep;
The wind would blow it off and, being gone,
Play with his locks: then would Adonis weep;
And straight, in pity of his tender years,
They both would strive who first should dry his tears.

'To see his face the lion walked along
Behind some hedge, because he would not fear him;
To recreate himself when he hath sung,
The tiger would be tame and gently hear him;
If he had spoke, the wolf would leave his prey
And never fright the silly lamb that day.

'When he beheld his shadow in the brook,
The fishes spread on it their golden gills;
When he was by, the birds such pleasure took,
That some would sing, some other in their bills
Would bring him mulberries and ripe-red cherries;
He fed them with his sight, they him with berries.

'But this foul, grim, and urchin-snouted boar,
Whose downward eye still looketh for a grave,
Ne'er saw the beauteous livery that he wore;
Witness the entertainment that he gave:
If he did see his face, why then I know
He thought to kiss him, and hath killed him so.

''Tis true, 'tis true; thus was Adonis slain:
He ran upon the boar with his sharp spear,
Who did not whet his teeth at him again,
But by a kiss thought to persuade him there;
And nuzzling in his flank, the loving swine
Sheathed unaware the tusk in his soft groin.

'Had I been toothed like him, I must confess,
With kissing him I should have killed him first:

But he is dead, and never did he bless
My youth with his; the more am I accurst.'
With this, she falleth in the place she stood,
And stains her face with his congealèd blood.

She looks upon his lips, and they are pale;
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold;
She whispers in his ears a heavy tale,
As if they heard the woeful words she told;
She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,
Where, lo, two lamps, burnt out, in darkness lies;

Two glasses, where herself herself beheld
A thousand times, and now no more reflect;
Their virtue lost, wherein they late excelled,
And every beauty robbed of his effect:
'Wonder of time,' quoth she, 'this is my spite,
That, thou being dead, the day should yet be light.

'Since thou art dead, lo, here I prophesy:
Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend:
It shall be waited on with jealousy,
Find sweet beginning, but unsavory end,
Ne'er settled equally, but high or low,
That all love's pleasure shall not match his woe.

'It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud,
Bud and be blasted in a breathing-while;
The bottom poison, and the top o'erstrawed
With sweets that shall the truest sight beguile:
The strongest body shall it make most weak,
Strike the wise dumb and teach the fool to speak.

'It shall be sparing and too full of riot
Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures;
The staring ruffian shall it keep in quiet,
Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with treasures;
It shall be raging-mad and silly-mild,
Make the young old, the old become a child.

'It shall suspect where is no cause of fear;
It shall not fear where it should most mistrust;
It shall be merciful and too severe,
And most deceiving when it seems most just;
Perverse it shall be where it shows most toward;
Put fear to valor, courage to the coward.

'It shall be cause of war and dire events,
And set dissension 'twixt the son and sire;
Subject and servile to all discontents,
As dry combustious matter is to fire:
Sith in his prime Death doth my love destroy,
They that love best their loves shall not enjoy.'

By this, the boy that by her side lay killed
Was melted like a vapor from her sight,
And in his blood that on the ground lay spilled,
A purple flower sprung up, chequered with white,
Resembling well his pale cheeks and the blood
Which in round drops upon their whiteness stood.

She bows her head, the new-sprung flower to smell,
Comparing it to her Adonis' breath,
And says, within her bosom it shall dwell,
Since he himself is reft from her by death:
She crops the stalk, and in the breach appears
Green dropping sap, which she compares to tears.

'Poor flower,' quoth she, 'this was thy father's guise —
Sweet issue of a more sweet-smelling sire —
For every little grief to wet his eyes:
To grow unto himself was his desire,
And so 'tis thine; but know, it is as good
To wither in my breast as in his blood.

'Here was thy father's bed, here in my breast;
Thou art the next of blood, and 'tis thy right:
Lo, in this hollow cradle take thy rest,
My throbbing heart shall rock thee day and night;
There shall not be one minute in an hour
Wherein I will not kiss my sweet love's flower.'

Thus weary of the world, away she hies,
And yokes her silver doves; by whose swift aid
Their mistress mounted through the empty skies

In her light chariot quickly is conveyed;
Holding their course to Paphos, where their queen
Means to immure herself and not be seen.

SONNETS

XII

When I do count the clock that tells the time,
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls all silvered o'er with white;
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
And summer's green all girded up in sheaves
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard,
Then of thy beauty do I question make,
That thou among the wastes of time must go,
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake
And die as fast as they see others grow;
And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defence
Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee hence.

XV

When I consider every thing that grows
Holds in perfection but a little moment,
That this huge stage presenteth naught but shows
Whereon the stars in secret influence comment;
When I perceive that men as plants increase,
Cheerèd and checked even by the self-same sky,
Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,
And wear their brave state out of memory;
Then the conceit of this inconstant stay
Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,
Where wasteful Time debateth with Decay,
To change your day of youth to sullied night;
And all in war with Time for love of you,
As he takes from you, I engraft you new.

XVIII

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimmed;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance or nature's changing course untrimmed;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest:
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
So long lives this and this gives life to thee.

XXV

Let those who are in favor with their stars
Of public honor and proud titles boast,
Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,
Unlooked for joy in that I honor most.
Great princes' favorites their fair leaves spread
But as the marigold at the sun's eye,
And in themselves their pride lies burièd,
For at a frown they in their glory die.
The painful warrior famoused for fight,
After a thousand victories once foiled,
Is from the book of honor razèd quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toiled:
Then happy I, that love and am beloved
Where I may not remove nor be removed.

XXIX

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries
And look upon myself and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possessed,
Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;

Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee, and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love remembered such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

XXX

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long since canceled woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanished sight:
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoanèd moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restored and sorrows end.

XXXIII

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:
Even so my sun one early morn did shine
With all-triumphant splendor on my brow;
But out, alack! he was but one hour mine;
The region cloud hath masked him from me now.
Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;
Suns of the world may stain when heaven's sun staineth.

LIV

O, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odor which doth in it live.
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye
As the perfumèd tincture of the roses,
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
When summer's breath their maskèd buds discloses;
But, for their virtue only is their show,
They live unwooed and unrespected fade,
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odors made:
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that shall fade, my verse distills your truth.

LV

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rime;
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unswept stone besmeared with sluttish time.
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the work of masonry,
Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn
The living record of your memory.
'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find room
Even in the eyes of all posterity
That wear this world out to the ending doom.
So, till the judgment that yourself arise,
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

LX

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
Nativity, once in the main of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crowned,
Crookèd eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And Time that gave doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow,
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow:
And yet to times in hope my verse shall stand,
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

LXIV

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced
The rich proud cost of outworn buried age;
When sometime lofty towers I see downrazed
And brass eternal slave to mortal rage;
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of the watery main,
Increasing store with loss and loss with store;
When I have seen such interchange of state,
Or state itself confounded to decay;
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminate,
That Time will come and take my love away.
This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

LXV

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
But sad mortality o'er-sways their power,
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger than a flower?
O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out
Against the wreckful siege of battering days,
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time decays?
O fearful meditation! where, alack,
Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid?
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?
O, none, unless this miracle have might,
That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

LXVI

Tired with all these, for restful death I cry,—
As, to behold desert a beggar born,
And needy nothing trimmed in jollity,
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
And gilded honor shamefully misplaced,
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,
And strength by limping sway disabled,
And art made tongue-tied by authority,
And folly doctor-like controlling skill,
And simple truth miscalled simplicity,
And captive good attending captain ill:
Tired with all these, from these would I be gone,
Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

LXXI

No longer mourn for me when I am dead
Than you shall hear the surley sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell:
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it; for I love you so
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
O, if, I say, you look upon this verse
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
But let your love even with my life decay,
Lest the wise world should look into your moan
And mock you with me after I am gone.

LXXIII

That time of year thou mayst in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou see'st the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west,
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consumed with that which it was nourished by.
This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

LXXVI

Why is my verse so barren of new pride,
So far from variation or quick change?
Why with the time do I not glance aside
To new-found methods and to compounds strange?

Why write I still all one, ever the same,
And keep invention in a noted weed,
That every word doth almost tell my name,
Showing their birth and where they did proceed?
O, know, sweet love, I always write of you,
And you and love are still my argument;
So all my best is dressing old words new,
Spending again what is already spent:
For as the sun is daily new and old,
So is my love still telling what is told.

XCVII

How like a winter hath my absence been
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!
What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen!
What old December's bareness everywhere!
And yet this time removed was summer's time,
The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,
Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,
Like widowed wombs after their lord's decease:
Yet this abundant issue seemed to me
But hope of orphans and unfathered fruit;
For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
And, thou away, the very birds are mute;
Or, if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer
That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near.

XCVIII

From you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April dressed in all his trim
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing,
That heavy Saturn laughed and leaped with him.
Yet nor the lays of birds nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odor and in hue
Could make me any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew;
Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.
Yet seemed it winter still, and, you away,
As with your shadow, I with these did play.

XCIX

The forward violet thus did I chide:
Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet that smells,
If not from my love's breath? The purple pride
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dyed.
The lily I condemnèd for thy hand,
And buds of marjoram had stol'n thy hair.
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
One blushing shame, another white despair;
A third, nor red nor white, had stol'n of both
And to his robbery had annexed thy breath;
But, for his theft, in pride of all his growth
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.
More flowers I noted, yet I none could see
But sweet or color it had stol'n from thee.

CIV

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
For as you were when first your eye I eyed,
Such seems your beauty still. Three winters cold
Have from the forests shook three summers' pride,
Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turned
In process of the seasons have I seen,
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burned
Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.
Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand,
Steal from his figure and no pace perceived;
So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,
Hath motion and mine eye may be deceived:
For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred:
Ere you were born was beauty's summer dead.

CVI

When in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rime
In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights,
Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have expressed
Even such a beauty as you master now.
So all their praises are but prophecies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring;
And, for they looked but with divining eyes,
They had not skill enough your worth to sing:

For we, which now behold these present days,
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

CVII

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,
Can yet the lease of my true love control,
Supposed as forfeit to a confined doom.
The mortal moon hath her eclipse endured
And the sad augurs mock their own presage;
Incertainties now crown themselves assured
And peace proclaims olives of endless age.
Now with the drops of this most balmy time
My love looks fresh, and Death to me subscribes,
Since, spite of him, I'll live in this poor rime,
While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes:
And thou in this shalt find thy monument,
When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.

CIX

O, never say that I was false of heart,
Though absence seemed my flame to qualify.
As easy might I from myself depart
As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie:
That is my home of love: if I have ranged,
Like him that travels I return again,
Just to the time, not with the time exchanged,
So that myself bring water for my stain.
Never believe, though in my nature reigned
All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,
That it could so preposterously be stained,
To leave for nothing all thy sum of good;
For nothing this wide universe I call,
Save thou, my rose; in it thou art my all.

CX

Alas, 'tis true I have gone here and there
And made myself a motley to the view,
Gored mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear,
Made old offences of affections new;
Most true it is that I have looked on truth
Askance and strangely; but, by all above,
These blenches gave my heart another youth,
And worse essays proved thee my best of love.
Now all is done, have what shall have no end:
Mine appetite I never more will grind
On newer proof, to try an older friend,
A god in love, to whom I am confined.
Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best,
Even to thy pure and most most loving breast.

CXI

O, for my sake do you with Fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide
Than public means which public manners breeds
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand.
Pity me then and wish I were renewed;
Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink
Potions of eisel 'gainst my strong infection;
No bitterness that I will bitter think,
Nor double penance, to correct correction.
Pity me then, dear friend, and I assure ye
Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

CXVI

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O, no! it is an ever-fixèd mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

CXIX

What potions have I drunk of Siren tears,
Distilled from limbecks foul as hell within,
Applying fears to hopes and hopes to fears,
Still losing when I saw myself to win!
What wretched errors hath my heart committed,
Whilst it hath thought itself so blessèd never!
How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted

In the distraction of this madding fever!
O benefit of ill! now I find true
That better is by evil still made better;
And ruined love, when it is built anew,
Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.
So I return rebuked to my content,
And gain by ills thrice more than I have spent.

CXXVIII

How oft, when thou, my music, music play'st,
Upon that blessèd wood whose motion sounds
With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st
The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,
Do I envy those jacks that nimble leap
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest reap,
At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand!
To be so tickled, they would change their state
And situation with those dancing chips,
O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,
Making dead wood more blest than living lips.
Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,
Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

CXXX

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
Coral is far more red than her lips' red;
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
I have seen roses damasked, red and white,
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;
And in some perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
I love to hear her speak, yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound;
I grant I never saw a goddess go;
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground:
And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
As any she belied with false compare.

CXLVI

Poor soul, the center of my sinful earth,
Thrall to these rebel powers that thee array,
Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge? is this thy body's end?
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
Within be fed, without be rich no more:
So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men,
And Death once dead, there's no more dying then.

SONGS FROM THE PLAYS

From LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipped and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
'Tu-whit, tu-who!' a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
'Tu-whit, tu-who!' a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot

From TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

Who is Silvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
The heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admirèd be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness.
Love doth to her eyes repair
To help him of his blindness,
And, being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

From THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

Tell me, where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourishèd?
Reply, reply.
It is engendered in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies:
Let us all ring fancy's knell;
I'll begin it,— Ding-dong, bell.
Ding, dong, bell.

From AS YOU LIKE IT

Ūnder the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither! come hither! come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither! come hither! come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

From AS YOU LIKE IT

Blow, blow, thou winter wind!
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh ho! sing, heigh ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky!
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot;
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.

Heigh ho! sing, heigh ho! etc.

From MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more!
Men were deceivers ever,
One foot in sea and one on shore,
To one thing constant never:
Then sigh not so, but let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into Hey nonny, nonny!

Sing no more ditties, sing no moe
Of dumps so dull and heavy!
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leafy:
Then sigh not so, but let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into Hey nonny, nonny!

From TWELFTH NIGHT

O Mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O, stay and hear; your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low:
Trip no further, pretty sweeting,
Journeys end in lovers meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

From MEASURE FOR MEASURE

Take, O, take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again,
Bring again;
Seals of love, but sealed in vain,
Sealed in vain!

From CYMBELINE

Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes:
With every thing that pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise!
Arise, arise!

From CYMBELINE

Fear no more the heat o' th' sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:

Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' th' great;
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The Scepter, Learning, Physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Nor th' all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash;
Thou hast finished joy and moan:
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee!
Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Nothing ill come near thee!
Quiet consummation have;
And renownèd be thy grave!

From THE TEMPEST

ARIEL'S SONG

Full fathom five thy father lies:
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes;
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Ding-dong!
Hark! now I hear them,—Ding-dong, bell!

ENGLAND'S HELICON (1600)

PHYLLIDA AND CORYDON

In the merry month of May,
In a morn by break of day,
Forth I walked by the wood-side,
When as May was in her pride:
There I spièd all alone,
Phyllida and Corydon.
Much ado there was, God wot!
He would love and she would not.
She said, never man was true;
He said, none was false to you.
He said, he had loved her long;
She said, love should have no wrong.
Corydon would kiss her then;
She said, maids must kiss no men,
Till they did for good and all;
Then she made the shepherd call
All the heavens to witness truth:
Never loved a truer youth.
Thus with many a pretty oath,
Yea and nay, and faith and troth,
Such as silly shepherds use
When they will not love abuse,
Love which had been long deluded,
Was with kisses sweet concluded;
And Phyllida, with garlands gay,
Was made the Lady of the May.

N. Breton

AS IT FELL UPON A DAY

As it fell upon a day,
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade,
Which a group of myrtles made,
Beasts did leap and birds did sing,
Trees did grow and plants did spring,
Everything did banish moan,
Save the nightingale alone;
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Leaned her breast against a thorn,
And there sung the dolefull'st dity,
That to hear it was great pity.
'Fie, fie, fie!' now would she cry;
'Teru, teru!' by-and-by.
That to hear her so complain
Scarce I could from tears refrain;
For her griefs so lively shown
Made me think upon mine own.
Ah, thought I, thou mourn'st in vain,
None takes pity on thy pain.
Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee;
Ruthless beasts, they will not cheer thee;
King Pandion he is dead,
All thy friends are lapped in lead;
All thy fellow birds do sing,
Careless of thy sorrowing;
Even so, poor bird, like thee,
None alive will pity me.

Ignoto

TO COLIN CLOUT

Beauty sat bathing in a spring,
Where fairest shades did hide her;
The winds blew calm, the birds did sing,
The cool streams ran beside her.
My wanton thoughts enticed mine eye,
To see what was forbidden,
But better memory said, fie:
So, vain desire was chidden.
Hey nonny, nonny, etc.

Into a slumber then I fell,
When fond Imagination
Seemed to see, but could not tell,
Her feature or her fashion.
But even as babes in dreams do smile,
And sometimes fall a-weeping,

So I awaked, as wise this while
As when I fell a-sleeping.
Hey nonny, nonny, etc.

SHEPHERD TONY

HAPPY SHEPHERDS, SIT AND SEE

Happy shepherds, sit and see,
With joy,
The peerless wight
For whose sake Pan keeps from ye
Annoy,
And gives delight,
Blessing this pleasant spring.
Her praises must I sing;
List, you swains, list to me,
The whiles your flocks feeding be.

First, her brow a beauteous globe
I deem,
And golden hair;
And her cheek Aurora's robe
Doth seem,
But far more fair.
Her eyes like stars are bright,
And dazzle with their light;
Rubies her lips to see,
But to taste nectar they be.

Orient pearls her teeth, her smile
Doth link
The Graces three;
Her white neck doth eyes beguile
To think
It ivory.
Alas! her lily hand
How it doth me command!
Softer silk none can be,
And whiter milk none can see.

Circe's wand is not so straight
As is
Her body small;
But two pillars bear the weight
Of this
Majestic hall.
Those be, I you assure,
Of alabaster pure,
Polished fine in each part;
Ne'er Nature yet showed like art.

How shall I her pretty tread
Express,
When she doth walk?
Scarce she does the primrose head
Depress,
Or tender stalk
Of blue-veined violets,
Whereon her foot she sets.
Virtuous she is, for we find
In body fair beauteous mind.

Live fair Amargana still
Extolled
In all my rime;
Hand want art, when I want will
T' unfold
Her worth divine.
But now my muse doth rest,
Despair closed in my breast.
Of the valor I sing;
Weak faith that no hope doth
bring.

W. H.

THE SHEPHERD'S COMMENDATION OF HIS NYMPH

What shepherd can express
The favor of her face,
To whom in this distress
I do appeal for grace?
A thousand Cupids fly
About her gentle eye.

From which each throws a dart
That kindleth soft sweet fire
Within my sighing heart,
Possessèd by desire;
No sweeter life I try
Than in her love to die.

The lily in the field,
That glories in his white,
For pureness now must yield,
And render up his right;
Heaven pictured in her face
Doth promise joy and grace.

Fair Cynthia's silver light,
That beats on running streams,
Compares not with her white,
Whose hairs are all sunbeams.
So bright my nymph doth shine
As day unto my eyne.

With this there is a red,
Exceeds the damask-rose,
Which in her cheeks is spread,
Where every favor grows;
In sky there is no star,
But she surmounts it far.

When Phœbus from the bed
Of Thetis doth arise,
The morning blushing red,
In fair carnation-wise,
He shows in my nymph's face,
As queen of every grace.

This pleasant lily white,
This taint of roseate red,
This Cynthia's silver light,
This sweet fair Dea spread,
These sunbeams in mine eye,
These beauties make me die.

EARL OF OXFORD

THE HERDMAN'S HAPPY LIFE

What pleasure have great princes
More dainty to their choice
Than herdmen wild, who careless
In quiet life rejoice?
And fortune's fate not fearing,
Sing sweet in summer morning.

Their dealings plain and rightful,
Are void of all deceit;
They never know how spiteful
It is to kneel and wait
On favorite presumptuous,
Whose pride is vain and sumptuous.

All day their flocks each tendeth,
At night they take their rest,
More quiet than who sendeth
His ship into the east,
Where gold and pearl are plenty,
But getting very dainty.

For lawyers and their pleading,
They 'steem it not a straw;
They think that honest meaning,
Is of itself a law;
Where conscience judgeth plainly,
They spend no money vainly.

Oh, happy who thus liveth!
Not caring much for gold;
With clothing which sufficeth,
To keep him from the cold.
Though poor and plain his diet,
Yet merry it is and quiet.

OUT OF MR. BIRD'S SET SONGS

A NYMPH'S DISDAIN OF LOVE

'Hey, down, a down!' did Dian sing,
Amongst her virgins sitting;
'Than love there is no vainer thing,
For maidens most unfitting.'
And so think I, with a down, down, derry.

When women knew no woe,
But lived themselves to please,
Men's feigning guiles they did not know,
The ground of their disease.
Unborn was false suspect,
No thought of jealousy;
From wanton toys and fond affect,
The virgin's life was free.
'Hey, down, a down!' did Dian sing, etc.

At length men usèd charms,
To which what maids gave ear,
Embracing gladly endless harms,
Anon enthrallèd were.
Thus women welcomed woe,
Disguised in name of love,
A jealous hell, painted show:
So shall they find that prove.
'Hey, down, a down!' did Dian sing,
Amongst her virgins sitting;
'Than love there is no vainer thing,
For maidens most unfitting.'
And so think I, with a down, down, derry.

IGNOTO

ROSALIND'S MADRIGAL

Love in my bosom like a bee,
Doth suck his sweet;
Now with his wings he plays with me,
Now with his feet.
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
His bed amidst my tender breast;
My kisses are his daily feast,
And yet he robs me of my rest.
Ah, wanton, will ye?

And if I sleep, then percheth he,
With pretty slight,
And makes his pillow of my knee,
The livelong night.
Strike I my lute, he tunes the string;
He music plays if I but sing;
He lends me every lovely thing;
Yet cruel he my heart doth sting.
Whist, wanton, still ye!

Else I with roses every day
Will whip ye hence,
And bind ye, when ye long to play,
For your offence.
I 'll shut my eyes to keep ye in,
I 'll make you fast it for your sin,
I 'll count your power not worth a pin,
Alas! what hereby shall I win
If he gainsay me?

What if I beat the wanton boy
With many a rod?
He will repay me with annoy,
Because a god.
Then sit thou safely on my knee,
And let thy bower my bosom be;
Lurk in mine eyes, I like of thee.
O Cupid! so thou pity me,
Spare not, but play thee.

THOMAS LODGE

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY LYRICS

Among the lyrics of the earlier part of the seventeenth century, one discerns, somewhat clearly, at least three poetical manners, which emanated, respectively, from Edmund Spenser, Ben Jonson, and John Donne. The sensuous beauty, playful imagery, and fluent melody of Spenser are clearly present in the poems of William Browne and George Wither. The fine finish, poise, and chastened sweetness of Jonson are a refining influence in the shorter lyrics of Robert Herrick, Thomas Carew, John Suckling, and Richard Lovelace. In John Donne, incisive and subtle thinking finds fantastic, and sometimes harsh, expression in far-fetched analogies, mystifying metaphors, and dimly suggestive images. The poetical apparatus of Donne, often, and his fancy, still more often, are essential in the passionate, soaring, and mystical outbursts of George Herbert, Richard Crashaw, and Henry Vaughan. One notices, however, that Spenser, Jonson, and Donne did not exclusively dominate the poetical output of their conscious or unconscious disciples.

Toward the middle of the century appears a new influence in poetical form, the 'heroic,' or 'closed,' couplet, practiced by Edmund Waller, John Denham, Abraham Cowley, and Andrew Marvell. This verse-form, best adapted to epic and satire, had no important influence upon lyric, except, indirectly, through repression.

THOMAS CAMPION (d. 1619)

CHANCE AND CHANGE

What if a day, or a month, or a year,
Crown thy delights, with a thousand sweet contentings!
Cannot a chance of a night, or an hour,
Cross thy desires, with as many sad tormentings?
Fortune, honor, beauty, youth,
Are but blossoms dying!
Wanton pleasure, doting love,
Are but shadows flying!
All our joys are but toys;
Idle thoughts deceiving!
None have power, of an hour,
In their life's bereaving.

Earth's but a point to the world; and a man
Is but a point to the world's compared center!
Shall then, a point of a point be so vain
As to triumph in a silly point's adventure!
All is hazard that we have!
There is nothing biding!
Days of pleasure are like streams,
Through fair meadows gliding!
Weal and woe, Time doth go!
Time is never turning!
Secret fates guide our states;
Both in mirth and mourning!

BASIA

Turn back, you wanton flyer,
And answer my desire
With mutual greeting.
Yet bend a little nearer,—
True beauty still shines clearer
In closer meeting!
Hearts with hearts delighted
Should strive to be united,
Each other's arms with arms enchaining,—
Hearts with a thought,
Rosy lips with a kiss still entertaining.

What harvest half so sweet is
As still to reap the kisses
Grown ripe in sowing?
And straight to be receiver
Of that which thou art giver,
Rich in bestowing?
There's no strict observing
Of times' or seasons' swerving,
There is ever one fresh spring abiding;—
Then what we sow with our lips
Let us reap, love's gains dividing.

A RENUNCIATION

Thou art not fair, for all thy red and white,
For all those rosy ornaments in thee,—
Thou art not sweet, though made of mere delight,

Nor fair, nor sweet — unless thou pity me!
I will not soothe thy fancies; thou shalt prove
That beauty is no beauty without love.

Yet love not me, nor seek not to allure
My thoughts with beauty, were it more divine:
Thy smiles and kisses I cannot endure,
I'll not be wrapped up in those arms of thine:
Now show it, if thou be a woman right —
Embrace and kiss and love me, in despite!

SIC TRANSIT

Come, cheerful day, part of my life to me;
For while thou view'st me with thy fading light
Part of my life doth still depart with thee,
And I still onward haste to my last night:
Time's fatal wings do ever forward fly —
So every day we live a day we die.

But O ye nights, ordained for barren rest,
How are my days deprived of life in you
When heavy sleep my soul hath dispossest,
By feignèd death life sweetly to renew!
Part of my life in that, you life deny:
So every day we live, a day we die.

BEN JONSON (1573?–1637)

SONG TO CELIA

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honoring thee
As giving it a hope, that there
It could not withered be.
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me;
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

SONG: TO CELIA

Come, my Celia, let us prove,
While we can, the sports of love.
Time will not be ours for ever;
He, at length, our good will sever;
Spend not then his gifts in vain.
Suns that set may rise again;
But if once we lose this light,
'T is with us perpetual night.
Why should we defer our joys?
Fame and rumor are but toys.
Cannot we delude the eyes
Of a few poor household spies?
Or his easier ears beguile,
Thus removèd by our wile?
'T is no sin love's fruits to steal;
But the sweet theft to reveal,
To be taken, to be seen,
These have crimes accounted been.

TO HEAVEN

Good and great God! can I not think of thee,
But it must straight my melancholy be?
Is it interpreted in me disease,
That, laden with my sins, I seek for ease?
O be thou witness, that the reins dost know
And hearts of all, if I be sad for show;
And judge me after, if I dare pretend
To aught but grace, or aim at other end.
As thou art all, so be thou all to me,
First, midst, and last, converted One and Three!
My faith, my hope, my love; and, in this state,
My judge, my witness, and my advocate!
Where have I been this while exiled from thee,
And whither rapt, now thou but stoop'st to me?
Dwell, dwell here still! O, being everywhere,
How can I doubt to find thee ever here?
I know my state, both full of shame and scorn,
Conceived in sin, and unto labor born,
Standing with fear, and must with horror fall,
And destined unto judgment, after all.
I feel my griefs too, and there scarce is ground
Upon my flesh t' inflict another wound;
Yet dare I not complain or wish for death,
With holy Paul, lest it be thought the breath
Of discontent; or that these prayers be
For weariness of life, not love of thee.

THE TRIUMPH OF CHARIS

See the chariot at hand here of Love,
Wherein my Lady rideth!
Each that draws is a swan or a dove,
And well the car Love guideth.
As she goes, all hearts do duty
Unto her beauty;
And enamored, do wish, so they might
But enjoy such a sight,
That they still were to run by her side,
Through swords, through seas, whither she would ride.

Do but look on her eyes, they do light
All that Love's world compriseth!
Do but look on her hair, it is bright
As Love's star when it riseth!
Do but mark, her forehead's smoother
Than words that soothe her;
And from her arched brows, such a grace
Sheds itself through the face
As alone there triumphs to the life
All the gain, all the good, of the elements' strife.

Have you seen but a bright lily grow
Before rude hands have touched it?
Have you marked but the fall of the snow
Before the soil hath smutched it?
Have you felt the wool of the beaver?
Or swan's down ever?
Or have smelt o' the bud of the briar?
Or the nard in the fire?
Or have tasted the bag of the bee?
Oh so white! Oh so soft! Oh so sweet is she!

AN EPITAPH ON SALATHIEL PAVY

Weep with me, all you that read
This little story:
And know, for whom a tear you shed
Death's self is sorry.
'T was a child that so did thrive
In grace and feature,
As heaven and nature seemed to strive
Which owned the creature.
Years he numbered scarce thirteen
When fates turned cruel,
Yet three filled zodiacs had he been
The stage's jewel;
And did act, what now we moan,
Old men so duly,
As, soth, the Parcæ thought him one,
He played so truly.
So, by error, to his fate
They all consented;
But viewing him since, alas, too late!
They have repented;
And have sought, to give new birth,
In baths to steep him;
But being so much too good for earth,
Heaven vows to keep him.

EPITAPH ON ELIZABETH, L. H.

Would'st thou hear what man can say
In a little? Reader, stay.

Underneath this stone doth lie
As much beauty as could die:
Which in life did harbor give
To more virtue than doth live.

If at all she had a fault,
Leave it buried in this vault.
One name was Elizabeth,
The other, let it sleep with death!
Fitter, where it died, to tell,
Than that it lived at all. Farewell!

TO THE MEMORY OF MY BELOVED, MASTER WILLIAM SHAKSPERE

To draw no envy, Shakspere, on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy book and fame;
While I confess thy writings to be such
As neither man, nor muse, can praise too much.
'T is true, and all men's suffrage. But these ways
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise;
For silliest ignorance on these may light,
Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right;
Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance
The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance;
Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,
And think to ruin, where it seemed to raise.
These are, as some infamous bawd or whore
Should praise a matron. What could hurt her more?
But thou art proof against them, and, indeed,
Above the ill fortune of them, or the need.
I therefore will begin. Soul of the age!
The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage!
My Shakspere, rise! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie

A little further, to make thee a room:
Thou art a monument without a tomb,
And art alive still while thy book doth live
And we have wits to read and praise to give.
That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses,
I mean with great, but disproportioned Muses;
For if I thought my judgment were of years,
I should commit thee surely with thy peers,
And tell how far thou didst our Lyly outshine,
Or sporting Kyd, or Marlowe's mighty line.
And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek,
From thence to honor thee, I would not seek
For names; but call forth thundering Æschylus,
Euripides, and Sophocles to us;
Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,
To life again, to hear thy buskin tread,
And shake a stage; or, when thy socks were on,
Leave thee alone for the comparison
Of all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to show
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time!
And all the Muses still were in their prime,
When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm
Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm!
Nature herself was proud of his designs
And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines!
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
As, since, she will vouchsafe no other wit.
The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please;
But antiquated and deserted lie,
As they were not of Nature's family.
Yet must I not give Nature all; thy art,
My gentle Shakspere, must enjoy a part.
For though the poet's matter nature be,
His art doth give the fashion; and, that he
Who casts to write a living line, must sweat,
(Such as thine are) and strike the second heat
Upon the Muses' anvil; turn the same
(And himself with it) that he thinks to frame,
Or, for the laurel, he may gain a scorn;
For a good poet's made, as well as born.
And such wert thou! Look how the father's face
Lives in his issue, even so the race
Of Shakspere's mind and manners brightly shines
In his well turnèd, and true filèd lines;
In each of which he seems to shake a lance,
As brandished at the eyes of ignorance.
Sweet Swan of Avon! what a sight it were
To see thee in our waters yet appear,
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames,
That so did take Eliza, and our James!
But stay, I see thee in the hemisphere
Advanced, and made a constellation there!
Shine forth, thou Star of poets, and with rage
Or influence, chide or cheer the drooping stage,
Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourned like night,
And despairs day, but for thy volume's light.

A PINDARIC ODE

To the immortal memory and friendship of that noble pair, Sir Lucius Cary and Sir H. Morison.

I

The Strophe, or Turn

Brave infant of Saguntum, clear
Thy coming forth in that great year,
When the prodigious Hannibal did crown
His rage with razing your immortal town.
Thou looking then about,
Ere thou wert half got out,
Wise child, didst hastily return,
And mad'st thy mother's womb thine urn.
How summed a circle didst thou leave mankind
Of deepest lore, could we the center find!

The Antistrophe, or Counter-Turn

Did wiser nature draw thee back,
From out the horror of that sack;
Where shame, faith, honor, and regard of right,
Lay trampled on? the deeds of death and night
Urged, hurried forth, and hurled
Upon the affrighted world;

Fire, famine, and fell fury met,
And all on utmost ruin set:
As, could they but life's miseries foresee,
No doubt all infants would return like thee.

The Epode, or Stand

For what is life, if measured by the space,
Not by the act?
Or maskèd man, if valued by his face,
Above his fact?
Here's one outlived his peers
And told forth fourscore years:
He vexèd time, and busied the whole state;
Troubled both foes and friends;
But ever to no ends:
What did this stirrer but die late?
How well at twenty had he fallen or stood!
For three of his four score he did no good.

II

The Strophe, or Turn

He entered well by virtuous parts,
Got up, and thrived with honest arts,
He purchased friends, and fame, and honors then,
And had his noble name advanced with men;
But weary of that flight,
He stooped in all men's sight
To sordid flatteries, acts of strife,
And sunk in that dead sea of life,
So deep, as he did then death's waters sup,
But that the cork of title buoyed him up.

The Antistrophe, or Counter-Turn

Alas! but Morison fell young!
He never fell,—thou fall'st, my tongue.
He stood a soldier to the last right end,
A perfect patriot and a noble friend;
But most, a virtuous son.
All offices were done
By him, so ample, full, and round,
In weight, in measure, number, sound,
As, though his age imperfect might appear,
His life was of humanity the sphere.

The Epode, or Stand

Go now, and tell our days summed up with fears,
And make them years;
Produce thy mass of miseries on the stage,
To swell thine age;
Repeat of things a throng,
To show thou hast been long,
Not lived; for life doth her great actions spell
By what was done and wrought
In season, and so brought
To light: her measures are, how well
Each syllabe answered, and was formed, how fair;
These make the lines of life, and that's her air!

III

The Strophe, or Turn

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make men better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sear:
A lily of a day,
Is fairer far, in May,
Although it fall and die that night;
It was the plant and flower of light.
In small proportions we just beauties see;
And in short measures life may perfect be.

The Antistrophe, or Counter-Turn

Call, noble Lucius, then, for wine,
And let thy looks with gladness shine;
Accept this garland, plant it on thy head,
And think, nay know, thy Morison's not dead.
He leaped the present age,
Possest with holy rage,
To see that bright eternal day;
Of which we priests and poets say
Such truths as we expect for happy men;
And there he lives with memory and Ben——

The Epode, or Stand

Jonson, who sung this of him, ere he went,
Himself, to rest,
Or taste a part of that full joy he meant
To have exprest,
In this bright asterism;—
Where it were friendship's schism,
Were not his Lucius long with us to tarry,
To separate these twi-
Lights, the Dioscuri;
And keep the one half from his Harry.
But fate doth so alternate the design,
Whilst that in heaven, this light on earth must shine,—

IV

The Strophe, or Turn

And shine as you exalted are;
Two names of friendship, but one star:
Of hearts the union, and those not by chance

Made, or indenture, or leased out t' advance
The profits for a time.
No pleasures vain did chime,
Of rimes, or riots, at your feasts,
Orgies of drink, or feigned protests;
But simple love of greatness and of good,
That knits brave minds and manners more than blood.

The Antistrophe, or Counter-Turn

This made you first to know the why
You liked, then after, to apply
That liking; and approach so one the t' other,
Till either grew a portion of the other;
Each stylèd by his end,
The copy of his friend.
You lived to be the great sir-names
And titles by which all made claims
Unto the Virtue: nothing perfect done,
But as a Cary or a Morison.

The Epode, or Stand

And such a force the fair example had,
As they that saw
The good and durst not practise it, were glad
That such a law
Was left yet to mankind;
Where they might read and find
Friendship, indeed, was written not in words;
And with the heart, not pen,
Of two so early men,
Whose lines her rolls were, and records;
Who, ere the first down bloomèd on the chin,
Had sowed these fruits, and got the harvest in.

JOHN DONNE (1573–1631)

SONG

Go and catch a falling star,
Get with child a mandrake root,
Tell me where all past years are,
Or who cleft the devil's foot;
Teach me to hear mermaids singing,
to keep off envy's stinging,
And find
What wind
Serves to advance an honest mind.

If thou be'st born to strange sights,
Things invisible go see,
Ride ten thousand days and nights
Till Age snow white hairs on thee;
Thou, when thou return'st, wilt tell me
All strange wonders that befell thee,
And swear
No where
Lives a woman true and fair.

If thou find'st one, let me know;
Such a pilgrimage were sweet.
Yet do not; I would not go,
Though at next door we might meet.
Though she were true when you met her,
And last till you write your letter,
Yet she
Will be
False, ere I come, to two or three.

THE INDIFFERENT

I can love both fair and brown;
Her whom abundance melts, and her whom want betrays;
Her who loves loneness best, and her who masks and plays;
Her whom the country formed, and whom the town;
Her who believes, and her who tries;
Her who still weeps with spongy eyes,
And her who is dry cork and never cries.
I can love her, and her, and you, and you;
I can love any, so she be not true.

Will no other vice content you?
Will it not serve your turn to do as did your mothers?
Or have you all old vices spent and now would find out others?
Or doth a fear that men are true torment you?
O we are not, be not you so;
Let me — and do you — twenty know;
Rob me, but bind me not, and let me go.
Must I, who came to travel thorough you,
Grow your fixed subject, because you are true?

Venus heard me sigh this song;
And by love's sweetest part, variety, she swore,
She heard not this till now; it should be so no more.
She went, examined, and returned ere long,
And said, 'Alas! some two or three
Poor heretics in love there be,
Which think to stablish dangerous constancy.
But I have told them, "Since you will be true,
You shall be true to them who're false to you."'

THE CANONIZATION

For God's sake hold your tongue, and let me love;
Or chide my palsy, or my gout;
My five gray hairs, or ruined fortune flout;
With wealth your state, your mind with arts improve;
Take you a course, get you a place,
Observe his Honor, or his Grace;
Or the king's real, or his stamped face
Contemplate; what you will, approve,
So you will let me love.

Alas! alas! who's injured by my love?
What merchant's ships have my sighs drowned?
Who says my tears have overflowed his ground?
When did my colds a forward spring remove?
When did the heats which my veins fill
Add one more to the plaguy bill?
Soldiers find wars, and lawyers find out still
Litigious men, which quarrels move,
Though she and I do love.

Call's what you will, we are made such by love;
Call her one, me another fly,
We're tapers too, and at our own cost die,
And we in us find th' eagle and the dove.
The phoenix riddle hath more wit
By us; we two being one, are it;
So, to one neutral thing both sexes fit.
We die and rise the same, and prove
Mysterious by this love.

We can die by it, if not live by love,
And if unfit for tomb or hearse
Our legend be, it will be fit for verse;
And if no piece of chronicle we prove,
We'll build in sonnets pretty rooms;
As well a well-wrought urn becomes
The greatest ashes, as half-acre tombs,
And by these hymns all shall approve
Us canonized for love;

And thus invoke us, 'You, whom reverend love
Made one another's hermitage;
You, to whom love was peace, that now is rage;
Who did the whole world's soul contract, and drove
Into the glasses of your eyes;
So made such mirrors, and such spies,
That they did all to you epitomize—
Countries, towns, courts beg from above
A pattern of your love.'

THE DREAM

Dear love, for nothing less than thee
Would I have broke this happy dream;
It was a theme
For reason, much too strong for fantasy.
Therefore thou waked'st me wisely; yet
My dream thou brok'st not, but continued'st it.
Thou art so true that thoughts of thee suffice
To make dreams truths and fables histories;
Enter these arms, for since thou thought'st it best
Not to dream all my dream, let's act the rest.

As lightning, or a taper's light,
Thine eyes, and not thine noise, waked me;
Yet I thought thee—
For thou lov'st truth—an angel, at first sight;
But when I saw thou saw'st my heart,
And knew'st my thoughts beyond an angel's art,
When thou knew'st what I dreamt, when thou knew'st when
Excess of joy would wake me, and cam'st then,
I must confess it could not choose but be
Profane to think thee anything but thee.

Coming and staying showed thee thee,
But rising makes me doubt that now
Thou art not thou.
That love is weak where fear's as strong as he;
'T is not all spirit pure and brave
If mixture it of fear, shame, honor have.
Perchance as torches, which must ready be,
Men light and put out, so thou deal'st with me.
Thou cam'st to kindle, go'st to come: then I
Will dream that hope again, but else would die.

LOVE'S DEITY

I long to talk with some old lover's ghost
Who died before the god of love was born.
I cannot think that he who then loved most

Sunk so low as to love one which did scorn.
But since this god produced a destiny,
And that vice-nature, custom, lets it be,
I must love her that loves not me.

Sure they which made him god, meant not so much,
Nor he in his young godhead practised it.
But when an even flame two hearts did touch,
His office was indulgently to fit
Actives to passives. Correspondency
Only his subject was; it cannot be
Love till I love her who loves me.

But every modern god will now extend
His vast prerogative as far as Jove.
To rage, to lust, to write to, to commend,
All is the purlieu of the god of love.
O! were we wakened by this tyranny
To ungod this child again, it could not be
I should love her who loves not me.

Rebel and atheist too, why murmur I,
As though I felt the worst that love could do?
Love may make me leave loving, or might try
A deeper plague, to make her love me, too;
Which, since she loves before, I 'm loth to see.
Falsehood is worse than hate; and that must be,
If she whom I love, should love me.

THE FUNERAL

Whoever comes to shroud me, do not harm
Nor question much
That subtle wreath of hair about mine arm;
The mystery, the sign you must not touch,
For 't is my outward soul,
Viceroy to that which, unto heav'n being gone,
Will leave this to control
And keep these limbs, her provinces, from dissolution.

For if the sinewy thread my brain lets fall
Through every part
Can tie those parts, and make me one of all;
Those hairs, which upward grew, and strength and art
Have from a better brain,
Can better do 't: except she meant that I
By this should know my pain,
As prisoners then are manacled, when they 're condemned to die.

Whate'er she meant by 't, bury it with me,
For since I am
Love's martyr, it might breed idolatry
If into other hands these reliques came.
As 't was humility
T' afford to it all that a soul can do,
So 't is some bravery
That, since you would have none of me, I bury some of you.

THE COMPUTATION

For my first twenty years, since yesterday,
I scarce believed thou couldst be gone away;
For forty more I fed on favors past,
And forty on hopes, that thou wouldst they might last;
Tears drowned one hundred, and sighs blew out two;
A thousand I did neither think nor do.
Or not divide, all being one thought of you;
Or in a thousand more, forgot that too.
Yet call not this long life; but think that I
Am, by being dead, immortal; can ghosts die?

FORGET

If poisonous minerals, and if that tree
Whose fruit threw death on else immortal us,
If lecherous goats, if serpents envious
Cannot be damned, alas! why should I be?
Why should intent or reason, born in me,
Make sins, else equal, in me more heinous?
And, mercy being easy and glorious
To God, in his stern wrath why threatens he?
But who am I, that dare dispute with thee?
O God, O! of thine only worthy blood
And my tears make a heavenly Lethean flood,
And drown in it my sin's black memory.
That thou remember them, some claim as debt;
I think it mercy if thou wilt forget.

DEATH

Death, be not proud, though some have callèd thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so;
For those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow
Die not, poor Death; nor yet canst thou kill me.

From rest and sleep, which but thy picture be,
Much pleasure; then from thee much more must flow;
And soonest our best men with thee do go—
Rest of their bones and souls' delivery!
Thou 'rt slave to fate, chance, kings, and desperate men,
And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell;
And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well
And better than thy stroke. Why swell'st thou then?
One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
And Death shall be no more: Death, thou shalt die!

A HYMN TO GOD THE FATHER

Wilt thou forgive that sin where I begun,
Which was my sin, though it were done before?
Wilt thou forgive that sin through which I run,
And do run still, though still I do deplore?
When thou hast done, thou hast not done;
For I have more.

Wilt thou forgive that sin which I have won
Others to sin, and made my sins their door?
Wilt thou forgive that sin which I did shun
A year or two, but wallowed in a score?
When thou hast done, thou hast not done;
For I have more.

I have a sin of fear, that when I 've spun
My last thread, I shall perish on the shore;
But swear by thyself that at my death thy Son
Shall shine as he shines now and heretofore;
And having done that, thou hast done;
I fear no more.

JOHN FLETCHER (1579–1625)

LOVE'S EMBLEMS

Now the lusty spring is seen;
Golden yellow, gaudy blue,
Daintily invite the view,
Everywhere on every green,
Roses blushing as they blow,
And enticing men to pull
Lilies whiter than the snow,
Woodbines of sweet honey full:
All love's emblems, and all cry,
'Ladies, if not plucked, we die.'

Yet the lusty spring hath stayed;
Blushing red and purest white
Daintily to love invite
Every woman, every maid.
Cherries kissing as they grow,
And inviting men to taste,
Apples even ripe below,
Winding gently to the waist:
All love's emblems, and all cry,
'Ladies, if not plucked, we die.'

MELANCHOLY

Hence, all you vain delights,
As short as are the nights
Wherein you spend your folly!
There 's naught in this life sweet,
If man were wise to see 't,
But only melancholy;
O sweetest melancholy!

Welcome, folded arms and fixèd eyes,
A sigh that piercing mortifies,
A look that 's fastened to the ground,
A tongue chained up without a sound!
Fountain heads and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves!
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
Are warmly housed save bats and owls!
A midnight bell, a parting groan,
These are the sounds we feed upon.
Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley;
Nothing 's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy.

SONG TO BACCHUS

God Lyæus, ever young,
Ever honored, ever sung;
Stained with blood of lusty grapes.
In a thousand lusty shapes,
Dance upon the mazer's brim,
In the crimson liquor swim;
From thy plenteous hand divine
Let a river run with wine;
God of youth, let this day here
Enter neither care nor fear!

BEAUTY CLEAR AND FAIR

Beauty clear and fair,
Where the air
Rather like a perfume dwells;
Where the violet and the rose
Their blue veins and blush disclose,
And come to honor nothing else.

Where to live near,
And planted there.
Is to live, and still live new;
Where to gain a favor is
More than light, perpetual bliss,—
Make me live by serving you.

Dear, again back recall
To this light
A stranger to himself and all;
Both the wonder and the story
Shall be yours, and eke the glory:
I am your servant, and your thrall.

WEEP NO MORE

Weep no more, nor sigh, nor groan,
Sorrow calls no time that's gone;
Violets plucked the sweetest rain
Makes not fresh nor grow again;
Trim thy locks, look cheerfully;
Fate's hid ends eyes cannot see;
Joys as wingèd dreams fly fast,
Why should sadness longer last?
Grief is but a wound to woe;
Gentlest fair, mourn, mourn no mo.

ASPATIA'S SONG

Lay a garland on my hearse
Of the dismal yew;
Maidens, willow branches bear;
Say, I dièd true.

My love was false, but I was firm
From my hour of birth.
Upon my buried body lie
Lightly, gentle earth!

FRANCIS BEAUMONT (1584–1616)

ON THE LIFE OF MAN

Like to the falling of a star,
Or as the flights of eagles are,
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew,
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood:
Even such is man, whose borrowed light
Is straight called in and paid to night:
The wind blows out, the bubble dies,
The spring intombed in autumn lies;
The dew's dried up, the star is shot,
The flight is past, and man forgot.

LINES ON THE TOMBS IN WESTMINSTER

Mortality, behold and fear!
What a change of flesh is here!
Think how many royal bones
Sleep within this heap of stones;
Here they lie had realms and lands,
Who now want strength to stir their hands;
Where from their pulpits sealed with dust
They preach, 'In greatness is no trust.'
Here's an acre sown indeed
With the richest royal'st seed
That the earth did e'er suck in,
Since the first man died for sin;
Here the bones of birth have cried,
'Though gods they were, as men they died.'
Here are sands, ignoble things,
Dropt from the ruined sides of kings.
Here's a world of pomp and state,
Buried in dust, once dead by fate.

GEORGE WITHER (1588–1667)

THE LOVER'S RESOLUTION

Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die, because a woman's fair?
Or make pale my cheeks with care,
'Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flowery meads in May!
If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be?

Should my heart be grieved or pined,
'Cause I see a woman kind?
Or a well disposèd nature
Joinèd with a lovely feature?
Be she meeker, kinder than
Turtle dove, or pelican!
If she be not so to me,
What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love?
Or her well deserving known,
Make me quite forget mine own?
Be she with that goodness blest
Which may gain her, name of best!
If she be not such to me,
What care I how good she be?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the fool, and die?
Those that bear a noble mind,
Where they want of riches find,
Think 'What, with them, they would do
That, without them, dare to woo!'
And unless that mind I see,
What care I though great she be?

Great, or good, or kind, or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair!
If she love me (this believe!)
I will die, ere she shall grieve!
If she slight me, when I woo,
I can scorn, and let her go!
For if she be not for me,
What care I for whom she be?

WHEN WE ARE UPON THE SEAS

From HALLELUJAH

On those great waters now I am,
Of which I have been told,
That whosoever thither came
Should wonders there behold.
In this unsteady place of fear,
Be present, Lord, with me;
For in these depths of water here,
I depths of danger see.

A stirring courser now I sit,
A headstrong steed I ride,
That champs and foams upon the bit
Which curbs his lofty pride.
The softest whistling of the winds
Doth make him gallop fast;
And as their breath increased he finds
The more he maketh haste.

Take thou, Oh Lord! the reins in hand,
Assume our Master's room;
Vouchsafe thou at our helm to stand,
And pilot to become.
Trim thou the sails, and let good speed
Accompany our haste;
Sound thou the channels at our need
And anchor for us cast.

A fit and favorable wind
To further us, provide;
And let it wait on us behind,
Or lackey by our side.
From sudden gusts, from storms, from sands,
And from the raging wave;
From shallows, rocks, and pirates' hands,
Men, goods, and vessel save.

Preserve us from the wants, the fear,
And sickness of the seas;
But chiefly from our sins, which are
A danger worse than these.
Lord! let us, also, safe arrive
Where we desire to be;
And for thy mercies let us give
Due thanks and praise to thee.

THE PRAYER OF OLD AGE

From HALLELUJAH

As this my carnal robe grows old,
Soiled, rent, and worn by length of years,
Let me on that by faith lay hold
Which man in life immortal wears:
So sanctify my days behind,
Do let my manners be refined,
That when my soul and flesh must part,
There lurk no terrors in my heart.

So shall my rest be safe and sweet
When I am lodgèd in my grave;
And when my soul and body meet,
A joyful meeting they shall have;
Their essence, then, shall be divine,
This muddy flesh shall starlike shine,
And God shall that fresh youth restore
Which will abide for evermore.

WILLIAM BROWNE (1591–1643)

BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS

From BOOK II, SONG I

Glide soft, ye silver floods,
And every spring:
Within the shady woods
Let no bird sing!
Nor from the grove a turtle-dove
Be seen to couple with her love.
But silence on each dale and mountain dwell,
Whilst Willy bids his friend and joy farewell.

But, of great Thetis' train,
Ye mermaids fair
That on the shores do plain
Your sea-green hair,
As ye in trammels knit your locks,
Weep ye; and so enforce the rocks
In heavy murmurs through the broad shores tell,
How Willy bade his friend and joy farewell.

Cease, cease ye murd'ring winds,
To move a wave;
But if with troubled minds
You seek his grave,
Know 't is as various as yourselves
Now in the deep, then on the shelves,
His coffin tossed by fish and surges fell,
Whilst Willy weeps, and bids all joy farewell.

Had he, Arion-like
Been judged to drown,
He on his lute could strike
So rare a sown,
A thousand dolphins would have come
And jointly strive to bring him home.
But he on shipboard died, by sickness fell,
Since when his Willy paid all joy farewell.

Great Neptune, hear a swain!
His coffin take,
And with a golden chain
For pity make
It fast unto a rock near land!
Where ev'ry calmy morn I 'll stand,
And ere one sheep out of my fold I tell,
Sad Willy's pipe shall bid his friend farewell.

* * *

From BOOK II, SONG V

Now was the Lord and Lady of the May
Meeting the May-pole at the break of day,
And Cælia, as the fairest on the green,
Not without some maids' envy chosen queen.
Now was the time com'n, when our gentle swain
Must in his harvest, or lose all again.
Now must he pluck the rose lest other hands,
Or tempests blemish what so fairly stands:
And therefore, as they had before decreed,
Our shepherd gets a boat, and with all speed,
In night, that doth on lovers' actions smile,
Arrivèd safe on Mona's fruitful isle.
Between two rocks (immortal, without mother),
That stands as if out-facing one another,
There ran a creek up, intricate and blind,
As if the waters hid them from the wind;
Which never washed but at a higher tide
The frizzled coats which do the mountains hide;
Where never gale was longer known to stay
Than from the smooth wave it had swept away
The new divorcèd leaves, that from each side
Left the thick boughs to dance out with the tide.
At further end the creek a stately wood
Gave a kind shadow to the brackish flood
Made up of trees, not less kenned by each skiff
Than that sky-scaling peak of Teneriffe,
Upon whose tops the hernshaw bred her young,
And hoary moss upon their branches hung;
Whose rugged rinds sufficient were to show,
Without their height, what time they 'gan to grow;
And if dry eld by wrinkled skin appears,
None could allot them less than Nestor's years.
As under their command the throngèd creek
Ran lessened up. Here did the shepherd seek
Where he his little boat might safely hide,
Till it was fraught with what the world beside
Could not outvalue; nor give equal weight
Though in the time when Greece was at her height.
The ruddy horses of the rosy Morn
Out of the eastern gates had newly borne
Their blushing mistress in her golden chair,
Spreading new light throughout our hemisphere,
When fairest Cælia with a lovelier crew
Of damsels than brave Latmus ever knew
Came forth to meet the youngsters, who had here
Cut down an oak that long withouten peer
Bore his round head imperiously above
His other mates there, consecrate to Jove.
The wishèd time drew on: and Cælia now,
That had the fame for her white archèd brow,
While all her lovely fellows busied were
In picking off the gems from Tellus' hair,

Made tow'rds the creek, where Philocel, unspied
Of maid or shepherd that their May-games plied,
Received his wished-for Cælia, and begun
To steer his boat contrary to the sun,
Who could have wished another in his place
To guide the car of light, or that his race
Were to have end (so he might bless his hap)
In Cælia's bosom, not in Thetis' lap.
The boat oft danced for joy of what it held:
The hoist-up sail not quick but gently swelled,
And often shook, as fearing what might fall,
Ere she delivered what she went withal.
Wingèd Argestes, fair Aurora's son,
Licensed that day to leave his dungeon,
Meekly attended and did never err,
Till Cælia graced our land, and our land her.
As through the waves their love-fraught wherry ran,
A many Cupids, each set on his swan,
Guided with reins of gold and silver twist
The spotless birds about them as they list:
Which would have sung a song 'ere they were gone
Had unkind Nature given them more than one;
Or in bestowing that had not done wrong,
And made their sweet lives forfeit one sad song.

* * *

ON THE COUNTESS DOWAGER OF PEMBROKE

Underneath this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse:
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother:
Death, ere thou hast slain another
Fair and learned and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.

Marble piles let no man raise
To her name: for after days
Some kind woman, born as she,
Reading this, like Niobe
Shall turn marble, and become
Both her mourner and her tomb.

ROBERT HERRICK (1591–1674)

CORINNA'S GOING A-MAYING

Get up, get up for shame, the blooming morn
Upon her wings presents the god unshorn.
See how Aurora throws her fair
Fresh-quilted colors through the air:
Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see
The dew bespangling herb and tree.
Each flower has wept and bowèd toward the east
Above an hour since: yet you not dressed;
Nay! not so much as out of bed?
When all the birds have matins said
And sung their thankful hymns, 'tis sin,
Nay, profanation, to keep in,
Whenas a thousand virgins on this day
Spring, sooner than the lark, to fetch in May.

Rise, and put on your foliage, and be seen
To come forth, like the spring-time, fresh and green,
And sweet as Flora. Take no care
For jewels for your gown or hair:
Fear not; the leaves will strew
Gems in abundance upon you:
Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,
Against you come, some orient pearls unwept;
Come and receive them while the light
Hangs on the dew-locks of the night:
And Titan on the eastern hill
Retires himself, or else stands still
Till you come forth. Wash, dress, be brief in praying:
Few beads are best when once we go a-Maying.

Come, my Corinna, come; and, coming mark
How each field turns a street, each street a park
Made green and trimmed with trees; see how
Devotion gives each house a bough
Or branch: each porch, each door ere this
An ark, a tabernacle is,
Made up of white-thorn, neatly interwove;
As if here were those cooler shades of love.
Can such delights be in the street
And open fields and we not see 't?
Come, we 'll abroad; and let 's obey
The proclamation made for May:

And sin no more, as we have done, by staying;
But, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying.

There's not a budding boy or girl this day
But is got up, and gone to bring in May.
A deal of youth, ere this, is come
Back, and with white-thorn laden home.
Some have despatched their cakes and cream
Before that we have left to dream:
And some have wept, and wooed, and plighted troth,
And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth:
Many a green-gown has been given;
Many a kiss, both odd and even:
Many a glance too has been sent
From out the eye, love's firmament;
Many a jest told of the keys betraying
This night, and locks picked, yet we're not a-Maying.

Come, let us go while we are in our prime;
And take the harmless folly of the time.
We shall grow old apace, and die
Before we know our liberty.
Our life is short, and our days run
As fast away as does the sun;
And, as a vapor or a drop of rain,
Once lost, can ne'er be found again,
So when or you or I are made
A fable, song, or fleeting shade,
All love, all liking, all delight
Lies drowned with us in endless night.
Then while time serves, and we are but decaying,
Come, my Corinna, come let's go a-Maying.

UPON JULIA'S CLOTHES

Whenas in silks my Julia goes,
Then, then, methinks, how sweetly flows
The liquefaction of her clothes.

Next, when I cast mine eyes, and see
That brave vibration, each way free,
O, how that glittering taketh me!

TO THE VIRGINS TO MAKE MUCH OF TIME

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying;
And this same flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
The higher he's a-getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer;
But being spent, the worse and worst
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while ye may, go marry;
For, having lost but once your prime,
You may forever tarry.

TO DAFFODILS

Fair Daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet the early rising sun
Has not attained his noon.
Stay, stay,
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the even-song;
And, having prayed together, we
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you,
We have as short a spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you, or anything.
We die
As your hours do, and dry
Away,
Like to the summer's rain;
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

TO MUSIC

Charm me asleep, and melt me so
With thy delicious numbers,
That being ravished, hence I go
Away in easy slumbers.
Ease my sick head,
And make my bed,
Thou power that canst sever
From me this ill;
And quickly still,
Though thou not kill
My fever.

Thou sweetly canst convert the same
From a consuming fire,
Into a gentle-licking flame,
And make it thus expire.
Then make me weep

My pains asleep,
And give me such reposes,
That I, poor I,
May think, thereby,
I live and die
'Mongst roses.

Fall on me like a silent dew,
Or like those maiden showers,
Which, by the peep of day, do strew
A baptism o'er the flowers.
Melt, melt my pains
With thy soft strains;
That having ease me given,
With full delight,
I leave this light,
And take my flight
For heaven.

AN ODE FOR BEN JONSON

Ah, Ben!
Say how or when
Shall we, thy guests,
Meet at those lyric feasts,
Made at the Sun,
The Dog, the Triple Tun;
Where we such clusters had,
As made us nobly wild, not mad?
And yet each verse of thine
Out-did the meat, out-did the frolic wine.

My Ben!
Or come again,
Or send to us
Thy wit's great overplus;
But teach us yet
Wisely to husband it,
Lest we that talent spend;
And having once brought to an end
That precious stock, the store
Of such a wit the world should have no more.

A THANKSGIVING TO GOD FOR HIS HOUSE

Lord, thou hast given me a cell
Wherein to dwell,
A little house, whose humble roof
Is weather-proof,
Under the spars of which I lie
Both soft and dry;
Where thou, my chamber for to ward,
Hast set a guard
Of harmless thoughts to watch and keep
Me, while I sleep.

Low is my porch, as is my fate,
Both void of state;
And yet the threshold of my door
Is worn by th' poor,
Who thither come and freely get
Good words, or meat.
Like as my parlor, so my hall
And kitchen's small;
A little buttery, and therein
A little bin,
Which keeps my little loaf of bread
Unchipped, unflead;
Some brittle sticks of thorn or briar
Make me a fire,
Close by whose living coal I sit,
And glow like it.
Lord, I confess, too, when I dine,
The pulse is thine,
And all those other bits that be
There placed by thee;
The worts, the purslain, and the mess
Of water-cress,
Which of thy kindness thou hast sent;
And my content
Makes those, and my beloved beet,
To be more sweet.
'T is thou that crown'st my glittering hearth
With guiltless mirth,
And giv'st me wassail bowls to drink,
Spiced to the brink.
Lord, 't is thy plenty-dropping hand
That soils my land,
And giv'st me, for my bushel sown,
Twice ten for one;
Thou mak'st my teeming hen to lay
Her egg each day;
Besides my healthful ewes to bear
Me twins each year;
The while the conduits of my kine
Run cream, for wine.
All these, and better thou dost send
Me, to this end,
That I should render, for my part,
A thankful heart,
Which, fired with incense, I resign,
As wholly thine;
But the acceptance, that must be,
My Christ, by thee.

GRACE FOR A CHILD

Here, a little child, I stand,
Heaving up my either hand:
Cold as paddocks though they be,
Here I lift them up to thee,
For a benison to fall
On our meat, and on us all. Amen.

HIS PRAYER FOR ABSOLUTION

For those my unbaptizèd rimes,
Writ in my wild unhallowed times,
For every sentence, clause, and word,
That 's not inlaid with thee, my Lord
Forgive me, God, and blot each line
Out of my book that is not thine.
But if, 'mongst all, thou find'st here one
Worthy thy benediction,
That one of all the rest shall be
The glory of my work and me.

GEORGE HERBERT (1593–1633)

VIRTUE

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky!
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

LOVE

Love bade me welcome; yet my soul drew back,
Guilty of dust and sin.
But quick-eyed Love, observing me grow slack
From my first entrance in,
Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning,
If I lacked anything.

'A guest,' I answered, 'worthy to be here:'
Love said, 'You shall be he.'
'I, the unkind, ungrateful? Ah, my dear,
I cannot look on thee!'
Love took my hand and smiling did reply,
'Who made the eyes but I?'

'Truth, Lord; but I have marred them: let my shame
Go where it doth deserve.'
'And know you not,' says Love, 'who bore the blame?'
'My dear, then I will serve.'
'You must sit down,' says Love, 'and taste my meat.'
So I did sit and eat.

THE COLLAR

I struck the board, and cried, 'No more;
I will abroad!
What! shall I ever sigh and pine?
My lines and life are free; free as the road,
Loose as the wind, as large as store.
Shall I be still in suit?
Have I no harvest but a thorn
To let me blood, and not restore
What I have lost with cordial fruit?
Sure there was wine
Before my sighs did dry it; there was corn
Before my tears did drown it;
Is the year only lost to me?
Have I no bays to crown it,
No flowers, no garlands gay? all blasted,
All wasted?
Not so, my heart, but there is fruit,
And thou hast hands.
Recover all thy sigh-blown age
On double pleasures; leave thy cold dispute
Of what is fit and not; forsake thy cage,
Thy rope of sands
Which petty thoughts have made; and made to thee
Good cable, to enforce and draw,
And be thy law,
While thou didst wink and wouldst not see.
Away! take heed;
I will abroad.
Call in thy death's head there, tie up thy fears:
He that forbears
To suit and serve his need
Deserves his load.'
But as I raved, and grew more fierce and wild
At every word,
Methought I heard one calling, 'Child';
And I replied, 'My Lord.'

THE QUIP

The merry World did on a day
With his train-bands and mates agree
To meet together where I lay,
And all in sport to jeer at me.

First Beauty crept into a rose,
Which when I pluckt not, 'Sir,' said she,
'Tell me, I pray, whose hands are those?'
But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then Money came, and chinking still,
'What tune is this, poor man?' said he:
'I heard in Music you had skill;'
But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then came brave Glory puffing by
In silks that whistled, who but he!
He scarce allowed me half an eye;
But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then came quick Wit and Conversation,
And he would needs a comfort be,
And, to be short, make an oration:
But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Yet when the hour of Thy design
To answer these fine things shall come,
Speak not at large; say, 'I am Thine,'
And then they have their answer home.

THE WORLD

Love built a stately house, where Fortune came;
And spinning fancies, she was heard to say
That her fine cobwebs did support the frame,
Whereas they were supported by the same;
But Wisdom quickly swept them all away.

Then Pleasure came, who, liking not the fashion,
Began to make balconies, terraces,
Till she had weakened all by alteration;
But reverend laws, and many a proclamation,
Reformèd all at length with menaces.

Then entered Sin, and with that sycamore
Whose leaves first sheltered man from drought and dew,
Working and winding slily evermore,
The inward walls and summers cleft and tore;
But Grace shored these, and cut that as it grew.

Then Sin combined with Death in a firm band
To raze the building to the very floor:
Which they effected, none could them withstand;
But Love and Grace took Glory by the hand,
And built a braver palace than before.

THE PULLEY

When God at first made man,
Having a glass of blessing standing by;
'Let us,' said he, 'pour on him all we can:
Let the world's riches, which dispersèd lie,
Contract into a span.'

So Strength first made a way;
Then Beauty flowed; then Wisdom, Honor, Pleasure.
When almost all was out, God made a stay,
Perceiving that alone, of all his treasure,
Rest in the bottom lay.

'For if I should,' said he,
'Bestow this jewel also on my creature,
He would adore my gifts instead of me,
And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature;
So both should losers be.

'Yet let him keep the rest,
But keep them with repining restlessness;
Let him be rich and weary, that at least,
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
May toss him to my breast.'

THOMAS CAREW (1598?–1639?)

SONG

Ask me no more where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose,
For in your beauty's orient deep
These flowers, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more whither do stray
The golden atoms of the day,
For, in pure love, heaven did prepare
Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more whither doth haste
The nightingale when May is past,
For in your sweet dividing throat
She winters and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more where those stars light
That downwards fall in dead of night,
For in your eyes they sit, and there
Fixèd become as in their sphere.

Ask me no more if east or west
The Phœnix builds her spicy nest,
For unto you at last she flies,
And in your fragrant bosom dies.

SONG

Would you know what's soft? I dare
Not bring you to the down, or air,
Nor to stars to show what's bright,
Nor to snow to teach you white;

Nor, if you would music hear,
Call the orbs to take your ear;
Nor, to please your sense, bring forth
Bruisèd nard, or what's more worth;

Or on food were your thoughts placed,
Bring you nectar for a taste;
Would you have all these in one,
Name my mistress, and 't is done.

THE PROTESTATION

No more shall meads be decked with flowers,
Nor sweetness dwell in rosy bowers,
Nor greenest buds on branches spring,
Nor warbling birds delight to sing,
Nor April violets paint the grove,
If I forsake my Celia's love.

The fish shall in the ocean burn,
And fountains sweet shall bitter turn,
The humble oak no flood shall know
When floods shall highest hills o'erflow,
Black Lethe shall oblivion leave,
If e'er my Celia I deceive.

Love shall his bow and shaft lay by,
And Venus' doves want wings to fly,
The Sun refuse to show his light,
And day shall then be turned to night,
And in that night no star appear,
If once I leave my Celia dear.

Love shall no more inhabit earth,
Nor lovers more shall love for worth,
Nor joy above in heaven dwell,
Nor pain torment poor souls in hell,
Grim death no more shall horrid prove,
If e'er I leave bright Celia's love.

PERSUASIONS TO JOY: A SONG

If the quick spirits in your eye
Now languish and anon must die;
If every sweet and every grace
Must fly from that forsaken face;
Then, Celia, let us reap our joys
Ere Time such goodly fruit destroys.

Or if that golden fleece must grow
For ever free from agèd snow;
If those bright suns must know no shade,
Nor your fresh beauties ever fade;
Then fear not, Celia, to bestow
What, still being gathered, still must grow.

Thus either Time his sickle brings
In vain, or else in vain his wings.

INGRATEFUL BEAUTY THREATENED

Know, Celia, since thou art so proud,
'T was I that gave thee thy renown.
Thou hadst in the forgotten crowd
Of common beauties lived unknown,
Had not my verse extolled thy name,
And with it imped the wings of Fame.

That killing power is none of thine:
I gave it to thy voice and eyes;
Thy sweets, thy graces, all are mine;
Thou art my star, shin'st in my skies;
Then dart not from thy borrowed sphere
Lightning on him that fixed thee there.

Tempt me with such affrights no more,
Lest what I made I uncreate;
Let fools thy mystic form adore,
I know thee in thy mortal state.
Wise poets, that wrapt Truth in tales,
Knew her themselves through all her veils.

AN EPITAPH

This little vault, this narrow room,
Of love and beauty is the tomb;
The dawning beam, that 'gan to clear
Our cloudèd sky, lies darkened here,
For ever set to us: by death
Sent to enflame the world beneath.
'T was but a bud, yet did contain
More sweetness than shall spring again;
A budding star, that might have grown
Into a sun when it had blown.
This hopeful beauty did create
New life in love's declining state;
But now his empire ends, and we
From fire and wounding darts are free;
His brand, his bow, let no man fear:
The flames, the arrows, all lie here.

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT (1606–1668)

SONG

The lark now leaves his wat'ry nest,
And climbing, shakes his dewy wings.
He takes this window for the East,
And to implore your light he sings—
Awake, awake! the morn will never rise
Till she can dress her beauty at your eyes.

The merchant bows unto the seaman's star,
The ploughman from the sun his season takes;
But still the lover wonders what they are
Who look for day before his mistress wakes.
Awake, awake! break thro' your veils of lawn!
And draw your curtains, and begin the dawn!

PRAISE AND PRAYER

Praise is devotion fit for mighty minds,
The diff'ring world's agreeing sacrifice;
Where Heaven divided faiths united finds:
But prayer in various discord upward flies.

For Prayer the ocean is where diversely
Men steer their course, each to a sev'ral coast;
Where all our interests so discordant be
That half beg winds by which the rest are lost.

By penitence when we ourselves forsake,
'T is but in wise design on piteous Heaven;
In praise we nobly give what God may take,
And are, without a beggar's blush, forgiven.

EDMUND WALLER (1606–1687)

THE STORY OF PHŒBUS AND DAPHNE APPLIED

Thyrsis, a youth of the inspirèd train,
Fair Sacharissa loved, but loved in vain.
Like Phœbus sung the no less amorous boy;
Like Daphne she, as lovely, and as coy!
With numbers he the flying nymph pursues,
With numbers such as Phœbus' self might use!
Such is the chase when Love and Fancy leads,
O'er craggy mountains, and through flowery meads;
Invoked to testify the lover's care,
Or form some image of his cruel fair.
Urged with his fury, like a wounded deer,
O'er these he fled; and now approaching near,
Had reached the nymph with his harmonious lay,
Whom all his charms could not incline to stay.
Yet, what he sung in his immortal strain,
Though unsuccessful, was not sung in vain;
All, but the nymph that should redress his wrong,
Attend his passion, and approve his song.
Like Phœbus thus, acquiring unsought praise,
He catched at love, and filled his arms with bays.

TO PHYLLIS

Phyllis! why should we delay
Pleasures shorter than the day?
Could we (which we never can)
Stretch our lives beyond their span,
Beauty like a shadow flies,
And our youth before us dies.
Or would youth and beauty stay,
Love hath wings, and will away.
Love hath swifter wings than Time;
Change in love to heaven does climb.
Gods that never change their state,
Vary oft their love and hate.
Phyllis! to this truth we owe
All the love betwixt us two.
Let not you and I inquire
What has been our past desire;
On what shepherds you have smiled,
Or what nymphs I have beguiled;
Leave it to the planets too,
What we shall hereafter do;
For the joys we now may prove,
Take advice of present love.

ON A GIRDLE

That which her slender waist confined,
Shall now my joyful temples bind;
No monarch but would give his crown,
His arms might do what this has done.

It was my heaven's extremest sphere,
The pale which held that lovely deer.
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
Did all within this circle move!

A narrow compass! and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair;
Give me but what this ribband bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round.

GO LOVELY ROSE!

Go, lovely Rose!
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die! that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee;
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair!

SIR JOHN SUCKLING (1609–1642)

A DOUBT OF MARTYRDOM

O for some honest lover's ghost,
Some kind unbodied post
Sent from the shades below!
I strangely long to know
Whether the noble chaplets wear,
Those that their mistress' scorn did bear
Or those that were used kindly.

For whatsoe'er they tell us here
To make those sufferings dear,
'T will there, I fear, be found
That to the being crowned
T' have loved alone will not suffice,
Unless we also have been wise
And have our loves enjoyed.

What posture can we think him in
That, here unloved, again
Departs, and 's thither gone
Where each sits by his own?
Or how can that Elysium be
Where I my mistress still must see
Circled in other's arms?

For there the judges all are just,
And Sophonisba must
Be his whom she held dear,
Not his who loved her here.
The sweet Philoclea, since she died,
Lies by her Pirocles his side,
Not by Amphialus.

Some bays, perchance, or myrtle bough
For difference crowns the brow
Of those kind souls that were
The noble martyrs here:
And if that be the only odds
(As who can tell?), ye kinder gods,
Give me the woman here!

THE CONSTANT LOVER

Out upon it, I have loved
Three whole days together!
And am like to love three more,
If it prove fair weather.

Time shall moult away his wings
Ere he shall discover
In the whole wide world again
Such a constant lover.

But the spite on't is, no praise
Is due at all to me:
Love with me had made no stays,
Had it any been but she.

Had it any been but she,
And that very face,
There had been at least ere this
A dozen dozen in her place.

WHY SO PALE AND WAN?

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prithee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prithee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Prithee, why so mute?

Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do 't?
Prithee, why so mute?

Quit, quit for shame! This will not move;
This cannot take her.
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her:
The devil take her!

RICHARD CRASHAW (1613?–1649)

IN THE HOLY NATIVITY OF OUR LORD GOD

A HYMN SUNG AS BY THE SHEPHERDS

CHORUS

Come, we shepherds, whose blest sight
Hath met Love's noon in Nature's night;
Come, lift we up our loftier song
And wake the sun that lies too long.

To all our world of well-stol'n joy
He slept, and dreamt of no such thing;
While we found out heaven's fairer eye
And kissed the cradle of our King.
Tell him he rises now, too late
To show us aught worth looking at.

Tell him we now can show him more
Than he e'er showed to mortal sight;
Than he himself e'er saw before;
Which to be seen needs not his light.
Tell him, Tityrus, where th' hast been
Tell him, Thyrsis, what th' hast seen.

TITYRUS. Gloomy night embraced the place
Where the noble infant lay,
The babe looked up and showed his face;
In spite of darkness, it was day.
It was thy day, sweet! and did rise
Not from the east, but from thine eyes.

CHORUS. It was thy day, sweet, etc.

THYRSIS. Winter chid aloud; and sent
The angry North to wage his wars.
The North forgot his fierce intent;
And left perfumes instead of scars.
By those sweet eyes' persuasive powers,
Where he meant frost he scattered flowers.

CHO. By those sweet eyes', etc.

BOTH. We saw thee in thy balmy nest,
Young dawn of our Eternal Day!
We saw thine eyes break from their east
And chase the trembling shades away.
We saw thee, and we blest the sight,
We saw thee by thine own sweet light.

TIT. Poor World, said I, what wilt thou do
To entertain this starry stranger?
Is this the best thou canst bestow?
A cold, and not too cleanly, manger?
Contend, the powers of heaven and earth,
To fit a bed for this huge birth!

CHO. Contend the powers, etc.

THYR. Proud World, said I; cease your contest
And let the mighty babe alone;
The phœnix builds the phœnix' nest,
Love's architecture is his own;
The babe whose birth embraves this morn,
Made his own bed e'er he was born.

CHO. The babe whose, etc.

TIT. I saw the curled drops, soft and slow,
Come hovering o'er the place's head;
Off'ring their whitest sheets of snow
To furnish the fair infant's bed.
Forbear, said I; be not too bold;
Your fleece is white, but 't is too cold.

CHO. Forbear, said I, etc.

THYR. I saw the obsequious seraphim
Their rosy fleece of fire bestow,
For well they now can spare their wing,
Since heaven itself lies here below.
Well done, said I; but are you sure
Your down so warm, will pass for pure?

CHO. Well done, said I, etc.

TIT. No, no, your king 's not yet to seek
Where to repose his royal head;
See, see how soon his new-bloomed cheek

'Twixt's mother's breasts is gone to bed!
Sweet choice, said we! no way but so
Not to lie cold, yet sleep in snow.

CHO. Sweet choice, said we, etc.

BOTH. We saw thee in thy balmy nest,
Bright dawn of our Eternal Day!
We saw thine eyes break from their east
And chase the trembling shades away.
We saw thee, and we blest the sight,
We saw thee by thine own sweet light.

CHO. We saw thee, etc.

FULL CHORUS

Welcome all wonders in one night!
Eternity shut in a span,
Summer in winter, day in night,
Heaven in earth, and God in man.
Great Little One, whose all-embracing birth
Lifts earth to heaven, stoops heaven to earth!

Welcome, though nor to gold nor silk,
To more than Cæsar's birthright is;
Two sister-seas of virgin-milk
With many a rarely-tempered kiss
That breathes at once both maid and mother,
Warms in the one, cools in the other.

Welcome, though not to those gay flies
Gilded i' th' beams of earthly kings,
Slippery souls in smiling eyes,
But to poor shepherds, homespun things,
Whose wealth 's their flock, whose wit 's to be
Well read in their simplicity.

Yet when young April's husband showers
Shall bless the fruitful Maia's bed,
We 'll bring the first-born of her flowers
To kiss thy feet and crown thy head.
To thee, dread Lamb! Whose love must keep
The shepherds, more than they the sheep.

To Thee, meek Majesty! soft King
Of simple graces and sweet loves!
Each of us his lamb will bring,
Each his pair of silver doves!
Till burnt at last in fire of thy fair eyes,
Ourselves become our [illegible] sacrifice!

SIR JOHN DENHAM (1615–1669)

FROM COOPER'S HILL

My eye, descending from the hill, surveys
Where Thames amongst the wanton valleys strays;
Thames, the most loved of all the Ocean's sons,
By his old sire, to his embraces runs,
Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
Like mortal life to meet eternity;
Though with those streams he no resemblance hold,
Whose foam is amber, and their gravel gold,
His genuine and less guilty wealth t' explore,
Search not his bottom, but survey his shore,
O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing,
And hatches plenty for th' ensuing spring;
Nor then destroys it with too fond a stay,
Like mothers which their infants overlay,
Nor, with a sudden and impetuous wave,
Like profuse kings, resumes the wealth he gave;
No unexpected inundations spoil
The mower's hopes, nor mock the ploughman's toil,
But godlike his unwearied bounty flows,
First loves to do, then loves the good he does;
Nor are his blessings to his banks confined,
But free and common as the sea or wind;
When he to boast or to disperse his stores,
Full of the tributes of his grateful shores,
Visits the world, and in his flying towers,
Brings home to us, and makes both Indies ours,
Finds wealth where 't is, bestows it where it wants,
Cities in deserts, woods in cities plants;
So that to us no thing, no place is strange,
While his fair bosom is the world's exchange.
O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme!

Though deep, yet clear, though gentle, yet not dull,
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.

* * *

ON MR. ABRAHAM COWLEY'S DEATH AND BURIAL AMONGST THE ANCIENT POETS

Old Chaucer, like the morning star,
To us discovers day from far.
His light those mists and clouds dissolved,
Which our dark nation long involved;
But he descending to the shades,
Darkness again the age invades.
Next, like Aurora, Spenser rose,
Whose purple blush the day foreshows;
The other three, with his own fires
Phœbus, the poets' god inspires;
By Shakspere's, Jonson's, Fletcher's lines,
Our stage's luster Rome's outshines:
These poets near our princes sleep,
And in one grave their mansion keep;
They lived to see so many days,
Till time had blasted all their bays;
But cursèd be the fatal hour
That plucked the fairest, sweetest flower
That in the muses' garden grew,
And amongst withered laurels threw.
Time, which made them their fame outlive,
To Cowley scarce did ripeness give.
Old mother wit, and Nature, gave
Shakspere and Fletcher all they have;
In Spenser, and in Jonson, Art
Of slower Nature got the start;
But both in him so equal are,
None knows which bears the happiest share;
To him no author was unknown,
Yet what he wrote was all his own;
He melted not the ancient gold,
Nor, with Ben Jonson, did make bold
To plunder all the Roman stores
Of poets, and of orators:
Horace's wit, and Virgil's state,
He did not steal, but emulate:
And when he would like them appear,
Their garb, but not their clothes, did wear:
He not from Rome alone, but Greece,
Like Jason brought the golden fleece;
To him that language, though to none
Of th' others, as his own was known.
On a stiff gale, as Flaccus sings,
The Theban swan extends his wings,
When through th' ethereal clouds he flies,
To the same pitch our swan doth rise.
Old Pindar's flights by him are reached,
When on that gale his wings are stretched.
His fancy and his judgment such,
Each to the other seemed too much,
His severe judgment, giving law,
His modest fancy, kept in awe,
As rigid husbands jealous are
When they believe their wives too fair.

* * *

RICHARD LOVELACE (1618–1658)

TO LUCASTA GOING TO THE WARS

Tell me not, Sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As thou too shalt adore;
I could not love thee, Dear, so much,
Loved I not Honor more.

TO ALTHEA, FROM PRISON

When Love with unconfinèd wings
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at the grates;
When I lie tangled in her hair
And fettered to her eye,
The birds that wanton in the air
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses bound,
Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free,
Fishes that tipple in the deep
Know no such liberty.

When, like committed linnets, I
With shriller throat will sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
And glories of my king;

When I shall voice aloud how good
He is, how great should be,
Enlargèd winds, that curl the flood,
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage;
If I have freedom in my love
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.

THE ROSE

Sweet, serene, sky-like flower,
Haste to adorn her bower,
From thy long cloudy bed
Shoot forth thy damask head.

New-startled blush of Flora,
The grief of pale Aurora
(Who will contest no more),
Haste, haste to strew her floor!

Vermilion ball that's given
From lip to lip in heaven,
Love's couch's coverled,
Haste, haste to make her bed.

Dear offspring of pleased Venus
And jolly plump Silenus,
Haste, haste to deck the hair
Of th' only sweetly fair!

See! rosy is her bower,
Her floor is all this flower,
Her bed a rosy nest
By a bed of roses pressed!

But early as she dresses,
Why fly you her bright tresses?
Ah! I have found, I fear,—
Because her cheeks are near.

TO LUCASTA

Lucasta, frown, and let me die!
But smile, and, see, I live!
The sad indifference of your eye
Both kills and doth reprieve;
You hide our fate within its screen;
We feel our judgment, e'er we hear;
So in one picture I have seen
An angel here, the devil there!

ABRAHAM COWLEY (1618–1667)

THE SWALLOW

Foolish Prater, what do'st thou
So early at my window do
With thy tuneless serenade?
Well 't had been had Tereus made
Thee as dumb as Philomel:
There his knife had done but well.
In thy undiscovered nest
Thou dost all the winter rest,
And dreamest o'er thy summer joys,
Free from the stormy season's noise:
Free from th' ill thou 'st done to me;
Who disturbs, or seeks out thee?
Had'st thou all the charming notes
Of the wood's poetic throats,
All thy art could never pay
What thou 'st ta'en from me away;
Cruel bird, thou 'st ta'en away
A dream out of my arms to-day,
A dream that ne'er must equaled be
By all that waking eyes may see.
Thou this damage to repair,
Nothing half so sweet or fair,
Nothing half so good can'st bring,
Though men say, 'Thou bring'st the spring?'

THE WISH

Well then! I now do plainly see
This busy world and I shall ne'er agree.
The very honey of all earthly joy
Does of all meats the soonest cloy;
And they, methinks, deserve my pity
Who for it can endure the stings,
The crowd and buzz and murmurings,
Of this great hive, the city.

Ah, yet, ere I descend to the grave
May I a small house and large garden have;
And a few friends, and many books, both true,
Both wise, and both delightful too!
And since love ne'er will from me flee,
A mistress moderately fair,
And good as guardian angels are,
Only beloved and loving me.

O fountains! when in you shall I
Myself eased of unpeaceful thoughts espy?
O fields! O woods! when, when shall I be made

The happy tenant of your shade?
Here's the spring-head of pleasure's flood:
Here's wealthy Nature's treasury,
Where all the riches lie that she
Has coined and stamped for good.

Pride and ambition here
Only in far-fetched metaphors appear;
Here naught but winds can hurtful murmurs scatter,
And naught but Echo flatter.
The gods, when they descended, hither
From heaven did always choose their way:
And therefore we may boldly say
That 't is the way too thither.

How happy here should I
And one dear She live, and embracing die!
She who is all the world, and can exclude
In deserts solitude.
I should have then this only fear:
Lest men, when they my pleasures see,
Should hither throng to live like me,
And so make a city here.

ANDREW MARVEL (1621–1678).

THE GARDEN

How vainly men themselves amaze,
To win the palm, the oak, or bays,
And their incessant labors see
Crowned from some single herb or tree
Whose short and narrow-vergèd shade
Does prudently their toils upbraid,
While all the flowers and trees do close
To weave the garlands of repose!

Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,
And Innocence, thy sister dear?
Mistaken long, I sought you then
In busy companies of men.
Your sacred plants, if here below,
Only among the plants will grow;
Society is all but rude
To this delicious solitude.

No white nor red was ever seen
So amorous as this lovely green.
Fond lovers, cruel as their flame,
Cut in these trees their mistress' name.
Little, alas! they know or heed,
How far these beauties hers exceed!
Fair trees! wheres'e'r your barks I wound
No name shall but your own be found.

When we have run our passion's heat,
Love hither makes his best retreat.
The gods, that mortal beauty chase,
Still in a tree did end their race;
Apollo hunted Daphne so,
Only that she might laurel grow;
And Pan did after Syrinx speed,
Not as a nymph, but for a reed.

What wondrous life is this I lead!
Ripe apples drop about my head;
The luscious clusters of the vine
Upon my mouth do crush their wine;
The nectarine, and curious peach,
Into my hands themselves do reach;
Stumbling on melons, as I pass,
Insnared with flowers, I fall on grass.

Meanwhile the mind, from pleasure less,
Withdraws into its happiness;—
The mind, that ocean where each kind
Does straight its own resemblance find;
Yet it creates, transcending these,
Far other worlds, and other seas,
Annihilating all that 's made
To a green thought in a green shade.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot,
Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,
Casting the body's vest aside,
My soul into the boughs does glide:
There, like a bird, it sits and sings,
Then whets and combs its silver wings,
And, till prepared for longer flight,
Waves in its plumes the various light.

Such was that happy garden-state,
While man there walked without a mate
After a place so pure and sweet,
What other help could yet be meet!
But 't was beyond a mortal's share
To wander solitary there:
Two paradises 't were in one,
To live in paradise alone.

How well the skilful gardener drew
Of flowers, and herbs, this dial new;
Where, from above, the milder sun
Does through a fragrant zodiac run,
And, as it works, the industrious bee
Computes its time as well as we!
How could such sweet and wholesome hours
Be reckoned but with herbs and flowers?

TO HIS COY MISTRESS

Had we but world enough, and time,
This coyness, Lady, were no crime,
We would sit down and think which way
To walk and pass our long love's day.
Thou by the Indian Ganges' side
Shouldst rubies find; I by the tide
Of Humber would complain. I would
Love you ten years before the Flood,
And you should, if you please, refuse
Till the conversion of the Jews.
My vegetable love should grow
Vaster than empires, and more slow;
An hundred years should go to praise
Thine eyes and on thy forehead gaze;
Two hundred to adore each breast,
But thirty thousand to the rest;
An age at least to every part,
And the last age should show your heart.
For, Lady, you deserve this state,
Nor would I love at lower rate.
But at my back I always hear
Time's wingèd chariot hurrying near;
And yonder all before us lie
Deserts of vast eternity.
Thy beauty shall no more be found,
Nor, in thy marble vault, shall sound
My echoing song; then worms shall try
That long preserved virginity,
And your quaint honor turn to dust,
And into ashes all my lust:
The grave's a fine and private place,
But none, I think, do there embrace.
Now therefore, while the youthful hue
Sits on thy skin like morning dew,
And while thy willing soul transpires
At every pore with instant fires,
Now let us sport us while we may,
And now, like amorous birds of prey,
Rather at once our time devour
Than languish in his slow-chapt power.
Let us roll all our strength and all
Our sweetness up into one ball,
And tear our pleasures with rough strife
Thorough the iron gates of life:
Thus, though we cannot make our sun
Stand still, yet we will make him run.

HENRY VAUGHAN (1622–1695)

THE RETREAT

Happy those early days, when I
Shined in my angel-infancy!
Before I understood this place
Appointed for my second race,
Or taught my soul to fancy aught
But a white, celestial thought;
When yet I had not walked above
A mile or two from my first love,
And looking back, at that short space,
Could see a glimpse of his bright face;
When on some gilded cloud or flower
My gazing soul would dwell an hour,
And in those weaker glories spy
Some shadows of eternity;
Before I taught my tongue to wound
My conscience with a sinful sound,
Or had the black art to dispense,
A several sin to every sense,
But felt through all this fleshly dress
Bright shoots of everlastingness.
O, how I long to travel back,
And tread again that ancient track,
That I might once more reach that plain,
Where first I left my glorious train;
From whence the enlightened spirit sees
That shady city of palm trees.
But ah! my soul with too much stay
Is drunk, and staggers in the way!
Some men a forward motion love,
But I by backward steps would move;
And when this dust falls to the urn,
In that state I came, return.

THE WORLD

I saw Eternity the other night,
Like a great ring of pure and endless light,
All calm, as it was bright;
And round beneath it, Time, in hours, days, years,
Driv'n by the spheres
Like a vast shadow moved; in which the world
And all her train were hurled.
The doting lover in his quaintest strain
Did there complain;
Near him, his lute, his fancy, and his flights,
Wit's four delights,
With gloves, and knots, the silly snares of pleasure,
Yet his dear treasure,
All scattered lay, while he his eyes did pour
Upon a flower.

The darksome statesman, hung with weights and woe,
Like a thick midnight-fog, moved there so slow,
He did not stay, nor go;

Condemning thoughts, like sad eclipses, scowl
Upon his soul,
And clouds of crying witnesses without
Pursued him with one shout.
Yet digged the mole, and lest his ways be found,
Worked under ground,
Where he did clutch his prey; but one did see
That policy;
Churches and altars fed him; perjuries
Were gnats and flies;
It rained about him blood and tears, but he
Drank them as free.

The fearful miser on a heap of rust
Sat pining all his life there, did scarce trust
His own hands with the dust,
Yet would not place one piece above, but lives
In fear of thieves.
Thousands there were as frantic as himself,
And hugged each one his pelf;
The downright epicure placed heaven in sense,
And scorned pretence;
While others, slipt into a wide excess,
Said little less;
The weaker sort, slight, trivial wares enslave,
Who think them brave;
And poor, despisèd Truth sat counting by
Their victory.

Yet some, who all this while did weep and sing,
And sing and weep, soared up into the ring;
But most would use no wing.
O fools, said I, thus to prefer dark night
Before true light!
To live in grots and caves, and hate the day
Because it shows the way,
The way, which from this dead and dark abode
Leads up to God;
A way there you might tread the sun, and be
More bright than he!
But, as I did their madness so discuss,
One whispered thus
'This ring the Bridegroom did for none provide,
But for his bride.'

DEPARTED FRIENDS

They are all gone into the world of light!
And I alone sit lingering here;
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest,
After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days:
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmering and decays.

O holy Hope! and high Humility,
High as the heavens above!
These are your walks, and you have showed them me,
To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous Death! the jewel of the just,
Shining nowhere, but in the dark,
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark!

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest, may know
At first sight if the bird be flown;
But what fair well or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul, when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
And into glory peep.

If a star were confined into a tomb,
The captive flames must needs burn there;
But when the hand that locked her up, gives room,
She 'll shine through all the sphere.

O Father of eternal life, and all
Created glories under Thee,
Resume Thy spirit from this world of thrall
Into true liberty.

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill
My perspective still as they pass;
Or else remove me hence unto that hill,
Where I shall need no glass.

FRANCIS BACON (1561–1626)

Bacon was connected through both his parents with the governing classes. His father was lord keeper of the great seal, and the queen used to call the boy her 'young lord keeper.' At twelve he went to Trinity College, Cambridge, and as a youth he studied law at Gray's Inn. He was in the diplomatic service at Paris when his father died, leaving him but ill provided for. In 1584 he was elected to the House of Commons, but in spite of conspicuous ability and powerful connections, his political preferment was slow. He became solicitor-general in 1607, attorney-general 1613, privy councillor 1616, lord keeper 1617, lord chancellor and baron Verulam 1618, viscount St. Albans 1621. But hostile political influences in this last year brought about his fall. He was accused of bribery, and admitted receiving gifts, but denied that they had influenced him in the administration of justice. He was deprived of all his offices, fined £200,000, imprisoned, and excluded from court and parliament. All the penalties except the last were immediately remitted by the king, but he was not allowed to return to public life. He retired to the estate he had inherited from his elder brother, and gave himself to literature and philosophy, which had always occupied his leisure. While still a young man, he said, 'I have as vast contemplative ends as I have moderate civil ends: for I have taken all knowledge to be my province.' *The Advancement of Learning*, published in English in 1605, is mainly an attempt to review what was then known; the *Novum Organum* (in Latin, 1620) is an exposition of the means by which the bounds of knowledge may be extended. His philosophical work was of great influence on account of the stress he laid on observation of facts and the testing of hypothesis by experiment. He met his death through a chill contracted by leaving his coach on a winter's day to gather snow to stuff a fowl in order to try the effect of cold on the preservation of meat. His *History of Henry VII* (1622) is an important work, but his most notable contribution to literature was the *Essays* — a title probably suggested by the French *Essais* of Montaigne (1580). Bacon's first edition of 10 essays appeared in 1597, an enlarged edition, containing 38, in 1612, and the final issue (58 essays) in 1625. Though they reveal only at times the philosophical bent of Bacon's genius, they illustrate fully the extraordinary keenness of his mind, his practical worldly wisdom, and the terse incisiveness of his style.

ESSAYS

1.— OF TRUTH

'What is truth?' said jesting Pilate; and would not stay for an answer. Certainly there be that delight in giddiness, and count it a bondage to fix a belief, affecting free-will in thinking, as well as in acting. And though the sects of philosophers of that kind be gone, yet there remain certain discoursing wits which are of the same veins, though there be not so much blood in them as was in those of the ancients. But it is not only the difficulty and labor which men take in finding out of truth; nor again, that when it is found, it imposeth upon men's thoughts, that doth bring lies in favor: but a natural though corrupt love of the lie itself. One of the later school of the Grecians examineth the matter, and is at a stand to think what should be in it, that men should love lies: where neither they make for pleasure, as with poets; nor for advantage, as with the merchant; but for the lie's sake. But I cannot tell: this same truth is a naked and open daylight, that doth not show the masques, and mummeries, and triumphs of the world half so stately and daintily as candle-lights. Truth may perhaps come to the price of a pearl, that showeth best by day; but it will not rise to the price of a diamond or carbuncle, that showeth best in varied lights. A mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure. Doth any man doubt that if there were taken out of men's minds vain opinions, flattering hopes, false valuations, imaginations as one would, and the like, but it would leave the minds of a number

men poor shrunken things, full of melancholy and indisposition, and unpleasing to themselves? One of the fathers, in great severity, called poesy *vinum daemonum* [devils' wine], because it filleth the imagination, and yet it is but with the shadow of a lie. But it is not the lie that passeth through the mind, but the lie that sinketh in and settleth in it that doth the hurt, such as we spake of before. But howsoever these things are thus in men's depraved judgments and affections, yet truth, which only doth judge itself, teacheth that the inquiry of truth, which is the love-making, or wooing of it; the knowledge of truth, which is the presence of it; and the belief of truth, which is the enjoying of it, is the sovereign good of human nature. The first creature of God, in the works of the days, was the light of the sense; the last was the light of reason; and his Sabbath work, ever since, is the illumination of his spirit. First he breathed light upon the face of the matter, or chaos; then he breathed light into the face of man; and still he breatheth and inspireth light into the face of his chosen. The poet, that beautified the sect, that was otherwise inferior to the rest, saith yet excellently well, 'It is a pleasure to stand upon the shore, and to see ships tost upon the sea; a pleasure to stand in the window of a castle, and to see a battle, and the adventures thereof below; but no pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage ground of truth (a hill not to be commanded, and where the air is always clear and serene), and to see the errors, and wanderings, and mists, and tempests, in the vale below'; so always that this prospect be with pity, and not with swelling or pride. Certainly it is heaven upon earth to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in providence, and turn upon the poles of truth.

To pass from theological and philosophical truth to the truth of civil business, it will be acknowledged, even by those that practice it not, that clear and round dealing is the honor of man's nature, and that mixture of falsehood is like alloy in coin of gold and silver, which may make the metal work the better, but it embaseth it; for these winding and crooked courses are the goings of the serpent, which goeth basely upon the belly, and not upon the feet. There is no vice that doth so cover a man with shame as to be found false and perfidious; and therefore Montaigne saith prettily, when he inquired the reason why the word of the lie should be such a disgrace, and such an odious charge. 'If it be well weighed, to say that a man lieth, is as much as to say that he is brave towards God, and a coward towards man.' For a lie faces God, and shrinks from man. Surely the wickedness of falsehood and breach of faith cannot possibly be so highly expressed as in that it shall be the last peal to call the judgments of God upon the generations of men: it being foretold, that when Christ cometh, 'he shall not find faith upon the earth.'

V.—OF ADVERSITY

It was a high speech of Seneca, after the manner of the Stoics, that 'the good things which belong to prosperity are to be wished, but the good things that belong to adversity are to be admired.' *Bona rerum secundarum optabilia, adversarum mirabilia.* Certainly if miracles be the command over Nature, they appear most in adversity. It is yet a higher speech of his than the other, much too high for a heathen, 'It is true greatness to have in one the frailty of a man and the security of a God' *(Vere magnum, habere fragilitatem hominis, securitatem Dei).* This would have done better in poesy, where transcendencies are more allowed. And the poets, indeed, have been busy with it; for it is in effect the thing which is figured in that strange fiction of the ancient poets which seemeth not to be without mystery; nay, and to have some approach to the state of a christian: that Hercules, when he went to unbind Prometheus, by whom human nature is represented, sailed the length of the great ocean in an earthen pot or pitcher; lively describing christian resolution that saileth in the frail bark of the flesh through the waves of the world. But to speak in a mean, the virtue of prosperity is temperance, the virtue of adversity is fortitude, which in morals is the more heroical virtue. Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament, adversity is the blessing of

the New, which carrieth the greater benediction and the clearer revelation of God's favor. Yet, even in the Old Testament, if you listen to David's harp you shall hear as many hearse-like airs as carols. And the pencil of the Holy Ghost hath labored more in describing the afflictions of Job than the felicities of Solomon. Prosperity is not without many fears and distastes, and adversity is not without comforts and hopes. We see in needleworks and embroideries it is more pleasing to have a lively work upon a sad and solemn ground than to have a dark and melancholy work upon a lightsome ground. Judge, therefore, of the pleasure of the heart by the pleasure of the eye. Certainly virtue is like precious odors, most fragrant when they are incensed or crushed; for prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue.

VII.—OF PARENTS AND CHILDREN

The joys of parents are secret, and so are their griefs and fears; they cannot utter the one, nor they will not utter the other. Children sweeten labors, but they make misfortunes more bitter; they increase the cares of life, but they mitigate the remembrance of death. The perpetuity by generation is common to beasts; but memory, and merit, and noble works are proper to men; and surely a man shall see the noblest works and foundations have proceeded from childless men, which have sought to express the images of their minds where those of their bodies have failed; so the care of posterity is most in them that have no posterity. They that are the first raisers of their houses are most indulgent towards their children, beholding them as the continuance, not only of their kind, but of their work, and so both children and creatures.

The difference in affection of parents towards their several children is many times unequal, and sometimes unworthy, especially in the mother; as Solomon saith, 'A wise son rejoiceth the father, but an ungracious son shames the mother.' A man shall see, where there is a house full of children, one or two of the eldest respected, and the youngest made wantons; but in the midst, some that are as it were forgotten, who, many times, nevertheless, prove the best. The illiberality of parents, in allowance towards their children, is a harmful error, and makes them base, acquaints them with shifts, makes them sort with mean company, and makes them surfeit more when they come to plenty; and therefore the proof is best when men keep their authority towards their children, but not their purse. Men have a foolish manner (both parents, and schoolmasters, and servants), in creating and breeding an emulation between brothers during childhood, which many times sorteth to discord when they are men, and disturbeth families. The Italians make little difference between children and nephews, or near kinsfolk; but so they be of the lump they care not, though they pass not through their own body. And, to say truth, in nature it is much a like matter; insomuch that we see a nephew sometimes resembleth an uncle, or a kinsman, more than his own parent, as the blood happens. Let parents choose betimes the vocations and courses they mean their children should take, for then they are most flexible; and let them not too much apply themselves to the disposition of their children, as thinking they will take best to that which they have most mind to. It is true, that if the affection, or aptness, of the children be extraordinary, then it is good not to cross it; but generally the precept is good. *Optimum elige, suave et facile illud faciet consuetudo* [Choose the best; custom will make it pleasant and easy]. Younger brothers are commonly fortunate, but seldom or never where the elder are disinherited.

VIII.—OF MARRIAGE AND SINGLE LIFE

He that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune; for they are impediments to great enterprises, either of virtue or mischief. Certainly the best works, and of greatest merit for the public, have proceeded from the unmarried or childless men, which, both in affection and means, have married and endowed the public. Yet it were great reason that those that have children

should have greatest care of future times, unto which they know they must transmit their dearest pledges.

Some there are, who, though they lead a single life, yet their thoughts do end with themselves, and account future times impertinences; nay, there are some other that account wife and children but as bills of charges. Nay, more, there are some foolish rich covetous men that take a pride in having no children, because they may be thought so much the richer; for, perhaps, they have heard some talk. 'Such a one is a great rich man,' and another except to it, 'Yea, but he hath a great charge of children,' as if it were an abatement to his riches. But the most ordinary cause of a single life is liberty, especially in certain self-pleasing and humorous minds, which are so sensible of every restraint, as they will go near to think their girdles and garters to be bonds and shackles. Unmarried men are best friends, best masters, best servants, but not always best subjects; for they are light to run away, and almost all fugitives are of that condition. A single life doth well with churchmen, for charity will hardly water the ground where it must first fill a pool. It is indifferent for judges and magistrates, for if they be facile and corrupt you shall have a servant five times worse than a wife. For soldiers, I find the generals commonly, in their hortatives, put men in mind of their wives and children. And I think the despising of marriage amongst the Turks maketh the vulgar soldier more base. Certainly, wife and children are a kind of discipline of humanity; and single men, though they be many times more charitable, because their means are less exhaust, yet, on the other side, they are more cruel and hard-hearted, good to make severe inquisitors, because their tenderness is not so oft called upon. Grave natures, led by custom, and therefore constant, are commonly loving husbands; as was said of Ulysses, *'Vetulam suam praetulit immortalitati'* [He preferred his old wife to immortality]. Chaste women are often proud and froward, as presuming upon the merit of their chastity. It is one of the best bonds, both of chastity and obedience, in the wife if she think her husband wise, which she will never do if she find him jealous. Wives are young men's mistresses, companions for middle age, and old men's nurses; so as a man may have a quarrel to marry when he will. But yet he was reputed one of the wise men that made answer to the question when a man should marry, 'A young man not yet, an elder man not at all.' It is often seen that bad husbands have very good wives; whether it be that it raiseth the price of their husband's kindness when it comes, or that the wives take a pride in their patience; but this never fails, if the bad husbands were of their own choosing, against their friends' consent; for then they will be sure to make good their own folly.

X.—OF LOVE

The stage is more beholden to love than the life of man. For as to the stage love is ever a matter of comedies and now and then of tragedies, but in life it doth much mischief, sometimes like a siren, sometimes like a fury. You may observe that amongst all the great and worthy persons whereof the memory remaineth, either ancient or recent, there is not one that hath been transported to the mad degree of love, which shows that great spirits and great business do keep out this weak passion. You must except, nevertheless, Marcus Antonius, the half-partner of the empire of Rome, and Appius Claudius, the decemvir and lawgiver; whereof the former was indeed a voluptuous man and inordinate, but the latter was an austere and wise man; and therefore it seems, though rarely, that love can find entrance, not only into an open heart, but also into a heart well fortified, if watch be not well kept. It is a poor saying of Epicurus: *Satis magnum alter alteri theatrum sumus* [We are to each other a theater large enough], as if man, made for the contemplation of heaven and all noble objects, should do nothing but kneel before a little idol and make himself subject, though not of the mouth, as beasts are, yet of the eye, which was given him for higher purposes. It is a strange thing to note the excess of this passion, and how it braves the nature and value of things by this, that the speaking in a perpetual hyperbole is

comely in nothing but in love. Neither is it merely in the phrase; for whereas it hath been well said that the arch-flatterer, with whom all the petty flatterers have intelligence, is a man's self, certainly the lover is more. For there was never proud man thought so absurdly well of himself as the lover doth of the person loved, and, therefore, it was well said that it is impossible to love and to be wise. Neither doth this weakness appear to others only, and not to the party loved, but to the loved most of all, except the love be reciprocal. For it is a true rule that love is ever rewarded either with the reciproque or with an inward and secret contempt; by how much the more men ought to beware of this passion, which loseth not only other things but itself. As for the other losses, the poet's relation doth well figure them, that he that preferred Helena quitted the gifts of Juno and Pallas; for whosoever esteemeth too much of amorous affection quitteth both riches and wisdom. This passion hath its floods in the very times of weakness, which are great prosperity and great adversity (though this latter hath been less observed), both which times kindle love and make it more fervent, and, therefore, show it to be the child of folly. They do best who, if they cannot but admit love, yet make it keep quarter, and sever it wholly from their serious affairs and actions of life; for if it check once with business, it troubleth men's fortunes and maketh men that they can nowise be true to their own ends. I know not how, but martial men are given to love; I think it is but as they are given to wine, for perils commonly ask to be paid in pleasures. There is in man's nature a secret inclination and motion towards love of others, which, if it be not spent upon some one or a few, doth naturally spread itself towards many, and maketh men become humane and charitable, as it is seen sometimes in friars. Nuptial love maketh mankind, friendly love perfecteth it, but wanton love corrupteth and embaseth it.

XII.—OF BOLDNESS

It is a trivial grammar-school text, but yet worthy a wise man's consideration: question was asked of Demosthenes, what was the chief part of an orator? He answered, Action: what next? Action: what next again? Action. He said it that knew it best, and had by nature himself no advantage in that he commended. A strange thing, that that part of an orator which is but superficial, and rather the virtue of a player, should be placed so high above those other noble parts, of invention, elocution, and the rest — nay, almost alone, as if it were all in all. But the reason is plain. There is in human nature generally more of the fool than of the wise; and, therefore, those faculties by which the foolish part of men's minds is taken are most potent. Wonderful like is the case of boldness in civil business. What first? — Boldness. What second and third? — Boldness. And yet boldness is a child of ignorance and baseness, far inferior to other parts. But, nevertheless, it doth fascinate and bind hand and foot those that are either shallow in judgment or weak in courage, which are the greatest part — yea, and prevaileth with wise men at weak times. Therefore, we see it hath done wonders in popular states, but with senates and princes less; and more ever upon the first entrance of bold persons into action than soon after; for boldness is an ill keeper of promise. Surely, as there are mountebanks for the natural body, so there are mountebanks for the politic body; men that undertake great cures, and perhaps have been lucky in two or three experiments, but want the grounds of science, and therefore cannot hold out — nay, you shall see a bold fellow many times do Mahomet's miracle. Mahomet made the people believe that he would call a hill to him, and from the top of it offer up his prayers for the observers of his law. The people assembled; Mahomet called the hill to come to him again and again; and when the hill stood still he was never a whit abashed, but said, 'If the hill will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet will go to the hill.' So these men, when they have promised great matters, and failed most shamefully, yet, if they have the perfection of boldness, they will but slight it over, and make a turn, and no more ado. Certainly to men of great judgment bold persons are a sport to behold — nay, and to the vulgar also boldness

hath somewhat of the ridiculous; for if absurdity be the subject of laughter, doubt you not but great boldness is seldom without some absurdity. Especially it is a sport to see when a bold fellow is out of countenance, for that puts his face into a most shrunken and wooden posture, as needs it must, for in bashfulness the spirits do a little go and come; but with bold men, upon like occasion, they stand at a stay, like a stale at chess, where it is no mate, but yet the game cannot stir; but this last were fitter for a satire than for a serious observation. This is well to be weighed, that boldness is ever blind: for it seeth not dangers and inconveniences. Therefore it is ill in counsel, good in execution; so that the right use of bold persons is that they never command in chief, but be seconds, and under the direction of others. For in counsel it is good to see dangers; and in execution not to see them, except they be very great.

XVII.— OF SUPERSTITION

It were better to have no opinion of God at all, than such an opinion as is unworthy of him; for the one is unbelief, the other is contumely: and certainly superstition is the reproach of the Deity. Plutarch saith well to that purpose: 'Surely,' saith he, 'I had rather a great deal, men should say there was no such a man at all as Plutarch, than that they should say that there was one Plutarch, that would eat his children as soon as they were born'; as the poets speak of Saturn. And as the contumely is greater towards God, so the danger is greater towards men. Atheism leaves a man to sense, to philosophy, to natural piety, to laws, to reputation — all which may be guides to an outward moral virtue, though religion were not; but superstition dismounts all these, and erecteth an absolute monarchy in the minds of men. Therefore atheism did never perturb states; for it makes men wary of themselves, as looking no further; and we see the times inclined to atheism, as the time of Augustus Cæsar, were civil times; but superstition hath been the confusion of many states, and bringeth in a new *primum mobile*, that ravisheth all the spheres of government. The master of superstition is the people; and in all superstition wise men follow fools; and arguments are fitted to practice in a reversed order. It was gravely said, by some of the prelates in the Council of Trent, where the doctrine of the schoolmen bare great sway, that the schoolmen were like astronomers, which did feign eccentrics and epicycles, and such engines of orbs, to save the phenomena, though they knew there were no such things; and, in like manner, that the schoolmen had framed a number of subtle and intricate axioms and theorems to save the practice of the church. The causes of superstition are pleasing and sensual rites and ceremonies, excess of outward and pharisaical holiness, over-great reverence of traditions, which cannot but load the church; the stratagems of prelates for their own ambition and lucre; the favoring too much of good intentions, which openeth the gate to conceits and novelties; the taking an aim at divine matters by human, which cannot but breed mixture of imaginations; and, lastly, barbarous times, especially joined with calamities and disasters. Superstition without a veil is a deformed thing, for as it addeth deformity to an ape to be so like a man, so the similitude of superstition to religion makes it the more deformed. And as wholesome meat corrupteth to little worms, so good forms and orders corrupt into a number of petty observances. There is a superstition in avoiding superstition, when men think to do best if they go farthest from the superstition formerly received. Therefore care would be had that, as it fareth in ill purgings, the good be not taken away with the bad, which commonly is done when the people is the reformer.

XXIII.— OF WISDOM FOR A MAN'S SELF

An ant is a wise creature for itself, but it is a shrewd thing in an orchard or garden; and certainly men that are great lovers of themselves waste the public. Divide with reason between self-love and society; and be so true to thyself as thou be not false to others, especially to thy king and country. It is a poor center of a man's actions, himself. It is right earth; for that only

stands fast upon its own center; whereas all things that have affinity with the heavens move upon the center of another, which they benefit. The referring of all to a man's self is more tolerable in a sovereign prince, because themselves are not only themselves, but their good and evil is at the peril of the public fortune: but it is a desperate evil in a servant to a prince, or a citizen in a republic; for whatsoever affairs pass such a man's hands, he crooketh them to his own ends, which must needs be often eccentric to the ends of his master or state. Therefore, let princes or states choose such servants as have not this mark, except they mean their service should be made but the accessory. That which maketh the effect more pernicious is that all proportion is lost. It were disproportion enough for the servant's good to be preferred before the master's; but yet it is a greater extreme, when a little good of the servant shall carry things against a great good of the master's. And yet that is the case of bad officers, treasurers, ambassadors, generals, and other false and corrupt servants, which set a bias upon their bowl, of their own petty ends and envies, to the overthrow of their master's great and important affairs. And for the most part, the good such servants receive is after the model of their own fortune, but the hurt they sell for that good is after the model of their master's fortune. And certainly it is the nature of extreme self-lovers, as they will set a house on fire and it were but to roast their eggs; and yet these men many times hold credit with their masters, because their study is but to please them, and profit themselves; and for either respect they will abandon the good of their affairs.

Wisdom for a man's self is, in many branches thereof, a depraved thing; it is the wisdom of rats, that will be sure to leave a house somewhat before it fall; it is the wisdom of the fox, that thrusts out the badger, who digged and made room for him; it is the wisdom of crocodiles, that shed tears when they would devour. But that which is specially to be noted is that those which (as Cicero says of Pompey) are *sui amantes sine rivali* [lovers of themselves without a rival] are many times unfortunate; and whereas they have all their time sacrificed to themselves, they become in the end themselves sacrifices to the inconstancy of fortune, whose wings they thought by their self-wisdom to have pinioned.

XXV.— OF DISPATCH

Affected dispatch is one of the most dangerous things to business that can be. It is like that which the physicians call *predigestion,* or hasty digestion, which is sure to fill the body full of crudities and secret seeds of diseases. Therefore measure not dispatch by the times of sitting, but by the advancement of the business. And as in races, it is not the large stride, or high lift, that makes the speed, so in business, the keeping close to the matter, and not taking of it too much at once, procureth dispatch. It is the care of some, only to come off speedily for the time, or to contrive some false periods of business, because they may seem men of dispatch; but it is one thing to abbreviate by contracting, another by cutting off; and business so handled at several sittings or meetings goeth commonly backward and forward in an unsteady manner. I knew a wise man that had it for a byword, when he saw men hasten to a conclusion, 'Stay a little, that we may make an end the sooner.'

On the other side, true dispatch is a rich thing; for time is the measure of business, as money is of wares; and business is bought at a dear hand where there is small dispatch. The Spartans and Spaniards have been noted to be of small dispatch: *Mi venga la muerte de Spagna,* 'Let my death come from Spain,' for then it will be sure to be long in coming.

Give good hearing to those that give the first information in business; and rather direct them in the beginning than interrupt them in the continuance of their speeches; for he that is put out of his own order will go forward and backward, and be more tedious while he waits upon his memory, than he could have been if he nad gone on in his own course. But sometimes it is seen that the moderator is more troublesome than the actor.

Iterations are commonly loss of time; but there is no such gain of time as to

iterate often the state of the question; for it chaseth away many a frivolous speech as it is coming forth. Long and curious speeches are as fit for dispatch as a robe or mantle with a long train is for a race. Prefaces, and passages, and excusations, and other speeches of reference to the person are great wastes of time; and though they seem to proceed of modesty, they are bravery. Yet beware of being too material when there is any impediment or obstruction in men's wills; for pre-occupation of mind ever requireth preface of speech, like a fomentation to make the unguent enter.

Above all things, order and distribution, and singling out of parts is the life of dispatch, so as the distribution be not too subtle; for he that doth not divide will never enter well into business, and he that divideth too much will never come out of it clearly. To choose time is to save time; and an unseasonable motion is but beating the air. There be three parts of business — the preparation, the debate, or examination, and the perfection; whereof, if you look for dispatch, let the middle only be the work of many, and the first and last the work of few. The proceeding upon somewhat conceived in writing doth for the most part facilitate dispatch; for though it should be wholly rejected, yet that negative is more pregnant of direction than an indefinite, as ashes are more generative than dust.

XXVI.— OF SEEMING WISE

It hath been an opinion that the French are wiser than they seem, and the Spaniards seem wiser than they are. But howsoever it be between nations, certainly it is so between man and man. For as the Apostle saith of godliness, 'having a show of godliness, but denying the power thereof,' so certainly there are in points of wisdom and sufficiency that do nothing or little very solemnly — *magno conatu nugas* [trifles with great effort]. It is a ridiculous thing, and fit for a satire to persons of judgment, to see what shifts these formalists have, and what prospectives to make superficies to seem body that hath depth and bulk. Some are so close and reserved as they will not show their wares but by a dark light, and seem always to keep back somewhat; and when they know within themselves they speak of that they do not well know would, nevertheless, seem to others to know of that which they may not well speak. Some help themselves with countenance and gesture, and are wise by signs, as Cicero saith of Piso, that when he answered him he fetched one of his brows up to his forehead and bent the other down to his chin — *respondes, altero ad frontem sublato altero ad mentum depresso supercilio, crudelitatem tibi non placere.* Some think to bear it by speaking a great word and being peremptory, and go on and take by admittance that which they cannot make good. Some, whatsoever is beyond their reach, will seem to despise or make light of it as impertinent or curious, and so would have their ignorance seem judgment. Some are never without a difference, and commonly, by amusing men with a subtlety, blanch the matter, of whom A. Gellius saith, *Hominem delirum, qui verborum minutiis rerum frangit pondera* [a foolish man who breaks up important business with small points about words]. Of which kind also Plato, in his *Protagoras,* bringeth in Prodicus in scorn, and maketh him make a speech that consisteth of distinctions from the beginning to the end. Generally, such men, in all deliberations, find ease to be of the negative side, and affect a credit to object and foretell difficulties; for when propositions are denied, there is an end of them; but if they be allowed, it requireth a new work; which false point of wisdom is the bane of business. To conclude, there is no decaying merchant, or inward beggar, hath so many tricks to uphold the credit of their wealth, as these empty persons have to maintain the credit of their sufficiency. Seeming wise men may make shift to get opinion; but let no man choose them for employment; for, certainly, you were better take for business a man somewhat absurd than over-formal.

XXVIII.— OF EXPENSE

Riches are for spending, and spending for honor and good actions. Therefore extraordinary expense must be limited by the worth of the occasion; for vol-

untary undoing may be as well for a man's country as for the kingdom of heaven. But ordinary expense ought to be limited by a man's estate, and governed with such regard as it be within his compass, and not subject to deceit and abuse of servants, and ordered to the best show, that the bills may be less than the estimation abroad. Certainly, if a man will keep but of even hand, his ordinary expenses ought to be but to the half of his receipts, and if he think to wax rich, but to the third part. It is no baseness for the greatest to descend and look into their own estate. Some forbear it, not upon negligence alone, but doubting to bring themselves into melancholy, in respect they shall find it broken. But wounds cannot be cured without searching. He that cannot look into his own estate at all had need both choose well them whom he employeth, and change them often, for new are more timorous and less subtle. He that can look into his estate but seldom, it behoveth him to turn all to certainties. A man had need, if he be plentiful in some kind of expense, to be as saving again in some other: as if he be plentiful in diet, to be saving in apparel; if he be plentiful in the hall, to be saving in the stable; and the like. For he that is plentiful in expenses of all kinds will hardly be preserved from decay. In clearing of a man's estate, he may as well hurt himself in being too sudden, as in letting it run on too long, for hasty selling is commonly as disadvantageable as interest. Besides, he that clears at once will relapse, for, finding himself out of straits, he will revert to his customs; but he that cleareth by degrees induceth a habit of frugality, and gaineth as well upon his mind as upon his estate. Certainly, who hath a state to repair may not despise small things: and, commonly, it is less dishonorable to abridge petty charges than to stoop to petty gettings. A man ought warily to begin charges which, once begun, will continue; but in matters that return not, he may be more magnificent.

XXXII.—OF DISCOURSE

Some in their discourse desire rather commendation of wit, in being able to hold all arguments, than of judgment, in discerning what is true; as if it were a praise to know what might be said, and not what should be thought. Some have certain commonplaces and themes, wherein they are good, and want variety; which kind of poverty is for the most part tedious, and, when it is once perceived, ridiculous. The honorablest part of talk is to give the occasion; and again to moderate, and pass to somewhat else, for then a man leads the dance. It is good in discourse and speech of conversation to vary and intermingle speech of the present occasion with arguments, tales with reasons, asking of questions with telling of opinions, and jest with earnest, for it is a dull thing to tire, and as we say now, to jade anything too far. As for jest, there be certain things which ought to be privileged from it, namely, religion, matters of state, great persons, any man's present business of importance, and any case that deserveth pity. Yet there be some that think their wits have been asleep, except they dart out somewhat that is piquant and to the quick: that is a vein which would be bridled.

> Parce, puer, stimulis, et fortius utere loris.
> [Spare, boy, the whip, and tighter hold the reins.]

And generally men ought to find the difference between saltness and bitterness. Certainly he that hath a satirical vein, as he maketh others afraid of his wit, so he had need be afraid of others' memory. He that questioneth much shall learn much and content much; but especially if he apply his questions to the skill of the persons whom he asketh, for he shall give them occasion to please themselves in speaking, and himself shall continually gather knowledge. But let his questions not be troublesome, for that is fit for a poser. And let him be sure to leave other men their turns to speak. Nay, if there be any that would reign, and take up all the time, let him find means to take them off and to bring others on; as musicians used to do with those that danced too long galliards. If you dissemble sometimes your knowledge of that you are thought to know, you shall be thought another time to know that you know not. Speech of a man's self ought to be seldom and well

chosen. I knew one was wont to say in scorn, 'He must needs be a wise man, he speaks so much of himself.' And there is but one case wherein a man may commend himself with good grace, and that is in commending virtue in another, especially if it be such a virtue whereunto himself pretendeth. Speech of touch towards others should be sparingly used, for discourse ought to be as a field, without coming home to any man. I knew two noblemen of the west part of England, whereof the one was given to scoff, but kept ever royal cheer in his house. The other would ask of those that had been at the other's table, 'Tell truly, was there never a flout or dry blow given?' To which the guest would answer, such and such a thing passed. The lord would say, 'I thought he would mar a good dinner.' Discretion of speech is more than eloquence, and to speak agreeably to him with whom we deal is more than to speak in good words or in good order. A good continued speech, without a good speech of interlocution, shows slowness; and a good reply, or second speech, without a good settled speech, showeth shallowness and weakness. As we see in beasts, that those that are weakest in the course are yet nimblest in the turn, as it is betwixt the greyhound and the hare. To use too many circumstances ere one come to the matter is wearisome; to use none at all is blunt.

XXXIV.—OF RICHES

I cannot call riches better than the baggage of virtue. The Roman word is better, *impedimenta,* for as the baggage is to an army so is riches to virtue. It cannot be spared, nor left behind, but it hindereth the march, yea, and the care of it sometimes loseth or disturbeth the victory. Of great riches there is no real use, except it be in the distribution; the rest is but conceit. So saith Solomon, 'Where much is, there are many to consume it; and what hath the owner but the sight of it with his eyes?' The personal fruition in any man cannot reach to feel great riches; there is a custody of them, or a power of dole and donative of them, or a fame of them, but no solid use to the owner. Do you not see what feigned prices are set upon little stones and rarities? And what works of ostentation are undertaken, because there might seem to be some use of great riches? But then you will say, they may be of use, to buy men out of dangers or troubles. As Solomon saith, 'Riches are as a stronghold in the imagination of the rich man.' But this is excellently expressed, that it is in imagination, and not always in fact. For certainly great riches have sold more men than they have bought out. Seek not proud riches, but such as thou mayest get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and leave contentedly. Yet have no abstract or friarly contempt of them, but distinguish, as Cicero saith well of Rabirius Posthumus, *In studio rei amplificandae, apparebat, non avaritiae praedam, sed instrumentum bonitati quaeri* [In his efforts to increase his wealth, it was clear that he did not seek a prey for avarice but an instrument for doing good]. Hearken also to Solomon, and beware of hasty gathering of riches: *Qui festinat ad divitias, non erit insons* [He that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent]. The poets feign that when Plutus (which is riches) is sent from Jupiter, he limps, and goes slowly, but when he is sent from Pluto, he runs, and is swift of foot; meaning that riches gotten by good means and just labor pace slowly, but when they come by the death of others (as by the course of inheritance, testaments, and the like), they come tumbling upon a man: but it might be applied likewise to Pluto taking him for the devil; for when riches come from the devil (as by fraud, and oppression, and unjust means) they come upon speed. The ways to enrich are many, and most of them foul; parsimony is one of the best, and yet is not innocent, for it withholdeth men from works of liberality and charity. The improvement of the ground is the most natural obtaining of riches, for it is our great mother's blessing, the earth's; but it is slow: and yet, where men of great wealth do stoop to husbandry, it multiplieth riches exceedingly. I knew a nobleman in England that had the greatest audits of any man in my time,—a great grazier, a great sheep master, a great timber man, a great collier, a great corn master, a great lead man, and so of iron and a

number of the like points of husbandry; so as the earth seemed a sea to him in respect of the perpetual importation. It was truly observed by one, 'That himself came very hardly to a little riches, and very easily to great riches'; for when a man's stock is come to that, that he can expect the prime of markets, and overcome those bargains, which for their greatness are few men's money, and be partner in the industries of younger men, he cannot but increase mainly. The gains of ordinary trades and vocations are honest, and furthered by two things chiefly: by diligence, and by a good name for good and fair dealing; but the gains of bargains are of a more doubtful nature, when men shall wait upon others' necessity; broke by servants, and instruments to draw them on; put off others cunningly that would be better chapmen, and the like practices, which are crafty and naught. As for the chopping of bargains, when a man buys not to hold, but to sell over again, that commonly grindeth double, both upon the seller and upon the buyer. Sharings do greatly enrich, if the hands be well chosen that are trusted. Usury is the certainest means of gain, though one of the worst, as that whereby a man doth eat his bread *in sudori vultus alieni* [in the sweat of another man's brow]; and besides, doth plough upon Sundays. But yet certain though it be, it hath flaws, for that the scriveners and brokers do value unsound men, to serve their own turn. The fortune in being the first in an invention, or in a privilege, doth cause sometimes a wonderful overgrowth in riches, as it was with the first sugarman in the Canaries. Therefore, if a man can play the true logician, to have as well judgment as invention, he may do great matters, especially if the times be fit. He that resteth upon gains certain shall hardly grow to great riches. And he that puts all upon adventures, doth oftentimes break, and come to poverty: it is good therefore to guard adventures with certainties that may uphold losses. Monopolies, and co-emption of wares for resale, where they are not restrained, are great means to enrich, especially if the party have intelligence what things are like to come into request, and so store himself beforehand. Riches gotten by service, though it be of the best rise, yet when they are gotten by flattery, feeding humors, and other servile conditions, they may be placed amongst the worst. As for fishing for testaments and executorships, as Tacitus saith of Seneca, *Testamenta et orbos tanquam indagine capi* [he took in bequests and wardships as with a net]; it is yet worse, by how much men submit themselves to meaner persons than in service. Believe not much them that seem to despise riches, for they despise them that despair of them, and none worse when they come to them. Be not penny-wise; riches have wings, and sometimes they fly away of themselves, sometimes they must be set flying to bring in more. Men leave their riches either to their kindred, or to the public; and moderate portions prosper best in both. A great estate left to an heir is as a lure to all the birds of prey round about to seize on him, if he be not the better stablished in years and judgments. Likewise glorious gifts and foundations are like sacrifices without salt, and but the painted sepulchers of alms, which soon will putrefy and corrupt inwardly. Therefore measure not thine advancements by quantity, but frame them by measure: and defer not charities till death; for, certainly, if a man weigh it rightly, he that doth so is rather liberal of another man's than of his own.

XLII.— OF YOUTH AND AGE

A man that is young in years may be old in hours if he have lost no time. But that happeneth rarely. Generally youth is like the first cogitations, not so wise as the second. For there is a youth in thoughts as well as in ages. And yet the invention of young men is more lively than that of old; and imaginations stream into their minds, better and, as it were, more divinely. Natures that have much heat, and great and violent desires and perturbations, are not ripe for action till they have passed the meridian of their years, as it was with Julius Cæsar and Septimius Severus, of the latter of whom it is said, *Juventutem egit erroribus, imo furoribus plenam* [he spent a youth full of errors, and even of acts of madness]. And yet he was the ablest emperor almost of all the

list. But reposed natures may do well in youth, as it is seen in Augustus Cæsar, Cosmos, Duke of Florence, Gaston de Fois, and others. On the other side, heat and vivacity in age is an excellent composition for business. Young men are fitter to invent than to judge, fitter for execution than for counsel, and fitter for new projects than for settled business. For the experience of age, in things that fall within the compass of it, directeth them; but in new things abuseth them. The errors of young men are the ruin of business; but the errors of aged men amount but to this, that more might have been done, or sooner. Young men, in the conduct and manage of actions, embrace more than they can hold; stir more than they can quiet; fly to the end, without consideration of the means and degrees; pursue some few principles, which they have chanced upon, absurdly; care not to innovate, which draws unknown inconveniences; use extreme remedies at first; and, that which doubleth all errors, will not acknowledge or retract them, like an unready horse, that will neither stop nor turn. Men of age object too much, consult too long, adventure too little, repent too soon, and seldom drive business home to the full period, but content themselves with a mediocrity of success. Certainly it is good to compound employments of both, for that will be good for the present, because the virtues of either age may correct the defects of both; and good for succession, that young men may be learners, while men in age are actors; and, lastly, good for extern accidents, because authority followeth old men, and favor and popularity youth. But for the moral part perhaps youth will have the preëminence, as age hath for the politic. A certain rabbin upon the text, 'Your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams,' inferreth that young men are admitted nearer to God than old, because vision is a clearer revelation than a dream. And certainly the more a man drinketh of the world the more it intoxicateth; and age doth profit rather in the powers of understanding than in the virtues of the will and affections. There be some have an over-early ripeness in their years, which fadeth betimes; these are, first, such as have brittle wits, the edge whereof is soon turned — such as was Hermogenes, the rhetorician, whose books are exceeding subtle, who afterwards waxed stupid. A second sort is of those that have some natural dispositions, which have better grace in youth than in age, such as is a fluent and luxuriant speech, which becomes youth well, but not age; so Tully saith of Hortensius, *Idem manebat, neque idem decebat.* [He continued the same, when it was no longer becoming]. The third is of such as take too high a strain at the first, and are magnanimous more than tract of years can uphold; as was Scipio Africanus, of whom Livy saith in effect, *Ultima primis cedebant* [His end fell below his beginning].

XLVII.— OF NEGOTIATING

It is generally better to deal by speech than by letter, and by the mediation of a third than by a man's self. Letters are good, when a man would draw an answer by letter back again; or when it may serve for a man's justification afterwards to produce his own letter; or where it may be danger to be interrupted, or heard by pieces. To deal in person is good, when a man's face breedeth regard, as commonly with inferiors; or in tender cases, where a man's eye upon the countenance of him with whom he speaketh may give him a direction how far to go; and generally, where a man will reserve to himself liberty, either to disavow or to expound. In choice of instruments, it is better to choose men of a plainer sort, that are like to do that that is committed to them, and to report back again faithfully the success, than those that are cunning to contrive out of other men's business somewhat to grace themselves, and will help the matter in report, for satisfaction sake. Use also such persons as affect the business wherein they are employed, for that quickeneth much; and such as are fit for the matter, as bold men for expostulation, fair-spoken men for persuasion, crafty men for inquiry and observation, froward and absurd men for business that doth not well bear out itself. Use also such as have been lucky, and prevailed before in things wherein you have employed them; for that breeds

confidence, and they will strive to maintain their prescription.

It is better to sound a person with whom one deals, afar off, than to fall upon the point at first, except you mean to surprise him by some short question. It is better dealing with men in appetite, than with those that are where they would be. If a man deal with another upon conditions, the start or first performance is all; which a man cannot reasonably demand, except either the nature of the thing be such which must go before; or else a man can persuade the other party, that he shall still need him in some other thing; or else that he be counted the honester man. All practice is to discover, or to work. Men discover themselves in trust, in passion, at unawares; and of necessity, when they would have somewhat done, and cannot find an apt pretext. If you would work any man, you must either know his nature and fashions, and so lead him, or his ends, and so persuade him, or his weakness and disadvantages, and so awe him, or those that have interest in him, and so govern him. In dealing with cunning persons, we must ever consider their ends to interpret their speeches, and it is good to say little to them, and that which they least look for. In all negotiations of difficulty a man may not look to sow and reap at once, but must prepare business, and so ripen it by degrees.

L.— OF STUDIES

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness and retiring; for ornament is in discourse; and for ability is in the judgment and disposition of business. For expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one; but the general counsels and the plots and marshalling of affairs come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies is sloth; to use them too much for ornament is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules is the humor of a scholar. They perfect nature, and are perfected by experience. For natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men contemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them. For they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute; nor to believe and take for granted; nor to find talk and discourse; but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested — that is, some books are to be read only in parts, others to be read, but not curiously, and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that would be only in the less important arguments and the meaner sort of books; else distilled books are like common distilled waters, flashy things. Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man. And therefore if a man write little he had need have a great memory; if he confer little he had need have a present wit; and if he read little he had need have much cunning to seem to know that he doth not. Histories make men wise, poets witty, the mathematics subtle, natural philosophy deep, moral grave, logic and rhetoric able to contend, *Abeunt studia in mores* [Studies develop into habits]. Nay, there is no stond or impediment in the wit but may be wrought out by fit studies, like as diseases of the body may have appropriate exercises. Bowling is good for the stone and reins, shooting for the lungs and breast, gentle walking for the stomach, riding for the head, and the like. So if a man's wit be wandering, let him study the mathematics, for in demonstrations, if his wit be called away never so little, he must begin again; if his wit be not apt to distinguish or find differences, let him study the schoolmen, for they are *cymini sectores* [hair-splitters]; if he be not apt to beat over matters and to call up one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyer's cases. So every defect of the mind may have a special receipt.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE (1605–1682)

Browne is described by Mr. Saintsbury as 'the greatest prose-writer perhaps, when all things are taken together, in the whole range of English,' and all critics are agreed that he is one of the greatest. He was educated at Winchester and Oxford, studied medicine abroad, and took his doctor's degree at Leyden. He was only thirty when he wrote the work by which he is best known, *Religio Medici*, or A Physician's Religion. Circulated at first in manuscript, it was twice printed surreptitiously in 1642, and an authorized edition was published in 1643. It at once attracted attention and was translated into Latin, Dutch, French, and German. In 1637 Browne settled at Norwich, and there he spent the rest of his life in the enjoyment of a wide fame, both as a scholar and as a physician. He was knighted when Charles II visited the city in 1671. He wrote a great deal, and left many tracts, which were published after his death. His most considerable work is an exposure of popular superstitions entitled *Pseudodoxia Epidemica* or Vulgar and Common Errors (1648). Ten years later appeared *Hydriotaphia Urn Burial, or a Discourse of the Sepulchral Urns lately found in Norfolk* and *The Garden of Cyrus, or the Quincuncial Lozenge, net-work plantations of the Ancients, artificially, naturally, mystically considered.* Of the latter Coleridge says that Browne finds 'quincunxes in heaven above, quincunxes in earth below, quincunxes in the mind of man, quincunxes in tones, in optic nerves, in roots of trees, in leaves, in everything.' Browne has, however, much rarer virtues than curious learning and quaintness of phrase: he expresses the deep thoughts of an unusually well-balanced mind in a style not merely clear and dignified, but rich with a sustained and subtle harmony as of solemn music.

RELIGIO MEDICI

For my religion though there be several circumstances that might persuade the world I have none at all, as the general scandal of my profession, the natural course of my studies, the indifferency of my behavior and discourse in matters of religion, neither violently defending one, nor with that common ardor and contention opposing another; yet in despite hereof, I dare, without usurpation, assume the honorable style of a christian. Not that I merely owe this title to the font, my education, or clime wherein I was born, as being bred up either to confirm those principles my parents instilled into my understanding, or by a general consent proceed in the religion of my country: but having in my riper years and confirmed judgment, seen and examined all, I find myself obliged by the principles of grace, and the law of mine own reason, to embrace no other name but this: neither doth herein my zeal so far make me forget the general charity I owe unto humanity, as rather to hate than pity Turks, Infidels, and (what is worse) Jews; rather contenting myself to enjoy that happy style, than maligning those who refuse so glorious a title.

But because the name of a christian is become too general to express our faith, there being a geography of religion as well as lands, and every clime distinguished not only by their laws and limits, but circumscribed by their doctrines and rules of faith; to be particular, I am of that reformed new-cast religion, wherein I dislike nothing but the name; of the same belief our Savior taught, the apostles disseminated, the fathers authorized, and the martyrs confirmed, but by the sinister ends of princes, the ambition and avarice of prelates, and the fatal corruption of times, so decayed, impaired, and fallen from its native beauty, that it required the careful and charitable hands of these times to restore it to its primitive integrity. Now the accidental occasion whereupon, the slender means whereby, the low and abject condition of the person by whom so good a work was set on foot, which in our adversaries beget contempt and scorn, fills me with wonder, and is the very same objection the in-

solent pagans first cast at Christ and his disciples.

Yet have I not so shaken hands with those desperate resolutions, who had rather venture at large their decayed bottom, than bring her in to be new trimmed in the dock; who had rather promiscuously retain all, than abridge any, and obstinately be what they are, than what they have been, as to stand in diameter and swords point with them. We have reformed from them, not against them; for omitting those improperations, and terms of scurrility betwixt us, which only difference our affections, and not our cause, there is between us one common name and appellation, one faith and necessary body of principles common to us both. And therefore I am not scrupulous to converse and live with them, to enter their churches in defect of ours, and either pray with them, or for them. I could never perceive any rational consequence from those many texts which prohibit the Children of Israel to pollute themselves with the temples of the heathens; we being all christians, and not divided by such detested impieties as might profane our prayers, or the place wherein we make them; or that a resolved conscience may not adore her Creator anywhere, especially in places devoted to his service; where if their devotions offend him, mine may please him; if theirs profane it, mine may hallow it; holy-water and crucifix (dangerous to the common people) deceive not my judgment, nor abuse my devotion at all. I am, I confess, naturally inclined to that which misguided zeal terms superstition: my common conversation I do acknowledge austere, my behavior full of rigor, sometimes not without morosity; yet at my devotion I love to use the civility of my knee, my hat, and hand, with all those outward and sensible motions which may express or promote my invisible devotion. I should violate my own arm rather than a church, nor willingly deface the name of saint or martyr. At the sight of a cross or crucifix I can dispense with my hat, but scarce with the thought or memory of my Savior: I cannot laugh at, but rather pity the fruitless journeys of pilgrims, or contemn the miserable condition of friars; for though misplaced in circumstances, there is something in it of devotion. I could never hear the Ave-Mary bell[1] without an elevation, or think it a sufficient warrant, because they erred in one circumstance, for me to err in all, that is, in silence and dumb contempt. Whilst therefore they direct their devotions to her, I offer mine to God, and rectify the errors of their prayers, by rightly ordering mine own. At a solemn procession I have wept abundantly, while my consorts, blind with opposition and prejudice, have fallen into an excess of scorn and laughter. There are questionless, both in Greek, Roman, and African churches, solemnities and ceremonies, whereof the wiser zeals do make a christian use, and stand condemned by us, not as evil in themselves, but as allurements and baits of superstition to those vulgar heads that look asquint on the face of truth, and those unstable judgments that cannot resist in the narrow point and center of virtue without a reel or stagger to the circumference.

As there were many reformers, so likewise many reformations; every country proceeding in a particular way and method, according as their national interest, together with their constitution and clime inclined them; some angrily, and with extremity; others calmly, and with mediocrity, not rending but easily dividing the community, and leaving an honest possibility of a reconciliation; which though peaceable spirits do desire, and may conceive that revolution of time and the mercies of God may effect, yet that judgment that shall consider the present antipathies between the two extremes, their contrarieties in condition, affection and opinion, may with the same hopes expect a union in the poles of heaven.

But to difference myself nearer, and draw into a lesser circle: there is no church, whose every part so squares unto my conscience; whose articles, constitutions, and customs, seem so consonant unto reason, and as it were framed to my particular devotion, as this whereof I hold my belief, the Church of England,

[1] A church bell that tolls every day at six and twelve of the clock; at the hearing whereof, every one in what place soever, either of house or street, betakes himself to his prayer, which is commonly directed to the Virgin.

to whose faith I am a sworn subject; and therefore in a double obligation subscribe unto her articles, and endeavor to observe her constitutions. Whatsoever is beyond, as points indifferent, I observe according to the rules of my private reason, or the humor and fashion of my devotion; neither believing this, because Luther affirmed it, or disproving that, because Calvin hath disavouched it. I condemn not all things in the Council of Trent, nor approve all in the Synod of Dort. In brief, where the Scripture is silent, the church is my text; where that speaks, 't is but my comment: where there is a joint silence of both, I borrow not the rules of my religion from Rome or Geneva, but the dictates of my own reason. It is an unjust scandal of our adversaries, and a gross error in ourselves, to compute the nativity of our religion from Henry the Eighth, who though he rejected the Pope, refused not the faith of Rome, and effected no more than what his own predecessors desired and assayed in ages past, and was conceived the state of Venice would have attempted in our days. It is as uncharitable a point in us to fall upon those popular scurrilities and opprobrious scoffs of the Bishop of Rome, to whom as temporal prince, we owe the duty of good language. I confess there is a cause of passion between us; by his sentence I stand excommunicated, heretic is the best language he affords me; yet can no ear witness, I ever returned him the name of Antichrist, Man of sin, or Whore of Babylon. It is the method of charity to suffer without reaction: those usual satires and invectives of the pulpit may perchance produce a good effect on the vulgar, whose ears are opener to rhetoric than logic; yet do they in no wise confirm the faith of wiser believers, who know that a good cause needs not to be pardoned by passion, but can sustain itself upon a temperate dispute.

I could never divide myself from any man upon the difference of an opinion, or be angry with his judgment for not agreeing with me in that, from which within a few days I should dissent myself. I have no genius to disputes in religion, and have often thought it wisdom to decline them, especially upon a disadvantage, or when the cause of truth might suffer in the weakness of my patronage. Where we desire to be informed, 't is good to contest with men above ourselves; but to confirm and establish our opinions, 't is best to argue with judgments below our own, that the frequent spoils and victories over their reasons, may settle in ourselves an esteem and confirmed opinion of our own. Every man is not a proper champion for truth, nor fit to take up the gauntlet in the cause of verity. Many from the ignorance of these maxims, and an inconsiderate zeal unto truth, have too rashly charged the troops of error, and remain as trophies unto the enemies of truth. A man may be in as just possession of truth as of a city, and yet be forced to surrender; 't is therefore far better to enjoy her with peace, than to hazard her on a battle. If therefore there rise any doubts in my way, I do forget them, or at least defer them, till my better settled judgment and more manly reason be able to resolve them, for I perceive every man's own reason is his best Œdipus, and will upon a reasonable truce find a way to loose those bonds wherewith the subtleties of error have enchained our more flexible and tender judgments. In philosophy, where truth seems double faced, there is no man more paradoxical than myself; but in divinity I love to keep the road; and though not in an implicit, yet an humble faith, follow the great wheel of the church, by which I move, not reserving any proper poles or motion from the epicycle of my own brain. By this means I have no gap for heresy, schisms, or errors, of which at present I hope I shall not injure truth to say I have no taint or tincture. I must confess my greener studies have been polluted with two or three, not any begotten in the latter centuries, but old and obsolete, such as could never have been revived but by such extravagant and irregular heads as mine. For indeed heresies perish not with their authors, but like the river Arethusa, though they lose their currents in one place, they rise up again in another. One general council is not able to extirpate one single heresy; it may be canceled for the present, but revolution of time, and the like aspects from heaven, will restore

it, when it will flourish till it be condemned again. For as though there were metempsychosis, and the soul of one man passed into another; opinions do find after certain revolutions men and minds like those that first begat them. To see ourselves again, we need not look for Plato's year[1]: every man is not only himself; there hath been many Diogenés, and as many Timons, though but few of that name; men are lived over again, the world is now as it was in ages past; there was none then, but there hath been some one since that parallels him, and as it were his revived self.

* * *

As for those wingy mysteries in divinity, and airy subtleties in religion, which have unhinged the brains of better heads, they never stretched the *pia mater* of mine; methinks there be not impossibilities enough in religion, for an active faith; the deepest mysteries ours contains, have not only been illustrated, but maintained by syllogism, and the rule of reason: I love to lose myself in a mystery, to pursue my reason to an *O altitudo!* 'T is my solitary recreation to pose my apprehension with those involved enigmas and riddles of the trinity, with incarnation and resurrection. I can answer all the objections of Satan and my rebellious reason, with that odd resolution I learned of Tertullian, *Certum est quia impossibile est* [It is certain because it is impossible]. I desire to exercise my faith in the difficultest point; for to credit ordinary and visible objects, is not faith, but persuasion. Some believe the better for seeing Christ's sepulcher; and when they have seen the Red Sea, doubt not of the miracle. Now contrarily, I bless myself, and am thankful that I lived not in the days of miracles, that I never saw Christ nor his disciples. I would not have been one of those Israelites that passed the Red Sea, nor one of Christ's patients on whom he wrought his wonders; then had my faith been thrust upon me; nor should I enjoy that greater blessing pronounced to all that believe and saw not. 'T is an easy and necessary belief, to credit what our eye and sense hath examined: I believe he was dead and buried, and rose again; and desire to see him in his glory, rather than to contemplate him in his cenotaph or sepulcher. Nor is this much to believe; as we have reason, we owe this faith unto history: they only had the advantage of a bold and noble faith, who lived before his coming, who upon obscure prophecies and mystical types could raise a belief, and expect apparent impossibilities.

* * *

Thus there are two books from whence I collect my divinity; besides that written one of God, another of his servant nature, that universal and public manuscript, that lies expansed unto the eyes of all; those that never saw him in the one, have discovered him in the other: this was the scripture and theology of the heathens; the natural motion of the sun made them more admire him, than its supernatural station did the Children of Israel; the ordinary effects of nature wrought more admiration in them, than in the other all his miracles; surely the heathens knew better how to join and read these mystical letters, than we christians, who cast a more careless eye on these common hieroglyphics, and disdain to suck divinity from the flowers of nature. Nor do I so forget God as to adore the name of nature; which I define not with the schools, to be the principle of motion and rest, but that straight and regular line, that settled and constant course the wisdom of God hath ordained the actions of his creatures, according to their several kinds. To make a revolution every day, is the nature of the sun, because of that necessary course which God hath ordained it, from which it cannot swerve but by a faculty from that voice which first did give it motion. Now this course of nature God seldom alters or perverts, but like an excellent artist hath so contrived his work, that with the selfsame instrument, without a new creation, he may effect his obscurest designs. Thus he sweeteneth the water with a word, preserveth the creatures in the ark, which the blast of his mouth might have as easily created. For God is like a skilful geometrician, who when more easily, and with one stroke of his compass he might describe or divide a right line, had yet rather do

[1] A revolution of certain thousand years, when all things should return unto their former estate, and he be teaching again in his school as when he delivered this opinion.

this in a circle or longer way; according to the constituted and fore-laid principles of his art. Yet this rule of his he doth sometimes pervert, to acquaint the world with his prerogative, lest the arrogancy of our reason should question his power, and conclude he could not. And thus I call the effects of nature the works of God, whose hand and instrument she only is; and therefore to ascribe his actions unto her, is to devolve the honor of the principal agent, upon the instrument; which if with reason we may do, then let our hammers rise up and boast they have built our houses, and our pens receive the honor of our writing. I hold there is a general beauty in the works of God, and therefore no deformity in any kind of species of creature whatsoever: I cannot tell by what logic we call a toad, a bear, or an elephant ugly, they being created in those outward shapes and figures which best express those actions of their inward forms. And having passed that general visitation of God, who saw that all that he had made was good, that is, conformable to his will, which abhors deformity, and is the rule of order and beauty; there is no deformity but in monstrosity, wherein notwithstanding there is a kind of beauty. Nature so ingeniously contriving the irregular parts, as they become sometimes more remarkable than the principal fabric. To speak yet more narrowly, there was never anything ugly or mis-shapen but the chaos; wherein notwithstanding, to speak strictly, there was no deformity, because no form, nor was it yet impregnant by the voice of God. Now nature is not at variance with art, nor art with nature; they being both servants of his providence. Art is the perfection of nature: were the world now as it was the sixth day, there were yet a chaos. Nature hath made one world, and art another. In brief, all things are artificial; for nature is the art of God.

* * *

I am naturally bashful, nor hath conversation, age, or travel been able to effront, or enharden me; yet I have one part of modesty, which I have seldom discovered in another, that is (to speak truly) I am not so much afraid of death, as ashamed thereof; 't is the very disgrace and ignominy of our natures, that in a moment can so disfigure us, that our nearest friends, wife and children stand afraid and start at us. The birds and beasts of the field, that before in a natural fear obeyed us, forgetting all allegiance begin to prey upon us. This very conceit hath in a tempest disposed and left me willing to be swallowed up in the abyss of waters; wherein I had perished unseen, unpitied, without wondering eyes, tears of pity, lectures of mortality, and none had said, *Quantum mutatus ab illo* [How much changed from what he was]! Not that I am ashamed of the anatomy of my parts, or can accuse nature for playing the bungler in any part of me, or my own vicious life for contracting any shameful disease upon me, whereby I might not call myself as wholesome a morsel for the worms as any.

Some upon the courage of a fruitful issue, wherein, as in the truest chronicle, they seem to outlive themselves, can with greater patience away with death. This conceit and counterfeit subsisting in our progenies, seems to be a mere fallacy, unworthy the desires of a man, that can but conceive a thought of the next world; who, in a nobler ambition, should desire to live in his substance in heaven, rather than his name and shadow in the earth. And therefore at my death I mean to take a total adieu of the world, not caring for a monument, history, or epitaph, not so much as the memory of my name to be found anywhere, but in the universal register of God. I am not yet so cynical, as to approve the testament of Diogenes,[1] nor do I altogether allow that rodomontado of Lucan:

> Caelo tegitur, qui non habet urnam.
> He that unburied lies, wants not his hearse,
> For unto him a tomb's the universe.

But commend in my calmer judgment, those ingenuous intentions that desire to sleep by the urns of [their] fathers, and strive to go the nearest way unto corruption. I do not envy the temper of crows and daws, nor the numerous and weary days of our fathers before the flood. If there be any truth in astrology, I may outlive a jubilee; as yet I have

[1] Who willed his friend not to bury him, but hang him up with a staff in his hand to fright away the crows.

not seen one revolution of Saturn, nor hath my pulse beat thirty years; and yet excepting one, have seen the ashes, and left underground, all the kings of Europe; have been contemporary to three emperors, four grand signiors, and as many popes. Methinks I have outlived myself, and begin to be weary of the sun; I have shaken hands with delight: in my warm blood and canicular days, I perceive I do anticipate the vices of age. The world to me is but a dream or mock show, and we all therein but pantalones and antics, to my severer contemplations.

It is not, I confess, an unlawful prayer to desire to surpass the days of our Savior, or wish to outlive that age wherein he thought fittest to die; yet if (as divinity affirms) there shall be no gray hairs in heaven, but all shall rise in the perfect state of men, we do but outlive those perfections in this world, to be recalled unto them by a greater miracle in the next, and run on here but to be retrograde hereafter. Were there any hopes to outlive vice, or a point to be superannuated from sin, it were worthy our knees to implore the days of Methuselah. But age doth not rectify, but incurvate our natures, turning bad dispositions into worser habits, and (like diseases) brings on incurable vices; for every day as we grow weaker in age, we grow stronger in sin; and the number of our days doth but make our sins innumerable. The same vice committed at sixteen, is not the same, though it agrees in all other circumstances, as at forty, but swells and doubles from that circumstance of our ages, wherein, besides the constant and inexcusable habit of transgressing, the maturity of our judgment cuts off pretense unto excuse or pardon. Every sin the oftener it is committed, the more it acquireth in the quality of evil; as it succeeds in time, so it proceeds in degrees of badness; for as they proceed they ever multiply, and like figures in arithmetic, the last stands for more than all that went before it. And though I think no man can live well once, but he that could live twice, yet for my own part I would not live over my hours past, or begin again the thread of my days: not upon Cicero's ground, because I have lived them well, but for fear I should live them worse. I find my growing judgment daily instruct me how to be better, but my untamed affections and confirmed vitiosity makes me daily do worse; I find in my confirmed age the same sins I discovered in my youth; I committed many then because I was a child, and because I commit them still, I am yet an infant. Therefore I perceive a man may be twice a child before the days of dotage, and stand in need of Æson's bath before threescore.

And truly there goes a great deal of providence to produce a man's life unto threescore. There is more required than an able temper for those years; though the radical humor contain in it sufficient oil for seventy, yet I perceive in some it gives no light past thirty: men assign not all the causes of long life, that write whole books thereof. They that found themselves on the radical balsam, or vital sulphur of the parts, determine not why Abel lived not so long as Adam. There is therefore a secret glome or bottom of our days; 't was his wisdom to determine them, but his perpetual and waking providence that fulfils and accomplisheth them; wherein the spirits, ourselves, and all the creatures of God in a secret and disputed way do execute his will. Let them not therefore complain of immaturity that die about thirty; they fall but like the whole world, whose solid and well-composed substance must not expect the duration and period of its constitution. When all things are completed in it, its age is accomplished; and the last and general fever may as naturally destroy it before six thousand, as me before forty. There is therefore some other hand that twines the thread of life than that of nature. We are not only ignorant in antipathies and occult qualities; our ends are as obscure as our beginnings. The line of our days is drawn by night, and the various effects therein by a pencil that is invisible; wherein though we confess our ignorance, I am sure we do not err if we say it is the hand of God.

* * *

THE SECOND PART

Now for that other virtue of charity, without which faith is a mere notion, and of no existence, I have ever endeavored to nourish the merciful dis-

position and humane inclination I borrowed from my parents, and regulate it to the written and prescribed laws of charity; and if I hold the true anatomy of myself, I am delineated and naturally framed to such a piece of virtue. For I am of a constitution so general, that it comforts and sympathizeth with all things; I have no antipathy, or rather idiosyncrasy, in diet, humor, air, anything: I wonder not at the French for their dishes of frogs, snails, and toadstools; nor at the Jews for locusts and grasshoppers; but being amongst them, make them my common viands; and I find they agree with my stomach as well as theirs. I could digest a salad gathered in a churchyard, as well as in a garden. I cannot start at the presence of a serpent, scorpion, lizard, or salamander: at the sight of a toad or viper, I find in me no desire to take up a stone to destroy them. I feel not in myself those common antipathies that I can discover in others: those national repugnances do not touch me, nor do I behold with prejudice the French, Italian, Spaniard and Dutch; but where I find their actions in balance with my countrymen's, I honor, love, and embrace them in the same degree. I was born in the eighth climate, but seem for to be framed and constellated unto all: I am no plant that will not prosper out of a garden: all places, all airs make unto me one country; I am in England, everywhere, and under any meridian. I have been shipwrecked, yet am not enemy with the sea or winds; I can study, play, or sleep in a tempest. In brief, I am averse from nothing; my conscience would give me the lie if I should absolutely detest or hate any essence but the devil; or so at least abhor anything, but that we might come to composition. If there be any among those common objects of hatred I do contemn and laugh at, it is that great enemy of reason, virtue and religion, the multitude; that numerous piece of monstrosity, which taken asunder seem men, and the reasonable creatures of God; but confused together, make but one great beast, and a monstrosity more prodigious than Hydra. It is no breach of charity to call these fools; it is the style all holy writers have afforded them, set down by Solomon in canonical Scripture, and a point of our faith to believe so. Neither in the name of multitude do I only include the base and minor sort of people; there is a rabble even amongst the gentry, a sort of plebeian heads, whose fancy moves with the same wheel as these; men in the same level with mechanics, though their fortunes do somewhat gild their infirmities, and their purses compound for their follies. But as in casting account, three or four men together come short in account of one man placed by himself below them: so neither are a troop of these ignorant Doradoes, of that true esteem and value, as many a forlorn person, whose condition doth place them below their feet. Let us speak like politicians, there is a nobility without heraldry, a natural dignity, whereby one man is ranked with another; another filed before him, according to the quality of his desert, and pre-eminence of his good parts: though the corruption of these times, and the bias of present practice wheel another way. Thus it was in the first and primitive commonwealths, and is yet in the integrity and cradle of well-ordered polities, till corruption getteth ground, ruder desires laboring after that which wiser generations contemn every one having a liberty to amass and heap up riches, and they a license or faculty to do or purchase anything.

* * *

To do no injury, nor take none, was a principle, which to my former years, and impatient affections, seemed to contain enough of morality; but my more settled years, and christian constitution, have fallen upon severer resolutions. I can hold there is no such thing as injury; that if there be, there is no such injury as revenge, and no such revenge as the contempt of an injury; that to hate another, is to malign himself; that the truest way to love another, is to despise ourselves. I were unjust unto mine own conscience, if I should say I am at variance with anything like myself. I find there are many pieces in this one fabric of man; this frame is raised upon a mass of antipathies. I am one methinks, but as the world; wherein notwithstanding there are a swarm of distinct essences, and in them another world of contrarieties; we carry private and domestic enemies within, public and

more hostile adversaries without. The devil, that did but buffet St. Paul, plays methinks at sharp with me. Let me be nothing, if within the compass of myself I do not find the battle of Lepanto, passion against reason, reason against faith, faith against the devil, and my conscience against all. There is another man within me, that 's angry with me, rebukes, commands, and dastards me. I have no conscience of marble, to resist the hammer of more heavy offenses; nor yet so soft and waxen, as to take the impression of each single peccadillo or scape of infirmity: I am of a strange belief, that it is as easy to be forgiven some sins, as to commit some others. For my original sin, I hold it to be washed away in my baptism; for my actual transgressions, I compute and reckon with God but from my last repentance, sacrament, or general absolution; and therefore am not terrified with the sins or madness of my youth. I thank the goodness of God, I have no sins that want a name. I am not singular in offenses; my transgressions are epidemical, and from the common breath of our corruption. For there are certain tempers of body, which, matched with a humorous depravity of mind, do hatch and produce vitiosities, whose newness and monstrosity of nature admits no name. * * * For the heavens are not only fruitful in new and unheard-of stars, the earth in plants and animals; but men's minds also in villainy and vices. Now the dulness of my reason, and the vulgarity of my disposition, never prompted my invention, nor solicited my affection unto any of those. Yet even those common and quotidian infirmities that so necessarily attend me, and do seem to be my very nature, have so dejected me, so broken the estimation that I should have otherwise of myself, that I repute myself the most abjectest piece of mortality. Divines prescribe a fit of sorrow to repentance; there goes indignation, anger, sorrow, hatred, into mine: passions of a contrary nature, which neither seem to suit with this action, nor my proper constitution. It is no breach of charity to ourselves, to be at variance with our vices; nor to abhor that part of us, which is an enemy to the ground of charity, our God; wherein we do but imitate our great selves, the world, whose divided antipathies and contrary faces do yet carry a charitable regard unto the whole by their particular discords, preserving the common harmony, and keeping in fetters those powers, whose rebellions once masters might be the ruin of all.

I thank God, amongst those millions of vices I do inherit and hold from Adam, I have escaped one, and that a mortal enemy to charity, the first and [father-sin], not only of man, but of the devil, pride; a vice whose name is comprehended in a monosyllable, but in its nature not circumscribed with a world. I have escaped it in a condition that can hardly avoid it. Those petty acquisitions and reputed perfections that advance and elevate the conceits of other men add no feathers unto mine. I have seen a grammarian tower and plume himself over a single line in Horace, and show more pride in the construction of one ode, than the author in the composure of the whole book. For my own part, besides the jargon and *patois* of several provinces, I understand no less than six languages; yet I protest I have no higher conceit of myself, than had our fathers before the confusion of Babel, when there was but one language in the world, and none to boast himself either linguist or critic. I have not only seen several countries, beheld the nature of their climes, the chorography of their provinces, topography of their cities, but understood their several laws, customs and policies; yet cannot all this persuade the dulness of my spirit unto such an opinion of myself, as I behold in nimbler and conceited heads, that never looked a degree beyond their nests. I know the names, and somewhat more, of all the constellations in my horizon; yet I have seen a prating mariner, that could only name the pointers and the north star, out-talk me, and conceit himself a whole sphere above me. I know most of the plants of my country, and of those about me; yet methinks I do not know so many as when I did but know a hundred, and had scarcely ever simpled further than Cheapside. For indeed, heads of capacity, and such as are not full with a handful, or easy measure of knowledge, think they know nothing, till they know all; which being impossible, they fall upon the opinion

of Socrates, and only know they know not anything. I cannot think that Homer pined away upon the riddle of the fisherman, or that Aristotle, who understood the uncertainty of knowledge, and confessed so often the reason of man too weak for the works of nature, did ever drown himself upon the flux and reflux of Euripus. We do but learn to-day, what our better advanced judgments will unteach to-morrow: and Aristotle doth not instruct us, as Plato did him; that is, to confute himself. I have run through all sorts, yet find no rest in any: though our first studies and junior endeavors may style us Peripatetics, Stoics, or Academics, yet I perceive the wisest heads prove, at last, almost all sceptics, and stand like Janus in the field of knowledge. I have therefore one common and authentic philosophy I learned in the schools, whereby I discourse and satisfy the reason of other men; another more reserved, and drawn from experience, whereby I content mine own. Solomon, that complained of ignorance in the height of knowledge, hath not only humbled my conceits, but discouraged my endeavors. There is yet another conceit that hath sometimes made me shut my books, which tells me it is a vanity to waste our days in the blind pursuit of knowledge; it is but attending a little longer, and we shall enjoy that by instinct and infusion, which we endeavor at here by labor and inquisition. It is better to sit down in a modest ignorance; and rest contented with the natural blessing of our own reasons, than buy the uncertain knowledge of this life, with sweat and vexation, which death gives every fool gratis, and is an accessory of our glorification.

I was never yet once, and commend their resolutions who never marry twice: not that I disallow of second marriage; as neither in all cases of polygamy, which considering some times, and the unequal number of both sexes, may be also necessary. The whole world was made for man, but the twelfth part of man for woman: man is the whole world, and the breath of God; woman the rib, and crooked piece of man. * * * I speak not in prejudice, nor am averse from that sweet sex, but naturally amorous of all that is beautiful; I can look a whole day with delight upon a handsome picture, though it be but of a horse. It is my temper, and I like it the better, to affect all harmony; and sure there is music even in the beauty, and the silent note which Cupid strikes, far sweeter than the sound of an instrument. For there is a music wherever there is a harmony, order or proportion; and thus far we may maintain the music of the spheres: for those well-ordered motions, and regular paces, though they give no sound unto the ear, yet to the understanding they strike a note most full of harmony. Whosoever is harmonically composed, delights in harmony; which makes me much distrust the symmetry of those heads which declaim against all church-music. For myself, not only from my obedience, but my particular genius, I do embrace it: for even that vulgar and tavern-music, which makes one man merry, another mad, strikes in me a deep fit of devotion, and a profound contemplation of the first composer. There is something in it of divinity more than the ear discovers: it is a hieroglyphical and shadowed lesson of the whole world, and creatures of God; such a melody to the ear, as the whole world well understood, would afford the understanding. In brief, it is a sensible fit of that harmony, which intellectually sounds in the ears of God. I will not say with Plato, the soul is a harmony, but harmonical, and hath its nearest sympathy unto music: thus some whose temper of body agrees, and humors the constitution of their souls, are born poets, though indeed all are naturally inclined unto rhythm. This made Tacitus in the very first line of his story, fall upon a verse,[1] and Cicero the worst of poets, but declaiming for a poet, falls in the very first sentence upon a perfect hexameter.[2] I feel not in me those sordid and unchristian desires of my profession; I do not secretly implore and wish for plagues, rejoice at famines, revolve ephemerides and almanacs, in expectation of malignant aspects, fatal conjunctions and eclipses: I rejoice not at unwholesome springs, nor unseasonable winters; my prayer goes with the husbandman's; I desire everything in its proper season, that neither men nor the times be put out of temper.

[1] Urbem Romam in principio reges habuere.

[2] *Pro Archia Poeta:* In qua me non inficior mediocriter esse.

Let me be sick myself, if sometimes the malady of my patient be not a disease unto me; I desire rather to cure his infirmities than my own necessities: where I do him no good, methinks it is scarce honest gain; though I confess 't is but the worthy salary of our well-intended endeavors. I am not only ashamed, but heartily sorry, that besides death, there are diseases incurable; yet not for my own sake, or that they be beyond my art, but for the general cause and sake of humanity, whose common cause I apprehend as mine own. And to speak more generally, those three noble professions which all civil commonwealths do honor are raised upon the fall of Adam, and are not exempt from their infirmities; there are not only diseases incurable in physic, but cases indissolvable in laws, vices incorrigible in divinity. If general councils may err, I do not see why particular courts should be infallible; their perfectest rules are raised upon the erroneous reasons of man; and the laws of one do but condemn the rules of another; as Aristotle oft-times the opinions of his predecessors, because, though agreeable to reason, yet were not consonant to his own rules, and logic of his proper principles. Again, to speak nothing of the sin against the Holy Ghost, whose cure not only, but whose nature is unknown; I can cure the gout or stone in some, sooner than divinity pride or avarice in others. I can cure vices by physic, when they remain incurable by divinity; and shall obey my pills, when they contemn their precepts. I boast nothing, but plainly say, we all labor against our own cure; for death is the cure of all diseases. There is no catholicon or universal remedy I know but this, which though nauseous to queasy stomachs, yet to prepared appetites is nectar, and a pleasant potion of immortality.

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From HYDRIOTAPHIA URN-BURIAL

What song the Syrens sang, or what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women, though puzzling questions,[1] are not beyond all conjecture.

[1] The puzzling questions of Tiberius unto grammarians. *Marcel. Donatus in Suet.*

What time the persons of these ossuaries entered the famous nations of the dead,[2] and slept with princes and counsellors, might admit a wide solution. But who were the proprietaries of these bones, or what bodies these ashes made up, were a question above antiquarism, not to be resolved by man, nor easily perhaps by spirits, except we consult the provincial guardians, or tutelary observators. Had they made as good provision for their names as they have done for their relics, they had not so grossly erred in the art of perpetuation. But to subsist in bones, and be but pyramidally extant, is a fallacy in duration. Vain ashes, which, in the oblivion of names, persons, times and sexes, have found unto themselves a fruitless continuation, and only arise unto late posterity as emblems of mortal vanities, antidotes against pride, vainglory, and madding vices! Pagan vainglories, which thought the world might last forever, had encouragement for ambition, and finding no *Atropos* unto the immortality of their names, were never damped with the necessity of oblivion. Even old ambitions had the advantage of ours in the attempts of their vain-glories, who acting early, and before the probable meridian of time, have by this time found great accomplishment of their designs, whereby the ancient heroes have already out-lasted their monuments and mechanical preservations. But in this latter scene of time we cannot expect such mummies unto our memories, when ambition may fear the prophecy of Elias;[3] and Charles the Fifth can never hope to live within two Methuselahs of Hector.[4]

And therefore restless inquietude for the diuturnity of our memories unto present considerations seems a vanity almost out of date, and a superannuated piece of folly. We cannot hope to live so long in our names as some have done in their persons: one face of Janus holds no proportion to the other. 'T is too late to be ambitious. The great mutations of the world are acted, or time may be too short for our designs. To extend our memories by monuments, whose death we daily pray for, and whose duration we cannot hope without injury to our ex-

[2] Κλυτὰ ἔθνεα νεκρῶν. *Hom. Job.*

[3] That the world may last but six thousand years.

[4] Hector's fame lasting above two lives of Methuselah, before that famous prince was extant.

pectations in the advent of the last day, were a contradiction to our beliefs. We, whose generations are ordained in this setting part of time, are providentially taken off from such imaginations; and, being necessitated to eye the remaining particle of futurity, are naturally constituted unto thoughts of the next world, and cannot excusably decline the consideration of that duration which maketh pyramids pillars of snow, and all that 's past a moment.

Circles and right lines limit and close all bodies, and the mortal right-lined circle[1] must conclude and shut up all. There is no antidote against the opium of time, which temporally considereth all things. Our fathers find their graves in our short memories, and sadly tell us how we may be buried in our survivors. Grave-stones tell truth scarce forty years.[2] Generations pass while some trees stand, and old families last not three oaks. To be read by bare inscriptions, like many in Gruter,[3] to hope for eternity by enigmatical epithets or first letters of our names, to be studied by antiquaries who we were, and have new names given us like many of the mummies, are cold consolations unto the students of perpetuity, even by everlasting languages.

To be content that times to come should only know there was such a man, not caring whether they knew more of him, was a frigid ambition in Cardan,[4] disparaging his horoscopal inclination and judgment of himself. Who cares to subsist like Hippocrates' patients, or Achilles' horses in Homer, under naked nominations, without deserts and noble acts, which are the balsam of our memories, the *entelechia* and soul of our subsistences. To be nameless in worthy deed exceeds an infamous history. The Canaanitish woman lives more happily without a name, than Herodias with one. And who had not rather have been the good thief, than Pilate?

But the iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy, and deals with the memory of men without distinction to merit of perpetuity. Who can but pity the founder of the pyramids? Herostratus lives that burnt the temple of Diana; he is almost lost that built it. Time hath spared the epitaph of Adrian's horse, confounded that of himself. In vain we compute our felicities by the advantage of our good names, since bad have equal durations; and Thersites is like to live as long as Agamemnon, without the favor of the everlasting register. Who knows whether the best of men be known? or whether there be not more remarkable persons forgot, than any that stand remembered in the known account of time? The first man had been as unknown as the last, and Methuselah's long life had been his only chronicle.

Oblivion is not to be hired: the greater part must be content to be as though they had not been, to be found in the register of God, not in the record of man. Twenty-seven names make up the first story, and the recorded names ever since contain not one living century. The number of the dead long exceedeth all that shall live. The night of time far surpasseth the day, and who knows when was the equinox? Every hour adds unto that current arithmetic, which scarce stands one moment. And since death must be the *Lucina* of life, and even pagans could doubt whether thus to live were to die; since our longest sun sets at right descensions, and makes but winter arches, and therefore it cannot be long before we lie down in darkness, and have our light in ashes; since the brother of death daily haunts us with dying mementoes, and time, that grows old itself, bids us hope no long duration: diuturnity is a dream and folly of expectation.

Darkness and light divide the course of time, and oblivion shares with memory a great part even of our living beings; we slightly remember our felicities, and the smartest strokes of affliction leave but short smart upon us. Sense endureth no extremities, and sorrows destroy us or themselves. To weep into stones are fables. Afflictions induce callosites, miseries are slippery, or fall like snow upon us, which notwithstanding is no stupidity. To be ignorant of evils to come, and forgetful of evils past, is merciful provision in nature, whereby we digest the mixture of our few and evil days, and our delivered senses not relapsing into

[1] Θ The character of death.

[2] Old ones being taken up, and other bodies laid under them.

[3] *Gruteri Inscriptiones Antiquae.*

[4] *Cuperem notum esse quòd sim, non opto ut sciatur qualis sim. Card. in vita propria.*

cutting remembrances, our sorrows are not kept raw by the edge of repetitions. A great part of antiquity contented their hopes of subsistency with a transmigration of their souls. A good way to continue their memories, while having the advantage of plural successions, they could not but act something remarkable in such variety of beings, and enjoying the fame of their passed selves, make accumulation of glory unto their last durations. Others, rather than be lost in the uncomfortable night of nothing, were content to recede into the common being, and make one particle of the public soul of all things, which was no more than to return into their unknown and divine original again. Egyptian ingenuity was more unsatisfied, contriving their bodies in sweet consistencies to attend the return of their souls. But all was vanity,[1] feeding the wind, and folly. The Egyptian mummies, which Cambyses or time hath spared, avarice now consumeth. Mummy is become merchandise, Mizraim cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams.

In vain do individuals hope for immortality, or any patent from oblivion, in preservations below the moon; men have been deceived even in their flatteries above the sun, and studied conceits to perpetuate their names in heaven. The various cosmography of that part hath already varied the names of contrived constellations; Nimrod is lost in Orion, and Osiris in the dog-star. While we look for incorruption in the heavens, we find they are but like the earth; durable in their main bodies, alterable in their parts: whereof, beside comets and new stars, perspectives begin to tell tales; and the spots that wander about the sun, with Phæthon's favor, would make clear conviction.

There is nothing strictly immortal but immortality; whatever hath no beginning may be confident of no end: (all others have a dependent being, and within the reach of destruction) which is the peculiar of that necessary essence that cannot destroy itself; and the highest strain of omnipotency, to be so powerfully constituted, as not to suffer even from the power of itself. But the sufficiency of christian immortality frustrates all earthly glory, and the quality of either state after death makes a folly of posthumous memory. God, who can only destroy our souls, and hath assured our resurrection, either of our bodies or names hath directly promised no duration; wherein there is so much of chance, that the boldest expectants have found unhappy frustration; and to hold long subsistence, seems but a scape in oblivion. But man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave, solemnizing nativities and deaths with equal luster nor omitting ceremonies of bravery in the infamy of his nature.

Life is a pure flame, and we live by an invisible sun within us. A small fire sufficeth for life, great flames seemed too little after death, while men vainly affected precious pyres, and to burn like Sardanapalus. But the wisdom of funeral laws found the folly of prodigal blazes, and reduced undoing fires, unto the rule of sober obsequies, wherein few could be so mean as not to provide wood, pitch, a mourner, and an urn.

Five languages secured not the epitaph of Gordianus. The man of God lives longer without a tomb than any by one, invisibly interred by angels, and adjudged to obscurity, though not without some marks directing human discovery. Enoch and Elias, without either tomb or burial, in an anomalous state of being, are the great examples of perpetuity in their long and living memory, in strict account being still on this side death, and having a late part yet to act upon this stage of earth. If in the decretory term of the world we shall not all die, but be changed, according to received translation, the last day will make but few graves; at least quick resurrections will anticipate lasting sepultures: some graves will be opened before they be quite closed, and Lazarus be no wonder, when many that feared to die shall groan that they can die but once. The dismal state is the second and living death, when life puts despair on the damned; when men shall wish the coverings of mountains, not of monuments, and annihilation shall be courted.

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[1] *Omnia vanitas et pastio venti, νομὴ ἀνέμου, βόσκησις ut olim Aquila et Symmachus.* v. *Drus. Eccles.*

ISAAK WALTON (1593–1683)

The *Complete Angler* (1653) is one of the best established of the English classics, holding its place through succeeding ages by its unaffected simplicity and charming naturalness. Its author, when he was not fishing and enjoying country sights and sounds, was a London linen draper with many pleasant friendships, including some of the leading men of the time; his life was happy and uneventful.

THE COMPLETE ANGLER

CHAPTER IV

OBSERVATIONS OF THE NATURE AND BREEDING OF THE TROUT, AND HOW TO FISH FOR HIM; AND THE MILKMAID'S SONG

The trout is a fish highly valued both in this and foreign nations: he may be justly said, as the old poet said of wine, and we English say of venison, to be a generous fish: a fish that is so like the buck that he also has his seasons; for it is observed, that he comes in and goes out of season with the stag and buck. Gesner says his name is of a German offspring, and says he is a fish that feeds clean and purely, in the swiftest streams, and on the hardest gravel; and that he may justly contend with all fresh-water fish, as the mullet may with all sea-fish, for precedency and daintiness of taste, and that being in right season, the most dainty palates have allowed precedency to him.

And before I go further in my discourse, let me tell you, that you are to observe, that as there be some barren does that are good in summer, so there be some barren trouts that are good in winter; but there are not many that are so, for usually they be in their perfection in the month of May, and decline with the buck. Now you are to take notice that in several countries, as in Germany and in other parts, compared to ours, fish differ much in their bigness and shape, and other ways, and so do trouts: it is well known that in the Lake Leman, the Lake of Geneva, there are trouts taken of three cubits long, as is affirmed by Gesner, a writer of good credit; and Mercator says the trouts that are taken in the Lake of Geneva are a great part of the merchandise of that famous city. And you are further to know that there be certain waters that breed trouts remarkable both for their number and smallness. I know a little brook in Kent that breeds them to a number incredible, and you may take them twenty or forty in an hour, but none greater than about the size of a gudgeon: there are also in divers rivers, especially that relate to or be near to the sea, as Winchester or the Thames about Windsor, a little trout called a samlet or skegger trout (in both which places I have caught twenty or forty at a standing), that will bite as fast and as freely as minnows; these be by some taken to be young salmons; but in those waters they never grow to be bigger than a herring.

There is also in Kent, near to Canterbury, a trout called there a Fordidge trout, a trout that bears the name of the town where it is usually caught, that is accounted the rarest of fish: many of them near the bigness of salmon, but known by their different color; and in their best season they cut very white; and none of these have been known to be caught with an angle, unless it were one that was caught by Sir George Hastings, an excellent angler, and now with God: and he hath told me, he thought *that* trout bit not for hunger but wantonness; and it is rather to be believed, because both he then, and many others before him, have been curious to search into their bellies, what the food

was by which they lived, and have found out nothing by which they might satisfy their curiosity.

Concerning which you are to take notice that it is reported by good authors that grasshoppers and some fish have no mouths, but are nourished and take breath by the porousness of their gills, man knows not how: and this may be believed, if we consider that when the raven hath hatched her eggs, she takes no further care, but leaves her young ones to the care of the God of nature, who is said, in the Psalms, 'to feed the young ravens that call upon him.' And they be kept alive and fed by dew, or worms that breed in their nests, or some other ways that we mortals know not; and this may be believed of the Fordidge trout, which, as it is said of the stork (Jerem. viii. 7), that 'he knows his season,' so he knows his times, I think almost his day of coming into that river out of the sea, where he lives, and, it is like, feeds nine months of the year, and fasts three in the river of Fordidge. And you are to note that those townsmen are very punctual in observing the time of beginning to fish for them, and boast much that their river affords a trout that exceeds all others. And just so does Sussex boast of several fish: as namely, a Shelsey cockle, a Chichester lobster, an Arundel mullet, and an Amerly trout.

And now for some confirmation of the Fordidge trout: you are to know that this trout is thought to eat nothing in the fresh water; and it may be better believed, because it is well known that swallows and bats and wagtails, which are called half-year birds, and not seen to fly in England for six months in the year, but about Michaelmas leave us for a better climate than this; yet some of them that have been left behind their fellows, have been found many thousands at a time, in hollow trees, or clay caves; where they have been observed to live and sleep out the whole winter without meat; and so Albertus observes, that there is one kind of frog that hath her mouth naturally shut up about the end of August, and that she lives so all the winter; and though it be strange to some, yet it is known to too many among us to be doubted.

And so much for these Fordidge trouts, which never afford an angler sport, but either live their time of being in the fresh water, by their meat formerly got in the sea (not unlike the swallow or frog), or by the virtue of the fresh water only; or, as the birds of Paradise and the chameleon are said to live by the sun and the air.

There is also in Northumberland a trout called a bull trout, of a much greater length and bigness than any in the southern parts. And there are, in many rivers that relate to the sea, salmon trouts, as much different from others, both in shape and in their spots, as we see sheep in some countries differ one from another in their shape and bigness, and in the fineness of their wool. And certainly, as some pastures breed larger sheep, so do some rivers, by reason of the ground over which they run, breed larger trouts.

Now the next thing that I will commend to your consideration is that the trout is of a more sudden growth than other fish. Concerning which, you are also to take notice that he lives not so long as the perch and divers other fishes do, as Sir Francis Bacon hath observed in his History of Life and Death.

And now you are to take notice that he is not like the crocodile, which if he lives never so long, yet always thrives till his death; but 't is not so with the trout; for after he is come to his full growth, he declines in his body, and keeps his bigness or thrives only in his head till his death. And you are to know that he will about, especially before, the time of his spawning, get almost miraculously through weirs and floodgates against the streams; even through such high and swift places as is almost incredible. Next, that the trout usually spawns about October or November, but in some rivers a little sooner or later; which is the more observable, because most other fish spawn in the spring or summer, when the sun hath warmed both the earth and the water, and made it fit for generation. And you are to note, that he continues many months out of season; for it may be observed of the trout, that he is like the buck or the ox, that will not be fat in many months, though he go in the very same pasture

that horses do, which will be fat in one month; and so you may observe that most other fishes recover strength, and grow sooner fat and in season, than the trout doth.

And next you are to note that till the sun gets to such a height as to warm the earth and the water, the trout is sick and lean, and lousy, and unwholesome; for you shall in winter find him to have a big head, and then to be lank, and thin, and lean; at which time many of them have sticking on them sugs, or trout-lice, which is a kind of worm, in shape like a clove or pin, with a big head, and sticks close to him and sucks his moisture: those I think the trout breeds himself, and never thrives till he free himself from them, which is when warm weather comes; and then, as he grows stronger, he gets from the dead, still water, into the sharp streams and the gravel, and there rubs off these worms or lice; and then as he grows stronger, so he gets him into swifter and swifter streams, and there lies at the watch for any fly or minnow that comes near to him; and he especially loves the May-fly, which is bred of the cod-worm or caddis; and these make the trout bold and lusty, and he is usually fatter and better meat at that end of that month [May] than at any time of the year.

Now you are to know that it is observed that usually the best trouts are either red or yellow; though some (as the Fordidge trout) be white and yet good; but that is not usual: and it is a note observable, that the female trout hath usually a less head and a deeper body than the male trout, and is usually the better meat. And note that a hog-back and a little head to either trout, salmon, or any other fish, is a sign that that fish is in season.

But yet you are to note that as you see some willows or palm-trees bud and blossom sooner than others do, so some trouts be in rivers sooner in season; and as some hollies or oaks are longer before they cast their leaves, so are some trouts in rivers longer before they go out of season.

And you are to note that there are several kinds of trouts; but these several kinds are not considered but by very few men; for they go under the general name of trouts; just as pigeons do in most places; though it is certain there are tame and wild pigeons; and of the tame, there be helmets and runts, and carriers and cropers, and indeed too many to name. Nay, the Royal Society have found and published lately that there be thirty and three kinds of spiders; and yet all, for aught I know, go under that one general name of spider. And it is so with many kinds of fish, and of trouts especially, which differ in their bigness and shape and spots and color. The great Kentish hens may be an instance, compared to other hens. And, doubtless, there is a kind of small trout, which will never thrive to be big, that breeds very many more than others do, that be of a larger size; which you may rather believe if you consider that the little wren and titmouse will have twenty young ones at a time, when usually the noble hawk or the musical thrassel or blackbird exceed not four or five.

And now you shall see me try my skill to catch a trout; and at my next walking, either this evening or to-morrow morning, I will give you direction how you yourself shall fish for him.

Venator [The Hunter]. Trust me, master, I see now it is a harder matter to catch a trout than a chub; for I have put on patience and followed you these two hours, and not seen a fish stir, neither at your minnow nor your worm.

Piscator [The Angler]. Well, scholar, you must endure worse luck some time, or you will never make a good angler. But what say you now? There is a trout now, and a good one too, if I can but hold him, and two or three more turns more will tire him. Now you see he lies still, and the sleight is to land him. Reach me that landing-net; so, sir, now he is mine own. What say you now? is not this worth all my labor and your patience?

Ven. On my word, master, this is a gallant trout: what shall we do with him?

Pisc. Marry, e'en eat him to supper: we 'll go to my hostess, from whence we came; she told me, as I was going out of door, that my brother Peter, a good angler and a cheerful companion, had sent word that he would lodge there to-night, and bring a friend with him. My

hostess has two beds, and I know you and I may have the best; we'll rejoice with my brother Peter and his friend, tell tales, or sing ballads, or make a catch, or find some harmless sport to content us and pass away a little time, without offense to God or man.

VEN. A match, good master, let's go to that house, for the linen looks white and smells of lavender, and I long to lie in a pair of sheets that smells so. Let's be going, good master, for I am hungry again with fishing.

PISC. Nay, stay a little, good scholar. I caught my last trout with a worm; now I will put on a minnow, and try a quarter of an hour about yonder trees for another; and so walk towards our lodging. Look you, scholar, thereabout we shall have a bite presently or not at all. Have with you, sir! o' my word I have hold of him. Oh! it is a great logger-headed chub; come hang him upon that willow twig, and let's be going. But turn out of the way a little, good scholar, towards yonder high honeysuckle hedge; there we'll sit and sing, whilst this shower falls so gently upon the teeming earth, and gives yet a sweeter smell to the lovely flowers that adorn these verdant meadows.

Look! under that broad beech-tree I sat down, when I was last this way a-fishing. And the birds in the adjoining grove seemed to have a friendly contention with an echo, whose dead voice seemed to live in a hollow tree, near to the brow of that primrose hill. There I sat viewing the silver streams glide silently towards their center, the tempestuous sea; yet sometimes opposed by rugged roots and pebble-stones, which broke their waves, and turned them into foam. And sometimes I beguiled time by viewing the harmless lambs; some leaping securely in the cool shade, whilst others sported themselves in the cheerful sun; and saw others craving comfort from the swollen udders of their bleating dams. As I thus sat, these and other sights had so fully possessed my soul with content, that I thought, as the poet hath happily expressed it,

> I was for that time lifted above earth,
> And possessed joys not promised in my birth.

As I left this place, and entered into the next field, a second pleasure entertained me; 't was a handsome milkmaid, that had not yet attained so much age and wisdom as to load her mind with any fears of many things that will never be, as too many men too often do; but she cast away all care, and sang like a nightingale: her voice was good, and the ditty fitted for it: it was that smooth song which was made by Kit Marlow, now at least fifty years ago; and the milkmaid's mother sang an answer to it, which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger days.

They were old-fashioned poetry, but choicely good; I think much better than the strong lines that are now in fashion in this critical age. Look yonder; on my word, yonder they both be a-milking again. I will give her the chub, and persuade them to sing those two songs to us.

God speed you, good woman! I have been a-fishing and am going to Bleak Hall to my bed, and having caught more fish than will sup myself and friend, I will bestow this upon you and your daughter, for I use to sell none.

MILK-W. Marry, God requite you, sir, and we'll eat it cheerfully; and if you come this way a-fishing two months hence, a grace of God, I'll give you a syllabub of new verjuice in a new-made hay-cock for it, and my Maudlin shall sing you one of her best ballads; for she and I both love all anglers, they be such honest, civil, quiet men: in the meantime will you drink a draft of red cow's milk? you shall have it freely.

PISC. No, I thank you; but, I pray, do us a courtesy that shall stand you and your daughter in nothing, and yet we will think ourselves still something in your debt; it is but to sing us a song that was sung by your daughter when I last passed over this meadow, about eight or nine days since.

MILK-W. What song was it, I pray? Was it Come, shepherds, deck your heads? or, As at noon Dulcina rested? or, Phillida flouts me? or, Chevy Chase? or, Johnny Armstrong? or, Troy Town?

PISC. No, it is none of those; it is a song that your daughter sang the first part, and you sang the answer to it.

MILK-W. Oh, I know it now. I

learned it the first part in my golden age, when I was about the age of my poor daughter; and the latter part, which indeed fits me best now, but two or three years ago, when the cares of the world began to take hold of me: but you shall, God willing, hear them both, and sung as well as we can, for we both love anglers. Come, Maudlin, sing the first part to the gentlemen with a merry heart, and I 'll sing the second, when you have done.

THE MILKMAID'S SONG

Come, live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That valleys, groves, or hills, or field,
Or woods and steepy mountains yield;

Where we will sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed our flocks
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And then a thousand fragrant posies.
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown made of the finest wool
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Slippers lined choicely for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw and ivy-buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come, live with me, and be my love.

Thy silver dishes for my meat,
As precious as the gods do eat,
Shall on an ivory table be
Prepared each day for thee and me.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
For thy delight, each May morning.
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

VEN. Trust me, master, it is a choice song, and sweetly sung by honest Maudlin. I now see it was not without cause that our good Queen Elizabeth did so often wish herself a milkmaid all the month of May, because they are not troubled with fears and cares, and sing sweetly all the day and sleep securely all the night; and without doubt, honest, innocent, pretty Maudlin does so. I 'll bestow Sir Thomas Overbury's milkmaid's wish upon her, 'That she may die in the spring, and being dead, may have good store of flowers stuck round about her winding-sheet.'

THE MILKMAID'S MOTHER'S ANSWER

If all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

But time drives flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold;
Then Philomel becometh dumb,
And age complains of care to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yields.
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy-buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs,
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee, and be thy love.

What should we talk of dainties then,
Of better meat than 's fit for men?
These are but vain; that 's only good
Which God hath blest, and sent for food.

But could youth last and love still breed,
Had joys no date nor age no need;
Then those delights my mind might move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

PISC. Well sung, good woman; I thank you. I 'll give you another dish of fish one of these days, and then beg another song of you. Come, scholar, let Maudlin alone; do not you offer to spoil her voice. Look, yonder comes mine hostess, to call us to supper. How now? Is my brother Peter come?

HOST. Yes, and a friend with him. they are both glad to hear that you are in these parts, and long to see you, and long to be at supper, for they be very hungry.

THOMAS FULLER (1608–1661)

Fuller retained more than his contemporaries of the Elizabethan quaintness and humor. Although a clergyman and an army chaplain during the Civil War, he was not a keen partisan, and kept his position at Waltham Abbey under the Commonwealth. At the Restoration he was made chaplain to the king, and would have become a bishop, if he had not been suddenly carried off by a fever. His chief works were *The Holy State* (1642) and *The Worthies of England*, published the year after his death.

THE LIFE OF SIR FRANCIS DRAKE

FROM THE HOLY STATE, BK. II, CH. XXII

Francis Drake was born nigh South Tavistock in Devonshire, and brought up in Kent; God dividing the honor betwixt two counties, that the one might have his birth, and the other his education. His father, being a minister, fled into Kent, for fear of the Six Articles, wherein the sting of Popery still remained in England, though the teeth thereof were knocked out, and the Pope's supremacy abolished. Coming into Kent, he bound his son Francis apprentice to the master of a small bark, which traded into France and Zealand, where he underwent a hard service; and pains, with patience in his youth, did knit the joints of his soul, and made them more solid and compacted. His master, dying unmarried, in reward of his industry, bequeathed his bark unto him for a legacy.

For some time he continued his master's profession; but the narrow seas were a prison for so large a spirit, born for greater undertakings. He soon grew weary of his bark; which would scarce go alone, but as it crept along by the shore: wherefore, selling it, he unfortunately ventured most of his estate with Captain John Hawkins into the West Indies, in 1567; whose goods were taken by the Spaniards at St. John de Ulva, and he himself scarce escaped with life: the king of Spain being so tender in those parts, that the least touch doth wound him; and so jealous of the West Indies, his wife, that willingly he would have none look upon her: he therefore used them with the greater severity.

Drake was persuaded by the minister of his ship, that he might lawfully recover in value of the king of Spain, and repair his losses upon him anywhere else. The case was clear in sea-divinity; and few are such infidels, as not to believe doctrines which make for their own profit. Whereupon Drake, though a poor private man, hereafter undertook to revenge himself on so mighty a monarch; who, as not contented that the sun riseth and setteth in his dominions, may seem to desire to make all his own where he shineth. And now let us see how a dwarf, standing on the mount of God's providence, may prove an overmatch for a giant.

After two or three several voyages to gain intelligence in the West Indies, and some prizes taken, at last he effectually set forward from Plymouth with two ships, the one of seventy, the other twenty-five tons, and seventy-three men and boys in both. He made with all speed and secrecy to Nombre de Dios, as loath to put the town to too much charge (which he knew they would willingly bestow) in providing beforehand for his entertainment; which city was then the granary of the West Indies, wherein the golden harvest brought from Panama was hoarded up till it could be conveyed into Spain. They came hard aboard the shore, and lay quiet all night, intending to attempt the town in the dawning of the day.

But he was forced to alter his resolution, and assault it sooner; for he heard his men muttering amongst themselves of the strength and greatness of the town: and when men's heads are once fly-blown with buzzes of suspicion, the vermin multiply instantly, and one

jealousy begets another. Wherefore, he raised them from their nest before they had hatched their fears; and, to put away those conceits, he persuaded them it was day-dawning when the moon rose, and instantly set on the town, and won it, being unwalled. In the market-place the Spaniards saluted them with a volley of shot; Drake returned their greeting with a flight of arrows, the best and ancient English compliment, which drave their enemies away. Here Drake received a dangerous wound, though he valiantly concealed it a long time; knowing if his heart stooped, his men's would fall, and loath to leave off the action, wherein if so bright an opportunity once setteth, it seldom riseth again. But at length his men forced him to return to his ship, that his wound might be dressed; and this unhappy accident defeated the whole design. Thus victory sometimes slips through their fingers who have caught it in their hands.

But his valor would not let him give over the project as long as there was either life or warmth in it; and therefore, having received intelligence from the negroes called Symerons, of many mules'-lading of gold and silver, which was to be brought from Panama, he, leaving competent numbers to man his ships, went on land with the rest, and bestowed himself in the woods by the way as they were to pass, and so intercepted and carried away an infinite mass of gold. As for the silver, which was not portable over the mountains, they digged holes in the ground and hid it therein.

There want not those who love to beat down the price of every honorable action, though they themselves never mean to be chapmen. These cry up Drake's fortune herein to cry down his valor; as if this his performance were nothing, wherein a golden opportunity ran his head, with his long forelock, into Drake's hands beyond expectation. But, certainly, his resolution and unconquerable patience deserved much praise, to adventure on such a design, which had in it just no more probability than what was enough to keep it from being impossible. Yet I admire not so much at all the treasure he took, as at the rich and deep mine of God's providence.

Having now full freighted himself with wealth, and burnt at the House of Crosses above two hundred thousand pounds' worth of Spanish merchandise, he returned with honor and safety into England, and, some years after (December 13th, 1577) undertook that his famous voyage about the world, most accurately described by our English authors: and yet a word or two thereof will not be amiss.

Setting forward from Plymouth, he bore up for Cabo-verd, where, near to the island of St. Jago, he took prisoner Nuno de Silva, an experienced Spanish pilot, whose direction he used in the coasts of Brazil and Magellan Straits, and afterwards safely landed him at Guatulco in New Spain. Hence they took their course to the Island of Brava; and hereabouts they met with those tempestuous winds whose only praise is, that they continue not an hour, in which time they change all the points of the compass. Here they had great plenty of rain, poured (not, as in other places, as it were out of sieves, but) as out of spouts, so that a butt of water falls down in a place; which, notwithstanding, is but a courteous injury in that hot climate far from land, and where otherwise fresh water cannot be provided. Then cutting the Line, they saw the face of that heaven which earth hideth from us, but therein only three stars of the first greatness, the rest few and small compared to our hemisphere; as if God, on purpose, had set up the best and biggest candles in that room wherein his civilest guests are entertained.

Sailing the south of Brazil, he afterwards passed the Magellan Straits (August 20th, 1578) and then entered *Mare Pacificum* [the Pacific Ocean], came to the southernmost land at the height of 55½ latitudes; thence directing his course northward, he pillaged many Spanish towns, and took rich prizes of high value in the kingdoms of Chili, Peru, and New Spain. Then, bending eastwards, he coasted China, and the Moluccas, where, by the king of Terrenate, a true gentleman Pagan, he was most honorably entertained. The king told them, they and he were all of one religion in this respect,— that they believed not in gods made of stocks and stones, as did the Portugals. He furnished them also with all necessaries that they wanted.

On January 9th following (1579), his ship, having a large wind and a smooth sea, ran aground on a dangerous shoal, and struck twice on it; knocking twice at the door of death, which, no doubt, had opened the third time. Here they stuck, from eight o'clock at night till four the next afternoon, having ground too much, and yet too little to land on; and water too much, and yet too little to sail in. Had God (who, as the wise man saith, 'holdeth the winds in his fist,' Prov. xxx. 4) but opened his little finger, and let out the smallest blast, they had undoubtedly been cast away; but there blew not any wind all the while. Then they, conceiving aright that the best way to lighten the ship was, first, to ease it of the burden of their sins by true repentance, humbled themselves, by fasting, under the hand of God. Afterwards they received the communion, dining on Christ in the sacrament, expecting no other than to sup with him in heaven. Then they cast out of their ship six great pieces of ordnance, threw overboard as much wealth as would break the heart of a miser to think on it, with much sugar, and packs of spices, making a caudle of the sea round about. Then they betook themselves to their prayers, the best lever at such a dead lift indeed; and it pleased God, that the wind, formerly their mortal enemy, became their friend; which, changing from the starboard to the larboard of the ship, and rising by degrees, cleared them off to the sea again,— for which they returned unfeigned thanks to Almighty God.

By the Cape of Good Hope and west of Africa, he returned safe into England, and (November 3rd, 1580) landed at Plymouth (being almost the first of those that made a thorough light through the world), having, in his whole voyage, though a curious searcher after the time, lost one day through the variation of several climates. He feasted the queen in his ship at Dartford, who knighted him for his service. Yet it grieved him not a little, that some prime courtiers refused the gold he offered them, as gotten by piracy. Some of them would have been loath to have been told, that they had *aurum Tholosanum* [gold of Spain] in their own purses. Some think, that they did it to show that their envious pride was above their covetousness, who of set purpose did blur the fair copy of his performance, because they would not take pains to write after it.

I pass by his next West-Indian voyage (1585), wherein he took the cities of St. Jago, St. Domingo, Carthagena, and St. Augustine in Florida; as also his service performed in 1588, wherein he, with many others, helped to the waning of that half-moon, which sought to govern all the motion of our sea. I haste to his last voyage.

Queen Elizabeth, in 1595, perceiving that the only way to make the Spaniard a cripple forever, was to cut his sinews of war in the West Indies, furnished Sir Francis Drake, and Sir John Hawkins, with six of her own ships, besides twenty-one ships and barks of their own providing, containing in all two thousand five hundred men and boys, for some service on America. But, alas! this voyage was marred before begun. For, so great preparations being too big for a cover, the king of Spain knew of it, and sent a caraval of adviso to the West Indies; so that they had intelligence three weeks before the fleet set forth of England, either to fortify or remove their treasure; whereas, in other of Drake's voyages, not two of his own men knew whither he went; and managing such a design is like carrying a mine in war,— if it hath any vent, all is spoiled. Besides, Drake and Hawkins, being in joint commission, hindered each other. The latter took himself to be inferior rather in success than skill; and the action was unlike to prosper when neither would follow, and both could not handsomely go abreast. It vexed old Hawkins, that his counsel was not followed, in present sailing to America, but that they spent time in vain in assaulting the Canaries; and the grief that his advice was slighted, say some, was the cause of his death. Others impute it to the sorrow he took for the taking of his bark called 'the Francis,' which five Spanish frigates had intercepted. But when the same heart hath two mortal wounds given it together, it is hard to say which of them killeth.

Drake continued his course for Porto Rico; and, riding within the road, a shot

from the Castle entered the steerage of the ship, took away the stool from under him as he sat at supper, wounded Sir Nicholas Clifford, and Brute Brown to death. 'Ah, dear Brute!' said Drake, 'I could grieve for thee, but now is no time for me to let down my spirits.' And, indeed, a soldier's most proper bemoaning a friend's death in war, is in revenging it. And, sure, as if grief had made the English furious, they soon after fired five Spanish ships of two hundred tons apiece, in despite of the Castle.

America is not unfitly resembled to an hourglass, which hath a narrow neck of land (suppose it the hole where the sand passeth), betwixt the parts thereof, — Mexicana and Peruana. Now, the English had a design to march by land over this Isthmus, from Porto Rico to Panama, where the Spanish treasure was laid up. Sir Thomas Baskerville, general of the land-forces, undertook the service with seven hundred and fifty armed men. They marched through deep ways, the Spaniards much annoying them with shot out of the woods. One fort in the passage they assaulted in vain, and heard two others were built to stop them, besides Panama itself. They had so much of this breakfast they thought they should surfeit of a dinner and supper of the same. No hope of conquest, except with cloying the jaws of death, and thrusting men on the mouth of the cannon. Wherefore, fearing to find the proverb true, that 'gold may be bought too dear,' they returned to their ships. Drake afterwards fired Nombre de Dios, and many other petty towns (whose treasure the Spaniards had conveyed away), burning the empty casks, when their precious liquor was run out before, and then prepared for their returning home.

Great was the difference betwixt the Indian cities now, from what they were when Drake first haunted these coasts. At first, the Spaniards here were safe and secure, counting their treasure sufficient to defend itself, the remoteness thereof being the greatest (almost only) resistance, and the fetching of it more than the fighting for it. Whilst the king of Spain guarded the head and heart of his dominions in Europe, he left his long legs in America open to blows; till, finding them to smart, being beaten black and blue by the English, he learned to arm them at last, fortifying the most important of them to make them impregnable.

Now began Sir Francis's discontent to feed upon him. He conceived, that expectation, a merciless usurer, computing each day since his departure, exacted an interest and return of honor and profit proportionable to his great preparations, and transcending his former achievements. He saw that all the good which he had done in this voyage, consisted in the evil he had done to the Spaniards afar off, whereof he could present but small visible fruits in England. These apprehensions, accompanying, if not causing, the disease of the flux, wrought his sudden death, January 28th, 1595. And sickness did not so much untie his clothes, as sorrow did rend at once the robe of his mortality asunder. He lived by the sea, died on it, and was buried in it. Thus an extempore performance (scarce heard to be begun before we hear it is ended!) comes off with better applause, or miscarries with less disgrace, then a long-studied and openly-premeditated action. Besides, we see how great spirits, having mounted to the highest pitch of performance, afterwards strain and break their credits in striving to go beyond it. Lastly, God oftentimes leaves the brightest men in an eclipse, to show that they do but borrow their luster from his reflexion. We will not justify all the actions of any man, though of a tamer profession than a sea-captain, in whom civility is often counted preciseness. For the main, we say that this our captain was a religious man towards God and his houses (generally sparing churches where he came), chaste in his life, just in his dealings, true of his word, and merciful to those that were under him, hating nothing so much as idleness: and therefore, lest his soul should rust in peace, at spare hours he brought fresh water to Plymouth. Careful he was for posterity (though men of his profession have as well an ebb of riot, as a float of fortune) and 'providently raised a worshipful family of his kindred. In a word: should those that speak against him fast till they fetch their bread where he did his, they would have a good stomach to eat it.

JEREMY TAYLOR (1613-1667)

Mr. Saintsbury, whose praise of Browne's prose style is quoted on page 200, says in another place that 'on the whole no one in English prose has so much command of the enchanter's wand as Jeremy Taylor'; and critical authority is, indeed, much divided as to the stylistic excellences of the two writers. Taylor's inferiority is more in thought than in expression, and he has the disadvantage of writing from the point of view of the theologian or cleric: Browne is a layman and has a touch of modern scepticism. Taylor was the son of a barber, spent many years at Cambridge and Oxford, became a clergyman and lost his rectory under the Commonwealth. He retired to Wales, and there composed *The Liberty of Prophesying*, a plea for toleration against Presbyterian bigotry (1647), *Holy Living* (1650), *Holy Dying* (1651), *A Course of Sermons for all the Sundays of the Year* (1651), and *The Golden Grove*, a manual of private devotion for young people (1655).

THE FAITH AND PATIENCE OF THE SAINTS

(FROM A SERMON PREACHED AT GOLDEN GROVE)

The state of the Gospel is a state of sufferings, not of temporal prosperities. This was foretold by the prophets: 'A fountain shall go out of the house of the Lord *et irrigabit torrentem spinarum* (so it is in the Vulgar Latin), and it shall water the torrent of thorns,' that is, the state or time of the Gospel, which, like a torrent, shall carry all the world before it, and, like a torrent, shall be fullest in ill weather; and by its banks shall grow nothing but thorns and briers, sharp afflictions, temporal infelicities, and persecution. This sense of the words is more fully explained in the book of the prophet Isaiah. 'Upon the ground of my people shall thorns and briers come up; how much more in all the houses of the city of rejoicing?' Which prophecy is the same in the style of the prophets, that my text is in the style of the Apostles. The house of God shall be watered with the dew of heaven, and there shall spring up briers in it: 'Judgment must begin there;' but how much more 'in the houses of the city of rejoicing?' how much more amongst 'them that are at ease in Sion,' that serve their desires, that satisfy their appetites, that are given over to their own heart's lust, that so serve themselves that they never serve God, that 'dwell in the city of rejoicing?' They are like Dives, whose portion was in this life, 'who went in fine linen, and fared deliciously every day:' they, indeed, trample upon their briers and thorns, and suffer them not to grow in their houses; but the roots are in the ground, and they are reserved for fuel of wrath in the day of everlasting burning. Thus, you see, it was prophesied, now see how it was performed; Christ was the captain of our sufferings, and he began.

He entered into the world with all the circumstances of poverty. He had a star to illustrate his birth; but a stable for his bedchamber, and a manger for his cradle. The angels sang hymns when he was born; but he was cold and cried, uneasy and unprovided. He lived long in the trade of a carpenter; he, by whom God made the world, had in his first years the business of a mean and ignoble trade. He did good wherever he went; and almost wherever he went, was abused. He deserved heaven for his obedience, but found a cross in his way thither: and if ever any man had reason to expect fair usages from God, and to be dandled in the lap of ease, softness, and a prosperous fortune, he it was only that could deserve that, or anything that can be good. But after he had chosen to live a life of virtue, of poverty, and labor, he entered into a state of death; whose shame and trouble was great

enough to pay for the sins of the whole world. And I shall choose to express this mystery in the words of Scripture. He died not by a single or a sudden death, but he was the 'Lamb slain from the beginning of the world:' for he was massacred in Abel, saith St. Paulinus; he was tossed upon the waves of the sea in the person of Noah; it was he that went out of his country, when Abraham was called from Charran, and wandered from his native soil; he was offered up in Isaac, persecuted in Jacob, betrayed in Joseph, blinded in Samson, affronted in Moses, sawed in Isaiah, cast into the dungeon with Jeremiah: for all these were types of Christ suffering. And then his passion continued even after his resurrection. For it is he that suffers in all his members; it is he that 'endures the contradiction of all sinners'; it is he that is 'the lord of life,' and is 'crucified again, and put to open shame' in all the sufferings of his servants, and sins of rebels, and defiances of apostates and renegadoes, and violence of tyrants, and injustice of usurpers, and the persecutions of his church. It is he that is stoned in St. Stephen, flayed in the person of St. Bartholomew; he was roasted upon St. Laurence's gridiron, exposed to lions in St. Ignatius, burnt in St. Polycarp, frozen in the lake where stood forty martyrs of Cappadocia. '*Unigenitus enim Dei ad peragendum mortis suae sacramentum consummavit omne genus humanarum passionum,*' said St. Hilary; 'the sacrament of Christ's death is not to be accomplished but by suffering all the sorrows of humanity.'

All that Christ came for was, or was mingled with, sufferings; for all those little joys which God sent, either to recreate his person, or to illustrate his office, were abated or attended with afflictions, God being more careful to establish in him the covenant of sufferings than to refresh his sorrows. Presently after the angels had finished their hallelujahs, he was forced to fly to save his life; and the air became full of shrieks of the desolate mothers of Bethlehem for their dying babes. God had no sooner made him illustrious with a voice from heaven and the descent of the Holy Ghost upon him in the waters of baptism, but he was delivered over to be tempted and assaulted by the devil in the wilderness. His transfiguration was a bright ray of glory; but then also he entered into a cloud, and was told a sad story what he was to suffer at Jerusalem. And upon Palm Sunday, when he rode triumphantly into Jerusalem, and was adorned with the acclamations of a king and a god, he wet the palms with his tears, sweeter than the drops of manna, or the little pearls of heaven that descended upon Mount Hermon; weeping, in the midst of this triumph, over obstinate, perishing, and malicious Jerusalem. For this Jesus was like the rainbow, which God set in the clouds as a sacrament to confirm a promise and establish a grace; he was half made of the glories of the light, and half of the moisture of a cloud; in his best days he was but half triumph and half sorrow: he was sent to tell of his Father's mercies, and that God intended to spare us; but appeared not but in the company or in the retinue of a shower and of foul weather. But I need not tell that Jesus, beloved of God, was a suffering person: that which concerns this question most is that he made for us a covenant of sufferings: his doctrines were such as expressly, and by consequent, enjoin and suppose sufferings and a state of affliction; his very promises were sufferings; his beatitudes were sufferings; his rewards and his arguments to invite men to follow him were only taken from sufferings in this life and the reward of sufferings hereafter.

For if we sum up the commandments of Christ, we shall find humility, mortification, self-denial, repentance, renouncing the world, mourning, taking up the cross, dying for him, patience and poverty, to stand in the chiefest rank of christian precepts, and in the direct order to heaven: 'He that will be my disciple, must deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me.' We must follow him that was crowned with thorns and sorrows, him that was drenched in Cedron, nailed upon the cross, that deserved all good, and suffered all evil: that is the sum of christian religion, as it distinguishes from all the religions in the world. To which we may add the express precept recorded by St. James; 'Be afflicted, and mourn, and weep; let your laughter be turned into mourning,

and your joy into weeping.' You see the commandments: will you also see the promises? These they are. 'In the world ye shall have tribulation; in me, ye shall have peace: — Through many tribulations ye shall enter into heaven: — He that loseth father and mother, wives and children, houses and lands, for my name's sake and the Gospel, shall receive a hundred fold in this life, with persecution:' that is part of his reward: and, 'He chastiseth every son that he receiveth; — if ye be exempt from sufferings, ye are bastards, and not sons.' These are some of Christ's promises: will you see some of Christ's blessings that he gives his church? 'Blessed are the poor: blessed are the hungry and thirsty: blessed are they that mourn: blessed are the humble: blessed are the persecuted.' Of the eight beatitudes, five of them have temporal misery and meanness, or an afflicted condition for their subject. Will you at last see some of the rewards which Christ hath propounded to his servants, to invite them to follow him? 'When I am lifted up, will draw all men after me:' when Christ is 'lifted up, as Moses lift up the serpent in the wilderness,' that is, lifted upon the cross, then 'he will draw us fter him.' 'To you it is given for Christ,' saith St. Paul, when he went to sweeten and flatter the Philippians: well, what is given to them? some great favors, surely; true; 'It is not only given you that you believe in Christ,' though that be a great matter, 'but also that you suffer for him,' that is the highest of your honor. And therefore, saith St. James, 'My brethren, count it all joy when ye enter into divers temptations:' and St. Peter; 'Communicating with the sufferings of Christ, rejoice.' And St. James again: 'We count them blessed that have suffered:' and St. Paul, when he gives his blessing to the Thessalonians, useth this form of prayer; 'Our Lord direct your hearts in the charity of God, and in the patience and sufferings of Christ.' So that if we will serve the king of sufferings, whose crown was of thorns, whose scepter was a reed of scorn, whose imperial robe was a scarlet of mockery, whose throne was the cross, we must serve him in sufferings, in poverty of spirit, in humility and mortification; and for our reward we shall have persecution, and all its blessed consequents. '*Atque hoc est esse Christianum*' [And this is to be a christian].

Since this was done in the green tree, what might we expect should be done in the dry? Let us, in the next place, consider how God hath treated his saints and servants in the descending ages of the Gospel: that if the best of God's servants were followers of Jesus in this covenant of sufferings, we may not think it strange concerning the fiery trial, as if some new thing had happened to us. For as the Gospel was founded in sufferings, we shall also see it grow in persecutions; and as Christ's blood did cement the corner-stones and the first foundation; so the blood and sweat, the groans and sighings, the afflictions and mortifications, of saints and marytrs, did make the superstructures, and must at last finish the building.

If we begin with the apostles, who were to persuade the world to become christian, and to use proper arguments of invitations, we shall find that they never offered an argument of temporal prosperity; they never promised empires and thrones on earth, nor riches, nor temporal power: and it would have been soon confuted, if they who were whipped and imprisoned, banished and scattered, persecuted and tormented, should have promised sunshine days to others which they could not to themselves. Of all the apostles there was not one that died a natural death but only St. John; and did he escape? Yes: but he was put into a cauldron of scalding lead and oil before the Porta Latina in Rome, and escaped death by miracle, though no miracle was wrought to make him escape the torture. And, besides this, he lived long in banishment, and that was worse than St. Peter's chains. '*Sanctus Petrus in vinculis, et Johannes ante Portam Latinam*' [Saint Peter in chains, and John before the Latin Gate], were both days of martyrdom, and church-festivals. And after a long and laborious life, and the affliction of being detained from his crown, and his sorrows for the death of his fellow-disciples, he died full of days and sufferings. And when St. Paul was taken into the apostolate, his commissions were signed in these words: 'I will shew unto him how great things he must suffer for my name:' And his whole life was a continual suffering. '*Quotidie*

morior' was his motto, 'I die daily;' and his lesson that he daily learned was, to 'know Christ Jesus, and him crucified;' and all his joy was 'to rejoice in the cross of Christ;' and the changes of his life were nothing but the changes of his sufferings and the variety of his labors. For though Christ hath finished his own sufferings for expiation of the world; yet there are ὑστερήματα θλίψεων, 'portions that are behind of the sufferings' of Christ, which must be filled up by his body, the church; and happy are they that put in the greatest symbol: for 'in the same measure you are partakers of the sufferings of Christ, in the same shall ye be also of the consolation.' And therefore, concerning St. Paul, as it was also concerning Christ, there is nothing or but very little in Scripture relating to his person and chances of his private life, but his labors and persecutions; as if the Holy Ghost did think nothing fit to stand upon record for Christ but sufferings.

And now began to work the greatest glory of the divine providence; here was the case of christianity at stake. The world was rich and prosperous, learned and full of wise men; the Gospel was preached with poverty and persecution, in simplicity of discourse, and in demonstration of the Spirit: God was on one side, and the devil on the other; they each of them dressed up their city; Babylon upon earth, Jerusalem from above. The devil's city was full of pleasure, triumphs, victories, and cruelty; good news, and great wealth; conquest over kings, and making nations tributary: they 'bound kings in chains, and the nobles with links of iron;' and the inheritance of the earth was theirs: the Romans were lords over the greatest part of the world; and God permitted to the devil the firmament and increase, the wars and the success of that people, giving to him an entire power of disposing the great change of the world, so as might best increase their greatness and power; and he therefore did it, because all the power of the Roman greatness was a professed enemy to christianity. And on the other side, God was to build up Jerusalem, and the kingdom of the Gospel; and he chose to build it of hewn stone, cut and broken; the apostles he chose for preachers, and they had no learning; women and mean people were the first disciples, and they had no power; the devil was to lose his kingdom, and he wanted no malice: and therefore he stirred up, and, as well as he could, he made active all the power of Rome, and all the learning of the Greeks, and all the malice of barbarous people, and all the prejudice and the obstinacy of the Jews, against this doctrine and institution, which preached, and promised, and brought, persecution along with it. On the one side, there was *'scandalum crucis'* [the offence of the cross]; on the other, *'patientia sanctorum'* [the patience of the saints], and what was the event? They that had overcome the world, could not strangle Christianity. But so have I seen the sun with a little ray of distant light challenge all the power of darkness, and without violence and noise, climbing up the hill, hath made night so to retire, that its memory was lost in the joys and spritefulness of the morning: and christianity without violence or armies, without resistance and self-preservation, without strength or human eloquence, without challenging of privileges or fighting against tyranny, without alteration of government and scandal of princes, with its humility and meekness, with toleration and patience, with obedience and charity, with praying and dying, did insensibly turn the world into christian, and persecution into victory.

JOHN BUNYAN (1628–1688)

The greatest of English allegorical writers was a Bedfordshire tinker. 'I never went to school to Aristotle or Plato, but was brought up at my father's house in a very mean condition, among a company of poor countrymen,' he tells us in his autobiography, *Grace abounding to the Chief of Sinners* (1666). As a matter of fact, he was not a conspicuously bad character, the worst faults of which he can accuse himself being fondness for dancing, bell-ringing, and other sports and pastimes, and a habit of profanity, for which he acquired a local reputation. All this was changed, however, by his marriage, about the age of twenty, to a godly wife, who brought about his conversion. He became famous as a preacher, to the great displeasure of the regular clergy, who were 'angry with the tinker because he strove to mend souls as well as kettles and pans.' After the Restoration, when the old laws against dissenters were revived, he was arrested for holding religious services, and remained in prison for the next twelve years; he made laces for the support of his family, preached to his fellow-prisoners, studied the Bible and Foxe's Book of Martyrs, and wrote a large number of religious tracts. It was apparently during a later imprisonment that he wrote *The Pilgrim's Progress*, the first part of which was published in 1678 and became immediately popular. After two other allegorical stories — from one point of view religious tracts, from another, novels — *The Life and Death of Mr. Badman* and *The Holy War* — he wrote the second part of *Pilgrim's Progress* (1684), completing the pilgrimage of Christian, his wife Christiana, and their children. In his later years he was active as a nonconformist minister (his congregation met in a barn at Bedford) and he was known in the surrounding country as 'Bishop Bunyan'; his fame as a preacher spread to London, where he drew great crowds together on his occasional visits, and attracted the attention of royalty; but it is only in recent years that Bunyan's literary merits have been fully appreciated — his power of imagination and realistic description, and the forthright directness of his style.

From THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

Now I saw in my dream, that the highway up which Christian was to go, was fenced on either side with a wall, and that wall was called Salvation.[1] Up this way, therefore, did burdened Christian run, but not without great difficulty, because of the load on his back.

He ran thus till he came at a place somewhat ascending, and upon that place stood a cross, and a little below, in the bottom, a sepulcher. So I saw in my dream, that just as Christian came up with the cross, his burden loosed from off his shoulders, and fell from off his back, and began to tumble, and so continued to do, till it came to the mouth of the sepulcher, where it fell in, and I saw it no more.

Then was Christian glad and lightsome, and said, with a merry heart, 'He hath given me rest by his sorrow, and life by his death.' Then he stood still awhile to look and wonder; for it was very surprising to him, that the sight of the cross should thus ease him of his burden. He looked, therefore, and looked again, even till the springs that were in his head sent the waters down his cheeks.[2] Now, as he stood looking and weeping, behold three Shining Ones came to him and saluted him with 'Peace be to thee.' So the first said to him, 'Thy sins be forgiven thee!'[3] the second stripped him of his rags, and clothed him 'with change of raiment;'[4] the third also set a mark in his forehead, and gave him a roll with a seal upon it, which he bade him look on as he ran, and that he should give it in at the Celestial Gate.[5] So they went their way. Then Christian gave three leaps for joy, and went on singing —

Thus far I did come laden with my sin;
Nor could aught ease the grief that I was in

[1] Zec. xii. 10.

[2] Zec. xii. 10.
[3] Mar. ii. 5.
[4] Zec. iii. 4.
[5] Ep. i. 13.

Till I came hither: What a place is this!
Must here be the beginning of my bliss?
Must here the burden fall from off my back?
Must here the strings that bound it to me crack?
Blest cross! blest sepulcher! blest rather be
The man that there was put to shame for me!

I saw then in my dream, that he went on thus, even until he came at a bottom, where he saw, a little out of the way, three men fast asleep, with fetters upon their heels. The name of the one was Simple, another Sloth, and the third Presumption.

Christian then seeing them lie in this case, went to them, if peradventure he might awake them, and cried, You are like them that sleep on the top of a mast, for the Dead Sea is under you — a gulf that hath no bottom.[1] Awake, therefore, and come away; be willing also, and I will help you off with your irons. He also told them, If he that 'goeth about like a roaring lion' comes by, you will certainly become a prey to his teeth.[2] With that they looked upon him, and began to reply in this sort: Simple said, 'I see no danger;' Sloth said, 'Yet a little more sleep;' and Presumption said, 'Every fat must stand upon its own bottom.' And so they lay down to sleep again, and Christian went on his way.

Yet was he troubled to think that men in that danger should so little esteem the kindness of him that so freely offered to help them, both by awakening of them, counseling of them, and proffering to help them off with their irons. And as he was troubled thereabout he espied two men come tumbling over the wall, on the left hand of the narrow way; and they made up apace to him. The name of the one was Formalist, and the name of the other Hypocrisy. So, as I said, they drew up unto him, who thus entered with them into discourse.

Chr. Gentlemen, whence came you, and whither go you?

Form. and Hyp. We were born in the land of Vain-glory, and are going for praise to Mount Zion.

Chr. Why came you not in at the gate, which standeth at the beginning of the way? Know you not that it is written, that he that cometh not in by the door, 'but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber?'[3]

Form. and Hyp. They said, That to go to the gate for entrance was, by all their countrymen, counted too far about; and that, therefore, their usual way was to make a short cut of it, and to climb over the wall, as they had done.

Chr. But will it not be counted a trespass against the Lord of the city whither we are bound, thus to violate his revealed will?

Form. and Hyp. They told him, that, as for that, he needed not to trouble his head thereabout; for what they did, they had custom for; and could produce, if need were, testimony that would witness it for more than a thousand years.

Chr. But, said Christian, will your practice stand a trial at law?

Form. and Hyp. They told him, That custom, it being of so long a standing as above a thousand years, would doubtless, now be admitted as a thing legal by any impartial judge; and besides, said they, if we get into the way, what's matter which way we get in? if we are in, we are in; thou art but in the way, who, as we perceived, came in at the gate; and we are also in the way, that came tumbling over the wall; wherein, now, is thy condition better than ours?

Chr. I walk by the rule of my Master; you walk by the rude working of your fancies. You are counted thieves already, by the Lord of the way; therefore, I doubt you will not be found true men at the end of the way. You come in by yourselves, without his direction; and shall go out by yourselves, without his mercy.

To this they made him but little answer; only they bid him look to himself. Then I saw that they went on every man in his way, without much conference one with another; save that these two men told Christian, that as to laws and ordinances, they doubted not but they should as conscientiously do them as he; therefore, said they, we see not wherein thou differest from us, but by the coat that is on thy back, which was, as we

[1] Pr. xxiii. 34.
[2] Pe. v. 8.
[3] Jn. x. 1.

trow, given thee by some of thy neighbors, to hide the shame of thy nakedness.

CHR. By laws and ordinances you will not be saved, since you came not in by the door.[1] And as for this coat that is on my back, it was given me by the Lord of the place whither I go; and that, as you say, to cover my nakedness with. And I take it as a token of his kindness to me; for I had nothing but rags before. And, besides, thus I comfort myself as I go: Surely, think I, when I come to the gate of the city, the Lord thereof will know me for good, since I have his coat on my back — a coat that he gave me freely in the day that he stripped me of my rags. I have, moreover, a mark in my forehead, of which, perhaps, you have taken no notice, which one of my Lord's most intimate associates fixed there in the day that my burden fell off my shoulders. I will tell you, moreover, that I had then given me a roll, sealed, to comfort me by reading, as I go on the way; I was also bid to give it in at the Celestial Gate, in token of my certain going in after it; all which things, I doubt, you want, and want them because you came not in at the gate.

To these things they gave him no answer; only they looked upon each other, and laughed. Then I saw that they went on all, save that Christian kept before, who had no more talk but with himself, and that sometimes sighingly and sometimes comfortably; also he would be often reading in the roll that one of the Shining Ones gave him, by which he was refreshed.

I beheld, then, that they all went on till they came to the foot of the Hill Difficulty; at the bottom of which was a spring. There were also in the same place two other ways besides that which came straight from the gate; one turned to the left hand, and the other to the right, at the bottom of the hill; but the narrow way lay right up the hill, and the name of the going up the side of the hill is called Difficulty. Christian now went to the spring, and drank thereof, to refresh himself,[2] and then began to go up the hill, saying —

The hill, though high, I covet to ascend,
The difficulty will not me offend;
For I perceive the way to life lies here.
Come, pluck up heart, let's neither faint nor fear;
Better, though difficult, the right way to go,
Than wrong, though easy, where the end is woe.

The other two also came to the foot of the hill; but when they saw that the hill was steep and high, and that there were two other ways to go; and supposing also that these two ways might meet again, with that up which Christian went, on the other side of the hill; therefore they were resolved to go in those ways. Now the name of one of those ways was Danger, and the name of the other Destruction. So the one took the way which is called Danger, which led him into a great wood, and the other took directly up the way to Destruction, which led him into a wide field, full of dark mountains, where he stumbled and fell, and rose no more.

I looked, then, after Christian, to see him go up the hill, where I perceived he fell from running to going, and from going to clambering upon his hands and his knees, because of the steepness of the place. Now, about the midway to the top of the hill was a pleasant arbor, made by the Lord of the hill for the refreshing of weary travelers; thither, therefore, Christian got, where also he sat down to rest him. Then he pulled his roll out of his bosom, and read therein to his comfort; he also now began afresh to take a review of the coat or garment that was given him as he stood by the cross. Thus pleasing himself awhile, he at last fell nto a slumber, and thence into a fast sleep, which detained him in that place until it was almost night; and in his sleep his roll fell out of his hand. Now, as he was sleeping, there came one to him, and awaked him, saying, 'Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise.'[3] And with that Christian suddenly started up, and sped him on his way, and went apace, till he came to the top of the hill.

Now, when he was got up to the top

[1] Ga. ii. 16.
[2] Is. xlix. 10.
[3] Pr. vi. 6.

of the hill, there came two men running to meet him amain; the name of the one was Timorous, and of the other Mistrust; to whom Christian said, Sirs, what's the matter? You run the wrong way. Timorous answered, that they were going to the City of Zion, and had got up that difficult place; but, said he, the further we go, the more danger we meet with; wherefore we turned, and are going back again.

Yes, said Mistrust, for just before us lie a couple of lions in the way, whether sleeping or waking we know not, and we could not think, if we came within reach, but they would presently pull us in pieces.

CHR. Then said Christian, You make me afraid, but whither shall I fly to be safe? If I go back to mine own country, *that* is prepared for fire and brimstone, and I shall certainly perish there. If I can get to the Celestial City, I am sure to be in safety there. I must venture. To go back is nothing but death; to go forward is fear of death, and life everlasting beyond it. I will yet go forward. So Mistrust and Timorous ran down the hill, and Christian went on his way. But, thinking again of what he heard from the men, he felt in his bosom for his roll, that he might read therein, and be comforted; but he felt, and found it not. Then was Christian in great distress, and knew not what to do; for he wanted that which used to relieve him, and that which should have been his pass into the Celestial City. Here therefore, he began to be much perplexed, and knew not what to do. At last, he bethought himself, that he had slept in the arbor that is on the side of the hill; and, falling down upon his knees, he asked God forgiveness for that his foolish fact, and then went back to look for his roll. But all the way he went back, who can sufficiently set forth the sorrow of Christian's heart! Sometimes he sighed, sometimes he wept, and oftentimes he chid himself for being so foolish to fall asleep in that place, which was erected only for a little refreshment for his weariness. Thus, therefore, he went back, carefully looking on this side, and on that, all the way as he went, if happily he might find his roll, that had been his comfort so many times in his journey. He went thus, till he came again within sight of the arbor where he sat and slept; but that sight renewed his sorrow the more, by bringing again, even afresh, his evil of sleeping into his mind.[1] Thus, therefore, he now went on bewailing his sinful sleep, saying, 'O wretched man that I am!' that I should sleep in the day-time! that I should sleep in the midst of difficulty! that I should so indulge the flesh, as to use that rest for ease to my flesh, which the Lord of the hill hath erected only for the relief of the spirits of pilgrims!

How many steps have I took in vain! Thus it happened to Israel, for their sin; they were sent back again by the way of the Red Sea; and I am made to tread those steps with sorrow, which I might have trod with delight, had it not been for this sinful sleep. How far might I have been on my way by this time! I am made to tread those steps thrice over, which I needed not to have trod but once; yea, now also I am like to be benighted, for the day is almost spent. O that I had not slept!

Now by this time he was come to the arbor again, where for a while he sat down and wept; but at last, as Christian would have it, looking sorrowfully down under the settle, there he espied his roll; the which he, with trembling and haste, catched up, and put it into his bosom. But who can tell how joyful this man was when he had gotten his roll again! for this roll was the assurance of his life and acceptance at the desired haven. Therefore he laid it up in his bosom, gave thanks to God for directing his eye to the place where it lay, and with joy and tears betook himself again to his journey. But oh, how nimbly now did he go up the rest of the hill! Yet, before he got up, the sun went down upon Christian; and this made him again recall the vanity of his sleeping to his remembrance; and thus he again began to condole with himself. O thou sinful sleep! how, for thy sake am I like to be benighted in my journey! I must walk without the sun; darkness must cover the path of my feet; and I must hear the noise of the doleful creatures, because of my sinful sleep.[2] Now also he remembered the story that Mistrust and Timorous told him of, how they were

[1] Re. ii. 5. 1 Th. v. 7, 8.
[2] 1 Th. v. 6, 7.

frighted with the sight of the lions. Then said Christian to himself again, These beasts range in the night for their prey; and if they should meet with me in the dark, how should I shift them? How should I escape being by them torn in pieces? Thus he went on his way. But while he was thus bewailing his unhappy miscarriage, he lift up his eyes, and behold there was a very stately palace before him, the name of which was Beautiful; and it stood just by the highway side.

So I saw in my dream, that he made haste and went forward, that if possible he might get lodging there. Now before he had gone far, he entered into a very narrow passage, which was about a furlong off of the porter's lodge; and looking very narrowly before him as he went, he espied two lions in the way. Now, thought he, I see the dangers that Mistrust and Timorous were driven back by. (The lions were chained, but he saw not the chains.) Then he was afraid, and thought also himself to go back after them, for he thought nothing but death was before him. But the porter at the lodge, whose name is Watchful, perceiving that Christian made a halt as if he would go back, cried unto him, saying, Is thy strength so small?[1] Fear not the lions, for they are chained, and are placed there for trial of faith where it is, and for discovery of those that have none. Keep in the midst of the path, and no hurt shall come unto thee.

Then I saw that he went on, trembling for fear of the lions, but taking good heed to the directions of the porter; he heard them roar, but they did him no harm. Then he clapped his hands, and went on till he came and stood before the gate, where the porter was. Then said Christian to the porter, Sir, what house is this? and may I lodge here to-night? The porter answered, This house was built by the Lord of the hill, and he built it for the relief and security of pilgrims. The porter also asked whence he was, and whither he was going.

CHR. I am come from the City of Destruction, and am going to Mount Zion; but because the sun is now set, I desire, if I may, to lodge here to-night.

POR. What is your name?

CHR. My name is now Christian, but my name at the first was Graceless; I came of the race of Japheth, whom God will persuade to dwell in the tents of Shem.[2]

POR. But how doth it happen that you come so late? The sun is set.

CHR. I had been here sooner, but that, 'wretched man that I am!' I slept in the arbor that stands on the hill-side; nay, I had, notwithstanding that, been here much sooner, but that, in my sleep, I lost my evidence, and came without it to the brow of the hill; and then feeling for it, and finding it not, I was forced, with sorrow of heart, to go back to the place where I slept my sleep, where I found it, and now I am come.

POR. Well, I will call out one of the virgins of this place, who will, if she likes your talk, bring you in to the rest of the family, according to the rules of the house. So Watchful, the porter, rang a bell, at the sound of which came out at the door of the house, a grave and beautiful damsel, named Discretion, and asked why she was called.

The porter answered, This man is in a journey from the City of Destruction to Mount Zion, but being weary and benighted, he asked me if he might lodge here to-night; so I told him I would call for thee, who, after discourse had with him, mayest do as seemeth thee good, even according to the law of the house.

Then she asked him whence he was, and whither he was going; and he told her. She asked him also how he got into the way; and he told her. Then she asked him what he had seen and met with in the way; and he told her. And last she asked his name; so he said, It is Christian, and I have so much the more a desire to lodge here to-night, because, by what I perceive, this place was built by the Lord of the hill, for the relief and security of pilgrims. So she smiled, but the water stood in her eyes; and after a little pause, she said, I will call forth two or three more of the family. So she ran to the door, and call out Prudence, Piety, and Charity, who, after a little more discourse with him, had him in to the family; and many of them meeting him at the threshold

[1] Mar. xiii. 34–37.

[2] Ge. ix. 27.

of the house, said, 'Come in, thou blessed of the Lord;' this house was built by the Lord of the hill, on purpose to entertain such pilgrims in. Then he bowed his head, and followed them into the house. So when he was come in and sat down, they gave him something to drink, and consented together, that until supper was ready, some of them should have some particular discourse with Christian, for the best improvement of time; and they appointed Piety, and Prudence, and Charity to discourse with him; and thus they began:

PIETY. Come, good Christian, since we have been so loving to you, to receive you into our house this night, let us, if perhaps we may better ourselves thereby, talk with you of all things that have happened to you in your pilgrimage.

CHR. With a very good will, and I am glad that you are so well disposed.

PIETY. What moved you at first to betake yourself to a pilgrim's life?

CHR. I was driven out of my native country, by a dreadful sound that was in mine ears; to wit, that unavoidable destruction did attend me, if I abode in that place where I was.

PIETY. But how did it happen that you came out of your country this way?

CHR. It was as God would have it; for when I was under the fears of destruction, I did not know whither to go; but by chance there came a man, even to me, as I was trembling and weeping, whose name is Evangelist, and he directed me to the wicket-gate, which else I should never have found, and so set me into the way that hath led me directly to this house.

PIETY. But did you not come by the house of the Interpreter?

CHR. Yes, and did see such things there, the remembrance of which will stick by me as long as I live; especially three things, to wit, how Christ, in despite of Satan, maintains his work of grace in the heart; how the man had sinned himself quite out of hopes of God's mercy; and also the dream of him that thought in his sleep the day of judgment was come.

PIETY. Why, did you hear him tell his dream?

CHR. Yes, and a dreadful one it was. I thought it made my heart ache as he was telling of it; but yet I am glad I heard it.

PIETY. Was that all that you saw at the house of the Interpreter?

CHR. No; he took me and had me where he showed me a stately palace, and how the people were clad in gold that were in it; and how there came a venturous man and cut his way through the armed men that stood in the door to keep him out; and how he was bid to come in, and win eternal glory. Methought those things did ravish my heart! I would have staid at that good man's house a twelvemonth, but that I knew I had further to go.

PIETY. And what saw you else in the way?

CHR. Saw! why, I went but a little further, and I saw one, as I thought in my mind, hang bleeding upon the tree; and the very sight of him made my burden fall off my back (for I groaned under a very heavy burden), but then it fell down from off me. It was a strange thing to me, for I never saw such a thing before; yea, and while I stood looking up, for then I could not forbear looking, three Shining Ones came to me. One of them testified that my sins were forgiven me; another stripped me of my rags, and gave me this broidered coat which you see; and the third set the mark which you see in my forehead, and gave me this sealed roll. (And with that he plucked it out of his bosom.)

PIETY. But you saw more than this, did you not?

CHR. The things that I have told you were the best, yet some other matters I saw, as, namely, I saw three men, Simple, Sloth, and Presumption, lie asleep a little out of the way, as I came, with irons upon their heels; but do you think I could awake them? I also saw Formality and Hypocrisy come tumbling over the wall, to go, as they pretended, to Zion, but they were quickly lost, even as I myself did tell them; but they would not believe. But above all, I found it hard work to get up this hill, and as hard to come by the lions' mouths; and truly if it had not been for the good man, the porter that stands at the gate, I do not know but that after all I might have gone back again; but now, I thank God I am here, and I thank you for receiving of me.

Then Prudence thought good to ask him a few questions, and desired his answer to them.

PRUD. Do you not think sometimes of the country from whence you came?

CHR. Yes, but with much shame and detestation: 'truly if I had been mindful of that country from whence I came out, I might have had opportunity to have returned; but now I desire a better country, that is, an heavenly.'[1]

PRUD. Do you not yet bear away with you some of the things that then you were conversant withal?

CHR. Yes, but greatly against my will; especially my inward and carnal cogitations, with which all my countrymen, as well as myself, were delighted; but now all those things are my grief; and might I but choose mine own things, I would choose never to think of those things more; but when I would be doing of that which is best, that which is worst is with me.[2]

PRUD. Do you not find sometimes, as if those things were vanquished, which at other times are your perplexity?

CHR. Yes, but that is but seldom; but they are to me golden hours, in which such things happen to me.

PRUD. Can you remember by what means you find your annoyances at times, as if they were vanquished?

CHR. Yes; when I think what I saw at the cross, that will do it; and when I look upon my broidered coat, that will do it; also when I look into the roll that I carry in my bosom, that will do it; and when my thoughts wax warm about whither I am going, that will do it.

PRUD. And what is it that makes you so desirous to go to Mount Zion?

CHR. Why, there I hope to see him alive that did hang dead on the cross; and there I hope to be rid of all those things that to this day are in me an annoyance to me; there, they say, there is no death; and there I shall dwell with such company as I like best.[3] For, to tell you truth, I love him, because I was by him eased of my burden; and I am weary of my inward sickness. I would fain be where I shall die no more, and with the company that shall continually cry, 'Holy, holy, holy.'

[1] He. xi. 15, 16.
[2] Ro. vii.
[3] Is. xxv. 8. Re. xxi. 4.

Then said Charity to Christian, Have you a family? Are you a married man?

CHR. I have a wife and four small children.

CHAR. And why did you not bring them along with you?

CHR. Then Christian wept, and said, Oh how willingly would I have done it! but they were all of them utterly averse to my going on pilgrimage.

CHAR. But you should have talked to them, and have endeavored to have shown them the danger of being behind.

CHR. So I did; and told them also what God had shown to me of the destruction of our city; 'but I seemed to them as one that mocked,' and they believed me not.[4]

CHAR. And did you pray to God that he would bless your counsel to them?

CHR. Yes, and that with much affection; for you must think that my wife and poor children were very dear unto me.

CHAR. But did you tell them of your own sorrow, and fear of destruction? for I suppose that destruction was visible enough to you.

CHR. Yes, over, and over, and over. They might also see my fears in my countenance, in my tears, and also in my trembling under the apprehension of the judgment that did hang over our heads; but all was not sufficient to prevail with them to come with me.

CHAR. But what could they say for themselves, why they came not?

CHR. Why, my wife was afraid of losing this world, and my children were given to the foolish delights of youth; so what by one thing, and what by another, they left me to wander in this manner alone.

CHAR. But did you not, with your vain life, damp all that you by words used by way of persuasion to bring them away with you?

CHR. Indeed, I cannot commend my life; for I am conscious to myself of many failings therein; I know also, that a man by his conversation may soon overthrow, what by argument or persuasion he doth labor to fasten upon others for their good. Yet this I can say, I was very wary of giving them occasion, by any unseemly action, to make them

[4] Ge. xix. 14.

averse to going on pilgrimage. Yea, for this very thing, they would tell me I was too precise, and that I denied myself of things, for their sakes, in which they saw no evil. Nay, I think I may say, that if what they saw in me did hinder them, it was my great tenderness in sinning against God, or of doing any wrong to my neighbor.

CHAR. Indeed Cain hated his brother, 'because his own works were evil, and his brother's righteous;'[1] and if thy wife and children have been offended with thee for this, they thereby show themselves to be implacable to good, and 'thou hast delivered thy soul from their blood.'[2]

Now I saw in my dream, that thus they sat talking together until supper was ready. So when they had made ready, they sat down to meat. Now the table was furnished 'with fat things, and with wine that was well refined:' and all their talk at the table was about the Lord of the hill; as, namely, about what he had done, and wherefore he did what he did, and why he had builded that house. And by what they said, I perceived that he had been a great warrior, and had fought with and slain 'him that had the power of death,' but not without great danger to himself, which made me love him the more.[3]

For, as they said, and as I believe (said Christian), he did it with the loss of much blood; but that which put glory of grace into all he did, was, that he did it out of pure love to his country. And besides, there were some of them of the household that said they had seen and spoke with him since he did die on the cross; and they have attested that they had it from his own lips, that he is such a lover of poor pilgrims, that the like is not to be found from the east to the west.

They, moreover, gave an instance of what they affirmed, and that was, he had stripped himself of his glory, that he might do this for the poor; and that they heard him say and affirm, 'that he would not dwell in the mountain of Zion alone.' They said, moreover, that he had made many pilgrims princes, though by nature they were beggars born, and their original had been the dunghill.[4]

Thus they discoursed together till late at night; and after they had committed themselves to their Lord for protection, they betook themselves to rest: the Pilgrim they laid in a large upper chamber, whose window opened toward the sunrising; the name of the chamber, was Peace; where he slept till break of day, and then he awoke and sang —

Where am I now? Is this the love and care
Of Jesus for the men that pilgrims are?
Thus to provide! that I should be forgiven!
And dwell already the next door to heaven!

So, in the morning, they all got up; and after some more discourse, they told him that he should not depart till they had shown him the rarities of that place. And first, they had him into the study, where they showed him records of the greatest antiquity; in which, as I remember my dream, they showed him first the pedigree of the Lord of the hill, that he was the son of the Ancient of Days, and came by that eternal generation. Here also was more fully recorded the acts that he had done, and the names of many hundreds that he had taken into his service; and how he had placed them in such habitations, that could neither by length of days, nor decays of nature, be dissolved.

Then they read to him some of the worthy acts that some of his servants had done: as, how they had 'subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, and turned to flight the armies of the aliens.'[5]

They then read again in another part of the records of the house, where it was showed how willing their Lord was to receive into his favor any, even any, though they in time past had offered great affronts to his person and proceedings. Here also were several other histories of many other famous things, of all which Christian had a view; as of things both ancient and modern; to-

[1] 1 Jn. iii. 12.
[2] Eze. iii. 19.
[3] He. ii. 14, 15.
[4] 1 Sa. ii. 8. Ps. cxiii. 7.
[5] He. xi. 33. 34.

gether with prophecies and predictions of things that have their certain accomplishment, both to the dread and amazement of enemies, and the comfort and solace of pilgrims.

The next day they took him and had him into the armory, where they showed him all manner of furniture, which their Lord had provided for pilgrims, as sword, shield, helmet, breastplate, all-prayer, and shoes that would not wear out. And there was here enough of this to harness out as many men, for the service of their Lord, as there be stars in the heaven for multitude.

They also showed him some of the engines with which some of his servants had done wonderful things. They showed him Moses' rod; the hammer and nail with which Jael slew Sisera; the pitchers, trumpets, and lamps, too, with which Gideon put to flight the armies of Midian. Then they showed him the ox's goad wherewith Shamgar slew six hundred men. They showed him, also, the jaw-bone with which Samson did such mighty feats. They showed him, moreover, the sling and stone with which David slew Goliah of Gath; and the sword, also, with which their Lord will kill the Man of Sin, in the day that he shall rise up to the prey. They showed him, besides, many excellent things, with which Christian was much delighted. This done, they went to their rest again.

Then I saw in my dream, that, on the morrow, he got up to go forward; but they desired him to stay till the next day also; and then, said they, we will, if the day be clear, show you the Delectable Mountains, which, they said, would yet further add to his comfort, because they were nearer the desired haven than the place where at present he was; so he consented and stayed. When the morning was up, they had him to the top of the house, and bid him look south; so he did; and, behold, at a great distance, he saw a most pleasant mountainous country, beautified with woods, vineyards, fruits of all sorts, flowers also, with springs and fountains, very delectable to behold.[1] Then he asked the name of the country. They said it was Immanuel's Land; and it is as common, said they, as this hill is, to and for all the pilgrims. And when thou comest there, from thence, said they, thou mayest see to the gate of the Celestial City, as the shepherds that live there will make appear.

Now, he bethought himself of setting forward, and they were willing he should. But first, said they, let us go again into the armory. So they did; and when he came there, they harnessed him from head to foot with what was of proof, lest, perhaps, he should meet with assaults in the way. He being, therefore, thus accoutred, walketh out with his friends to the gate, and there he asked the porter if he saw any pilgrims pass by. Then the porter answered, Yes.

CHR. Pray, did you know him? said he.

POR. I asked his name, and he told me it was Faithful.

CHR. Oh, said Christian, I know him; he is my townsman, my near neighbor; he comes from the place where I was born. How far do you think he may be before?

POR. He is got by this time below the hill.

CHR. Well, said Christian, good Porter, the Lord be with thee, and add to all thy blessings much increase, for the kindness that thou hast showed to me.

Then he began to go forward; but Discretion, Piety, Charity and Prudence, would accompany him down to the foot of the hill. So they went on together, reiterating their former discourses, till they came to go down the hill. Then, said Christian, as it was difficult coming up, so, so far as I can see, it is dangerous going down. Yes, said Prudence, so it is, for it is a hard matter for a man to go down into the Valley of Humiliation, as thou art now, and to catch no slip by the way; therefore, said they, are we come out to accompany thee down the hill. So he began to go down, but very warily; yet he caught a slip or two.

Then I saw in my dream that these good companions, when Christian was gone to the bottom of the hill, gave him a loaf of bread, a bottle of wine, and

[1] Is. xxxiii. 16, 17.

a cluster of raisins; and then he went on his way.

But now, in this Valley of Humiliation, poor Christian was hard put to it; for he had gone but a little way, before he espied a foul fiend coming over the field to meet him; his name is Apollyon. Then did Christian begin to be afraid, and to cast in his mind whether to go back or to stand his ground. But he considered again that he had no armor for his back; and, therefore, thought that to turn the back to him might give him the greater advantage, with ease to pierce him with his darts. Therefore he resolved to venture and stand his ground; for, thought he, had I no more in mine eye than the saving of my life, it would be the best way to stand.

So he went on, and Apollyon met him. Now the monster was hideous to behold; he was clothed with scales, like a fish (and they are his pride), he had wings like a dragon, feet like a bear, and out of his belly came fire and smoke, and his mouth was as the mouth of a lion. When he was come up to Christian, he beheld him with a disdainful countenance, and thus began to question with him.

APOL. Whence come you? and whither are you bound?

CHR. I am come from the City of Destruction, which is the place of all evil, and am going to the City of Zion.

APOL. By this I perceive thou art one of my subjects, for all that country is mine, and I am the prince and god of it. How is it, then, that thou hast run away from thy king? Were it not that I hope thou mayest do me more service, I would strike thee now, at one blow, to the ground.

CHR. I was born, indeed, in your dominions, but your service was hard, and your wages such as a man could not live on, 'for the wages of sin is death;'[1] therefore, when I was come to years, I did as other considerate persons do, look out, if, perhaps, I might mend myself.

APOL. There is no prince that will thus lightly lose his subjects, neither will I as yet lose thee; but since thou complainest of thy service and wages, be content to go back; what our country will afford, I do here promise to give thee.

CHR. But I have let myself to another, even to the King of princes; and how can I, with fairness, go back with thee?

APOL. Thou hast done in this according to the proverb, 'Changed a bad for a worse;' but it is ordinary for those that have professed themselves his servants, after a while to give him the slip, and return again to me. Do thou so too, and all shall be well.

CHR. I have given him my faith, and sworn my allegiance to him; how, then, can I go back from this, and not be hanged as a traitor?

APOL. Thou didst the same to me, and yet I am willing to pass by all, if now thou wilt yet turn again and go back.

CHR. What I promised thee was in my nonage; and, besides, I count the Prince under whose banner now I stand is able to absolve me; yea, and to pardon also what I did as to my compliance with thee; and besides, O thou destroying Apollyon! to speak truth, I like his service, his wages, his servants, his government, his company, and country, better than thine; and, therefore, leave off to persuade me further; I am his servant, and I will follow him.

APOL. Consider again, when thou art in cool blood, what thou art like to meet with in the way that thou goest. Thou knowest that, for the most part, his servants come to an ill end, because they are transgressors against me and my ways. How many of them have been put to shameful deaths! and, besides, thou countest his service better than mine, whereas he never came yet from the place where he is to deliver any that served him out of their hands; but as for me, how many times, as all the world very well knows, have I delivered, either by power or fraud, those that have faithfully served me, from him and his, though taken by them; and so I will deliver thee.

CHR. His forbearing at present to deliver them is on purpose to try their love, whether they will cleave to him to the end; and as for the ill end thou sayest they come to, that is most glorious in their account; for, for present deliverance, they do not much expect it,

[1] Ro. vi. 23.

for they stay for their glory, and then they shall have it, when their Prince comes in his and the glory of the angels.

APOL. Thou hast already been unfaithful in thy service to him; and how dost thou think to receive wages of him?

CHR. Wherein, O Apollyon! have I been unfaithful to him?

APOL. Thou didst faint at first setting out, when thou wast almost choked in the Gulf of Despond; thou didst attempt wrong ways to be rid of thy burden, whereas thou shouldst have stayed till thy Prince had taken it off; thou didst sinfully sleep, and lose thy choice thing; thou wast, also, almost persuaded to go back, at the sight of the lions; and when thou talkest of thy journey, and of what thou hast heard and seen, thou art inwardly desirous of vain-glory in all that thou sayest or doest.

CHR. All this is true, and much more which thou hast left out; but the Prince, whom I serve and honor, is merciful, and ready to forgive; but, besides, these infirmities possessed me in thy country, for there I sucked them in; and I have groaned under them, been sorry for them, and have obtained pardon of my Prince.

APOL. Then Apollyon broke out into a grievous rage, saying, I am an enemy to this Prince; I hate his person, his laws, and people; I am come out on purpose to withstand thee.

CHR. Apollyon, beware what you do; for I am in the king's highway, the way of holiness; therefore take heed to yourself.

APOL. Then Apollyon straddled quite over the whole breadth of the way, and said, I am void of fear in this matter: prepare thyself to die; for I swear by my infernal den, that thou shalt go no further; here will I spill thy soul.

And with that he threw a flaming dart at his breast; but Christian had a shield in his hand, with which he caught it, and so prevented the danger of that.

Then did Christian draw; for he saw it was time to bestir him: and Apollyon as fast made at him, throwing darts as thick as hail; by the which, notwithstanding all that Christian could do to avoid it, Apollyon wounded him in his head, his hand, and foot. This made Christian give a little back; Apollyon, therefore, followed his work amain, and Christian again took courage and resisted as manfully as he could. This sore combat lasted for above half a day, even till Christian was almost quite spent; for you must know, that Christian, by reason of his wounds, must needs grow weaker and weaker.

Then Apollyon, espying his opportunity, began to gather up close to Christian, and wrestling with him, gave him a dreadful fall; and with that, Christian's sword flew out of his hand. Then said Apollyon, I am sure of thee now. And with that he had almost pressed him to death; so that Christian began to despair of life: but as God would have it, while Apollyon was fetching of his last blow, thereby to make a full end of this good man, Christian nimbly reached out his hand for his sword, and caught it, saying, 'Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy: when I fall, I shall arise;'[1] and with that gave him a deadly thrust, which made him give back, as one that had received his mortal wound. Christian perceiving that, made at him again, saying, 'Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors, through him that loved us.'[2] And with that Apollyon spread forth his dragon's wings, and sped him away, that Christian for a season saw him no more.[3]

In this combat no man can imagine, unless he had seen and heard as I did, what yelling and hideous roaring Apollyon made all the time of the fight — he spake like a dragon; and, on the other side, what sighs and groans burst from Christian's heart. I never saw him all the while give so much as one pleasant look, till he perceived he had wounded Apollyon with his two-edged sword; then, indeed, he did smile and look upward; but it was the dreadfulest sight that ever I saw.

So when the battle was over, Christian said, 'I will here give thanks to him that delivered me out of the mouth of the lion, to him that did help me against Apollyon.' And so he did.

* * *

[1] Mi. vii. 8.
[2] Ro. viii. 37.
[3] Ja. iv. 7.

JOHN MILTON (1608–1674)

Milton belonged to a London Puritan family, and when he went up to Cambridge at the end of James I's reign, it was with the intention of becoming a clergyman of the Church of England, in which the Puritans were then a party, hoping to substitute in it government by presbyters, elected by church councils, for government by bishops, appointed by the king. Changes in the administration of the national church under Charles I as well as the development of Milton's own opinions led him to abandon this purpose, towards which all his early training was directed. He has described his serious and studious boyhood in lines 201–7 of *Paradise Regained*, Book I. He was deeply versed not only in Greek and Latin, but also in Hebrew, and in French and Italian, but his early poems show no sign of the mingling of Christianity and paganism which is characteristic of Renaissance thought. On the other hand, he did not share the later Puritan intolerance of innocent amusements. Two of his earlier poems, *Arcades* (c. 1630–3) and *Comus* (1634) and one of his latest, *Samson Agonistes* (pub. 1671), were in dramatic form; in 1630 he wrote a poem in praise of Shakspere for the folio edition of the plays (see below), and in *L'Allegro* he speaks appreciatively of both Shakspere's and Jonson's comedies (see p. 238). After seven years at Christ's College, where on account of his almost girlish beauty he was known as 'our fair lady of Christ's,' he retired for further study to Horton in Buckinghamshire, where his principal early poems were written (1632–7). He then traveled on the Continent to complete his education (1638–9), and was recalled by the political crisis preceding the outbreak of the Civil War. 'I thought it base,' he wrote later, 'to be traveling for amusement abroad while my fellow citizens were fighting for liberty at home.' Milton fought, not with the sword, but with the pen. He perceived that 'there were three species of liberty which are essential to the happiness of social life — religious, domestic and civil.' In 1641–2 he took an active part in the controversy that was raging as to the government of the Church by bishops, which appeared to him contrary to religious liberty. His marriage in 1643 to Mary Powell, daughter of a Cavalier and half his own age, turned out unhappily; she found life with the poet and pamphleteer 'very solitary' and too 'philosophical,' and after a month's experience of it returned to her father's house. This led Milton to publish a series of pamphlets in favor of divorce, and he was said to be contemplating a marriage with Miss Davis, the 'virtuous young lady' of Sonnet IX (see p. 242) but, when this came to his wife's ears, she sought and obtained a reconciliation. In 1644 he wrote two important tracts — one on education, and another on the freedom of the press (*Areopagitica*). In 1649 he took up the defence of the Commonwealth for the execution of Charles I, and as Latin Secretary to the Council of State continued his task with a devotion which involved the sacrifice of his eye-sight (see Sonnets, pp. 243–4). His pen was still active on behalf of religious toleration and republican government when the Restoration drove him into hiding; he was arrested, but suffered no harm beyond a short imprisonment and the burning of his books by the hangman. He lost, of course, his Latin secretaryship, and the destruction of some of his property by the fire of London brought him into straitened circumstances; but his tastes were simple, and bating 'not a jot of heart or hope' he returned to his studies. He wrote a history, a logic, a Latin grammar, a compendium of theology; but the great works of his later years were *Paradise Lost* (published 1667), and *Paradise Regained* and *Samson Agonistes* (1671). He chose the subject of *Paradise Lost* out of some hundred which he jotted down about 1640, and wrote a small part of it, but the great design was interrupted by the Civil War, resumed in 1658, and completed in 1663 or 1665.

ON SHAKSPERE

What needs my Shakspere for his honored bones
The labor of an age in pilèd stones?
Or that his hallowed relics should be hid
Under a star-ypointing pyramid?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a livelong monument.
For whilst, to the shame of slow-endeavoring art,
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book

Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,
Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving,
And so sepúlchered in such pomp dost lie
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

L'ALLEGRO

Hence, loathèd Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest midnight born
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy!
Find out some uncouth cell
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings
And the night raven sings;
There, under ebon shades and low-browed rocks
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
But come, thou goddess fair and free,
In heaven yclept Euphrosyne,
And by men heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus, at a birth
With two sister Graces more,
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore:
Or whether (as some sager sing)
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
Zephyr with Aurora playing
As he met her once a-Maying,
There, on beds of violets blue
And fresh-blown roses washed in dew,
Filled her with thee, a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.
Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful jollity,
Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathèd smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it, as you go
On the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;
And, if I give thee honor due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreprovèd pleasures free:—
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And, singing, startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweet-briar, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine;
While the cock, with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before;
Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill;
Some time walking, not unseen,
By hedgerow elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate
Where the great sun begins his state
Robed in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight;
While the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
Whilst the landscape round it measures:
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains on whose barren breast
The laboring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim, with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide;
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosomed high in tufted trees,
Where, perhaps, some beauty lies,
The cynosure of neighboring eyes.
Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes
From betwixt two agèd oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
Are at their savory dinner set
Of herbs, and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phyllis dresses;
And then in haste her bower she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves,
Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the tanned haycock in the mead.
Sometimes, with secure delight,
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth and many a maid
Dancing in the checkered shade,
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holyday,
Till the livelong daylight fail;
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat:

How fairy Mab the junkets eat;
She was pinched, and pulled she said;
And he, by friar's lantern led,
Tells how the drudging goblin sweat
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When, in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath threshed the corn
That ten day-laborers could not end;
Then lies him down the lubber fiend,
And, stretched out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
And, crop-full, out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lulled asleep.

Towered cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit or arms, while both contend
To win her grace whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask and antique pageantry;
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learnèd sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakspere, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.

And ever, against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce
In notes with many a winding bout
Of linkèd sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony;
That Orpheus' self may heave his head,
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heaped elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto to have quite set free
His half-regained Eurydice.
These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

IL PENSEROSO

Hence, vain deluding joys,
The brood of Folly, without father bred!
How little you bested,
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys!
Dwell in some idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess
As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the sunbeams,
Or likest hovering dreams,
The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.
But, hail! thou goddess sage and holy,
Hail, divinest Melancholy,
Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight,
And, therefore, to our weaker view,
O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue;
Black, but such as in esteem
Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,
Or that starred Ethiop queen that strove
To set her beauty's praise above
The sea-nymphs, and their powers offended.
Yet thou art higher far descended;
Thee bright-haired Vesta, long of yore,
To solitary Saturn bore;
His daughter she; in Saturn's reign
Such mixture was not held a stain.
Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
Whilst yet there was no fear of Jove.

Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of cypress lawn
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step, and musing gait,
And looks commércing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:
There, held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till,
With a sad leaden downward cast,
Thou fix them on the earth as fast.
And join with thee calm Peace and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
And hears the Muses, in a ring,
Aye round about Jove's altar sing.
And add to these retirèd Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure.
But first, and chiefest, with thee bring,
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheelèd throne,
The cherub Contemplation;
And the mute silence hist along,
'Less Philomel will deign a song,
In her sweetest saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke
Gently o'er the accustomed oak.

Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!
Thee, chantress, oft, the woods among,
I woo, to hear thy even-song;
And, missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wandering moon
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heaven's wide pathless way,
And oft, as if her head she bowed,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft, on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfew sound
Over some wide watered shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar;
Or, if the air will not permit,
Some still, removèd place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom;
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's drowsy charm
To bless the doors from nightly harm.
Or let my lamp, at midnight hour,
Be seen in some high lonely tower
Where I may oft outwatch the Bear
With thrice great Hermes, or unsphere
The spirit of Plato, to unfold
What worlds or what vast regions hold
The immortal mind that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook,
And of those demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or underground,
Whose power hath a true consent,
With planet or with element.
Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy,
In sceptered pall, come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine,
Or what (though rare) of later age
Ennobled hath the buskined stage.
But, O, sad virgin! that thy power
Might raise Musæus from his bower;
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made hell grant what love did seek;
Or call up him that left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
And who had Canacé to wife
That owned the virtuous ring and glass,
And of the wondrous horse of brass,
On which the Tartar king did ride;
And if aught else great bards beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of tourneys, and of trophies hung,
Of forests, and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.
Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited Morn appear,
Not tricked and frounced as she was wont
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kerchieft in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud;
Or ushered with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves.
And, when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, goddess, bring
To archèd walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,
Of pine, or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe with heavèd stroke
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt
Or fright them from their hallowed haunt.
There in close covert by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's garish eye,
While the bee, with honied thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such concert as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feathered sleep;
And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings, in airy stream
Of lively portraiture displayed,
Softly on my eyelids laid.
And, as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
Or the unseen genius of the wood.
But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister's pale,
And love the high embowèd roof,
With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light:
There let the pealing organ blow
To the full-voiced choir below
In service high and anthems clear
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heaven before mine eyes.
And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every star that heaven doth shew,
And every herb that sips the dew,
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.
These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will choose to live.

LYCIDAS

Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more,
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
I come, to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And with forced fingers rude
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
Bitter constraint and sad occasion dear
Compels me to disturb your season due;
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer;
Who would not sing for Lycidas? He knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rime.
He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind
Without the meed of some melodious tear.
Begin, then, sisters of the sacred well
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring:
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string;
Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse:
So may some gentle muse
With lucky words favor my destined urn.
And as he passes, turn,
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud!
For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill.
Together both, ere the high lawns appeared
Under the opening eyelids of the morn,
We drove a-field, and both together heard
What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the star that rose at evening bright
Toward heaven's descent had sloped his westering wheel.
Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute;
Tempered to the oaten flute
Rough satyrs danced, and fauns with cloven heel
From the glad sound would not be absent long:
And old Damœtas loved to hear our song.
But, oh! the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone and never must return!
Thee, shepherd, thee the woods, and desert caves,
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes, mourn:
The willows, and the hazel copses green,
Shall now no more be seen
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays
As killing as the canker to the rose,
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
Or frost to flowers that their gay wardrobe wear,
When first the white-thorn blows;
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.
Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep
Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas?
For neither were ye playing on the steep
Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream:
Ah me! I fondly dream,
'Had ye been there': . . . for what could that have done?
What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
The Muse herself, for her enchanting son
Whom universal nature did lament,
When by the rout that made the hideous roar
His gory visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?
Alas! what boots it with incessant care
To tend the homely, slighted, shepherd's trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights and live laborious days:
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorrèd shears
And slits the thin-spun life. 'But not the praise,'
Phœbus replied, and touched my trembling ears:
'Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistering foil
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumor lies,

But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove:
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed.'
O fountain Arethuse, and thou honored flood,
Smooth-sliding Mincius, crowned with vocal reeds,
That strain I heard was of a higher mood.
But now my oat proceeds,
And listens to the herald of the sea
That came in Neptune's plea;
He asked the waves, and asked the felon winds,
What hard mishap hath doomed this gentle swain?
And questioned every gust, of rugged wings,
That blows from off each beakèd promontory:
They know not of his story:
And sage Hippotades their answer brings,
That not a blast was from his dungeon strayed,
The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panopé with all her sisters played.
It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
Built in the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.
Next, Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge
Inwrought with figures dim and on the edge
Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with woe.
'Ah! who hath reft,' quoth he, 'my dearest pledge?'
Last came, and last did go,
The pilot of the Galilean lake.
Two massy keys he bore, of metals twain,
The golden opes, the iron shuts amain.
He shook his mitered locks, and stern bespake:
'How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,
Enow of such as, for their bellies' sake
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold!
Of other care they little reckoning make
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast
And shove away the worthy bidden guest;
Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold
A sheep-hook, or have learned ought else the least
That to the faithful herdsman's art belongs!
What recks it them? What need they? They are sped,
And, when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw;
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
But, swoln with wind and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread;
Besides what the grim wolf, with privy paw,
Daily devours apace, and nothing said.
But that two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.'
Return, Alphëus, the dread voice is past,
That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian Muse,
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells and flowerets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enameled eyes
That on the green turf suck the honeyed showers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears;
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies.
For so, to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise:
Ah me! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas

Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurled;
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
Where thou, perhaps under the whelming tide,
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;
Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,
Where the great vision of the guarded mount
Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold:
Look homeward, angel, now, and melt with ruth;
And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth.
Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep no more,
For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor.
So sinks the day-star in the ocean-bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and, with new spangled ore,
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of Him that walked the waves,
Where, other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the saints above,
In solemn troops and sweet societies
That sing, and, singing, in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;
Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills,
While the still morn went out with sandals gray;
He touched the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay;
And now the sun had stretched out all the hills.
And now was dropt into the western bay;
At last he rose, and twitched his mantle blue;
To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new.

SONNETS

WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS INTENDED TO THE CITY

Captain or colonel, or knight in arms,
Whose chance on these defenseless doors may seize,
If deed of honor did thee ever please,
Guard them, and him within protect from harms.
He can requite thee; for he knows the charms
That call fame on such gentle acts as these,
And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,
Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.
Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bower:
The great Emathian conqueror bid spare
The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
Went to the ground; and the repeated air
Of sad Electra's poet had the power
To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare.

[TO A VIRTUOUS YOUNG LADY]

Lady, that in the prime of earliest youth
Wisely hast shunned the broad way and the green,
And with those few art eminently seen
That labor up the hill of heavenly truth,
The better part with Mary and with Ruth
Chosen thou hast; and they that overween,
And at thy growing virtues fret their spleen,
No anger find in thee, but pity and ruth.
Thy care is fixed, and zealously attends
To fill thy odorous lamp with deeds of light,
And hope that reaps not shame. Therefore be sure
Thou, when the Bridegroom with his feastful friends
Passes to bliss at the mid-hour of night,
Hast gained thy entrance, virgin wise and pure.

ON THE DETRACTION WHICH FOLLOWED UPON MY WRITING CERTAIN TREATISES

A book was writ of late called *Tetrachordon*,
And woven close, both matter, form, and style;
The subject new: it walked the town a while,
Numbering good intellects; now seldom pored on.

Cries the stall-reader, 'Bless us! what a word on
A title page is this!' and some in file
Stand spelling false, while one might walk to Mile-
End Green. Why, is it harder, sirs, than *Gordon,*
Colkitto, or *Macdonnel,* or *Galasp?*
Those rugged names to our like mouths grow sleek
That would have made Quintilian stare and gasp.
Thy age, like ours, O soul of Sir John Cheke,
Hated not learning worse than toad or asp,
When thou taught'st Cambridge and King Edward Greek.

ON THE SAME

I did but prompt the age to quit their clogs
By the known rules of ancient liberty,
When straight a barbarous noise environs me
Of owls and cuckoos, asses, apes, and dogs;
As when those hinds that were transformed to frogs
Railed at Latona's twin-born progeny,
Which after held the sun and moon in fee.
But this is got by casting pearl to hogs,
That bawl for freedom in their senseless mood,
And still revolt when truth would set them free.
License they mean when they cry Liberty;
For who loves that must first be wise and good:
But from that mark how far they rove we see,
For all this waste of wealth and loss of blood.

TO THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL MAY 1652

ON THE PROPOSALS OF CERTAIN MINISTERS AT THE COMMITTEE FOR PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL

Cromwell, our chief of men, who through a cloud
Not of war only, but detractions rude,
Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast ploughed,
And on the neck of crownèd Fortune proud
Hast reared God's trophies, and his work pursued,
While Darwen stream. with blood of Scots imbrued,
And Dunbar field, resounds thy praises loud,
And Worcester's laureate wreath: yet much remains
To conquer still; Peace hath her victories
No less renowned than War: new foes arise,
Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains.
Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves, whose Gospel is their maw.

ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT

Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold;
Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones,
Forget not: in thy book record their groans
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piedmontese, that rolled
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple Tyrant that from these may grow
A hundredfold, who, having learnt thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

[ON HIS BLINDNESS]

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he returning chide,
'Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?'
I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, 'God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts. Who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state
Is kingly: thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait.'

[TO CYRIACK SKINNER]

Cyriack, this three years' day these eyes, though clear,
To outward view, of blemish or of spot,
Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot;
Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year,
Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope, but still bear up and steer
Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?
The conscience, friend, to have lost them overplied
In liberty's defense, my noble task,
Of which all Europe rings from side to side.
This thought might lead me through the world's vain mask
Content, though blind, had I no better guide.

[ON HIS DECEASED WIFE]

Methought I saw my late espousèd saint
Brought to me like Alcestis from the grave,
Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave,
Rescued from Death by force, though pale and faint.
Mine, as whom washed from spot of childbed taint
Purification in the old law did save,
And such as yet once more I trust to have
Full sight of her in heaven without restraint,
Came vested all in white, pure as her mind.
Her face was veiled; yet to my fancied sight
Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shined
So clear as in no face with more delight.
But, oh! as to embrace me she inclined,
I waked, she fled, and day brought back my night.

PARADISE LOST

BOOK I

THE ARGUMENT

This First Book proposes, first in brief, the whole subject,— Man's disobedience, and the loss thereupon of Paradise, wherein he was placed: then touches the prime cause of his fall,— the serpent, or rather Satan in the serpent; who, revolting from God, and drawing to his side many legions of angels, was, by the command of God, driven out of heaven, with all his crew, into the great deep. Which action passed over, the poem hastens into the midst of things, presenting Satan, with his angels, now fallen into hell, described here, not in the center (for heaven and earth may be supposed as yet not made, certainly not yet accursed), but in a place of utter darkness, fitliest called Chaos: here Satan with his angels, lying on the burning lake, thunderstruck and astonished, after a certain space recovers, as from confusion, calls up him who next in order and dignity lay by him. They confer of their miserable fall; Satan awakens all his legions, who lay till then in the same manner confounded. They rise; their numbers; array of battle; their chief leaders named, according to the idols known afterwards in Canaan and the countries adjoining. To these Satan directs his speech, comforts them with hope yet of regaining heaven, but tells them lastly of a new world and new kind of creature to be created, according to an ancient prophecy, or report, in heaven — for, that the angels were long before this visible creation, was the opinion of many ancient fathers. To find out the truth of this prophecy, and what to determine thereon, he refers to a full council. What his associates thence attempt. Pandemonium, the palace of Satan, rises, suddenly built out of the deep: the infernal peers there sit in council.

Of Man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing, heavenly Muse, that on the secret top
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, did'st inspire
That shepherd, who first taught the chosen seed,
In the beginning how the heavens and earth
Rose out of chaos: or, if Sion hill
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flowed
Fast by the oracle of God, I thence
Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above the Aonian mount, while it pursues
Things unattempted yet in prose or rime.
And chiefly thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
Before all temples the upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for thou know'st; thou from the first
Wast present, and, with mighty wings outspread,
Dove-like, sat'st brooding on the vast abyss
And mad'st it pregnant: what in me is dark,
Illumine; what is low, raise and support;
That to the height of this great argument
I may assert eternal Providence,

And justify the ways of God to men.
Say first — for heaven hides nothing from thy view,
Nor the deep tract of hell — say first, what cause
Moved our grand Parents, in that happy state,
Favored of Heaven so highly, to fall off
From their Creator, and transgress his will
For one restraint, lords of the world besides.
Who first seduced them to that foul revolt?
The infernal Serpent; he it was, whose guile,
Stirred up with envy and revenge, deceived
The mother of mankind; what time his pride
Had cast him out from heaven, with all his host
Of rebel angels; by whose aid, aspiring
To set himself in glory above his peers,
He trusted to have equaled the Most High,
If he opposed; and, with ambitious aim
Against the throne and monarchy of God,
Raised impious war in heaven, and battle proud,
With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power
Hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal sky,
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition; there to dwell
In adamantine chains and penal fire,
Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms.
Nine times the space that measures day and night
To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
Lay vanquished, rolling in the fiery gulf,
Confounded, though immortal. But his doom
Reserved him to more wrath; for now the thought
Both of lost happiness and lasting pain
Torments him; round he throws his baleful eyes,
That witnessed huge affliction and dismay,
Mixed with obdurate pride, and steadfast hate.
At once, as far as angels' ken, he views
The dismal situation waste and wild.
A dungeon horrible, on all sides round,
As one great furnace, flamed; yet from those flames
No light; but rather darkness visible
Served only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell; hope never comes
That comes to all; but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
With ever-burning sulphur unconsumed.
Such place eternal justice had prepared
For those rebellious; here their prison ordained
In utter darkness, and their portion set
As far removed from God and light of heaven,
As from the center thrice to the utmost pole.
O, how unlike the place from whence they fell!
There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelmed
With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,
He soon discerns; and weltering by his side
One next himself in power, and next in crime,
Long after known in Palestine, and named
Beëlzebub. To whom the arch-enemy,
And thence in heaven called Satan, with bold words
Breaking the horrid silence, thus began:—
'If thou beest he — but O, how fall'n! how changed
From him who, in the happy realms of light,
Clothed with transcendent brightness, didst outshine
Myriads, though bright! If he, whom mutual league,
United thoughts and counsels, equal hope
And hazard in the glorious enterprise,
Joined with me once, now misery hath joined
In equal ruin; into what pit thou seest
From what height fall'n, so much the stronger proved
He with his thunder: and till then who knew
The force of those dire arms? Yet not for those,
Nor what the potent victor in his rage
Can else inflict, do I repent or change,
Though changed in outward luster, that fixed mind,
And high disdain from sense of injured merit,
That with the Mightiest raised me to contend,
And to the fierce contention brought along
Innumerable force of spirits armed,
That durst dislike his reign, and, me preferring

His utmost power with adverse power opposed
In dubious battle on the plains of heaven,
And shook his throne. What though the field be lost?
All is not lost; the unconquerable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield,
And what is else not to be overcome;
That glory never shall his wrath or might
Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace
With suppliant knee, and deify his power
Who from the terror of this arm so late
Doubted his empire — that were low indeed,
That were an ignominy, and shame beneath
This downfall; since, by fate, the strength of gods,
And this empyreal substance, cannot fail:
Since, through experience of this great event,
In arms not worse, in foresight much advanced,
We may with more successful hope resolve
To wage by force or guile eternal war,
Irreconcilable to our grand foe,
Who now triumphs, and, in the excess of joy
Sole reigning, holds the tyranny of heaven.'
So spake the apostate angel, though in pain,
Vaunting aloud, but racked with deep despair
And him thus answered soon his bold compeer:—
'O prince, O chief of many-throned powers,
That led the embattled seraphim to war
Under thy conduct, and in dreadful deeds
Fearless, endangered heaven's perpetual King,
And put to proof his high supremacy,
Whether upheld by strength, or chance, or fate;
Too well I see, and rue the dire event,
That with sad overthrow, and foul defeat,
Hath lost us heaven, and all this mighty host
In horrible destruction laid thus low,
As far as gods and heavenly essences
Can perish: for the mind and spirit remain
Invincible, and vigor soon returns,
Though all our glory extinct, and happy state
Here swallowed up in endless misery.
But what if he our Conqueror (whom I now
Of force believe Almighty, since no less
Than such could have o'erpowered such force as ours)
Have left us this our spirit and strength entire,
Strongly to suffer and support our pains,
That we may so suffice his vengeful ire,
Or do him mightier service as his thralls
By right of war, whate'er his business be,
Here in the heart of hell to work in fire,
Or do his errands in the gloomy deep?
What can it then avail, though yet we feel
Strength undiminished, or eternal being
To undergo eternal punishment?'
Whereto with speedy words the arch-fiend replied:—
'Fallen cherub, to be weak is miserable,
Doing or suffering; but of this be sure,
To do aught good never will be our task,
But ever to do ill our sole delight,
As being the contrary to his high will
Whom we resist. If then his providence
Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,
Our labor must be to pervert that end,
And out of good still to find means of evil,
Which ofttimes may succeed, so as perhaps
Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb
His inmost counsels from their destined aim.
But see, the angry Victor hath recalled
His ministers of vengeance and pursuit
Back to the gates of heaven; the sulphurous hail,
Shot after us in storm, o'erblown, hath laid
The fiery surge, that from the precipice
Of heaven received us falling; and the thunder,
Winged with red lightning and impetuous rage,
Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now
To bellow through the vast and boundless deep.
Let us not slip the occasion, whether scorn
Or satiate fury yield it from our foe.
Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild,
The seat of desolation, void of light,
Save what the glimmering of these livid flames
Casts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend
From off the tossing of these fiery waves;
There rest, if any rest can harbor there;
And, re-assembling our afflicted powers,
Consult how we may henceforth most offend
Our enemy; our own loss how repair;
How overcome this dire calamity;

What reinforcement we may gain from hope;
If not, what resolution from despair.'
Thus Satan, talking to his nearest mate,
With head uplift above the wave, and eyes
That sparkling blazed; his other parts besides
Prone on the flood, extended long and large,
Lay floating many a rood; in bulk as huge
As whom the fables name of monstrous size,
Titanian, or Earth-born, that warred on Jove;
Briareos or Typhon, whom the den
By ancient Tarsus held; or that sea-beast
Leviathan, which God of all his works
Created hugest that swim the ocean stream.
Him, haply, slumbering on the Norway foam,
The pilot of some small night-foundered skiff,
Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell,
With fixèd anchor in his scaly rind
Moors by his side under the lee, while night
Invests the sea, and wishèd morn delays:
So stretched out huge in length the arch-fiend lay
Chained on the burning lake: nor ever thence
Had risen, or heaved his head; but that the will
And high permission of all-ruling Heaven
Left him at large to his own dark designs;
That with reiterated crimes he might
Heap on himself damnation, while he sought
Evil to others; and, enraged, might see
How all his malice served but to bring forth
Infinite goodness, grace, and mercy, shown
On man by him seduced; but on himself
Treble confusion, wrath, and vengeance poured.
Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
His mighty stature; on each hand the flames,
Driven backward, slope their pointing spires, and rolled
In billows, leave i' the midst a horrid vale.
Then with expanded wings he steers his flight
Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air,
That felt unusual weight; till on dry land
He lights, if it were land that ever burned
With solid, as the lake with liquid fire;
And such appeared in hue, as when the force
Of subterranean wind transports a hill
Torn from Pelorus, or the shattered side
Of thundering Etna, whose combustible
And fuelled entrails thence conceiving fire,
Sublimed with mineral fury, aid the winds,
And leave a singèd bottom, all involved
With stench and smoke: such resting found the sole
Of unblest feet. Him followed his next mate:
Both glorying to have 'scaped the stygian flood,
As gods, and by their own recovered strength,
Not by the sufferance of supernal power.
'Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,'
Said then the lost archangel, 'this the seat
That we must change for heaven; this mournful gloom
For that celestial light? Be it so, since he,
Who now is Sovereign, can dispose and bid
What shall be right: farthest from him is best,
Whom reason hath equaled, force hath made supreme
Above his equals. Farewell, happy fields,
Where joy for ever dwells! Hail, horrors! hail
Infernal world! and thou profoundest hell,
Receive thy new possessor — one who brings
A mind not to be changed by place or time:
The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.
What matter where, if I be still the same,
And what I should be; all but less than he
Whom thunder hath made greater? Here at least
We shall be free: the Almighty hath not built
Here for his envy, will not drive us hence:
Here we may reign secure, and, in my choice,
To reign is worth ambition, though in hell;
Better to reign in hell, than serve in heaven.
But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,
The associates and co-partners of our loss,
Lie thus astonished on the oblivious pool,
And call them not to share with us their part
In this unhappy mansion; or once more
With rallied arms to try what may be yet
Regained in heaven, or what more lost in hell?'
So Satan spake, and him Beëlzebub
Thus answered: 'Leader of those armies bright,

Which, but the Omnipotent, none could have foiled,
If once they hear that voice, their liveliest pledge
Of hope in fears and dangers, heard so oft
In worst extremes, and on the perilous edge
Of battle when it raged, in all assaults
Their surest signal, they will soon resume
New courage and revive; though now they lie
Groveling and prostrate on yon lake of fire,
As we erewhile, astounded and amazed;
No wonder, fall'n such a pernicious height.'
He scarce had ceased, when the superior fiend
Was moving toward the shore: his ponderous shield
Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round,
Behind him cast; the broad circumference
Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
At evening, from the top of Fesolé,
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
Rivers, or mountains, in her spotty globe.
His spear, to equal which the tallest pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
Of some great admiral, were but a wand,
He walked with, to support uneasy steps
Over the burning marl, not like those steps
On heaven's azure, and the torrid clime
Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire:
Nathless he so endured, till on the beach
Of that inflamèd sea he stood, and called
His legions, angel forms, who lay entranced,
Thick as autumnal leaves, that strew the brooks
In Vallombrosa, where the Etrurian shades,
High over-arched, embower; or scattered sedge
Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion armed
Hath vexed the Red Sea coast, whose waves o'erthrew
Busiris and his Memphian chivalry,
While with perfidious hatred they pursued
The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld
From the safe shore their floating carcasses
And broken chariot-wheels; so thick bestrewn,
Abject and lost lay these, covering the flood,
Under amazement of their hideous change.
He called so loud, that all the hollow deep
Of hell resounded. 'Princes, potentates,
Warriors, the flower of heaven, once yours, now lost,
If such astonishment as this can seize
Eternal spirits; or have ye chosen this place
After the toil of battle to repose
Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find
To slumber here, as in the vales of heaven?
Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
To adore the Conqueror? who now beholds
Cherub and seraph rolling in the flood
With scattered arms and ensigns, till anon
His swift pursuers from heaven-gates discern
The advantage, and descending, tread us down
Thus drooping, or with linkèd thunderbolts
Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf?
Awake, arise, or be for ever fall'n!'
They heard, and were abashed, and up they sprung
Upon the wing; as when men, wont to watch
On duty, sleeping found by whom they dread,
Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake.
Nor did they not perceive the evil plight
In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;
Yet to their general's voice they soon obeyed,
Innumerable. As when the potent rod
Of Amram's son, in Egypt's evil day,
Waved round the coast, up called a pitchy cloud
Of locusts, warping on the eastern wind,
That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung
Like night, and darkened all the land of Nile:
So numberless were those bad angels seen
Hovering on wing under the cope of hell,
'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding fires;
Till, at a signal given, the uplifted spear
Of their great sultan waving to direct
Their course, in even balance down they light
On the firm brimstone, and fill all the plain:
A multitude like which the populous north
Poured never from her frozen loins, to pass
Rhine or the Danube, when her barbarous sons
Came like a deluge on the south and spread
Beneath Gibraltar to the Libyan sands.
Forthwith from every squadron and each band
The heads and leaders thither haste where stood

Their great commander; godlike shapes and forms
Excelling human; princely dignities;
And powers that erst in heaven sat on thrones,
Though of their names in heavenly records now
Be no memorial; blotted out and rased
By their rebellion from the books of life.
Nor had they yet among the sons of Eve
Got them new names; till, wandering o'er the earth,
Through God's high sufferance, for the trial of man,
By falsities and lies the greater part
Of mankind they corrupted to forsake
God their Creator, and the invisible
Glory of him that made them, to transform
Oft to the image of a brute, adorned
With gay religions, full of pomp and gold,
And devils to adore for deities:
Then were they known to men by various names,
And various idols through the heathen world.

Say, Muse, their names then known, who first, who last,
Roused from the slumber on that fiery couch,
At their great emperor's call, as next in worth,
Came singly where he stood on the bare strand,
While the promiscuous crowd stood yet aloof.

The chief were those who from the pit of hell,
Roaming to seek their prey on earth, durst fix
Their seats long after next the seat of God,
Their altars by his altar, gods adored
Among the nations round, and durst abide
Jehovah thundering out of Sion, throned
Between the cherubim; yea, often placed
Within his sanctuary itself their shrines,
Abominations; and with cursèd things
His holy rites and solemn feasts profaned,
And with their darkness durst affront his light.
First, Moloch, horrid king, besmeared with blood
Of human sacrifice, and parents' tears;
Though, for the noise of drums and timbrels loud,
Their children's cries unheard, that passed through fire
To his grim idol. Him the Ammonite
Worshipped in Rabba and her watery plain,
In Argob and in Basan, to the stream
Of utmost Arnon. Nor content with such
Audacious neighborhood, the wisest heart
Of Solomon he led by fraud to build
His temple right against the temple of God,
On that opprobrious hill; and made his grove
The pleasant valley of Hinnom, Tophet thence
And black Gehenna called, the type of hell.
Next, Chemos, the obscene dread of Moab's sons,
From Aroer to Nebo, and the wild
Of southmost Abarim; in Hesebon
And Horonáim, Seon's realm, beyond
The flowery dale of Sibma clad with vines,
And Eleäle to the asphaltic pool;
Peor his other name, when he enticed
Israel in Sittim, on their march from Nile,
To do him wanton rites, which cost them woe.
Yet thence his lustful orgies he enlarged
Even to that hill of scandal, by the grove
Of Moloch homicide: lust hard by hate;
Till good Josiah drove them thence to hell.
With these came they who, from the bordering flood
Of old Euphrates to the brook that parts
Egypt from Syrian ground, had general names
Of Baälim and Ashtaroth; those male,
These feminine; for spirits, when they please,
Can either sex assume, or both; so soft
And uncompounded is their essence pure;
Not tied or manacled with joint or limb,
Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones,
Like cumbrous flesh; but, in what shape they choose,
Dilated or condensed, bright or obscure,
Can execute their aëry purposes,
And works of love or enmity fulfil.
For those the race of Israel oft forsook
Their living Strength, and unfrequented left
His righteous altar, bowing lowly down
To bestial gods; for which their heads as low
Bowed down in battle, sunk before the spear
Of despicable foes. With these in troop
Came Astoreth, whom the Phenicians called
Astarté, queen of heaven, with crescent horns;
To whose bright image nightly by the moon
Sidonian virgins paid their vows and songs;
In Sion also not unsung, where stood
Her temple on the offensive mountain, built

By that uxorious king, whose heart, though large,
Beguiled by fair idolatresses, fell
To idols foul. Thammuz came next behind,
Whose annual wound in Lebanon allured
The Syrian damsels to lament his fate
In amorous ditties all a summer's day;
While smooth Adonis from his native rock
Ran purple to the sea, supposed with blood
Of Thammuz yearly wounded; the love-tale
Infected Sion's daughters with like heat;
Whose wanton passions in the sacred porch
Ezekiel saw, when, by the vision led,
His eye surveyed the dark idolatries
Of alienated Judah. Next came one
Who mourned in earnest, when the captive ark
Maimed his brute image, head and hands lopped off
In his own temple, on the grunsel edge,
Where he fell flat, and shamed his worshippers;
Dagon his name, sea-monster, upward man
And downward fish; yet had his temple high
Reared in Azotus, dreaded through the coast
Of Palestine, in Gath and Ascalon,
And Accaron and Gazar's frontier bounds.
Him followed Rimmon, whose delightful seat
Was fair Damascus, on the fertile banks
Of Abbana and Pharphar, lucid streams.
He also 'gainst the house of God was bold:
A leper once he lost, and gained a king;
Ahaz his sottish conqueror, whom he drew
God's altar to disparage and displace
For one of Syrian mode, whereon to burn
His odious offerings, and adore the gods
Whom he had vanquished. After these appeared
A crew who, under names of old renown,
Osiris, Isis, Orus, and their train,
With monstrous shapes and sorceries abused
Fanatic Egypt and her priests, to seek
Their wandering gods disguised in brutish forms
Rather than human. Nor did Israel 'scape
The infection, when their borrowed gold composed
The calf in Oreb; and the rebel king
Doubled that sin in Bethel and in Dan,
Likening his Maker to the grazèd ox —
Jehovah, who in one night, when he passed
From Egypt marching, equaled with one stroke
Both her first-born and all her bleating gods.

Belial came last, than whom a spirit more lewd
Fell not from heaven, or more gross to love
Vice for itself; to him no temple stood,
Or altar smoked; yet who more oft than he
In temples and at altars, when the priest
Turns atheist, as did Eli's sons, who filled
With lust and violence the house of God?
In courts and palaces he also reigns,
And in luxurious cities, where the noise
Of riot ascends above their loftiest towers,
And injury and outrage: and when night
Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons
Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine.
Witness the streets of Sodom, and that night
In Gibeah, when the hospitable door
Exposed a matron, to avoid worse rape.
These were the prime in order and in might:
The rest were long to tell, though far renowned,
The Ionian gods — of Javan's issue held
Gods, yet confessed later than heaven and earth,
Their boasted parents: Titan, heaven's first-born
With his enormous brood, and birthright seized
By younger Saturn; he from mightier Jove,
His own and Rhea's son, like measure found;
So Jove usurping reigned: these first in Crete
And Ida known, thence on the snowy top
Of cold Olympus ruled the middle air,
Their highest heaven; or on the Delphian cliff,
Or in Dodona, and through all the bounds
Of Doric land: or who with Saturn old
Fled over Adria to the Hesperian fields,
And o'er the Celtic roamed the utmost isles.
All these and more came flocking, but with looks
Downcast and damp; yet such wherein appeared
Obscure some glimpse of joy, to have found their chief
Not in despair, to have found themselves not lost
In loss itself; which on his countenance cast
Like doubtful hue; but he, his wonted pride
Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore
Semblance of worth, not substance, gently raised

Their fainting courage, and dispelled their fears.
Then straight commands that at the warlike sound
Of trumpets loud and clarions be upreared
His mighty standard; that proud honor claimed
Azazel as his right, a cherub tall;
Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurled
The imperial ensign; which, full high advanced,
Shone like a meteor, streaming to the wind,
With gems and golden luster rich emblazed,
Seraphic arms and trophies, all the while
Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds:
At which the universal host up-sent
A shout, that tore hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.
All in a moment through the gloom were seen
Ten thousand banners rise into the air.
With orient colors waving; with them rose
A forest huge of spears; and thronging helms
Appeared, and serried shields in thick array
Of depth immeasurable; anon they move
In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood
Of flutes and soft recorders; such as raised
To height of noblest temper heroes old
Arming to battle, and instead of rage,
Deliberate valor breathed, firm and unmoved
With dread of death to flight or foul retreat;
Nor wanting power to mitigate and 'suage
With solemn touches troubled thoughts, and chase
Anguish, and doubt, and fear, and sorrow, and pain
From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they,
Breathing united force, with fixèd thought,
Moved on in silence, to soft pipes, that charmed
Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil: and now
Advanced in view they stand; a horrid front
Of dreadful length and dazzling arms, in guise
Of warriors old with ordered spear and shield,
Awaiting what command their mighty chief
Had to impose: he through the armèd files
Darts his experienced eye, and soon traverse
The whole battalion views, their order due,
Their visages and stature as of gods;
Their number last he sums. And now his heart
Distends with pride, and hardening in his strength
Glories: for never since created man
Met such embodied force as, named with these,
Could merit more than that small infantry
Warred on by cranes: though all the giant brood
Of Phlegra with the heroic race were joined
That fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each side
Mixed with auxiliar gods; and what resounds
In fable or romance of Uther's son
Begirt with British and Armoric knights;
And all who since, baptized or infidel,
Jousted in Aspramont, or Montalban,
Damascus, or Morocco, or Trebizond,
Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore,
When Charlemagne with all his peerage fell
By Fontarabbia. Thus far these beyond
Compare of mortal prowess, yet observed
Their dread commander; he, above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower; his form had yet not lost
All its original brightness; nor appeared
Less than archangel ruined, and the excess
Of glory obscured: as when the sun, new risen,
Looks through the horizontal misty air
Shorn of his beams, or from behind the moon,
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs. Darkened so, yet shone
Above them all the archangel; but his face
Deep scars of thunder had entrenched; and care
Sat on his faded cheek; but under brows
Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride
Waiting revenge; cruel his eye, but cast
Signs of remorse and passion, to behold
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather
(Far other once beheld in bliss), condemned
For ever now to have their lot in pain;
Millions of spirits for his fault amerced
Of heaven, and from eternal splendors flung
For his revolt; yet faithful how they stood,
Their glory withered; as when heaven's fire

Hath scathed the forest oaks, or mountain pines,
With singèd top their stately growth, though bare,
Stands on the blasted heath. He now prepared
To speak; whereat their doubled ranks they bend
From wing to wing, and half enclose him round
With all his peers: attention held them mute.
Thrice he essayed, and thrice, in spite of scorn,
Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth; at last
Words, interwove with sighs, found out their way.
'O myriads of immortal spirits! O powers
Matchless, but with the Almighty; and that strife
Was not inglorious, though the event was dire,
As this place testifies, and this dire change,
Hateful to utter! but what power of mind,
Foreseeing or presaging, from the depth
Of knowledge, past or present, could have feared
How such united force of gods, how such
As stood like these, could ever know repulse?
For who can yet believe, though after loss,
That all these puissant legions, whose exile
Hath emptied heaven, shall fail to reascend
Self-raised, and repossess their native seat?
For me, be witness all the host of heaven,
If counsels different, or dangers shunned
By me, have lost our hopes. But he who reigns
Monarch in heaven, till then as one secure
Sat on this throne upheld by old repute,
Consent or custom; and his regal state
Put forth at full, but still his strength concealed,
Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.
Henceforth his might we know, and know our own;
So as not either to provoke, or dread
New war, provoked; our better part remains,
To work in close design, by fraud or guile,
What force effected not; that he no less
At length from us may find, who overcomes
By force, hath overcome but half his foe.
Space may produce new worlds; whereof so rife
There went a fame in heaven that he ere long
Intended to create, and therein plant
A generation, whom his choice regard
Should favor equal to the sons of heaven:
Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps
Our first eruption; thither, or elsewhere;
For this infernal pit shall never hold
Celestial spirits in bondage, nor the abyss
Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts
Full counsel must mature; peace is despaired;
For who can think submission? War, then, war,
Open or understood, must be resolved.'
He spake; and, to confirm his words, outflew
Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs
Of mighty cherubim; the sudden blaze
Far round illumined hell; highly they raged
Against the Highest, and fierce with graspèd arms
Clashed on their sounding shields the din of war,
Hurling defiance toward the vault of heaven.
There stood a hill not far, whose grisly top
Belched fire and rolling smoke; the rest entire
Shone with a glossy scurf, undoubted sign
That in his womb was hid metallic ore,
The work of sulphur. Thither, winged with speed,
A numerous brigade hastened: as when bands
Of pioneers, with spade and pickaxe armed,
Forerun the royal camp, to trench a field,
Or cast a rampart. Mammon led them on:
Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell
From heaven; for even in heaven his looks and thoughts
Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of heaven's pavement, trodden gold,
Than aught, divine or holy, else enjoyed
In vision beatific; by him first
Men also, and by his suggestion taught,
Ransacked the center, and with impious hands
Rifled the bowels of their mother earth
For treasures, better hid. Soon had his crew
Opened into the hill a spacious wound,
And digged out ribs of gold. Let none admire

That riches grow in hell; that soil may best
Deserve the precious bane. And here let those
Who boast in mortal things, and wondering tell
Of Babel, and the works of Memphian kings,
Learn how their greatest monuments of fame,
And strength and art, are easily outdone
By spirits reprobate, and in an hour
What in an age they with incessant toil
And hands innumerable scarce perform.
Nigh on the plain, in many cells prepared,
That underneath had veins of liquid fire
Sluiced from the lake, a second multitude
With wondrous art founded the massy ore,
Severing each kind, and scummed the bullion dross;
A third as soon had formed within the ground
A various mold, and from the boiling cells,
By strange conveyance, filled each hollow nook,
As in an organ, from one blast of wind,
To many a row of pipes the sound-board breathes.
Anon, out of the earth a fabric huge
Rose like an exhalation, with the sound
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet,
Built like a temple, where pilasters round
Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid
With golden architrave; nor did there want
Cornice or frieze, with bossy sculptures graven:
The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon,
Nor great Alcairo, such magnificence
Equaled in all their glories, to enshrine
Belus or Serapis their gods, or seat
Their kings, when Egypt with Assyria strove
In wealth and luxury. The ascending pile
Stood fixed her stately height: and straight the doors,
Opening their brazen folds, discover, wide
Within, her ample spaces, o'er the smooth
And level pavement; from the archèd roof,
Pendent by subtle magic, many a row
Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed
With naphtha and asphaltus, yielded light
As from a sky. The hasty multitude
Admiring entered; and the work some praise,
And some the architect: his hand was known
In heaven by many a towered structure high
Where sceptered angels held their residence,
And sat as princes; whom the supreme King
Exalted to such power, and gave to rule,
Each in his hierarchy, the orders bright.
Nor was his name unheard or unadored
In ancient Greece; and in Ausonian land
Men called him Mulciber; and how he fell
From heaven they fabled, thrown by angry Jove
Sheer o'er the crystal battlements: from morn
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
A summer's day; and with the setting sun
Dropped from the zenith like a falling star,
On Lemnos, th' Ægean isle: thus they relate,
Erring; for he with this rebellious rout
Fell long before; nor aught availed him now
To have built in heaven high towers; nor did he 'scape
By all his engines, but was headlong sent
With his industrious crew to build in hell.
Meanwhile, the wingèd heralds, by command
Of sovereign power, with awful ceremony
And trumpet's sound, throughout the host proclaim
A solemn council, forthwith to be held
At Pandemonium, the high capital
Of Satan and his peers: their summons called
From every band and squarèd regiment
By place or choice the worthiest; they anon,
With hundreds and with thousands, trooping came,
Attended; all access was thronged; the gates
And porches wide, but chief the spacious hall
(Though like a covered field, where champions bold
Wont ride in armed, and at the soldan's chair
Defied the best of paynim chivalry
To mortal combat, or career with lance),
Thick swarmed, both on the ground and in the air,
Brushed with the hiss of rustling wings. As bees
In spring-time, when the sun with Taurus rides,
Pour forth their populous youth about the hive
In clusters; they among fresh dews and flowers
Fly to and fro, or on the smoothèd plank.

The suburb of their straw-built citadel,
New rubbed with balm, expatiate, and confer
Their state affairs; so thick the aëry crowd
Swarmed and were straitened; till, the signal given,
Behold a wonder! They, but now who seemed
In bigness to surpass earth's giant sons,
Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow room
Throng numberless, like that Pygmëan race
Beyond the Indian mount, or faëry elves,
Whose midnight revels, by a forest side
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees, while over head the moon
Sits arbitress, and nearer to the earth
Wheels her pale course; they, on their mirth and dance
Intent, with jocund music charm his ear;
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.
Thus incorporeal spirits to smallest forms
Reduced their shapes immense, and were at large,
Though without number still, amidst the hall
Of that infernal court. But far within,
And in their own dimensions, like themselves,
The great seraphic lords and cherubim
In close recess and secret conclave sat;
A thousand demi-gods on golden seats
Frequent and full. After short silence then,
And summons read, the great consult began.

Book II

High on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous East, with richest hand,
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,
Satan exalted sat, by merit raised
To that bad eminence; and, from despair
Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires
Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue
Vain war with Heaven; and, by success untaught,
His proud imaginations thus displayed:—
'Powers and dominions, deities of heaven;
For since no deep within her gulf can hold
Immortal vigor, though oppressed and fallen,
I give not heaven for lost. From this descent
Celestial virtues rising, will appear
More glorious and more dread than from no fall,
And trust themselves to fear no second fate.
Me, though just right, and the fixed laws of heaven,
Did first create your leader; next, free choice,
With what besides, in council or in fight,
Hath been achieved of merit; yet this loss,
Thus far at least recovered, hath much more
Established in a safe unenvied throne,
Yielded with full consent. The happier state
In heaven, which follows dignity, might draw
Envy from each inferior; but who here
Will envy whom the highest place exposes
Foremost to stand against the Thunderer's aim,
Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest share
Of endless pain? Where there is then no good
For which to strive, no strife can grow up there
From faction; for none sure will claim in hell
Precëdence; none whose portion is so small
Of present pain, that with ambitious mind
Will covet more. With this advantage, then,
To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,
More than can be in heaven, we now return
To claim our just inheritance of old.
Surer to prosper than prosperity
Could have assured us; and, by what best way,
Whether of open war or covert guile,
We now debate: who can advise, may speak.'
He ceased; and next him Moloch, sceptered king,
Stood up, the strongest and the fiercest spirit
That fought in heaven, now fiercer by despair.
His trust was with the Eternal to be deemed
Equal in strength; and rather than be less,
Cared not to be at all; with that care lost
Went all his fear: of God, or hell, or worse,
He recked not; and these words thereafter spake:—
'My sentence is for open war: of wiles.

More unexpert, I boast not; them let those
Contrive who need, or when they need, not now.
For, while they sit contriving, shall the rest,
Millions that stand in arms, and longing wait
The signal to ascend, sit lingering here
Heaven's fugitives, and for their dwelling-place
Accept this dark, opprobrious den of shame,
The prison of his tyranny who reigns
By our delay? No, let us rather choose,
Armed with hell-flames and fury, all at once,
O'er heaven's high towers to force resistless way,
Turning our tortures into horrid arms
Against the torturer; when, to meet the noise
Of his almighty engine, he shall hear
Infernal thunder; and, for lightning, see
Black fire and horror shot with equal rage
Among his angels; and his throne itself
Mixed with Tartarean sulphur, and strange fire,
His own invented torments. But perhaps
The way seems difficult and steep to scale
With upright wing against a higher foe.
Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench
Of that forgetful lake benumb not still,
That in our proper motion we ascend
Up to our native seat; descent and fall
To us is adverse. Who but felt of late,
When the fierce foe hung on our broken rear
Insulting, and pursued us through the deep,
With what compulsion and laborious flight
We sunk thus low? The ascent is easy then;
The event is feared; should we again provoke
Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may find
To our destruction; if there be in hell
Fear, to be worse destroyed; what can be worse
Than to dwell here, driven out from bliss, condemned
In this abhorrèd deep to utter woe;
Where pain of unextinguishable fire
Must exercise us without hope of end,
The vassals of his anger, when the scourge
Inexorable, and the torturing hour,
Calls us to penance? More destroyed than thus,
We should be quite abolished, and expire.
What fear we, then? what doubt we to incense
His utmost ire? which, to the height enraged,
Will either quite consume us, and reduce
To nothing this essential (happier far
Than miserable to have eternal being),
Or, if our substance be indeed divine,
And cannot cease to be, we are at worst
On this side nothing; and by proof we feel
Our power sufficient to disturb his heaven,
And with perpetual inroads to alarm,
Though inaccessible, his fatal throne;
Which, if not victory, is yet revenge.'
He ended frowning, and his look denounced
Desperate revenge, and battle dangerous
To less than gods. On the other side uprose
Belial, in act more graceful and humane;
A fairer person lost not heaven; he seemed
For dignity composed, and high exploit:
But all was false and hollow, though his tongue
Dropt manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest counsels: for his thoughts were low:
To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds
Timorous and slothful; yet he pleased the ear,
And with persuasive accent thus began:—
'I should be much for open war, O peers,
As not behind in hate; if what was urged
Main reason to persuade immediate war,
Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast
Ominous conjecture on the whole success
When he who most excels in fact of arms,
In what he counsels and in what excels
Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair
And utter dissolution as the scope
Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.
First, what revenge? The towers of heaven are filled
With armèd watch, that render all access
Impregnable; oft on the bordering deep
Encamp their legions; or, with obscure wing,
Scout far and wide into the realm of night,
Scorning surprise. Or could we break our way
By force, and at our heels all hell should rise
With blackest insurrection, to confound
Heaven's purest light; yet our great enemy,
All incorruptible, would on his throne

Sit unpolluted, and the ethereal mold,
Incapable of stain, would soon expel
Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire,
Victorious. Thus repulsed, our final hope
Is flat despair: we must exasperate
The Almighty Victor to spend all his rage,
And that must end us; that must be our cure,
To be no more. Sad cure! for who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,
To perish rather, swallowed up and lost
In the wide womb of uncreated night,
Devoid of sense and motion? And who knows,
Let this be good, whether our angry foe
Can give it, or will ever? how he can,
Is doubtful; that he never will, is sure.
Will he, so wise, let loose at once his ire
Belike through impotence, or unaware,
To give his enemies their wish, and end
Them in his anger whom his anger saves
To punish endless? "Wherefore cease we then?"
Say they who counsel war. "We are decreed,
Reserved, and destined to eternal woe;
Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,
What can we suffer worse?" In this then worst,
Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms?
What, when we fled amain, pursued, and struck
With heaven's afflicting thunder, and besought
The deep to shelter us? this hell then seemed
A refuge from those wounds; or when we lay
Chained on the burning lake? that sure was worse.
What if the breath that kindled those grim fires,
Awaked, should blow them into sevenfold rage,
And plunge us in the flames? or, from above,
Should intermitted vengeance arm again
His red right hand to plague us? What if all
Her stores were opened, and this firmament
Of hell should spout her cataracts of fire,
Impendent horrors, threatening hideous fall
One day upon our heads; while we, perhaps,
Designing or exhorting glorious war,
Caught in a fiery tempest, shall be hurled
Each on his rock transfixed, the sport and prey
Of racking whirlwinds; or for ever sunk
Under yon boiling ocean, wrapt in chains;
There to converse with everlasting groans,
Unrespited, unpitied, unreprieved,
Ages of hopeless end? This would be worse.
War, therefore, open or concealed, alike
My voice dissuades; for what can force or guile
With him, or who deceive his mind, whose eye
Views all things at one view? He from heaven's height
All these our motions vain sees and derides:
Not more almighty to resist our might,
Than wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles.
Shall we then live thus vile, the race of heaven
Thus trampled, thus expelled, to suffer here
Chains and these torments? Better these than worse,
By my advice; since fate inevitable
Subdues us, and omnipotent decree,
The victor's will. To suffer, as to do,
Our strength is equal, nor the law unjust
That so ordains; this was at first resolved,
If we were wise, against so great a foe
Contending, and so doubtful what might fall.
I laugh, when those who at the spear are bold
And venturous, if that fail them, shrink and fear
What yet they know must follow, to endure
Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,
The sentence of their conqueror; this is now
Our doom; which if we can sustain and bear,
Our supreme foe in time may much remit
His anger; and perhaps, thus far removed,
Not mind us not offending, satisfied
With what is punished; whence these raging fires
Will slacken, if his breath stir not their flames.
Our purer essence then will overcome
Their noxious vapor; or, inured, not feel;
Or, changed at length, and to the place conformed
In temper and in nature, will receive
Familiar the fierce heat, and void of pain;

This horror will grow mild, this darkness light;
Besides what hope the never-ending flight
Of future days may bring, what chance, what change
Worth waiting; since our present lot appears
For happy though but ill, for ill not worst,
If we procure not to ourselves more woe.'
Thus Belial, with words clothed in reason's garb,
Counseled ignoble ease, and peaceful sloth,
Not peace; and after him thus Mammon spake: —
'Either to disenthrone the King of heaven
We war, if war be best, or to regain
Our own right lost: him to unthrone we then
May hope, when everlasting fate shall yield
To fickle chance, and Chaos judge the strife:
The former, vain to hope, argues as vain
The latter; for what place can be for us
Within heaven's bound, unless heaven's Lord supreme
We overpower? Suppose he should relent,
And publish grace to all, on promise made
Of new subjection; with what eyes could we
Stand in his presence humble, and receive
Strict laws imposed, to celebrate his throne
With warbled hymns, and to his Godhead sing
Forced hallelujahs, while he lordly sits
Our envied sovereign, and his altar breathes
Ambrosial odors and ambrosial flowers,
Our servile offerings? This must be our task
In heaven, this our delight; how wearisome
Eternity so spent, in worship paid
To whom we hate! Let us not then pursue
By force impossible, by leave obtained
Unacceptable, though in heaven, our state
Of splendid vassalage; but rather seek
Our own good from ourselves, and from our own
Live to ourselves, though in this vast recess,
Free, and to none accountable, preferring
Hard liberty before the easy yoke
Of servile pomp. Our greatness will appear
Then most conspicuous, when great things of small,
Useful of hurtful, prosperous of adverse,
We can create; and in what place soe'er
Thrive under evil, and work ease out of pain,
Through labor and endurance. This deep world
Of darkness do we dread? How oft amidst
Thick clouds and dark doth heaven's all-ruling Sire
Choose to reside, his glory unobscured,
And with the majesty of darkness round
Covers his throne; from whence deep thunders roar,
Mustering their rage, and heaven resembles hell!
As he our darkness, cannot we his light
Imitate when we please? This desert soil
Wants not her hidden luster, gems and gold;
Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raise
Magnificence; and what can heaven show more?
Our torments also may in length of time
Become our elements; these piercing fires
As soft as now severe, our temper changed
Into their temper; which must needs remove
The sensible of pain. All things invite
To peaceful counsels, and the settled state
Of order, how in safety best we may
Compose our present evils, with regard
Of what we are, and where; dismissing quite
All thoughts of war. Ye have what I advise.'
He scarce had finished, when such murmur filled
The assembly, as when hollow rocks retain
The sound of blustering winds which all night long
Had roused the sea, now with hoarse cadence lull
Seafaring men o'er-watched, whose bark by chance
Or pinnace anchors in a craggy bay
After the tempest: such applause was heard
As Mammon ended, and his sentence pleased,
Advising peace; for such another field
They dreaded worse than hell; so much the fear
Of thunder and the sword of Michael
Wrought still within them, and no less desire
To found this nether empire, which might rise
By policy, and long procéss of time,
In emulation opposite to heaven.

Which when Beëlzebub perceived, than whom,
Satan except, none higher sat, with grave
Aspect he rose, and in his rising seemed
A pillar of state; deep on his front engraven
Deliberation sat, and public care;
And princely counsel in his face yet shone,
Majestic, though in ruin; sage he stood.
With Atlantean shoulders fit to bear
The weight of mightiest monarchies; his look
Drew audience and attention still as night
Or summer's noontide air, while thus he spake: —
'Thrones and imperial powers, offspring of heaven,
Ethereal virtues! or these titles now
Must we renounce, and, changing style, be called
Princes of hell, for so the popular vote
Inclines, here to continue and build up here
A growing empire; doubtless, while we dream,
And know not that the King of heaven hath doomed
This place our dungeon; not our safe retreat
Beyond his potent arm; to live exempt
From heaven's high jurisdiction, in new league
Banded against his throne, but to remain
In strictest bondage, though thus far removed,
Under the inevitable curb, reserved
His captive multitude; for he, be sure,
In height or depth, still first and last will reign
Sole king, and of his kingdom lose no part
By our revolt, but over hell extend
His empire, and with iron scepter rule
Us here, as with his golden those in heaven.
What sit we then projecting peace and war?
War hath determined us, and foiled with loss
Irreparable; terms of peace yet none
Vouchsafed or sought; for what peace will be given
To us enslaved but custody severe,
And stripes, and arbitrary punishment
Inflicted? and what peace can we return,
But to our power hostility and hate,
Untamed reluctance, and revenge, though slow,
Yet ever plotting how the Conqueror least
May reap his conquest, and may least rejoice
In doing what we most in suffering feel?
Nor will occasion want, nor shall we need
With dangerous expedition to invade
Heaven, whose high walls fear no assault or siege,
Or ambush from the deep. What if we find
Some easier enterprise? There is a place
(If ancient and prophetic fame in heaven
Err not), another world, the happy seat
Of some new race, called Man, about this time
To be created like to us, though less
In power and excellence, but favored more
Of him who rules above; so was his will
Pronounced among the gods; and by an oath
That shook heaven's whole circumference confirmed.
Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn
What creatures there inhabit, of what mold
Or substance, how endued, and what their power,
And where their weakness, how attempted best,
By force or subtlety. Though heaven be shut,
And heaven's high Arbitrator sit secure
In his own strength, this place may lie exposed,
The utmost border of his kingdom, left
To their defense who hold it; here perhaps
Some advantageous act may be achieved
By sudden onset; either with hell-fire
To waste his whole creation, or possess
All as our own, and drive, as we were driven,
The puny habitants; or, if not drive,
Seduce them to our party, that their God
May prove their foe, and with repenting hand
Abolish his own works. This would surpass
Common revenge, and interrupt his joy
In our confusion, and our joy upraise
In his disturbance, when his darling sons,
Hurled headlong to partake with us, shall curse
Their frail original and faded bliss,
Faded so soon. Advise, if this be worth
Attempting, or to sit in darkness here
Hatching vain empires.' Thus Beëlzebub
Pleaded his devilish counsel, first devised
By Satan, and in part proposed: for whence
But from the author of all ill could spring

So deep a malice, to confound the race
Of mankind in one root, and earth with hell
To mingle and involve, done all to spite
The great Creator? But their spite still serves
His glory to augment. The bold design
Pleased highly those infernal states, and joy
Sparkled in all their eyes: with full assent
They vote: whereat his speech he thus renews: —
'Well have ye judged, well ended long debate,
Synod of gods, and, like to what ye are,
Great things resolved, which from the lowest deep
Will once more lift us up, in spite of fate,
Nearer our ancient seat: perhaps in view
Of those bright confines, whence, with neighboring arms,
And opportune excursion, we may chance
Re-enter heaven; or else in some mild zone
Dwell, not unvisited of heaven's fair light,
Secure; and at the brightening orient beam
Purge off this gloom; the soft delicious air,
To heal the scar of these corrosive fires,
Shall breathe her balm. But first, whom shall we send
In search of this new world? whom shall we find
Sufficient? who shall tempt with wandering feet
The dark, unbottomed, infinite abyss,
And through the palpable obscure find out
His uncouth way, or spread his aëry flight,
Upborne with indefatigable wings,
Over the vast abrupt, ere he arrive
The happy isle? What strength, what art, can then
Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe
Through the strict senteries and stations thick
Of angels watching round? Here he had need
All circumspection, and we now no less
Choice in our suffrage; for, on whom we send,
The weight of all, and our last hope relies.'
This said, he sat; and expectation held
His look suspense, awaiting who appeared
To second, or oppose, or undertake
The perilous attempt: but all sat mute,
Pondering the danger with deep thoughts; and each
In other's countenance read his own dismay,
Astonished: none among the choice and prime
Of those heaven-warring champions could be found
So hardy as to proffer or accept,
Alone, the dreadful voyage; till at last
Satan, whom now transcendent glory raised
Above his fellows, with monarchal pride,
Conscious of highest worth, unmoved thus spake: —
'O progeny of heaven! empyreal thrones!
With reason hath deep silence and demur
Seized us, though undismayed. Long is the way
And hard, that out of hell leads up to light;
Our prison strong; this huge convex of fire,
Outrageous to devour, immures us round
Ninefold; and gates of burning adamant,
Barred over us, prohibit all egress.
These passed, if any pass, the void profound
Of unessential night receives him next,
Wide-gaping, and with utter loss of being
Threatens him plunged in that abortive gulf.
If thence he 'scape into whatever world
Or unknown region, what remains him less
Than unknown dangers and as hard escape?
But I should ill become this throne, O peers,
And this imperial sovereignty, adorned
With splendor, armed with power, if aught proposed
And judged of public moment, in the shape
Of difficulty or danger, could deter
Me from attempting. Wherefore do I assume
These royalties, and not refuse to reign,
Refusing to accept as great a share
Of hazard as of honor, due alike
To him who reigns, and so much to him due
Of hazard more, as he above the rest
High honored sits? Go, therefore, mighty powers,
Terror of heaven, though fallen; intend at home
(While here shall be our home) what best may ease
The present misery, and render hell
More tolerable; if there be cure or charm
To respite, or deceive, or slack the pain
Of this ill mansion; intermit no watch
Against a wakeful foe, while I abroad
Through all the coasts of dark destruction seek
Deliverance for us all: this enterprise
None shall partake with me.' Thus saying, rose
The monarch, and prevented all reply;
Prudent, lest from his resolution raised
Others among the chief might offer now

(Certain to be refused) what erst they feared;
And, so refused, might in opinion stand
His rivals; winning cheap the high repute
Which he through hazard huge must earn. But they
Dreaded not more the adventure than his voice
Forbidding; and at once with him they rose.
Their rising all at once was as the sound
Of thunder heard remote. Towards him they bend
With awful reverence prone; and as a god
Extol him equal to the Highest in heaven.
Nor failed they to express how much they praised
That for the general safety he despised
His own: for neither do the spirits damned
Lose all their virtue; lest bad men should boast
Their specious deeds on earth, which glory excites
Or close ambition varnished o'er with zeal.
Thus they their doubtful consultations dark
Ended, rejoicing in their matchless chief.
As when from mountain-tops the dusky clouds
Ascending, while the north wind sleeps, o'erspread
Heaven's cheerful face, the louring element
Scowls o'er the darkened landscape snow or shower;
If chance the radiant sun, with farewell sweet,
Extend his evening beam, the fields revive,
The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds
Attest their joy, that hill and valley rings.
O shame to men! devil with devil damned
Firm concord holds, men only disagree
Of creatures rational, though under hope
Of heavenly grace; and, God proclaiming peace,
Yet live in hatred, enmity, and strife
Among themselves, and levy cruel wars,
Wasting the earth, each other to destroy:
As if (which might induce us to accord)
Man had not hellish foes enough besides,
That day and night for his destruction wait.

* * * (1667)

From AREOPAGITICA

A SPEECH FOR THE LIBERTY OF UNLICENSED PRINTING TO THE PARLIAMENT OF ENGLAND

Lords and Commons of England, consider what nation it is whereof ye are, and whereof ye are the governors: a nation not slow and dull, but of a quick, ingenious, and piercing spirit, acute to invent, subtle and sinewy to discourse, not beneath the reach of any point the highest that human capacity can soar to. Therefore the studies of learning in her deepest sciences have been so ancient and so eminent among us, that writers of good antiquity and ablest judgment have been persuaded that even the school of Pythagoras and the Persian wisdom took beginning from the old philosophy of this island. And that wise and civil Roman, Julius Agricola, who governed once here for Cæsar, preferred the natural wits of Britain, before the labored studies of the French. Nor is it for nothing that the grave and frugal Transylvanian sends out yearly from as far as the mountainous borders of Russia, and beyond the Hercynian wilderness, not their youth, but their staid men, to learn our language, and our theologic arts. Yet that which is above all this, the favor and the love of Heaven we have great argument to think in a peculiar manner propitious and propending towards us. Why else was this nation chosen before any other, that out of her as out of Sion should be proclaimed and sounded forth the first tidings and trumpet of Reformation to all Europe? And had it not been the obstinate perverseness of our prelates against the divine and admirable spirit of Wyclif, to suppress him as a schismatic and innovator, perhaps neither the Bohemian Huss and Jerome, no, nor the name of Luther, or of Calvin had been ever known: the glory of reforming all our neighbors had been completely ours. But now, as our obdurate clergy have with violence demeaned the matter, we are become hitherto the latest and the backwardest scholars, of whom God offered to have made us the teachers. Now once again by all concurrence of signs, and by the general instinct of holy and devout men, as they daily and solemnly express their thoughts, God is decreeing to begin some new and great period in his church, even to the reforming of Reformation itself: what does he then but reveal himself to his servants, and as his manner is, first to his Englishmen; I say as his manner is, first to us, though we mark not the method of his counsels, and are un-

worthy. Behold now this vast city: a city of refuge, the mansion house of liberty, encompassed and surrounded with his protection. The shop of war hath not there more anvils and hammers waking, to fashion out the plates and instruments of armed justice in defense of beleaguered truth, than there be pens and heads there, sitting by their studious lamps, musing, searching, revolving new notions and ideas wherewith to present, as with their homage and their fealty, the approaching Reformation; others as fast reading, trying all things, assenting to the force of reason and convincement. What could a man require more from a nation so pliant and so prone to seek after knowledge? What wants there to such a towardly and pregnant soil, but wise and faithful laborers, to make a knowing people, a nation of prophets, of sages, and of worthies? We reckon more than five months yet to harvest; there need not be five weeks; had we but eyes to lift up, the fields are white already. Where there is much desire to learn, there of necessity will be much arguing, much writing, many opinions; for opinion in good men is but knowledge in the making. Under these fantastic terrors of sect and schism, we wrong the earnest and zealous thirst after knowledge and understanding which God hath stirred up in this city. What some lament of, we rather should rejoice at, should rather praise this pious forwardness among men, to reassume the ill-deputed care of their religion into their own hands again. A little generous prudence, a little forbearance of one another, and some grain of charity might win all these diligences to join, and unite in one general and brotherly search after truth, could we but forego this prelatical tradition of crowding free consciences and christian liberties into canons and precepts of men. I doubt not, if some great and worthy stranger should come among us, wise to discern the mold and temper of a people, and how to govern it, observing the high hopes and aims, the diligent alacrity of our extended thoughts and reasonings in the pursuance of truth and freedom, but that he would cry out as Pyrrhus did, admiring the Roman docility and courage, If such were my Epirots, I would not despair the greatest design that could be attempted to make a church or kingdom happy. Yet these are the men cried out against for schismatics and sectaries; as if, while the temple of the Lord was building, some cutting, some squaring the marble, others hewing the cedars, there should be a sort of irrational men who would not consider there must be many schisms and many dissections made in the quarry and in the timber, ere the house of God can be built. And when every stone is laid artfully together, it cannot be united into a continuity, it can but be contiguous in this world; neither can every piece of the building be of one form; nay, rather the perfection consists in this, that out of many moderate varieties and brotherly dissimilitudes that are not vastly disproportional, arises the goodly and the graceful symmetry that commends the whole pile and structure. Let us therefore be more considerate builders, more wise in spiritual architecture, when great reformation is expected. For now the time seems come, wherein Moses the great prophet may sit in heaven rejoicing to see that memorable and glorious wish of his fulfilled, when not only our seventy elders, but all the Lord's people, are become prophets. No marvel then though some men, and some good men too, perhaps, but young in goodness, as Joshua then was, envy them. They fret, and out of their own weakness are in agony, lest those divisions and subdivisions will undo us. The adversary again applauds, and waits the hour, when they have branched themselves out (saith he) small enough into parties and partitions, then will be our time. Fool! he sees not the firm root, out of which we all grow, though into branches; nor will beware until he see our small divided maniples cutting through at every angle of his ill-united and unwieldy brigade. And that we are to hope better of all these supposed sects and schisms, and that we shall not need that solicitude (honest perhaps though over-timorous) of them that vex in this behalf, but shall laugh in the end, at those malicious applauders of our differences, I have these reasons to persuade me.

First, when a city shall be as it were besieged and blocked about, her navig-

able river infested, inroads and incursions round, defiance and battle oft rumored to be marching up even to her walls and suburb trenches, that then the people, or the greater part, more than at other times, wholly taken up with the study of highest and most important matters to be reformed, should be disputing, reasoning, reading, inventing, discoursing, even to a rarity and admiration, things not before discoursed or written of, argues first a singular goodwill, contentedness and confidence in your prudent foresight, and safe government, Lords and Commons; and from thence derives itself to a gallant bravery and well grounded contempt of their enemies, as if there were no small number of as great spirits among us, as his was, who when Rome was nigh besieged by Hannibal, being in the city, bought that piece of ground at no cheap rate, whereon Hannibal himself encamped his own regiment. Next, it is a lively and cheerful presage of our happy success and victory. For as in a body, when the blood is fresh, the spirits pure and vigorous, not only to vital, but to rational faculties, and those in the acutest and the pertest operations of wit and subtlety, it argues in what good plight and constitution the body is, so when the cheerfulness of the people is so sprightly up, as that it has, not only wherewith to guard well its own freedom and safety, but to spare, and to bestow upon the solidest and sublimest points of controversy and new invention, it betokens us not degenerated, nor drooping to a fatal decay, but casting off the old and wrinkled skin of corruption to outlive these pangs and wax young again, entering the glorious ways of truth and prosperous virtue destined to become great and honorable in these latter ages. Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation, rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks. Methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam; purging and unscaling her long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance; while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means, and in their envious gabble would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms.

What should ye do then, should ye suppress all this flowery crop of knowledge and new light sprung up and yet springing daily in this city, should ye set an oligarchy of twenty engrossers over it, to bring a famine upon our minds again, when we shall know nothing but what is measured to us by their bushel? Believe it, Lords and Commons, they who counsel ye to such a suppressing, do as good as bid ye suppress yourselves; and I will soon show how. If it be desired to know the immediate cause of all this free writing and free speaking, there cannot be assigned a truer than your own mild, and free, and humane government; it is the liberty, Lords and Commons, which your own valorous and happy counsels have purchased us, liberty which is the nurse of all great wits. This is that which hath rarefied and enlightened our spirits like the influence of heaven; this is that which hath enfranchised, enlarged, and lifted up our apprehensions degrees above themselves. Ye cannot make us now less capable, less knowing, less eagerly pursuing of the truth, unless ye first make yourselves, that made us so, less the lovers, less the founders of our true liberty. We can grow ignorant again, brutish, formal, and slavish, as ye found us; but you then must first become that which ye cannot be, oppressive, arbitrary, and tyrannous, as they were from whom ye have freed us. That our hearts are now more capacious, our thoughts more erected to the search and expectation of greatest and exactest things, is the issue of your own virtue propagated in us; ye cannot suppress that unless ye reinforce an abrogated and merciless law, that fathers may despatch at will their own children. And who shall then stick closest to ye, and excite others? not he who takes up arms for coat and conduct, and his four nobles of danegelt. Although I dispraise not the defense of just immunities, yet love my peace better, if that were all. Give me the liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely according to conscience, above all liberties.

What would be best advised, then, if it be found so hurtful and so unequal to suppress opinions for the newness, or the unsuitableness to a customary acceptance,

will not be my task to say. I only shall repeat what I have learned from one of your own honorable number, a right noble and pious lord, who, had he not sacrificed his life and fortunes to the church and commonwealth, we had not now missed and bewailed a worthy and undoubted patron of this argument. Ye know him I am sure; yet I for honor's sake, and may it be eternal to him, shall name him the Lord Brook. He writing of episcopacy and by the way treating of sects and schisms, left ye his vote, or rather now the last words of his dying charge, which I know will ever be of dear and honored regard with ye, so full of meekness and breathing charity, that next to his last testament, who bequeathed love and peace to his disciples, I cannot call to mind where I have read or heard words more mild and peaceful. He there exhorts us to hear with patience and humility those, however they be miscalled, that desire to live purely, in such a use of God's ordinances, as the best guidance of their conscience gives them, and to tolerate them, though in some disconformity to ourselves. The book itself will tell us more at large, being published to the world, and dedicated to the Parliament by him who both for his life and for his death deserves that what advice he left be not laid by without perusal.

And now the time in special is, by privilege to write and speak what may help to the further discussing of matters in agitation. The temple of Janus with his two controversal faces might now not unsignificantly be set open. And though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do injuriously by licensing and prohibiting to misdoubt her strength. Let her and Falsehood grapple; who ever knew Truth put to the worse, in a free and open encounter? Her confuting is the best and surest suppressing. He who hears what praying there is for light and clearer knowledge to be sent down among us, would think of other matters to be constituted beyond the discipline of Geneva, framed and fabricked already to our hands. Yet when the new light which we beg for shines in upon us, there be who envy and oppose, if it come not first in at their casements. What a collusion is this, whenas we are exhorted by the wise man to use diligence, to seek for wisdom as for hidden treasures early and late, that another order shall enjoin us to know nothing but by statute? When a man hath been laboring the hardest labor in the deep mines of knowledge, hath furnished out his findings in all their equipage, drawn forth his reasons as it were a battle ranged, scattered and defeated all objections in his way, calls out his adversary into the plain, offers him the advantage of wind and sun, if he please, only that he may try the matter by dint of argument — for his opponents then to skulk, to lay ambushments, to keep a narrow bridge of licensing where the challenger should pass, though it be valor enough in soldiership, is but weakness and cowardice in the wars of Truth. For who knows not that Truth is strong, next to the Almighty; she needs no policies, no stratagems, no licensings to make her victorious; those are the shifts and the defenses that error uses against her power: give her but room, and do not bind her when she sleeps, for then she speaks not true, as the old Proteus did, who spake oracles only when he was caught and bound, but then rather she turns herself into all shapes, except her own, and perhaps tunes her voice according to the time, as Micaiah did before Ahab, until she be adjured into her own likeness. Yet it is not impossible that she may have more shapes than one. What else is all that rank of things indifferent, wherein Truth may be on this side, or on the other, without being unlike herself? What but a vain shadow else is the abolition of those ordinances, that hand-writing nailed to the cross, what great purchase is this christian liberty which Paul so often boasts of? His doctrine is, that he who eats or eats not, regards a day or regards it not, may do either to the Lord. How many other things might be tolerated in peace, and left to conscience, had we but charity, and were it not the chief stronghold of our hypocrisy to be ever judging one another. I fear yet this iron yoke of outward conformity hath left a slavish print upon our necks; the ghost of a linen decency yet haunts us. We stumble and are impatient at the least dividing of one visible congregation from another, though it be not in fundamentals; and through our forwardness to suppress, and our backwardness to recover any enthralled piece of truth out of the grip

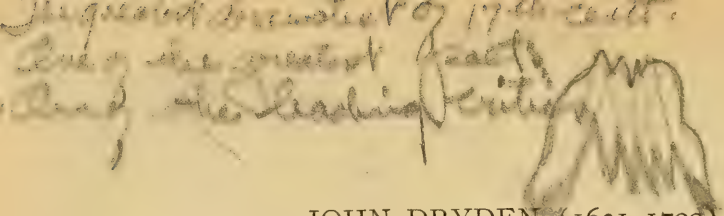
of custom, we care not to keep truth separated from truth, which is the fiercest rent and disunion of all. We do not see that while we still affect by all means a rigid external formality, we may as soon fall again into a gross conforming stupidity, a stark and dead congealment of wood, and hay, and stubble forced and frozen together, which is more to the sudden degenerating of a church than many subdichotomies of petty schisms. Not that I can think well of every light separation, or that all in a church is to be expected gold and silver and precious stones. It is not possible for man to sever the wheat from the tares, the good fish from the other fry; that must be the angels' ministry at the end of mortal things. Yet if all cannot be of one mind, (as who looks they should be?) this doubtless is more wholesome, more prudent, and more christian that many be tolerated, rather than all compelled. I mean not tolerated popery, and open superstition, which, as it extirpates all religions and civil supremacies, so itself should be extirpate, provided first that all charitable and compassionate means be used to win and regain the weak and the misled: that also which is impious or evil absolutely either against faith or manners, no law can possibly permit that intends not to unlaw itself. But those neighboring differences, or rather indifferences, are what I speak of, whether in some point of doctrine or of discipline, which though they may be many, yet need not interrupt the unity of Spirit, if we could but find among us the bond of peace. In the meanwhile if any one would write, and bring his helpful hand to the slow-moving reformation which we labor under, if Truth have spoken to him before others, or but seemed at least to speak, who hath so bejesuited us that we should trouble that man with asking license to do so worthy a deed? and not consider this, that if it come to prohibiting, there is not aught more likely to be prohibited than truth itself; whose first appearance to our eyes bleared and dimmed with prejudice and custom, is more unsightly and unplausible than many errors, even as the person is of many a great man slight and contemptible to see to. And what do they tell us vainly of new opinions, when this very opinion of theirs, that none must be heard but whom they like, is the worst and newest opinion of all others; and is the chief cause why sects and schisms do so much abound, and true knowledge is kept at distance from us; besides yet a greater danger which is in it. For when God shakes a kingdom with strong and healthful commotions to a general reforming, 't is not untrue that many sectaries and false teachers are then busiest in seducing; but yet more true it is, that God then raises to his own work men of rare abilities, and more than common industry, not only to look back and revise what hath been taught heretofore, but to gain further and go on, some new enlightened steps in the discovery of truth. For such is the order of God's enlightening his church, to dispense and deal out by degrees his beam, so as our earthly eyes may best sustain it. Neither is God appointed and confined, where and out of what place these his chosen shall be first heard to speak; for he sees not as man sees, chooses not as man chooses, lest we should devote ourselves again to set places, and assemblies, and outward callings of men; planting our faith one while in the old Convocation House, and another while in the Chapel at Westminster; when all the faith and religion that shall be there canonized, is not sufficient without plain convincement, and the charity of patient instruction to supple the least bruise of conscience, to edify the meanest christian, who desires to walk in the Spirit, and not in the letter of human trust, for all the number of voices that can be there made — no, though Harry VII himself there, with all his liege tombs about him, should lend them voices from the dead, to swell their number. And if the men be erroneous who appear to be the leading schismatics, what withholds us but our sloth, our self-will, and distrust in the right cause, that we do not give them gentle meetings and gentle dismissions, that we debate not and examine the matter thoroughly with liberal and frequent audience; if not for their sakes, yet for our own? Seeing no man who hath tasted learning, but will confess the many ways of profiting by those who, not contented with stale receipts, are able to manage and set forth new positions to the world. And were they but as the dust and cinders of our feet, so long as in that

notion they may yet serve to polish and brighten the armory of Truth, even for that respect they were not utterly to be cast away. But if they be of those whom God hath fitted for the special use of these times with eminent and ample gifts, and those perhaps neither among the Priests, nor among the Pharisees, and we in the haste of a precipitant zeal shall make no distinction, but resolve to stop their mouths, because we fear they come with new and dangerous opinions, as we commonly forejudge them ere we understand them, no less than woe to us, while thinking thus to defend the Gospel, we are found the persecutors.

There have been not a few since the beginning of this Parliament, both of the Presbytery and others, who by their unlicensed books to the contempt of an Imprimatur first broke that triple ice clung about our hearts, and taught the people to see day. I hope that none of those were the persuaders to renew upon us this bondage which they themselves have wrought so much good by contemning. But if neither the check that Moses gave to young Joshua, nor the countermand which our Savior gave to young John, who was so ready to prohibit those whom he thought unlicensed, be not enough to admonish our Elders, how unacceptable to God their testy mood of prohibiting is; if neither their own remembrance what evil hath abounded in the Church by this let of licensing, and what good they themselves have begun by transgressing it, be not enough, but that they will persuade, and execute the most Dominican part of the Inquisition over us, and are already with one foot in the stirrup so active at suppressing, it would be no unequal distribution in the first place to suppress the suppressors themselves: whom the change of their condition hath puffed up, more than their late experience of harder times hath made wise.

And as for regulating the Press, let no man think to have the honor of advising ye better than yourselves have done in that order published next before this, 'that no book be printed, unless the printer's and the author's name, or at least the printer's be registered.' Those which otherwise come forth, if they be found mischievous and libelous, the fire and the executioner will be the timeliest and the most effectual remedy, that man's prevention can use. For this authentic Spanish policy of licensing books, if I have said aught, will prove the most unlicensed book itself within a short while; and was the immediate image of a Star Chamber decree to that purpose made in those very times when that court did the rest of those her pious works, for which she is now fallen from the stars with Lucifer. Whereby ye may guess what kind of state prudence, what love of the people, what care of religion or good manners there was at the contriving, although with singular hypocrisy it pretended to bind books to their good behavior. And how it got the upper hand of your precedent order, so well constituted before, if we may believe those men whose profession gives them cause to inquire most, it may be doubted there was in it the fraud of some old patentees and monopolizers in the trade of bookselling; who under pretense of the poor in their Company not to be defrauded, and the just retaining of each man his several copy (which God forbid should be gainsaid), brought divers glossing colors to the House; which were indeed but colors, and serving to no end except it be to exercise a superiority over their neighbors, men who do not therefore labor in an honest profession to which learning is indebted, that they should be made other men's vassals. Another end is thought was aimed at by some of them in procuring by petition this order, that having power in their hands, malignant books might the easier 'scape abroad, as the event shows. But of these sophisms and elenchs of merchandise I skill not. This I know, that errors in a good government and in a bad are equally almost incident; for what magistrate may not be misinformed, and much the sooner, if liberty of printing be reduced into the power of a few; but to redress willingly and speedily what hath been erred, and in highest authority to esteem a plain advertisement more than others have done a sumptuous bribe, is a virtue (honored Lords and Commons) answerable to your highest actions, and whereof none can participate but greatest and wisest men.

(1644)



JOHN DRYDEN (1631–1700)

Dryden came of a good Northamptonshire family, and was educated at Westminster School and Trinity College, Cambridge. He was only eighteen when his first verses were published, but his first poem of importance was in commemoration of the death of Oliver Cromwell. Dryden's dependence as a professional writer on the party in power made his financial position insecure, hampered his genius, and ruined his reputation for consistency: his eulogy of Cromwell was followed almost immediately by poems in celebration of Charles II. The reopening of the theaters after the Restoration gave him a less equivocal opportunity for the exercise of his talents, and he led the way in the development of the new comedy (largely indebted to the French) and the heroic play with its preposterous characters and incidents and extravagant rant. After defending and perfecting the rimed couplet as a medium for tragedy, he turned to blank verse in *All for Love* (1678), founded upon Shakspere's *Antony and Cleopatra*, and generally accounted Dryden's best play. Meanwhile he had won distinction in other ways; his *Essay of Dramatic Poesy* (1668) is remarkable both for its literary insight and its vigorous and lucid style, which had an important influence on the development of English prose. In 1670 he was appointed poet laureate and historiographer with a salary of £200, which relieved his immediate necessities, but was not enough to save him from financial difficulties. The political intrigues at the end of Charles II's reign gave occasion for the bitter satirical poem *Absalom and Achitophel* (1681) which in its own kind of poetry remains unsurpassed. *Religio Laici* (1682), a poem in defense of the Church of England, was discounted by the author's conversion to Roman Catholicism on the accession of James II, though most students of Dryden's life and writings hold that his change of view was sincere. *The Hind and the Panther*, a plea for the poet's newly adopted faith, appeared in 1687. The Revolution of 1688 deprived Dryden of his offices, and he was dependent for the rest of his life upon his pen. He returned to the stage with *Don Sebastian* (1690), one of his best tragedies, wrote excellent prologues and epilogues for the plays of other men, and worked hard at criticism and translations. After enjoying for many years the literary leadership of his time, he was buried in the Poets' Corner at Westminster Abbey.

HEROIC STANZAS,

CONSECRATED TO THE MEMORY OF HIS HIGHNESS OLIVER

LATE LORD PROTECTOR OF THIS COMMONWEALTH &C.

Written after the celebrating of his funeral

And now 't is time; for their officious haste
  Who would before have borne him to the sky,
Like eager Romans ere all rites were past,
  Did let too soon the sacred eagle fly.

Though our best notes are treason to his fame
  Joined with the loud applause of public voice,
Since Heaven what praise we offer to his name
  Hath rendered too authentic by its choice;

Though in his praise no arts can liberal be,
  Since they, whose muses have the highest flown,
Add not to his immortal memory,
  But do an act of friendship to their own;

Yet 't is our duty and our interest too
  Such monuments as we can build to raise,
Lest all the world prevent what we should do
  And claim a title in him by their praise.

How shall I then begin or where conclude
  To draw a fame so truly circular?
For in a round what order can be shewed,
  Where all the parts so equal-perfect are?

His grandeur he derived from Heaven alone,
  For he was great, ere Fortune made him so;

And wars, like mists that rise against the sun,
Made him but greater seem, not greater grow.

No borrowed bays his temples did adorn,
But to our crown he did fresh jewels bring;
Nor was his virtue poisoned, soon as born,
With the too early thoughts of being king.

Fortune, that easy mistress of the young,
But to her ancient servants coy and hard,
Him at that age her favorites ranked among
When she her best-loved Pompey did discard.

He, private, marked the faults of others' sway
And set as sea-marks for himself to shun;
Not like rash monarchs, who their youth betray
By acts their age too late would wish undone.

And yet dominion was not his design;
We owe that blessing not to him but Heaven,
Which to fair acts unsought rewards did join,
Rewards that less to him than us were given.

Our former chiefs, like sticklers of the war,
First sought to inflame the parties, then to poise,
The quarrel loved, but did the cause abhor,
And did not strike to hurt, but make a noise.

War, our consumption, was their gainful trade;
We inward bled, whilst they prolonged our pain;
He fought to end our fighting, and assayed
To stanch the blood by breathing of the vein.

* * *

Nor died he when his ebbing fame went less,
But when fresh laurels courted him to live;
He seemed but to prevent some new success,
As if above what triumphs earth could give.

His latest victories still thickest came,
As near the center motion does increase;
Till he, pressed down by his own weighty name,
Did, like the vestal, under spoils decease.

But first the ocean as a tribute sent
That giant-prince of all her watery herd;
And the isle, when her protecting genius went,
Upon his obsequies loud sighs conferred.

No civil broils have since his death arose,
But faction now by habit does obey;
And wars have that respect for his repose
As winds for halcyons when they breed at sea.

His ashes in a peaceful urn shall rest;
His name a great example stands to show
How strangely high endeavors may be blessed
Where piety and valor jointly go.

(1659)

From ASTRÆA REDUX

And welcome now, great monarch, to your own!
Behold the approaching cliffs of Albion.
It is no longer motion cheats your view;
As you meet it, the land approacheth you.
The land returns, and in the white it wears
The marks of penitence and sorrow bears.
But you, whose goodness your descent doth show,
Your heavenly parentage and earthly too,
By that same mildness which your father's crown
Before did ravish shall secure your own.
Not tied to rules of policy, you find
Revenge less sweet than a forgiving mind.
Thus, when the Almighty would to Moses give
A sight of all he could behold and live,
A voice before his entry did proclaim
Long-suffering, goodness, mercy, in his name.
Your power to justice doth submit your cause,
Your goodness only is above the laws,
Whose rigid letter, while pronounced by you,

Is softer made. So winds that tempests brew,
When through Arabian groves they take their flight,
Made wanton with rich odors, lose their spite.
And as those lees that trouble it refine
The agitated soul of generous wine,
So tears of joy, for your returning spilt,
Work out and expiate our former guilt.
Methinks I see those crowds on Dover's strand,
Who in their haste to welcome you to land
Choked up the beach with their still growing store
And made a wilder torrent on the shore:
While, spurred with eager thoughts of past delight,
Those who had seen you, court a second sight,
Preventing still your steps and making haste
To meet you often wheresoe'er you past.
How shall I speak of that triumphant day,
When you renewed the expiring pomp of May!
A month that owns an interest in your name;
You and the flowers are its peculiar claim.
That star, that at your birth shone out so bright
It stained the duller sun's meridian light,
Did once again its potent fires renew,
Guiding our eyes to find and worship you.
And now Time's whiter series is begun,
Which in soft centuries shall smoothly run;
Those clouds that overcast your morn shall fly,
Dispelled to farthest corners of the sky.
Our nation, with united interest blest,
Not now content to poise, shall sway the rest.
Abroad your empire shall no limits know,
But, like the sea, in boundless circles flow;
Your much-loved fleet shall with a wide command
Besiege the petty monarchs of the land;
And as old Time his offspring swallowed down,
Our ocean in its depths all seas shall drown.
Their wealthy trade from pirates' rapine free,
Our merchants shall no more adventurers be;
Nor in the farthest East those dangers fear
Which humble Holland must dissemble here.
Spain to your gift alone her Indies owes,
For what the powerful takes not he bestows;
And France that did an exile's presence fear
May justly apprehend you still too near.
At home the hateful names of parties cease,
And factious souls are wearied into peace.
The discontented now are only they
Whose crimes before did your just cause betray;
Of those your edicts some reclaim from sins,
But most your life and blest example wins.
Oh, happy prince, whom Heaven hath taught the way
By paying vows to have more vows to pay!
Oh, happy age! oh, times like those alone
By fate reserved for great Augustus' throne,
When the joint growth of arms and arts foreshew
The world a monarch, and that monarch you!

(1660)

From ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL

The inhabitants of old Jerusalem
Were Jebusites; the town so called from them,
And theirs the native right.
But when the chosen people grew more strong,
The rightful cause at length became the wrong;
And every loss the men of Jebus bore,
They still were thought God's enemies the more.
Thus worn and weakened, well or ill content,
Submit they must to David's government:
Impoverished and deprived of all command,
Their taxes doubled as they lost their land;
And, what was harder yet to flesh and blood,
Their gods disgraced, and burnt like common wood.
This set the heathen priesthood in a flame,
For priests of all religions are the same.
Of whatsoe'er descent their godhead be,
Stock, stone, or other homely pedigree,
In his defense his servants are as bold,
As if he had been born of beaten gold.
The Jewish rabbins, though their enemies,
In this conclude them honest men and wise

For 't was their duty, all the learned think,
To espouse his cause by whom they eat and drink.
From hence began that Plot, the nation's curse,
Bad in itself, but represented worse,
Raised in extremes, and in extremes decried,
With oaths affirmed, with dying vows denied,
Not weighed or winnowed by the multitude,
But swallowed in the mass, unchewed and crude.
Some truth there was, but dashed and brewed with lies
To please the fools and puzzle all the wise:
Succeeding times did equal folly call,
Believing nothing or believing all.
The Egyptian rites the Jebusites embraced,
Where gods were recommended by their taste;
Such savory deities must needs be good
As served at once for worship and for food.
By force they could not introduce these gods,
For ten to one in former days was odds:
So fraud was used, the sacrificer's trade;
Fools are more hard to conquer than persuade.
Their busy teachers mingled with the Jews
And raked for converts even the court and stews:
Which Hebrew priests the more unkindly took,
Because the fleece accompanies the flock.
Some thought they God's anointed meant to slay
By guns, invented since full many a day:
Our author swears it not; but who can know
How far the devil and Jebusites may go?
This plot, which failed for want of common sense,
Had yet a deep and dangerous consequence;
For as, when raging fevers boil the blood,
The standing lake soon floats into a flood,
And every hostile humor which before
Slept quiet in its channels bubbles o'er;
So several factions from this first ferment
Work up to foam and threat the government.
Some by their friends, more by themselves thought wise,
Opposed the power to which they could not rise.
Some had in courts been great, and thrown from thence,
Like fiends were hardened in impenitence.
Some by their monarch's fatal mercy grown
From pardoned rebels kinsmen to the throne
Were raised in power and public office high;
Strong bands, if bands ungrateful men could tie.
Of these the false Achitophel was first,
A name to all succeeding ages curst:
For close designs and crooked counsels fit,
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit,
Restless, unfixed in principles and place,
In power unpleased, impatient of disgrace;
A fiery soul, which working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy body to decay
And o'er-informed the tenement of clay.
A daring pilot in extremity,
Pleased with the danger, when the waves went high,
He sought the storms; but for a calm unfit,
Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.
Great wits are sure to madness near allied
And thin partitions do their bounds divide;
Else, why should he, with wealth and honor blest,
Refuse his age the needful hours of rest?
Punish a body which he could not please,
Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease?
And all to leave what with his toil he won
To that unfeathered two-legged thing, a son,
Got, while his soul did huddled notions try,
And born a shapeless lump, like anarchy.
In friendship false, implacable in hate,
Resolved to ruin or to rule the state;
To compass this the triple bond he broke
The pillars of the public safety shook,
And fitted Israel for a foreign yoke;
Then, seized with fear, yet still affecting fame,
Usurped a patriot's all-atoning name.
So easy still it proves in factious times
With public zeal to cancel private crimes.
How safe is treason and how sacred ill,
Where none can sin against the people's will,
Where crowds can wink and no offense be known,
Since in another's guilt they find their own!
Yet fame deserved no enemy can grudge;
The statesman we abhor, but praise the judge.
In Israel's courts ne'er sat an abbethdin
With more discerning eyes or hands more clean,
Unbribed, unsought, the wretched to redress,
Swift of dispatch and easy of access.

Oh! had he been content to serve the crown
With virtues only proper to the gown,
Or had the rankness of the soil been freed
From cockle that oppressed the noble seed,
David for him his tuneful harp had strung
And Heaven had wanted one immortal song.
But wild ambition loves to slide, not stand,
And fortune's ice prefers to virtue's land.
Achitophel, grown weary to possess
A lawful fame and lazy happiness,
Disdained the golden fruit to gather free
And lent the crowd his arm to shake the tree.
Now, manifest of crimes contrived long since,
He stood at bold defiance with his prince,
Held up the buckler of the people's cause
Against the crown, and skulked behind the laws.
The wished occasion of the plot he takes;
Some circumstances finds, but more he makes;
By buzzing emissaries fills the ears
Of listening crowds with jealousies and fears,
Of arbitrary counsels brought to light,
And proves the king himself a Jebusite.
Weak arguments! which yet he knew full well
Were strong with people easy to rebel.
For governed by the moon, the giddy Jews
Tread the same track when she the prime renews:
And once in twenty years their scribes record,
By natural instinct they change their lord.
Achitophel still wants a chief, and none
Was found so fit as warlike Absalon.
Not that he wished his greatness to create,
For politicians neither love nor hate:
But, for he knew his title not allowed
Would keep him still depending on the crowd,
That kingly power, thus ebbing out, might be
Drawn to the dregs of a democracy.

(1681)

* * *

THE HIND AND THE PANTHER

A milk-white Hind, immortal and unchanged,
Fed on the lawns and in the forest ranged;
Without unspotted, innocent within,
She feared no danger, for she knew no sin.
Yet had she oft been chased with horns and hounds
And Scythian shafts; and many wingèd wounds
Aimed at her heart; was often forced to fly,
And doomed to death, though fated not to die.
Not so her young; for their unequal line
Was hero's make, half human, half divine.
Their earthly mold obnoxious was to fate,
The immortal part assumed immortal state.
Of these a slaughtered army lay in blood,
Extended o'er the Caledonian wood,
Their native walk; whose vocal blood arose
And cried for pardon on their perjured foes.
Their fate was fruitful, and the sanguine seed,
Endued with souls, increased the sacred breed.
So captive Israel multiplied in chains,
A numerous exile, and enjoyed her pains.
With grief and gladness mixed, their mother viewed
Her martyred offspring and their race renewed;
Their corpse to perish, but their kind to last,
So much the deathless plant the dying fruit surpassed.
Panting and pensive now she ranged alone,
And wandered in the kingdoms once her own.
The common hunt, though from their rage restrained
By sovereign power, her company disdained,
Grinned as they passed, and with a glaring eye
Gave gloomy signs of secret enmity.
'T is true she bounded by and tripped so light,
They had not time to take a steady sight;
For truth has such a face and such a mien
As to be loved needs only to be seen.
The bloody Bear, an independent beast,
Unlicked to form, in groans her hate expressed.
Among the timorous kind the quaking Hare
Professed neutrality, but would not swear.
Next her the buffoon Ape, as atheists use,
Mimicked all sects and had his own to choose;
Still when the Lion looked, his knees he bent.

And paid at church a courtier's compliment.
The bristled baptist Boar, impure as he,
But whitened with the foam of sanctity,
With fat pollutions filled the sacred place
And mountains leveled in his furious race;
So first rebellion founded was in grace.
But, since the mighty ravage which he made
In German forests had his guilt betrayed,
With broken tusks and with a borrowed name,
He shunned the vengeance and concealed the shame,
So lurked in sects unseen. With greater guile
False Reynard fed on consecrated spoil;
The graceless beast by Athanasius first
Was chased from Nice, then by Socinus nursed,
His impious race their blasphemy renewed,
And Nature's King through Nature's optics viewed;
Reversed they viewed him lessened to their eye,
Nor in an infant could a God descry.
New swarming sects to this obliquely tend,
Hence they began, and here they all will end.
What weight of ancient witness can prevail,
If private reason hold the public scale?
But, gracious God, how well dost thou provide
For erring judgments an unerring guide!
Thy throne is darkness in the abyss of light,
A blaze of glory that forbids the sight.
O teach me to believe thee thus concealed,
And search no farther than thy self revealed;
But her alone for my director take,
Whom thou hast promised never to forsake!
My thoughtless youth was winged with vain desires;
My manhood, long misled by wandering fires,
Followed false lights; and when their glimpse was gone,
My pride struck out new sparkles of her own.
Such was I, such by nature still I am;
Be thine the glory and be mine the shame!
Good life be now my task; my doubts are done:
What more could fright my faith than Three in One?
Can I believe eternal God could lie
Disguised in mortal mold and infancy,
That the great Maker of the world could die?
And, after that, trust my imperfect sense
Which calls in question his omnipotence?
Can I my reason to my faith compel,
And shall my sight and touch and taste rebel?
Superior faculties are set aside;
Shall their subservient organs be my guide?
Then let the moon usurp the rule of day,
And winking tapers show the sun his way;
For what my senses can themselves perceive
I need no revelation to believe.
Can they, who say the host should be descried
By sense, define a body glorified,
Impassible, and penetrating parts?
Let them declare by what mysterious arts
He shot that body through the opposing might
Of bolts and bars impervious to the light,
And stood before his train confessed in open sight.
For since thus wondrously he passed, 't is plain
One single place two bodies did contain,
And sure the same omnipotence as well
Can make one body in more places dwell.
Let Reason then at her own quarry fly,
But how can finite grasp infinity?
'T is urged again, that faith did first commence
By miracles, which are appeals to sense,
And thence concluded, that our sense must be
The motive still of credibility.
For later ages must on former wait,
And what began belief must propagate.
But winnow well this thought, and you shall find
'T is light as chaff that flies before the wind.
Were all those wonders wrought by power divine
As means or ends of some more deep design?
Most sure as means, whose end was this alone,
To prove the Godhead of the eternal Son.
God thus asserted: man is to believe
Beyond what sense and reason can conceive,
And for mysterious things of faith rely
On the proponent Heaven's authority.
If then our faith we for our guide admit,
Vain is the farther search of human wit;
As when the building gains a surer stay,
We take the unuseful scaffolding away.

Reason by sense no more can understand;
The game is played into another hand.
Why chose we then like bilanders to creep
Along the coast, and land in view to keep,
When safely we may launch into the deep?
In the same vessel which our Savior bore,
Himself the pilot, let us leave the shore,
And with a better guide a better world explore.
Could he his godhead veil with flesh and blood
And not veil these again to be our food?
His grace in both is equal in extent;
The first affords us life, the second nourishment.
And if he can, why all this frantic pain
To construe what his clearest words contain,
And make a riddle what he made so plain?
To take up half on trust and half to try,
Name it not faith, but bungling bigotry.
Both knave and fool the merchant we may call
To pay great sums and to compound the small,
For who would break with Heaven, and would not break for all?
Rest then, my soul, from endless anguish freed:
Nor sciences thy guide, nor sense thy creed.
Faith is the best insurer of thy bliss;
The bank above must fail before the venture miss.
But Heaven and heaven-born faith are far from thee,
Thou first apostate to divinity.
Unkennelled range in thy Polonian plains;
A fiercer foe, the insatiate Wolf remains.
Too boastful Britain, please thyself no more
That beasts of prey are banished from thy shore;
The Bear, the Boar, and every savage name,
Wild in effect, though in appearance tame,
Lay waste thy woods, destroy thy blissful bower,
And, muzzled though they seem, the mutes devour.
More haughty than the rest, the wolfish race
Appear with belly gaunt and famished face;
Never was so deformed a beast of grace.
His ragged tail betwixt his legs he wears,
Close clapped for shame; but his rough crest he rears,
And pricks up his predestinating ears.
His wild disordered walk, his haggard eyes,
Did all the bestial citizens surprise:
Though feared and hated, yet he ruled a while,
As captain or companion of the spoil.
Full many a year his hateful head had been
For tribute paid, nor since in Cambria seen;
The last of all the litter 'scaped by chance,
And from Geneva first infested France.
Some authors thus his pedigree will trace,
But others write him of an upstart race;
Because of Wyclif's brood no mark he brings
But his innate antipathy to kings.
These last deduce him from the Helvetian kind,
Who near the Leman lake his consort lined;
That fiery Zuinglius first the affection bred,
And meager Calvin blessed the nuptial bed.
In Israel some believe him whelped long since,
When the proud sanhedrim oppressed the prince,
Or, since he will be Jew, derive him higher,
When Corah with his brethren did conspire
From Moses' hand the sovereign sway to wrest,
And Aaron of his ephod to divest;
Till opening earth made way for all to pass,
And could not bear the burden of a class.
The Fox and he came shuffled in the dark,
If ever they were stowed in Noah's ark;
Perhaps not made; for all their barking train
The Dog (a common species) will contain;
And some wild curs, who from their masters ran,
Abhorring the supremacy of man,
In woods and caves the rebel-race began.
O happy pair, how well have you increased!
What ills in church and state have you redressed!
With teeth untried and rudiments of claws,
Your first essay was on your native laws:
Those having torn with ease and trampled down,
Your fangs you fastened on the mitered crown,
And freed from God and monarchy your town.
What though your native kennel still be small,
Bounded betwixt a puddle and a wall;
Yet your victorious colonies are sent
Where the North Ocean girds the continent.

Quickened with fire below, your monsters breed
In fenny Holland and in fruitful Tweed;
And, like the first, the last affects to be
Drawn to the dregs of a democracy.
As, where in fields the fairy rounds are seen
A rank sour herbage rises on the green;
So, springing where these midnight elves advance,
Rebellion prints the footsteps of the dance.
Such are their doctrines, such contempt they show
To Heaven above and to their prince below,
As none but traitors and blasphemers know.
God like the tyrant of the skies is placed,
And kings, like slaves, beneath the crowd debased.
So fulsome is their food that flocks refuse
To bite, and only dogs for physic use.
As, where the lightning runs along the ground,
No husbandry can heal the blasting wound;
Nor bladed grass nor bearded corn succeeds,
But scales of scurf, and putrefaction breeds:
Such wars, such waste, such fiery tracks of dearth
Their zeal has left, and such a teemless earth.
But as the poisons of the deadliest kind
Are to their own unhappy coasts confined,
As only Indian shades of sight deprive,
And magic plants will but in Colchos thrive,
So Presbytery and pestilential zeal
Can only flourish in a common-weal.

* * *

These are the chief; to number o'er the rest
And stand, like Adam, naming every beast,
Were weary work; nor will the Muse describe
A slimy-born and sun-begotten tribe,
Who, far from steeples and their sacred sound,
In fields their sullen conventicles found.
These gross, half-animated lumps I leave,
Nor can I think what thoughts they can conceive.
But if they think at all, 't is sure no higher
Than matter put in motion may aspire;
Souls that can scarce ferment their mass of clay,
So drossy, so divisible are they
As would but serve pure bodies for allay,
Such souls as shards produce, such beetle things
As only buzz to heaven with evening wings,
Strike in the dark, offending but by chance,
Such are the blindfold blows of ignorance.
They know not beings, and but hate a name;
To them the Hind and Panther are the same.
The Panther, sure the noblest next the Hind
And fairest creature of the spotted kind;
Oh, could her inborn stains be washed away
She were too good to be a beast of prey!
How can I praise or blame, and not offend,
Or how divide the frailty from the friend?
Her faults and virtues lie so mixed, that she
Nor wholly stands condemned nor wholly free.
Then, like her injured Lion, let me speak;
He cannot bend her and he would not break.
Unkind already, and estranged in part,
The Wolf begins to share her wandering heart.
Though unpolluted yet with actual ill,
She half commits who sins but in her will.
If, as our dreaming Platonists report,
There could be spirits of a middle sort,
Too black for heaven and yet too white for hell,
Who just dropped half-way down, nor lower fell;
So poised, so gently she descends from high,
It seems a soft dismission from the sky.
Her house not ancient, whatsoe'er pretense
Her clergy heralds make in her defense
A second century not half-way run,
Since the new honors of her blood begun.

* * *

Thus is the Panther neither loved nor feared,
A mere mock queen of a divided herd;
Whom soon by lawful power she might control,
Herself a part submitted to the whole.
Then, as the moon who first receives the light
By which she makes our nether regions bright,
So might she shine, reflecting from afar
The rays she borrowed from a better star;
Big with the beams which from her mother flow

And reigning o'er the rising tides below:
Now mixing with a savage crowd she goes,
And meanly flatters her inveterate foes,
Ruled while she rules, and losing every hour
Her wretched remnants of precarious power.
One evening, while the cooler shade she sought,
Revolving many a melancholy thought,
Alone she walked, and looked around in vain
With rueful visage for her vanished train:
None of her sylvan subjects made their court;
Levees and couchees passed without resort.
So hardly can usurpers manage well
Those whom they first instructed to rebel.
More liberty begets desire of more;
The hunger still increases with the store.
Without respect they brushed along the wood,
Each in his clan, and, filled with loathsome food,
Asked no permission to the neighboring flood.
The Panther, full of inward discontent,
Since they would go, before them wisely went;
Supplying want of power by drinking first,
As if she gave them leave to quench their thirst.
Among the rest, the Hind with fearful face
Beheld from far the common watering-place,
Nor durst approach; till with an awful roar
The sovereign Lion bade her fear no more.
Encouraged thus, she brought her younglings nigh,
Watching the motions of her patron's eye,
And drank a sober draft; the rest amazed
Stood mutely still and on the stranger gazed;
Surveyed her part by part, and sought to find
The ten-horned monster in the harmless Hind,
Such as the Wolf and Panther had designed.
They thought at first they dreamed: for 't was offense
With them to question certitude of sense,
Their guide in faith: but nearer when they drew,
And had the faultless object full in view,
Lord, how they all admired her heavenly hue!
Some, who before her fellowship disdained,
Scarce, and but scarce, from inborn rage restrained,
Now frisked about her and old kindred feigned.
Whether for love or interest, every sect
Of all the savage nation showed respect.
The viceroy Panther could not awe the herd;
The more the company, the less they feared.
The surly Wolf with secret envy burst,
Yet could not howl, the Hind had seen him first;
But what he durst not speak, the Panther durst.

* * * (1687)

ALEXANDER'S FEAST
OR THE POWER OF MUSIC

A SONG IN HONOR OF ST. CECILIA'S DAY

1

'T was at the royal feast for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son:
Aloft in awful state
The godlike hero sate
On his imperial throne;
His valiant peers were placed around;
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound
(So should desert in arms be crowned).
The lovely Thais, by his side,
Sate like a blooming Eastern bride,
In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy, pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

CHORUS: Happy, happy, happy pair, etc.

2

Timotheus, placed on high
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touched the lyre:
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heavenly joys inspire
The song began from Jove,
Who left his blissful seats above
(Such is the power of mighty love).
A dragon's fiery form belied the god:
Sublime on radiant spires he rode,
When he to fair Olympia pressed:
And while he sought her snowy breast,
Then round her slender waist he curled,

And stamped an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.
The listening crowd admire the lofty sound,
A present deity, they shout around;
A present deity the vaulted roofs rebound:
With ravished ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

CHORUS: With ravished ears, etc.

3

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung,
Of Bacchus ever fair, and ever young.
The jolly god in triumph comes;
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums;
Flushed with a purple grace
He shows his honest face:
Now give the hautboys breath; he comes, he comes.
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain;
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure;
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

CHORUS: Bacchus' blessings are a treasure, etc.

4

Soothed with the sound the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain.
The master saw the madness rise,
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And while he heaven and earth defied,
Changed his hand, and checked his pride.
He chose a mournful Muse,
Soft pity to infuse;
He sung Darius great and good,
By too severe a fate,
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,
And weltering in his blood;
Deserted at his utmost need
By those his former bounty fed!
On the bare earth exposed he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.
With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,
Revolving in his altered soul
The various turns of chance below;
And, now and then, a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.

CHORUS: Revolving in the altered soul, etc.

5

The mighty master smiled to see
That love was in the next degree;
'T was but a kindred sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet in Lydian measures,
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.
War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
Honor but an empty bubble;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying:
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think it worth enjoying:
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee.
The many rend the skies with loud applause;
So love was crowned, but Music won the cause.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care,
And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
Sighed and looked, and sighed again:
At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,
The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

CHORUS: The prince, unable to conceal his pain, etc.

6

Now strike the golden lyre again;
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark, the horrid sound
Has raised up his head;
As awaked from the dead,
And amazed, he stares around.
Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
See the Furies arise;
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand!

Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
And unburied remain
Inglorious on the plain:
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.
Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hostile gods.
The princes applaud with a furious joy;
And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

CHORUS: And the king seized a flambeau zeal to destroy, etc.

7

Thus long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,
While organs yet were mute,
Timotheus, to his breathing flute
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown:
He raised a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down.

GRAND CHORUS: At last divine Cecilia came, etc.

(1697)

AN ESSAY OF DRAMATIC POESY

It was that memorable day, in the first summer of the late war, when our navy engaged the Dutch — a day wherein the two most mighty and best appointed fleets which any age had ever seen, disputed the command of the greater half of the globe, the commerce of nations, and the riches of the universe. While these vast floating bodies, on either side, moved against each other in parallel lines, and our countrymen, under the happy conduct of his royal highness, went breaking, by little and little, into the line of the enemies, the noise of the cannon from both navies reached our ears about the city; so that all men being alarmed with it, and in a dreadful suspense of the event, which they knew was then deciding, every one went following the sound as his fancy led him. And leaving the town almost empty, some took towards the Park, some cross the river, others down it; all seeking the noise in the depth of silence.

Among the rest, it was the fortune of Eugenius, Crites, Lisideius, and Neander, to be in company together: three of them persons whom their wit and quality have made known to all the town; and whom I have chosen to hide under these borrowed names, that they may not suffer by so ill a relation as I am going to make of their discourse.

Taking then a barge, which a servant of Lisideius had provided for them, they made haste to shoot the bridge, and left behind them that great fall of waters which hindered them from hearing what they desired; after which, having disengaged themselves from many vessels which rode at anchor in the Thames, and almost blocked up the passage towards Greenwich, they ordered the watermen to let fall their oars more gently; and then every one favoring his own curiosity with a strict silence, it was not long ere they perceived the air to break about them like the noise of distant thunder, or of swallows in a chimney: those little undulations of sound, though almost vanishing before they reached them, yet still seeming to retain somewhat of their first horror which they had betwixt the fleets.

After they had attentively listened till such time as the sound by little and little went from them, Eugenius, lifting up his head, and taking notice of it, was the first who congratulated to the rest that happy omen of our nation's victory: adding, that we had but this to desire in confirmation of it, that we might hear no more of that noise which was now leaving the English coast.

When the rest had concurred in the same opinion, Crites (a person of a sharp judgment, and somewhat a too delicate taste in wit, which the world

have mistaken in him for ill nature), said, smiling to us, that if the concernment of this battle had not been so exceeding great, he could scarce have wished the victory at the price he knew he must pay for it, in being subject to the reading and hearing of so many ill verses as he was sure would be made on that subject. Adding, that no argument could 'scape some of those eternal rimers, who watch a battle with more diligence than the ravens and birds of prey; and the worst of them surest to be first in upon the quarry; while the better able, either out of modesty writ not at all, or set that due value upon their poems, as to let them be often desired, and long expected.

There are some of those impertinent people of whom you speak (answered Lisideius) who, to my knowledge, are already so provided, either way, that they can produce not only a panegyric upon the victory, but, if need be, a funeral elegy on the duke; wherein, after they have crowned his valor with many laurels, they will at last deplore the odds under which he fell, concluding, that his courage deserved a better destiny.

* * *

There are so few who write well, in this age (said Crites), that methinks any praises should be welcome. They neither rise to the dignity of the last age, nor to any of the ancients: and we may cry out of the writers of this time, with more reason than Petronius of his, *Pace vestra liceat dixisse, primi omnium eloquentiam perdidistis:* You have debauched the true old poetry so far, that Nature, which is the soul of it, is not in any of your writings!

If your quarrel (said Eugenius) to those who now write, be grounded only upon your reverence to antiquity, there is no man more ready to adore those great Greeks and Romans than I am; but, on the other side, I cannot think so contemptibly of the age in which I live, or so dishonorably of my own country, as not to judge we equal the ancients in most kinds of poesy, and in some surpass them. Neither know I any reason why I may not be as zealous for the reputation of our age, as we find the ancients themselves were in reference to those who lived before them. For you hear your Horace saying,

Indignor quidquam reprehendi, non quia crasse
Compositum, illepideve putetur, sed quia nuper.

[I am indignant when anything is blamed, not because it is thought badly or inelegantly written, but because it is new.]

And after:

Si meliora dies, ut vina, poemata reddit,
Scire velim, pretium chartis quotus arroget annus?

[If time makes poems better, as it does wines, I should like to know what length of years gives value to writings.]

But I see I am engaging in a wide dispute, where the arguments are not like to reach close on either side; for poesy is of so large an extent, and so many, both of the ancients and moderns, have done well in all kinds of it, that in citing one against the other, we shall take up more time this evening, than each man's occasions will allow him. Therefore I would ask Crites to what part of poesy he would confine his arguments, and whether he would defend the general cause of the ancients against the moderns, or oppose any age of the moderns against this of ours.

Crites, a little while considering upon this demand, told Eugenius, that if he pleased he would limit their dispute to dramatic poesy; in which he thought it not difficult to prove, either that the ancients were superior to the moderns, or the last age to this of ours.

Eugenius was somewhat surprised, when he heard Crites make choice of that subject. For aught I see (said he), I have undertaken a harder province than I imagined; for, though I never judged the plays of the Greek or Roman poets comparable to ours, yet, on the other side, those we now see acted come short of many which were written in the last age. But my comfort is, if we are overcome, it will be only by our own countrymen; and if we yield to them in this one part of poesy, we more surpass them in all the other; for in the epic or lyric way, it will be hard for them to show us one such amongst them, as we have many now living, or who lately were. They can produce nothing so courtly writ, or

which expresses so much the conversation of a gentleman, as Sir John Suckling; nothing so even, sweet, and flowing, as Mr. Waller; nothing so majestic, so correct, as Sir John Denham; nothing so elevated, so copious, and full of spirit, as Mr. Cowley. As for the Italian, French, and Spanish plays, I can make it evident that those who now write surpass them; and that the drama is wholly ours.

All of them were thus far of Eugenius his opinion, that the sweetness of English verse was never understood or practised by our fathers; even Crites himself did not much oppose it. And every one was willing to acknowledge how much our poesy is improved, by the happiness of some writers yet living, who first taught us to mold our thoughts into easy and significant words, to retrench the superfluities of expression, and to make our rime so properly a part of the verse, that it should never mislead the sense, but itself be led and governed by it.

Eugenius was going to continue this discourse, when Lisideius told him that it was necessary, before they proceeded further, to take a standing measure of their controversy; for how was it possible to be decided, who wrote the best plays, before we know what a play should be? But, this once agreed on by both parties, each might have recourse to it, either to prove his own advantages, or to discover the failings of his adversary.

He had no sooner said this, but all desired the favor of him to give the definition of a play; and they were the more importunate, because neither Aristotle, nor Horace, nor any other, who had writ of that subject, had ever done it.

Lisideius, after some modest denials, at last confessed he had a rude notion of it; indeed rather a description than a definition; but which served to guide him in his private thoughts, when he was to make a judgment of what others writ; that he conceived a play ought to be, 'A just and lively image of human nature, representing its passions and humors, and the changes of fortune to which it is subject, for the delight and instruction of mankind.'

This definition (though Crites raised a logical objection against it — that it was only *a genere et fine,* and so not altogether perfect) was yet well received by the rest; and after they had given order to the waterman to turn their barge, and row softly, that they might take the cool of the evening in their return, Crites, being desired by the company to begin, spoke on behalf of the ancients, in this manner: —

If confidence presage a victory, Eugenius, in his own opinion, has already triumphed over the ancients: nothing seems more easy to him than to overcome those whom it is our greatest praise to have imitated well; for we do not only build upon their foundations, but by their models. Dramatic poesy had time enough, reckoning from Thespis (who first invented it) to Aristophanes, to be born, to grow up, and to flourish in maturity. It has been observed of arts and sciences, that in one and the same century they have arrived to great perfection; and no wonder, since every age has a kind of universal genius, which inclines those that live in it to some particular studies. The work then being pushed on by many hands, must of necessity go forward.

Is it not evident, in these last hundred years (when the study of philosophy has been the business of all the virtuosi in christendom), that almost a new nature has been revealed to us? that more errors of the school have been detected, more useful experiments in philosophy have been made, more noble secrets in optics, medicine, anatomy, astronomy, discovered, than in all those credulous and doting ages from Aristotle to us? So true it is, that nothing spreads more fast than science, when rightly and generally cultivated.

Add to this, the more than common emulation that was in those times, of writing well; which though it be found in all ages and all persons that pretend to the same reputation, yet poesy being then in more esteem than now it is, had greater honors decreed to the professors of it, and consequently the rivalship was more high between them. They had judges ordained to decide their merit, and prizes to reward it; and historians have been diligent to record of Æschylus, Euripides, Sophocles, Lycophron, and the rest of them, both who they were that vanquished in these wars of the theater, and how often they were crowned; while the Asian kings and Grecian common-

wealths scarce afforded them a nobler subject than the unmanly luxuries of a debauched court, or giddy intrigues of a factious city. *Alit aemulatio ingenia,* (says Paterculus) *et nunc invidia, nunc admiratio incitationem accendit:* Emulation is the spur of wit; and sometimes envy, sometimes admiration, quickens our endeavors.

But now since the rewards of honor are taken away, that virtuous emulation is turned into direct malice; yet so slothful, that it contents itself to condemn and cry down others, without attempting to do better. 'T is a reputation too unprofitable, to take the necessary pains for it; yet wishing they had it, that desire is incitement enough to hinder others from it. And this, in short, Eugenius, is the reason, why you have now so few good poets, and so many severe judges. Certainly, to imitate the ancients well, much labor and long study is required; which pains, I have already shown, our poets would want encouragement to take, if yet they had ability to go through the work. Those ancients have been faithful imitators, and wise observers of that nature which is so torn and ill represented in our plays; they have handed down to us a perfect resemblance of her; which we, like ill copiers, neglecting to look on, have rendered monstrous, and disfigured. But, that you may know how much you are indebted to those your masters, and be ashamed to have so ill requited them, I must remember you, that all the rules by which we practise the drama at this day (either such as relate to the justness and symmetry of the plot; or the episodical ornaments, such as descriptions, narrations, and other beauties, which are not essential to the play) were delivered to us from the observations which Aristotle made, of those poets, who either lived before him, or were his contemporaries. We have added nothing of our own, except we have the confidence to say, our wit is better; of which none boast in this our age, but such as understand not theirs. Of that book which Aristotle has left us, περὶ τῆς Ποιητικῆς, Horace his *Art of Poetry,* is an excellent comment, and, I believe, restores to us that Second Book of his concerning comedy, which is wanting in him.

Out of these two have been extracted the famous rules which the French call *les trois unités,* or the three unities, which ought to be observed in every regular play; namely, of time, place, and action.

The unity of time they comprehend in twenty-four hours, the compass of a natural day, or as near as it can be contrived; and the reason of it is obvious to every one,—that the time of the feigned action, or fable of the play, should be proportioned as near as can be to the duration of that time in which it is represented. Since therefore all plays are acted on the theater in a space of time much within the compass of twenty-four hours, that play is to be thought the nearest imitation of nature, whose plot or action is confined within that time. And by the same rule which concludes this general proportion of time, it follows that all the parts of it are (as near as may be) to be equally subdivided; namely, that one act take not up the supposed time of half a day, which is out of proportion to the rest; since the other four are then to be straitened within the compass of the remaining half: for it is unnatural, that one act, which being spoken or written, is not longer than the rest, should be supposed longer by the audience. It is therefore the poet's duty, to take care, that no act should be imagined to exceed the time in which it is represented on the stage; and that the intervals and inequalities of time be supposed to fall out between the acts.

This rule of time, how well it has been observed by the ancients, most of their plays will witness. You see them in their tragedies (wherein to follow this rule is certainly most difficult), from the very beginning of their plays, falling close into that part of the story which they intend for the action, or principal object of it, leaving the former part to be delivered by narration: so that they set the audience, as it were, at the post where the race is to be concluded; and saving them the tedious expectation of seeing the poet set out and ride the beginning of the course, they suffer you not to behold him, till he is in sight of the goal, and just upon you.

For the second unity, which is that of place, the ancients meant by it, that the scene ought to be continued through the play, in the same place where it was laid

in the beginning; for the stage, on which it is represented, being but one and the same place, it is unnatural to conceive it many; and those far distant from one another. I will not deny, but by the variation of painted scenes, the fancy (which in these cases will contribute to its own deceit) may sometimes imagine it several places, with some appearance of probability; yet it still carries the greater likelihood of truth, if those places be supposed so near each other, as in the same town or city, which may all be comprehended under the larger denomination of one place; for a greater distance will bear no proportion to the shortness of time which is allotted, in the acting, to pass from one of them to another. For the observation of this, next to the ancients, the French are to be most commended. They tie themselves so strictly to the unity of place, that you never see in any of their plays, a scene changed in the middle of an act: if the act begins in a garden, a street, or chamber, 't is ended in the same place; and that you may know it to be the same, the stage is so supplied with persons, that it is never empty all the time: he who enters second, has business with him who was on before; and before the second quits the stage, a third appears who has business with him. This Corneille calls *la liaison des scènes,* the continuity or joining of the scenes; and 't is a good mark of a well-contrived play, when all the persons are known to each other, and every one of them has some affairs with all the rest.

As for the third unity, which is that of action, the ancients meant no other by it than what the logicians do by their *finis,* the end or scope of any action; that which is the first in intention, and last in execution. Now the poet is to aim at one great and complete action, to the carrying on of which all things in his play, even the very obstacles, are to be subservient; and the reason of this is as evident as any of the former.

For two actions equally labored and driven on by the writer, would destroy the unity of the poem; it would be no longer one play, but two: not but that there may be many actions in a play, as Ben Jonson has observed in his *Discoveries;* but they must be all subservient to the great one, which our language happily expresses in the name of underplots: such as in Terence's *Eunuch* is the difference and reconcilement of Thais and Phædria, which is not the chief business of the play, but promotes the marriage of Chærea and Chremes's sister, principally intended by the poet. There ought to be but one action (says Corneille), that is, one complete action, which leaves the mind of the audience in a full repose; but this cannot be brought to pass, but by many other imperfect actions, which conduce to it, and hold the audience in a delightful suspense of what will be.

If by these rules (to omit many other drawn from the precepts and practice of the ancients) we should judge our modern plays, 't is probable that few of them would endure the trial: that which should be the business of a day, takes up in some of them an age; instead of one action, they are the epitomes of a man's life, and for one spot of ground (which the stage should represent) we are sometimes in more countries than the map can show us.

But if we allow the ancients to have contrived well, we must acknowledge them to have written better. Questionless we are deprived of a great stock of wit in the loss of Menander among the Greek poets, and Cæcilius, Afranius, and Varius, among the Romans. We may guess at Menander's excellency, by the plays of Terence, who translated some of them; and yet wanted so much of him, that he was called by C. Cæsar the half-Menander; and may judge of Varius, by the testimonies of Horace, Martial, and Velleius Paterculus. 'T is probable that these, could they be recovered, would decide the controversy; but so long as Aristophanes and Plautus are extant, while the tragedies of Euripides, Sophocles, and Seneca, are in our hands, I can never see one of those plays which are now written, but it increases my admiration of the ancients. And yet I must acknowledge further, that to admire them as we ought, we should understand them better than we do. Doubtless many things appear flat to us, the wit of which depended on some custom or story, which never came to our knowledge; or perhaps on some criticism in their language, which being so long dead, and only remaining in their books, 't is not possible they should make us understand perfectly

To read Macrobius, explaining the propriety and elegancy of many words in Virgil, which I had before passed over without consideration, as common things, is enough to assure me, that I ought to think the same of Terence; and that in the purity of his style (which Tully so much valued, that he ever carried his works about him), there is yet left in him great room for admiration, if I knew but where to place it. In the meantime, I must desire you to take notice, that the greatest man of the last age (Ben Jonson) was willing to give place to them in all things: he was not only a professed imitator of Horace, but a learned plagiary of all the others; you track him everywhere in their snow. If Horace, Lucan, Petronius Arbiter, Seneca, and Juvenal, had their own from him, there are few serious thoughts which are new in him; you will pardon me, therefore, if I presume he loved their fashion, when he wore their clothes. But since I have otherwise a great veneration for him, and you, Eugenius, prefer him above all other poets, I will use no farther argument to you than his example: I will produce before you Father Ben, dressed in all the ornaments and colors of the ancients; you will need no other guide to our party, if you follow him; and whether you consider the bad plays of our age, or regard the good plays of the last, both the best and worst of the modern poets will equally instruct you to admire the ancients.

Crites had no sooner left speaking, but Eugenius, who had waited with some impatience for it, thus began:—

I have observed in your speech, that the former part of it is convincing, as to what the moderns have profited by the rules of the ancients; but in the latter you are careful to conceal how much they have excelled them. We own all the helps we have from them, and want neither veneration nor gratitude, while we acknowledge that to overcome them we must make use of the advantages we have received from them; but to these assistances we have joined our own industry; for, had we sat down with a dull imitation of them, we might then have lost somewhat of the old perfection, but never acquired any that was new. We draw not therefore after their lines, but those of nature; and having the life before us, besides the experience of all they knew, it is no wonder if we hit some airs and features which they have missed. I deny not what you urge of arts and sciences, that they have flourished in some ages more than others; but your instance in philosophy makes for me: for if natural causes be more known now than in the time of Aristotle, because more studied, it follows that poesy and other arts may, with the same pains, arrive still nearer to perfection; and, that granted, it will rest for you to prove that they wrought more perfect images of human life, than we; which seeing in your discourse you have avoided to make good, it shall now be my task to show you some part of their defects, and some few excellencies of the moderns. And I think there is none among us can imagine I do it enviously, or with purpose to detract from them; for what interest of fame or profit can the living lose by the reputation of the dead? On the other side, it is a great truth which Velleius Paterculus affirms: *Audita visis libentius laudamus; et praesentia invidia, praeterita admiratione prosequimur; et his nos obrui, illis instrui credimus* [We praise things reported more willingly than those seen; and things of the present we pursue with envy, those of the past with admiration, believing ourselves to be hindered by the former and helped by the latter]. That praise or censure is certainly the most sincere, which unbribed posterity shall give us.

Be pleased then, in the first place, to take notice, that the Greek poesy, which Crites has affirmed to have arrived to perfection in the reign of the old comedy, was so far from it, that the distinction of it into acts was not known to them; or if it were, it is yet so darkly delivered to us, that we cannot make it out.

All we know of it is, from the singing of their chorus; and that too is so uncertain, that in some of their plays we have reason to conjecture they sung more than five times. Aristotle indeed divides the integral parts of a play into four. First, the *Protasis,* or entrance, which gives light only to the characters of the persons, and proceeds very little into any part of the action. Secondly, the *Epitasis,* or working up of the plot; where the play grows warmer, the design or action of it is drawing on, and

you see something promising that it will come to pass. Thirdly, the *Catastasis,* called by the Romans, *Status,* the height and full growth of the play: we may call it properly the counterturn, which destroys that expectation, embroils the action in new difficulties, and leaves you far distant from that hope in which it found you; as you may have observed in a violent stream, resisted by a narrow passage,— it runs round to an eddy, and carries back the waters with more swiftness than it brought them on. Lastly, the *Catastrophe,* which the Grecians called λῦσις, the French *le dénouement,* and we the discovery, or unraveling of the plot: there you see all things settling again upon their first foundations, and, the obstacles which hindered the design or action of the play once removed, it ends with that resemblance of truth and nature, that the audience are satisfied with the conduct of it. Thus this great man delivered to us the image of a play; and I must confess it is so lively, that from thence much light has been derived to the forming it more perfectly into acts and scenes; but what poet first limited to five the number of the acts, I know not; only we see it so firmly established in the time of Horace, that he gives it for a rule in comedy: — *Neu brevior quinto, neu sit productior actu* [Let it be neither shorter nor longer than five acts]. So that you see the Grecians cannot be said to have consummated this art; writing rather by entrances, than by acts, and having rather a general indigested notion of a play, than knowing how, and where to bestow the particular graces of it.

But since the Spaniards at this day allow but three acts, which they call *jornadas,* to a play, and the Italians in many of theirs follow them, when I condemn the ancients, I declare it is not altogether because they have not five acts to every play, but because they have not confined themselves to one certain number; it is building a house without a model; and when they succeeded in such undertakings, they ought to have sacrificed to Fortune, not to the Muses.

Next, for the plot, which Aristotle called τὸ μυθὸς, and often τῶν πραγμάτων σύνθεσις, and from him the Romans *Fabula,* it has already been judiciously observed by a late writer, that in their tragedies it was only some tale derived from Thebes or Troy, or at least something that happened in those two ages; which was worn so thread-bare by the pens of all the epic poets, and even by tradition itself of the talkative Greeklings (as Ben Jonson calls them), that before it came upon the stage, it was already known to all the audience; and the people, so soon as ever they heard the name of Œdipus, knew as well as the poet, that he had killed his father by a mistake, and committed incest with his mother, before the play; that they were now to hear of a great plague, an oracle, and the ghost of Laiùs; so that they sat with a yawning kind of expectation, till he was to come with his eyes pulled out, and speak a hundred or more verses in a tragic tone, in complaint of his misfortunes. But one Œdipus, Hercules, or Medea, had been tolerable; poor people, they escaped not so good cheap; they had still the *chapon bouillé* [boiled chicken] set before them, till their appetites were cloyed with the same dish, and, the novelty being gone, the pleasure vanished; so that one main end of dramatic poesy in its definition, which was to cause delight, was of consequence destroyed.

In their comedies, the Romans generally borrowed their plots from the Greek poets; and theirs was commonly a little girl stolen or wandered from her parents, brought back unknown to the city, there got with child by some lewd young fellow, who, by the help of his servant, cheats his father; and when her time comes to cry *Juno Lucina, fer opem* [Help me, O goddess of childbearing]! one or other sees a little box or cabinet which was carried away with her, and so discovers her to her friends, if some god do not prevent it, by coming down in a machine, and taking the thanks of it to himself.

By the plot you may guess much of the characters of the persons. An old father, who would willingly, before he dies, see his son well married; his debauched son, kind in his nature to his mistress, but miserably in want of money; a servant or slave, who has so much wit to strike in with him, and help to dupe his father; a braggadocio captain, a parasite, and a lady of pleasure.

As for the poor honest maid, on whom

the story is built, and who ought to be one of the principal actors in the play, she is commonly a mute in it; she has the breeding of the old Elizabeth way, which was for maids to be seen, and not to be heard; and it is enough you know she is willing to be married, when the fifth act requires it.

These are plots built after the Italian mode of houses,—you see through them all at once; the characters are indeed the imitations of nature, but so narrow, as if they had imitated only an eye or an hand, and did not dare to venture on the lines of a face, or the proportion of a body.

But in how straight a compass soever they have bounded their plots and characters, we will pass it by, if they have regularly pursued them, and perfectly observed those three unities of time, place, and action; the knowledge of which you say is derived to us from them. But, in the first place, give me leave to tell you, that the unity of place, however it might be practised by them, was never any of their rules: we neither find it in Aristotle, Horace, or any who have written of it, till in our age the French poets first made it a precept of the stage. The unity of time, even Terence himself, who was the best and most regular of them, has neglected: his *Heautontimorumenos,* or Self-punisher, takes up visibly two days, says Scaliger; the two first acts concluding the first day, the three last the day ensuing; and Euripides, in tying himself to one day, has committed an absurdity never to be forgiven him; for in one of his tragedies he has made Theseus go from Athens to Thebes, which was about forty English miles, under the walls of it to give battle, and appear victorious in the next act; and yet, from the time of his departure to the return of the Nuntius, who gives the relation of his victory, Æthra and the Chorus have but thirty-six verses; which is not for every mile a verse.

The like error is as evident in Terence his *Eunuch,* when Laches, the old man, enters by mistake into the house of Thais; where, betwixt his exit, and the entrance of Pythias, who comes to give ample relation of the disorders he has raised within, Parmeno, who was left upon the stage, has not above five lines to speak. *C'est bien employer un temps si court* [This is making good use of so short a time], says the French poet, who furnished me with one of the observations: and almost all their tragedies will afford us examples of the like nature.

It is true, they have kept the continuity, or, as you called it, *liaison des scènes,* somewhat better: two do not perpetually come in together, talk, and go out together; and other two succeed them, and do the same throughout the act, which the English call by the name of single scenes; but the reason is, because they have seldom above two or three scenes, properly so called, in every act; for it is to be accounted a new scene, not only every time the stage is empty, but every person who enters, though to others, makes it so; because he introduces a new business. Now the plots of their plays being narrow, and the persons few, one of their acts was written in a less compass than one of our well-wrought scenes; and yet they are often deficient even in this. To go no farther than Terence, you find in the *Eunuch,* Antipho entering single in the midst of the third act, after Chremes and Pythias were gone off: in the same play you have likewise Dorias beginning the fourth act alone; and after she has made a relation of what was done at the Soldier's entertainment (which by the way was very inartificial, because she was presumed to speak directly to the audience, and to acquaint them with what was necessary to be known, but yet should have been so contrived by the poet, as to have been told by persons of the drama to one another, and so by them to have come to the knowledge of the people), she quits the stage, and Phædria enters next, alone likewise: he also gives you an account of himself, and of his returning from the country, in monologue; to which unnatural way of narration Terence is subject in all his plays. In his *Adelphi,* or Brothers, Syrus and Demea enter after the scene was broken by the departure of Sostrata, Geta, and Canthara; and indeed you can scarce look into any of his comedies, where you will not presently discover the same interruption.

But as they have failed both in laying of their plots, and in the management, swerving from the rules of their own art, by misrepresenting nature to us, in which they have ill satisfied one intention

of a play, which was delight; so in the instructive part they have erred worse: instead of punishing vice, and rewarding virtue, they have often shown a prosperous wickedness, and an unhappy piety: they have set before us a bloody image of revenge in Medea, and given her dragons to convey her safe from punishment; a Priam and Astyanax murdered, and Cassandra ravished, and the lust and murder ending in the victory of him who acted them. In short, there is no indecorum in any of our modern plays, which, if I would excuse, I could not shadow with some authority from the ancients.

And one further note of them let me leave you: tragedies and comedies were not writ then, as they are now, promiscuously, by the same person; but he who found his genius bending to the one, never attempted the other way. This is so plain, that I need not instance to you that Aristophanes, Plautus, Terence, never, any of them, writ a tragedy; Æschylus, Euripides, Sophocles, and Seneca never meddled with comedy. The sock and buskin were not worn by the same poet. Having, then, so much care to excel in one kind, very little is to be pardoned them if they miscarried in it. And this would lead me to the consideration of their wit, had not Crites given me sufficient warning not to be too bold in my judgment of it; because, the languages being dead, and many of the customs and little accidents on which it depended lost to us, we are not competent judges of it. But though I grant that, here and there, we may miss the application of a proverb or a custom, yet a thing well said will be wit in all languages; and, though it may lose something in the translation, yet to him who reads it in the original, 't is still the same: he has an idea of its excellency, though it cannot pass from his mind into any other expression or words than those in which he finds it.

* * *

As Neander was beginning to examine *The Silent Woman,* Eugenius, earnestly regarding him: I beseech you, Neander (said he), gratify the company, and me in particular, so far as, before you speak of the play, to give us a character of the author; and tell us frankly your opinion, whether you do not think all writers, both French and English, ought to give place to him?

I fear (replied Neander) that, in obeying your commands, I shall draw some envy on myself. Besides, in performing them, it will be first necessary to speak somewhat of Shakspere and Fletcher, his rivals in poesy; and one of them, in my opinion, at least his equal, perhaps his superior.

To begin then with Shakspere. He was the man who of all modern, and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of nature were still present to him, and he drew them not laboriously, but luckily: when he describes anything, you more than see it, you feel it too. Those who accuse him to have wanted learning, give him the greater commendation: he was naturally learned; he needed not the spectacles of books to read nature; he looked inwards, and found her there. I cannot say he is everywhere alike; were he so, I should do him injury to compare him with the greatest of mankind. He is many times flat, insipid; his comic wit degenerating into clenches, his serious swelling into bombast. But he is always great, when some great occasion is presented to him: no man can say, he ever had a fit subject for his wit, and did not then raise himself as high above the rest of poets,

Quantum lenta solent inter viburna cupressi.

[As the cypresses tower above low-growing shrubs.]

The consideration of this made Mr. Hales of Eton say, that there was no subject of which any poet ever writ, but he would produce it much better done in Shakspere; and however others are now generally preferred before him, yet the age wherein he lived, which had contemporaries with him, Fletcher and Jonson, never equaled them to him in their esteem: and in the last king's court, when Ben's reputation was at highest, Sir John Suckling, and with him the greater part of the courtiers, set our Shakspere far above him.

Beaumont and Fletcher, of whom I am next to speak, had with the advantage of Shakspere's wit, which was their precedent, great natural gifts, improved

by study; Beaumont especially being so accurate a judge of plays, that Ben Jonson, while he lived, submitted all his writings to his censure, and 't is thought, used his judgment in correcting, if not contriving all his plots. What value he had for him, appears by the verses he writ to him; and therefore I need speak no farther of it. The first play that brought Fletcher and him in esteem, was their *Philaster;* for before that, they had written two or three very unsuccessfully: as the like is reported of Ben Jonson, before he writ *Every Man in his Humor.* Their plots were generally more regular than Shakspere's, especially those which were made before Beaumont's death; and they understood and imitated the conversation of gentlemen much better; whose wild debaucheries, and quickness of wit in repartees, no poet before them could paint as they have done. Humor, which Ben Jonson derived from particular persons, they made it not their business to describe; they represented all the passions very lively, but above all, love. I am apt to believe the English language in them arrived to its highest perfection; what words have since been taken in, are rather superfluous than ornamental. Their plays are now the most pleasant and frequent entertainments of the stage; two of theirs being acted through the year for one of Shakspere's or Jonson's: the reason is, because there is a certain gaiety in their comedies, and pathos in their more serious plays, which suits generally with all men's humors. Shakspere's language is likewise a little obsolete, and Ben Jonson's wit comes short of theirs.

As for Jonson, to whose character I am now arrived, if we look upon him while he was himself (for his last plays were but his dotages), I think him the most learned and judicious writer which any theater ever had. He was a most severe judge of himself, as well as others. One cannot say he wanted wit, but rather that he was frugal of it. In his works you find little to retrench or alter. Wit and language, and humor also in some measure, we had before him; but something of art was wanting to the drama, till he came. He managed his strength to more advantage than any who preceded him. You seldom find him making love in any of his scenes, or endeavoring to move the passions; his genius was too sullen and saturnine to do it gracefully, especially when he knew he came after those who had performed both to such a height. Humor was his proper sphere; and in that he delighted most to represent mechanic people. He was deeply conversant in the ancients, both Greek and Latin, and he borrowed boldly from them: there is scarce a poet or historian among the Roman authors of those times, whom he has not translated in *Sejanus* and *Catiline.* But he has done his robberies so openly, that one may see he fears not to be taxed by any law. He invades authors like a monarch; and what would be theft in other poets, is only victory in him. With the spoils of these writers he so represents old Rome to us, in its rites, ceremonies, and customs, that if one of their poets had written either of his tragedies, we had seen less of it than in him. If there was any fault in his language, it was, that he weaved it too closely and laboriously, in his comedies especially: perhaps, too, he did a little too much Romanize our tongue, leaving the words which he translated almost as much Latin as he found them; wherein, though he learnedly followed their language, he did not enough comply with the idiom of ours. If I would compare him with Shakspere, I must acknowledge him the more correct poet, but Shakspere the greater wit. Shakspere was the Homer, or father of our dramatic poets; Jonson was the Virgil, the pattern of elaborate writing; I admire him, but I love Shakspere. To conclude of him; as he has given us the most correct plays, so in the precepts which he has laid down in his *Discoveries,* we have as many and profitable rules for perfecting the stage, as any wherewith the French can furnish us.

* * * (1667)

DANIEL DEFOE (1661–1731)

Defoe was the son of a nonconformist butcher, and attended a dissenting school, where, according to his own account, he received a sound training in English and other modern languages as well as in the classics; his master, Morton, was a man of advanced ideas in education, and afterwards became vice-president of Harvard University. Defoe took part in the rebellion of Monmouth, engaged unsuccessfully in trade, and welcomed the Revolution. When William III was attacked as a foreigner, Defoe took up his defence in a satirical poem, *The True-born Englishman*, which ran through twenty-one editions and was sold in thousands in the streets. He published a number of political pamphlets, and one of them, *The Shortest Way with the Dissenters*, was so successful in its irony that it deceived both parties into accepting it as a serious plea for high church principles. When it became known that the author was a dissenter and that the tract was really a plea for toleration, the high church party were furious at the fraud practised upon them, and the dissenters were too sore and bewildered to defend him. Defoe was fined, imprisoned, and condemned to be exposed to public derision in the pillory (1703). But the people covered the pillory with flowers, drank his health, and bought copies of his *Hymn to the Pillory*, in which he denounced his antagonists as 'scandals to the times,' who 'are at a loss to find his guilt, and can't commit his crimes.' Defoe was not kept long in prison, and in 1704 he began the publication of the *Review*, which was continued till 1713 and marks an important advance in the development of journalism. As a journalist Defoe showed unwearied diligence, unsurpassed enterprise and resourcefulness, and a keen sense of popular interest. There are few features of the modern newspaper which are not represented in his writings. He wrote sometimes for one party, sometimes for another, and for some years he conducted Tory papers in the interests of the Whig government, by which he was employed in the secret service. His style is remarkably simple and direct, and the 'stories' he invented can hardly be distinguished from genuine narratives. Of his numerous works, which would make a considerable library if reprinted, the one which has earned most enduring popularity is *Robinson Crusoe* (1720), a realistic autobiography of a sailor cast away upon a desolate island. It has been translated into almost every literary language and has been followed by countless imitations.

From THE TRUE BORN ENGLISHMAN

A true born Englishman's a contradiction!
In speech, an irony; in fact, a fiction!
A banter made to be a test of fools!
Which those that use it, justly ridicules;
A metaphor invented to express
A man akin to all the universe!

For as the Scots, as learned men have said,
Throughout the world their wandering seed have spread,
So open-handed England, 't is believed,
Has all the gleanings of the world received.
Some think, of England 't was, our Savior meant
The Gospel should, to all the world be sent,
Since, when the blessed sound did hither reach,
They to all nations might be said to preach.

'T is well that virtue gives nobility;
How shall we else the want of birth and blood supply?
Since scarce one family is left alive,
Which does not from some foreigner derive.
Of sixty thousand English gentlemen
Whose names and arms in registers remain,
We challenge all our heralds to declare
Ten families which English Saxons are!

France justly boasts the ancient noble line
Of Bourbon, Montmorency, and Lorraine.
The Germans, too, their House of Austria show,
And Holland their invincible Nassau —
Lines which in heraldry were ancient grown,
Before the name of Englishman was known.
Even Scotland, too, her elder glory shows!
Her Gordons, Hamiltons, and her Monroes;

Douglas, Mackays, and Grahams, names well known
Long before ancient England knew her own.

But England, modern to the last degree,
Borrows or makes her own nobility;
And yet she boldly boasts of pedigree!
Repines that foreigners are put upon her,
And talks of her antiquity and honor!
Her S[ackvil]les, S[avi]les, C[eci]ls, Dela-[me]res,
M[ohu]ns and M[ontag]ues, D[ura]s, and V[ee]res;
Not one have English names, yet all are English peers!
Your Houblons, Papillons, and Lethuliers
Pass now for true born English knights and squires,
And make good senate members, or lord mayors,
Wealth (howsoever got) in England, makes
Lords, of mechanics! gentlemen, of rakes!
Antiquity and birth are needless here.
'T is impudence and money make a p[ee]r!

* * *

THE CONCLUSION

Then let us boast of ancestors no more,
Or deeds of heroes done in days of yore,
In latent records of the ages past,
Behind the rear of time, in long oblivion placed.
For if our virtues must in lines descend,
The merit with the families would end,
And intermixtures would most fatal grow,
For vice would be hereditary too;
The tainted blood would of necessity,
In voluntary wickedness convey!

Vice, like ill-nature, for an age or two,
May seem a generation to pursue:
But virtue seldom does regard the breed,
Fools do the wise, and wise men fools succeed.
What is it to us, what ancestors we had?
If good, what better? or what worse, if bad?
Examples are for imitation set,
Yet all men follow virtue with regret.

Could but our ancestors retrieve their fate,
And see their offspring thus degenerate;
How we contend for birth and names unknown,
And build on their past actions, not our own:
They'd cancel records, and their tombs deface,
And openly disown the vile degenerate race!
For fame of families is all a cheat;
'T is personal virtue only makes us great!

(1701)

THE SHORTEST WAY WITH THE DISSENTERS

Sir Roger L'Estrange tells us a story in his collection of Fables, of the cock and the horses. The cock was gotten to roost in the stable among the horses; and there being no racks or other conveniences for him, it seems he was forced to roost upon the ground. The horses jostling about for room and putting the cock in danger of his life, he gives them this grave advice, 'Pray, gentlefolks! let us stand still! for fear we should tread upon one another!'

There are some people in the world, who, now they are unperched, and reduced to an equality with other people, and under strong and very just apprehensions of being further treated as they deserve, begin with Esop's cock, to preach up peace and union and the christian duty of moderation; forgetting that when they had the power in their hands, those graces were strangers in their gates!

It is now near fourteen years, that the glory and peace of the purest and most flourishing church in the world has been eclipsed, buffeted, and disturbed by a sort of men whom God in his providence has suffered to insult over her, and bring her down. These have been the days of her humiliation and tribulation. She has borne with an invincible patience the reproach of the wicked; and God has at last heard her prayers, and delivered her from the oppression of the stranger.

And now, they find their day is over, their power gone, and the throne of this nation possessed by a royal, English, true, and ever constant member of, and friend to, the Church of England. Now they find that they are in danger of the Church of England's just resentments. Now, they cry out, 'Peace!' 'Union!' 'Forbearance!' and 'Charity!': as if the Church had not too long harbored her enemies under her wing, and nourished the viperous brood, till they hiss and fly in the face of the mother that cherished them!

No, gentlemen, the time of mercy is past, your day of grace is over, you should have practised peace, and moderation, and charity, if you expected any yourselves.

We have heard none of this lesson for fourteen years past. We have been huffed and bullied with your Act of Toleration. You have told us you are the Church established by law, as well as others; have set up your canting synagogues at our church doors; and the Church and her members have been loaded with reproaches, with oaths, associations, abjurations, and what not! Where has been the mercy, the forbearance, the charity you have shown to tender consciences of the Church of England that could not take oaths as fast as you made them; that, having sworn allegiance to their lawful and rightful king, could not dispense with that oath, their king being still alive, and swear to your new hodge-podge of a Dutch government? These have been turned out of their livings, and they and their families left to starve; their estates double taxed to carry on a war they had no hand in, and you got nothing by!

What account can you give of the multitudes you have forced to comply, against their consciences, with your new sophistical politics, who, like new converts in France, sin because they cannot starve? And now the tables are turned upon you, you must not be persecuted! It is not a christian spirit!

You have butchered one king, deposed another king, and made a mock king of a third, and yet, you could have the face to expect to be employed and trusted by the fourth! Anybody that did not know the temper of your party, would stand amazed at the impudence as well as the folly to think of it!

Your management of your Dutch monarch, whom you reduced to a mere King of Clubs, is enough to give any future princes such an idea of your principles as to warn them sufficiently from coming into your clutches; and, God be thanked, the Queen is out of your hands, knows you, and will have a care of you!

There is no doubt but the supreme authority of a nation has in itself a power, and a right to that power, to execute the laws upon any part of that nation it governs. The execution of the known laws of the land, and that with but a gentle hand neither, was all that the fanatical party of this land have ever called persecution. This they have magnified to a height that the sufferings of the Huguenots in France were not to be compared with them. Now to execute the known laws of a nation upon those who transgress them, after having first been voluntarily consenting to the making of those laws, can never be called persecution, but justice. But justice is always violence to the party offending, for every man is innocent in his own eyes.

The first execution of the laws against Dissenters in England was in the days of King James I; and what did it amount to? Truly, the worst they suffered was, at their own request, to let them go to New England, and erect a new colony; and give them great privileges, grants, and suitable powers; keep them under protection, and defend them against all invaders; and receive no taxes or revenue from them!

This was the cruelty of the Church of England. Fatal lenity! It was the ruin of that excellent prince, King Charles I. Had King James sent all the Puritans in England away to the West Indies, we had been a national unmixed church. The Church of England had been kept undivided and entire!

To requite the lenity of the father, they take up arms against the son, conquer, pursue, take, imprison, and at last put to death the anointed of God, and destroy the very being and nature of government: setting up a sordid impostor, who had neither title to govern, nor understanding to manage, but supplied that want, with power, bloody and desperate counsels and craft, without conscience.

Had not King James I withheld the full execution of the laws: had he given them strict justice, he had cleared the nation of them! And the consequences had been plain; his son had never been murdered by them, nor the monarchy overwhelmed. It was too much mercy shown them that was the ruin of his posterity, and the ruin of the nation's peace. One would think the Dissenters should not have the face to believe that we are to be wheedled and canted into peace and toleration, when they know that they have once requited us with a

civil war, and once with an intolerable and unrighteous persecution, for our former civility.

Nay, to encourage us to be easy with them, it is apparent that they never had the upper hand of the Church but they treated her with all the severity, with all the reproach and contempt as was possible! What peace and what mercy did they show the loyal gentry of the Church of England, in the time of their triumphant Commonwealth? How did they put all the gentry of England to ransom, whether they were actually in arms for the king or not, making people compound for their estates, and starve their families! How did they treat the clergy of the Church of England, sequester the ministers, devour the patrimony of the Church and divide the spoil, by sharing the Church lands among their soldiers, and turning her clergy out to starve! Just such measure as they have meted, should be measured to them again!

Charity and love is the known doctrine of the Church of England, and it is plain she has put it in practise towards the Dissenters, even beyond what they ought, till she has been wanting to herself, and in effect unkind to her own sons; particularly, in the too much lenity of King James I, mentioned before. Had he so rooted the Puritans from the face of the land, which he had an opportunity early to have done, they had not had the power to vex the Church, as since they have done.

In the days of King Charles II, how did the Church reward their bloody doings with lenity and mercy! Except the barbarous regicides of the pretended court of justice, not a soul suffered for all the blood in an unnatural war. King Charles came in all mercy and love, cherished them, preferred them, employed them, withheld the rigor of the law and oftentimes, even against the advice of his Parliament, gave them liberty of conscience; and how did they requite him? With the villainous contrivance to depose and murder him and his successor, at the Rye House Plot!

King James II, as if mercy was the inherent quality of the family, began his reign with unusual favor to them. Nor could their joining with the Duke of Monmouth against him, move him to do himself justice upon them. But that mistaken prince, thinking to win them by gentleness and love, proclaimed a universal liberty to them, and rather discountenanced the Church of England than them. How they requited him, all the world knows!

The late reign is too fresh in the memory of all the world to need a comment. How under pretense of joining with the Church in redressing some grievances, they pushed things to that extremity, in conjunction with some mistaken gentlemen, as to depose the late king; as if the grievance of the nation could not have been redressed but by the absolute ruin of the prince.

Here is an instance of their temper, their peace, and charity!

To what height they carried themselves during the reign of a king of their own, how they crept into all places of trust and profit; how they insinuated themselves into the favor of the king, and were at first preferred to the highest places in the nation, how they engrossed the ministry; and, above all, how pitifully they managed, is too plain to need any remarks.

But particularly, their mercy and charity, the spirit of union they tell us so much of, has been remarkable in Scotland. If any man would see the spirit of a Dissenter, let him look into Scotland. There, they made entire conquest of the Church, trampled down the sacred orders and suppressed the episcopal government, with an absolute, and, as they supposed, irretrievable victory; though it is possible they may find themselves mistaken!

Now it would be a very proper question to ask their impudent advocate, the *Observator,* 'Pray how much mercy and favor did the members of the Episcopal Church find in Scotland from the Scotch Presbyterian government?' And I shall undertake for the Church of England, that the Dissenters shall still receive as much here, though they deserve but little.

In a small treatise of *The Sufferings of the Episcopal Clergy in Scotland,* it will appear what usage they met with. How they not only lost their livings; but, in several places, were plundered and abused in their persons, the ministers that could not conform, were turned out, with numerous families and no mainte-

nance, and hardly charity enough left to relieve them with a bit of bread. The cruelties of the party were innumerable, and are not to be attempted in this short piece.

And now, to prevent the distant cloud which they perceive to hang over their heads from England, with a true Presbyterian policy, they put in for a union of nations — that England might unite their Church with the Kirk of Scotland, and their assembly of Scotch canting long-cloaks in our convocation. What might have been, if our fanatic Whiggish statesmen continued, God only knows; but we hope we are out of fear of that now.

It is alleged by some of the faction, and they have begun to bully us with it, that 'if we won't unite with them, they will not settle the Crown with us again; but when her Majesty dies, will choose a king for themselves!'

If they won't, we must make them; and it is not the first time we have let them know that we are able. The crowns of these kingdoms have not so far disowned the right of succession, but they may retrieve it again; and if Scotland thinks to come off from a successive to an elective state of government, England has not promised, not to assist the right heir, and put him into possession, without any regards to their ridiculous settlements.

These are the gentlemen! these, their ways of treating the Church, both at home and abroad!

Now let us examine the reasons they pretend to give, why we should be favorable to them; why we should continue and tolerate them among us.

First. They are very numerous, they say. They are a great part of the nation, and we cannot suppress them!

To this, may be answered:

First. They are not so numerous as the Protestants in France: and yet the French king effectually cleared the nation of them at once; and we don't find he misses them at home!

But I am not of the opinion they are so numerous as is pretended. Their party is more numerous than their persons; and those mistaken people of the Church who are misled and deluded by their wheedling artifices to join with them, make their party the greater: but those will open their eyes when the government shall set heartily about the work, and come off from them, as some animals, which they say, always desert a house when it is likely to fall.

Secondly. The more numerous, the more dangerous; and therefore the more need to suppress them; and God has suffered us to bear them as goads in our sides, for not utterly extinguishing them long ago.

Thirdly. If we are to allow them, only because we cannot suppress them; then it ought to be tried, whether we can or not? And I am of opinion it is easy to be done, and could prescribe ways and means, if it were proper: but I doubt not the government will find effectual methods for the rooting of the contagion from the face of this land.

Another argument they use, which is this. That this is a time of war, and we have need to unite against the common enemy.

We answer, this common enemy had been no enemy, if they had not made him so. He was quiet, in peace, and no way disturbed and encroached upon us; and we know no reason we had to quarrel with him.

But further. We make no question but we are able to deal with this common enemy without their help: but why must we unite with them, because of the enemy? Will they go over to the enemy, if we do not prevent it, by a union with them? We are very well contented they should, and make no question, we shall be ready to deal with them and the common enemy too; and better without them than with them. Besides, if we have a common enemy, there is the more need to be secure against our private enemies. If there is one common enemy, we have the less need to have an enemy in our bowels!

It was a great argument some people used against suppressing the old money, that 'it was a time of war, and it was too great a risk for the nation to run. If we should not master it, we should be undone!' And yet the sequel proved the hazard was not so great, but it might be mastered, and the success was answerable. The suppressing the Dissenters is not a harder work, nor a work of less necessity to the public. We can never enjoy a settled, uninterrupted union and tranquillity in this nation, till the spirit

of Whiggism, faction, and schism is melted down like the old money!

To talk of difficulty is to frighten ourselves with chimeras and notions of a powerful party, which are indeed a party without power. Difficulties often appear greater at a distance than when they are searched into with judgment, and distinguished from the vapors and shadows that attend them.

We are not to be frightened with it! This age is wiser than that, by all our own experience, and theirs too! King Charles I had early suppressed this party, if he had taken more deliberate measures. In short, it is not worth arguing, to talk of their arms. Their Monmouths and Shaftesburys and Argyles are gone! Their Dutch sanctuary is at an end! Heaven has made way for their destruction, and if we do not close with the divine occasion, we are to blame ourselves! and may hereafter remember that we had, once, an opportunity to serve the Church of England, by extirpating her implacable enemies; and having let slip the minute that Heaven presented, may experimentally complain, *post est occasio calva* [opportunity is bald behind].

Here are some popular objections in the way.

As first, the queen has promised them to continue them in their tolerated liberty; and has told us she will be a religious observer of her word.

What her Majesty will do we cannot help, but what, as the head of the Church, she ought to do, is another case. Her Majesty has promised to protect and defend the Church of England, and if she cannot effectually do that without the destruction of the Dissenters, she must, of course, dispense with one promise to comply with another.

But to answer this cavil more effectually. Her Majesty did never promise to maintain the toleration to the destruction of the Church; but it was upon supposition that it may be compatible with the well-being and safety of the Church, which she had declared she would take especial care of. Now if these two interests clash, it is plain her Majesty's intentions are to uphold, protect, defend, and establish the Church; and this, we conceive, is impossible.

Perhaps it may be said, that the Church is in no immediate danger from the Dissenters, and therefore it is time enough.

But this is a weak answer. For first: if the danger be real, the distance of it is no argument against, but rather a spur to quicken us to prevention, lest it be too late hereafter.

And secondly: here is the opportunity, and the only one, perhaps, that ever the Church had to secure herself and destroy her enemies.

The representatives of the nation have now an opportunity. The time is come which all good men have wished for, that the gentlemen of England may serve the Church of England, now they are protected and encouraged by a Church of England queen!

What will you do for your sister in the day that she shall be spoken for?

If ever you will establish the best christian church in the world; if ever you will suppress the spirit of enthusiasm; if ever you will free the nation from the viperous brood that have so long sucked the blood of their mother; if ever you will leave your posterity free from faction and rebellion, this is the time! This is the time to pull up this heretical weed of sedition, that has so long disturbed the peace of the Church, and poisoned the good corn!

But, says another hot and cold objector, this is renewing fire and faggot, reviving the Act, *de heretico comburendo* [for the burning of heretics]. This will be cruelty in its nature, and barbarous to all the world.

I answer, it is cruelty to kill a snake or a toad in cold blood, but the poison of their nature makes it a charity to our neighbors to destroy those creatures, not for any personal injury received, but for prevention; not for the evil they have done, but the evil they may do. Serpents, toads, vipers, etc., are noxious to the body, and poison the sensitive life: these poison the soul, corrupt our posterity, ensnare our children, destroy the vitals of our happiness, our future felicity, and contaminate the whole mass!

Shall any law be given to such wild creatures? Some beasts are for sport, and the huntsmen give them the advantages of ground, but some are knocked on the head by all possible ways of violence and surprise.

I do not prescribe fire and faggot; but as Scipio said of Carthage, *Delenda est Carthago* [Carthage must be destroyed]!

they are to be rooted out of this nation, if ever we will live in peace, serve God, or enjoy our own. As for the manner, I leave it to those hands who have a right to execute God's justice on the nation's and the Church's enemies.

But if we must be frighted from this justice, under these specious pretenses, and odious sense of cruelty, nothing will be effected. It will be more barbarous to our own children and dear posterity, when they shall reproach their fathers, as we ours, and tell us, 'You had an opportunity to root out this cursed race from the world under the favor and protection of a true Church of England queen, and out of your foolish pity, you spared them, because, forsooth, you would not be cruel! And now our Church is suppressed and persecuted, our religion trampled under foot, our estates plundered, our persons imprisoned, and dragged to gaols, gibbets, and scaffolds! Your sparing this Amalekite race is our destruction! Your mercy to them proves cruelty to your poor posterity!'

How just will such reflections be when our posterity shall fall under the merciless clutches of this uncharitable generation; when our Church shall be swallowed up in schism, faction, enthusiasm, and confusion; when our government shall be devolved upon foreigners, and our monarchy dwindled into a republic!

It would be more rational for us, if we must spare this generation, to summon our own to a general massacre; and as we have brought them into the world free, to send them out so; and not betray them to destruction by our supine negligence, and then cry, 'It is mercy!'

Moses was a merciful meek man; and yet with what fury did he run through the camp, and cut the throats of three and thirty thousand of his dear Israelites that were fallen into idolatry. What was the reason? It was mercy to the rest, to make these examples, to prevent the destruction of the whole army.

How many millions of future souls we save from infection and delusion, if the present race of poisoned spirits were purged from the face of the land!

It is vain to trifle in this matter. The light foolish handling of them by mulcts, fines, etc.; 't is their glory and their advantage! If the gallows instead of the counter, and the galleys instead of the fines were the reward of going to a conventicle to preach or hear, there would not be so many sufferers. The spirit of martyrdom is over. They that will go to church to be chosen sheriffs and mayors, would go to forty churches rather than be hanged!

If one severe law were made and punctually executed that whoever was found at a conventicle should be banished the nation, and the preacher be hanged, we should soon see an end of the tale. They would all come to church again, and one age would make us all one again.

To talk of five shillings a month for not coming to the sacrament, and one shilling per week, for not coming to church: this is such a way of converting people as was never known. This is selling them a liberty to transgress, for so much money.

If it be not a crime, why don't we give them full license? And if it be, no price ought to compound for the committing of it, for that is selling a liberty to people to sin against God and the government.

If it be a crime of the highest consequence, both against the peace and welfare of the nation, the glory of God, the good of the Church, and the happiness of the soul, let us rank it among capital offenses, and let it receive a punishment in proportion to it.

We hang men for trifles, and banish them for things not worth naming; but that an offense against God and the Church, against the welfare of the world, and the dignity of religion shall be bought off for five shillings: this is such a shame to a Christian government that it is with regret I transmit it to posterity.

If men sin against God, affront his ordinances, rebel against his church, and disobey the precepts of their superiors; let them suffer, as such capital crimes deserve. So will religion flourish, and this divided nation be once again united.

And yet the title of barbarous and cruel will soon be taken off from this law too. I am not supposing that all the Dissenters in England should be hanged or banished. But as in case of rebellions and insurrections, if a few of the ringleaders suffer, the multitude are dismissed; so a few obstinate people being made examples, there is no doubt but the severity of the law would find a stop in the compliance of the multitude.

To make the reasonableness of this matter out of question, and more unanswerably plain, let us examine for what it is that this nation is divided into parties and factions; and let us see how they can justify a separation; or we of the Church of England can justify our bearing the insults and inconveniences of the party.

One of their leading pastors, and a man of as much learning as most among them, in his *Answer* to a pamphlet entitled *An Enquiry into the Occasional Conformity,* hath these words, p. 27:—'Do the religion of the Church and the meeting houses make two religions? Wherein do they differ? The substance of the same religion is common to them both, and the modes and accidents are the things in which only they differ.' P. 28:—'Thirty-nine Articles are given us for the summary of our religion; thirty-six contain the substance of it wherein we agree; three are additional appendices, about which we have some differences.'

Now, if, as by their own acknowledgment, the Church of England is a true church, and the difference is only in a few 'modes and accidents,' why should we expect that they will suffer the gallows and galleys, corporal punishment and banishment, for these trifles? There is no question, but they will be wiser. Even their own principles won't bear them out in it.

They will certainly comply with the laws, and with reason. And though, at the first, severity may seem hard, the next age will feel nothing of it; the contagion will be rooted out. The disease being cured, there will be no need of the operation. But if they should venture to transgress, and fall into the pit, all the world must condemn their obstinacy, as being without ground from their own principles.

Thus the pretense of cruelty will be taken off, and the party actually suppressed, and the disquiets they have so often brought upon the nation, prevented.

Their numbers and their wealth make them haughty; and that is so far from being an argument to persuade us to forbear them, that it is a warning to us, without any more delay, to reconcile them to the unity of the Church, or remove them from us.

At present, Heaven be praised! they are not so formidable as they have been, and it is our own fault if ever we suffer them to be so. Providence and the Church of England seem to join in this particular, that now the destroyers of the nation's peace may be overturned; and to this end, the present opportunity seems to put into our hands.

To this end, her present Majesty seems reserved to enjoy the crown, that the ecclesiastic as well as civil rights of the nation may be restored by her hand.

To this end, the face of affairs has received such a turn in the process of a few months as never has been before. The leading men of the nation, the universal cry of the people, the unanimous request of the clergy agree in this, that the deliverance of our Church is at hand!

For this end, has Providence given such a parliament, such a convocation, such a gentry, and such a queen, as we never had before.

And what may be the consequences of a neglect of such opportunities? The succession of the crown has but a dark prospect. Another Dutch turn may make the hopes of it ridiculous, and the practice impossible. Be the house of our future princes ever so well inclined, they will be foreigners. Many years will be spent in suiting the genius of strangers to this crown, and the interests of the nation; and how many ages it may be before the English throne be filled with so much zeal and candor, so much tenderness and hearty affection to the Church, as we see it now covered with, who can imagine?

It is high time, then, for the friends of the Church of England to think of building up and establishing her in such a manner that she may be no more invaded by foreigners, nor divided by factions, schisms, and error.

If this could be done by gentle and easy methods, I should be glad: but the wound is corroded, the vitals begin to mortify, and nothing but amputation of members can complete the cure. All the ways of tenderness and compassion, all persuasive arguments have been made use of in vain.

The humor of the Dissenters has so increased among the people, that they hold the Church in defiance, and the house of God is an abomination among them. Nay, they have brought up their posterity in such prepossessed aversion to our holy

religion, that the ignorant mob think we are all idolators and worshippers of Baal, and account it a sin to come within the walls of our churches. The primitive christians were not more shy of a heathen temple, or of meat offered to idols, nor the Jews of swine's flesh, than some of our Dissenters are of the church and the divine service solemnized therein.

The obstinacy must be rooted out, with the profession of it. While the generation are left at liberty daily to affront God Almighty, and dishonor his holy worship, we are wanting in our duty to God, and to our mother, the Church of England.

How can we answer it to God, to the Church, and to our posterity, to leave them entangled with fanaticism, error, and obstinacy, in the bowels of the nation; to leave them an enemy in their streets, that, in time, may involve them in the same crimes, and endanger the utter extirpation of the religion of the nation.

What is the difference betwixt this, and being subject to the power of the Church of Rome, from whence we have reformed. If one be an extreme to the one hand, and one on another, it is equally destructive to the truth to have errors settled among us, let them be of what nature they will. Both are enemies of our Church, and of our peace; and why should it not be as criminal to admit an enthusiast as a Jesuit? Why should the papist with his seven sacraments be worse than the Quaker with no sacraments at all? Why should religious houses be more intolerable than meeting houses?

Alas, the Church of England! What with popery on one hand, and schismatics on the other, how has she been crucified between two thieves. Now, let us crucify the thieves!

Let her foundations be established upon the destruction of her enemies! The doors of mercy being always open to the returning part of the deluded people, let the obstinate be ruled with the rod of iron!

Let all true sons of so holy and oppressed a mother, exasperated by her afflictions, harden their hearts against those who have oppressed her.

And may God Almighty put it into the hearts of all the friends of truth, to lift up a standard against pride and Antichrist, that the posterity of the sons of error may be rooted out from the face of this land, for ever!

(1702)

PREFACE TO THE FIRST VOLUME OF THE REVIEW

When authors present their works to the world, like a thief at the gallows, they make a speech to the people.

The author, indeed, has something like this to say, too, 'Good people all, take warning by me!' I have studied to inform and to direct the world, and what have I had for my labor?

Profit, the press would not allow; and therein I am not deceived, for I expected none. But good manners and good language, I thought I might expect, because I gave no other; and it were but just to treat mankind as we would be treated by them. But neither has this been paid me, in debt to custom and civility.

How often have my ears, my hands, and my head been to be pulled off! Impotent bullies! that attacked by truth, and their vices stormed, fill the air with rhodomontades and indecencies; but never show their faces to the resentment truth had a just cause to entertain for them.

I have passed through clouds of clamor, cavil, raillery, and objection; and have this satisfaction, that truth being the design, *Finis coronat* [The end crowns the work]!

I am never forward to value my own performances. 'Let another man's mouth praise thee!' said the Wise Man; but I cannot but own myself infinitely pleased, and more than satisfied that wise men read this paper with pleasure, own the just observations in it, and have voted it useful.

The first design I allow is not yet pursued, and indeed I must own the field is so large, the design so vast, and the necessary preliminaries so many that though I cannot yet pass for an old man, I must be so, if I live to go through with it.

This volume has passed through my descriptions of the French grandeur, with its influence on the affairs of Poland, Sweden, and Hungary. What assaults have I met with from the impatience of

the readers; what uneasiness of friends, lest I was turned about to the enemy; I leave to their reading the sheets to discover.

How is this age unqualified to bear feeling truth, how unwilling to hear what we do not like, though ever so necessary to know!

And yet if this French monarchy were not very powerful, vastly strong, its power terrible, its increasing encroaching measures formidable; why do we (and justly too) applaud, extol, congratulate, and dignify the victorious Duke of Marlborough at such a rate? If it had been a mean and contemptible enemy, how shall we justify the English army's march through so many hazards; the nation's vast charge; the daily just concern in every article of this war; and (as I have frequently hinted), why not beat them, all this while?

They who have made, or may make, an ill use of the true plan of French greatness, which I have laid down, must place it to the account of their own corrupted prejudiced thoughts. My design is plain — to tell you the strength of your enemy, that you may fortify yourselves in due proportion, and not go out with your ten thousands against his twenty thousands.

In like manner, I think myself very oddly handled in the case of the Swedes and the Hungarians. How many complaints of ambassadors for the one, and of fellow Protestants for the other! And yet, after the whole story is finished, I have this felicity (than which no author can desire a greater) viz., not one thing I ever affirmed, but was exactly true; not one conjecture have I made, but has appeared to be rational; not one inference drawn, but the consequences have proved just; and not one thing guessed at, but what has come to pass.

I am now come home to England, and entered a little into our own affairs. Indeed, I have advanced some things as to trade, navies, seamen, etc., which some may think a little arrogant, because perfectly new. But as I have offered nothing but what I am always ready to make appear practicable, I finish my apology by saying to the world, 'Bring me to the test; and the rest, I leave to time.'

In the bringing the story of France down to the matter of trade, I confess myself surprisingly drawn into a vast wilderness of a subject so large that I know not where it will end. The misfortune of which is, that thinking to have finished it with this volume, I found myself strangely deceived, and indeed amazed, when I found the story of it intended to be the end of this volume, and hardly enough of it entered upon to say it is begun.

However, the volume being of necessity to be closed, I am obliged to content myself with taking what is here as an introduction to the next volume; and to give this notice, that the matter of our English trade appears to be a thing of such consequence to be treated of, so much pretended to, and so little understood, that nothing could be more profitable to the readers, more advantageous to the public interest of this nation, or more suitable to the greatness of this undertaking, than to make an essay at the evils, causes, and remedies of our general negoce.

I have been confirmed in my opinion of the consequences and benefit of this undertaking by a crowd of entreaties from persons of the best judgment, and some of extraordinary genius in these affairs; whose letters are my authority for this clause, and whose arguments are too forcible for me to resist.

And this is to me a sufficient apology for a vast digression from the affairs of France, which were really in my first design, and to which my title at first too straitly bound me.

Whoever shall live to see this undertaking finished, if the author (or some better pen after him) shall bring 20 or 30 volumes of this work on the stage, it will not look so preposterous as it seems now to have one whole volume to be employed on the most delightful as well as profitable subject of the English trade.

Things at short distance look large, and public patience is generally very short; but when remote, the case alters, and people see the reason of things in themselves. It is this remote prospect of affairs which I have before me. And this makes me not so much regard the uneasiness people show at the story being frequently broken abruptly, and running great lengths before it revolves upon itself again; but as time and the course of things will bring all about again, and make the whole to be of a piece with

itself, I am content to wait the approbation of the readers, till such time as the thing itself forces it from the at present impatient readers.

Readers are strange judges when they see but part of the design. It is a new thing for an author to lay down his thoughts piece-meal. Importunate cavils assault him every day. They claim to be answered to-day! before to-morrow! and are so far from staying till the story is finished, that they can hardly stay till their letters come to hand, but follow the first with a second, that with clamor, and this sometimes with threatening scoffs, banters, and raillery!

Thus I am letter-baited by querists; and I think my trouble in writing civil private answers to teasing and querulous epistles, has been equal to, if not more troublesome than, all the rest of this work. Through these difficulties I steer with as much temper and steadiness as I can. I still hope to give satisfaction in the conclusion; and it is this alone that makes the continuing of the work tolerable to me. If I cannot, I have made my essay.

If those that know these things better than I would bless the world with further instructions, I shall be glad to see them, and very far from interrupting or discouraging them, as these do me.

Let not those gentlemen who are critics in style, in method, or manner, be angry, that I have never pulled off my cap to them, in humble excuse for my loose way of treating the world as to language, expression, and politeness of phrase. Matters of this nature differ from most things a man can write. When I am busied writing essays and matters of science, I shall address them for their aid, and take as much care to avoid their displeasure as becomes me; but when I am upon the subject of trade and the variety of casual story, I think myself a little loose from the bonds of cadence and perfections of style, and satisfy myself in my study to be explicit, easy, free, and very plain. And for all the rest, *Nec careo, nec curo* [I neither need it, nor pay attention to it]!

I had a design to say something on the entertaining part of this paper; but I have so often explained myself on that head, that I shall not trouble the world much about it.

When I first found the design of this paper (which had its birth *in tenebris*) [in darkness], I considered it would be a thing very historical, very long; and though it could be much better performed than ever I was likely to do it, this age had such natural aversion to a solemn and tedious affair, that however profitable, it would never be diverting, and the world would never read it.

To get over this difficulty, the secret hand (I make no doubt) that directed this birth into the world, dictated to make some sort of entertainment or amusement at the end of every paper, upon the immediate subject, then on the tongues of the town — which innocent diversion would hand on the more weighty and serious part of the design into the heads and thoughts of those to whom it might be useful.

I take this opportunity to assure the world that receiving or answering letters of doubts, difficulties, cases, and questions, as it is a work I think myself very meanly qualified for, so it was the remotest thing from my first design of anything in the world; and I could be heartily glad, if the readers of this paper would excuse me from it yet. But I see it cannot be, and the world will have it done. I have therefore done my best to oblige them; but as I have not one word to say for my performance that way, so I leave it where I found it, a mere circumstance casually and undesignedly annexed to the work, and a curiosity, though honestly endeavored to be complied with.

If the method I have taken in answering questions has pleased some wiser men more than I expected it would, I confess it is one of the chief reasons why I was induced to continue it.

I have constantly adhered to this rule in all my answers (and I refer my reader to his observation for the proof), that from the loosest and lightest questions, I endeavor to draw some useful inferences, and, if possible, to introduce something solid, and something solemn in applying it. The custom of the ancients in writing fables is my very laudable pattern for this; and my firm resolution, in all I write, to exalt virtue, expose vice, promote truth, and help men to serious reflection, is my first moving cause, and last directed end.

If any shall make ill use of, wrest, wrongly interpret, wilfully or otherwise mistake the honest design of this work; let such wait for the end, when I doubt not, the author will be cleared by their own vote, their want of charity will appear, and they be self-condemned till they come to acknowledge their error, and openly to justify

Their humble servant, D. F.

(1705)

THE EDUCATION OF WOMEN

FROM AN ESSAY UPON PROJECTS

I have often thought of it as one of the most barbarous customs in the world, considering us as a civilized and a christian country, that we deny the advantages of learning to women. We reproach the sex every day with folly and impertinence; while I am confident, had they the advantages of education equal to us, they would be guilty of less than ourselves.

One would wonder, indeed, how it should happen that women are conversible at all, since they are only beholden to natural parts for all their knowledge. Their youth is spent to teach them to stitch and sew, or make baubles. They are taught to read, indeed, and perhaps to write their names, or so; and that is the height of a woman's education. And I would but ask any who slight the sex for their understanding, what is a man (a gentleman, I mean) good for, that is taught no more? I need not give instances, or examine the character of a gentleman, with a good estate, of a good family, and with tolerable parts; and examine what figure he makes for want of education.

The soul is placed in the body like a rough diamond, and must be polished, or the luster of it will never appear. And 't is manifest, that as the rational soul distinguishes us from brutes, so education carries on the distinction, and makes some less brutish than others. This is too evident to need any demonstration. But why then should women be denied the benefit of instruction? If knowledge and understanding had been useless additions to the sex, God Almighty would never have given them capacities; for he made nothing needless. Besides, I would ask such, what they can see in ignorance, that they should think it a necessary ornament to a woman? or how much worse is a wise woman than a fool? or what has the woman done to forfeit the privilege of being taught? Does she plague us with her pride and impertinence? Why did we not let her learn, that she might have had more wit? Shall we upbraid women with folly, when 't is only the error of this inhuman custom that hindered them from being made wiser?

The capacities of women are supposed to be greater, and their senses quicker than those of the men; and what they might be capable of being bred to, is plain from some instances of female wit, which this age is not without, which upbraids us with injustice, and looks as if we denied women the advantages of education, for fear they should vie with the men in their improvements. . . .

They should be taught all sorts of breeding suitable both to their genius and quality. And in particular, music and dancing, which it would be cruelty to bar the sex of because they are their darlings. But besides this, they should be taught languages, as particularly French and Italian, and I would venture the injury of giving a woman more tongues than one. They should, as a particular study, be taught all the graces of speech, and all the necessary air of conversation, which our common education is so defective in that I need not expose it. They should be brought to read books, and especially history; and so to read as to make them understand the world, and be able to know and judge of things when they hear of them.

To such whose genius would lead them to it, I would deny no sort of learning; but the chief thing, in general, is to cultivate the understandings of the sex, that they may be capable of all sorts of conversation; that their parts and judgments being improved, they may be as profitable in their conversation as they are pleasant.

Women, in my observation, have little or no difference in them, but as they are or are not distinguished by education. Tempers, indeed, may in some degree influence them, but the main distinguishing part is their breeding.

The whole sex are generally quick and

sharp — I believe, I may be allowed to say, generally so: for you rarely see them lumpish and heavy when they are children, as boys will often be. If a woman be well bred, and taught the proper management of her natural wit, she proves generally very sensible and retentive.

And, without partiality, a woman of sense and manners is the finest and most delicate part of God's creation, the glory of her Maker, and the great instance of his singular regard to man, his darling creature, to whom he gave the best gift either God could bestow or man receive. And 't is the sordidest piece of folly and ingratitude in the world, to withhold from the sex the due luster which the advantages of education give to the natural beauty of their minds.

A woman well bred and well taught, furnished with the additional accomplishments of knowledge and behavior, is a creature without comparison. Her society is the emblem of sublimer enjoyments, her person is angelic, and her conversation heavenly. She is all softness and sweetness, peace, love, wit, and delight. She is every way suitable to the sublimest wish; and the man that has such a one to his portion, has nothing to do but to rejoice in her, and be thankful.

On the other hand, suppose her to be the very same woman, and rob her of the benefit of education, and it follows: —

If her temper be good, want of education makes her soft and easy.

Her wit, for want of teaching, makes her impertinent and talkative.

Her knowledge, for want of judgment and experience, makes her fanciful and whimsical.

If her temper be bad, want of breeding makes her worse; and she grows haughty, insolent, and loud.

If she be passionate, want of manners makes her a termagant and a scold, which is much at one with lunatic.

If she be proud, want of discretion (which still is breeding) makes her conceited, fantastic, and ridiculous.

And from these she degenerates to be turbulent, clamorous, noisy, nasty, the devil! . . .

The great distinguishing difference, which is seen in the world between men and women, is in their education; and this is manifested by comparing it with the difference between one man or woman, and another.

And herein it is that I take upon me to make such a bold assertion, that all the world are mistaken in their practice about women. For I cannot think that God Almighty ever made them so delicate, so glorious creatures, and furnished them with such charms, so agreeable and so delightful to mankind, with souls capable of the same accomplishments with men; and all, to be only stewards of our houses, cooks, and slaves.

Not that I am for exalting the female government in the least; but, in short, I would have men take women for companions, and educate them to be fit for it. A woman of sense and breeding will scorn as much to encroach upon the prerogative of man, as a man of sense will scorn to oppress the weakness of the woman. But if the women's souls were refined and improved by teaching, that word would be lost. To say, the weakness of the sex, as to judgment, would be nonsense; for ignorance and folly would be no more to be found among women than men.

I remember a passage, which I heard from a very fine woman. She had wit and capacity enough, an extraordinary shape and face, and a great fortune, but had been cloistered up all her time, and for fear of being stolen, had not had the liberty of being taught the common necessary knowledge of women's affairs. And when she came to converse in the world her natural wit made her so sensible of the want of education, that she gave this short reflection on herself: 'I am ashamed to talk with my very maids,' says she, 'for I don't know when they do right or wrong. I had more need go to school, than be married.'

I need not enlarge on the loss the defect of education is to the sex, nor argue the benefit of the contrary practice. 'T is a thing will be more easily granted than remedied. This chapter is but an essay at the thing; and I refer the practice to those happy days (if ever they shall be) when men shall be wise enough to mend it. (1697)

JONATHAN SWIFT (1667–1745)

Swift was born in Dublin — a chance which all his life he chose to resent as the first of many insults of fortune. At Kilkenny Grammar School and at Trinity College, Dublin, where he was 'wild, witty, and poor,' he had to be supported by one relative, and for the next decade, he was a discontented dependent of another, Sir William Temple. During one of his disagreements with the latter, he left in a huff, crossed to Ireland, and went into holy orders. Dryden had crushed his poetic inclinations and incurred his lasting resentment by the solid remark, 'Cousin Swift, you will never be a poet.' He did not discover his genius for satire until about his thirtieth year, when he wrote *A Tale of a Tub* and *The Battle of the Books*. These were published anonymously in 1704, preceded and followed by a rapid volley of pamphlets upon subjects then in dispute. For about ten years, he spent much of his time in London, mingled with the reigning wits in their homes and clubs, amused his leisure with squibs and verses, and projected the Scriblerus Club whose chief members, besides himself, were Pope, Arbuthnot, Atterbury, Parnell and Gay. In 1710, personal interest united with conscience to engage him on the Tory side. He edited the *Examiner* (1710–11), threw himself ferociously into political intrigue, and, for a time, wielded an extraordinary personal influence. But, though he could dictate the preferment of bishops, the author of *A Tale of a Tub* was powerless to secure a high appointment for himself. He had to be content with the Deanery of St. Patrick's, at Dublin, whither after the disruption of the Tory party in 1714, he permanently retired,— an embittered and disappointed man. Ten years later, an attempt to exploit the Irish people by a scheme of debased coinage called forth the most angry, unscrupulous, and masterly of his controversial series, the *Letters of M. B. Drapier* (1724). Here, and in his *Modest Proposal for preventing the Children of Poor People from being a Burden to their Parents*, and similar ironical extravagances, he voiced his savage indignation at the unjust and heart-rending poverty of his adopted people. After the death of 'the unfortunate Stella' (Esther Johnson), Swift's powerful faculties began to show signs of derangement. 'I shall die at the top,' he had once said, pointing to a tree which had been blasted by lightning,— and the words were prophetic. Already, in the last portions of *Gulliver's Travels* (1726), we see the horrible evidences of 'a mind diseased.' In 1741, he became 'furiously insane,' then lapsed into idiocy, and at last was laid to rest in his own cathedral, in the city of his birth, 'where,' in the words of his epitaph, which he himself composed, ferocious indignation can no longer tear the heart'—

Ubi saeva indignatio
Cor ulterius lacerare nequit.

In dealing with Swift, it is never safe to forget the deadly purpose and 'intent to kill' which inspires his grim horseplay. He bitterly hated the world's shams and inconsistencies. His reckless and irreverent energy of thought and the acrid irony of his style made him dangerous to all he touched. His humor was like fire; what it played over, it consumed.

From A TALE OF A TUB

SECTION II

Once upon a time there was a man who had three sons by one wife, and all at a birth, neither could the midwife tell certainly which was the eldest. Their father died while they were young; and upon his death-bed, calling the lads to him, spoke thus:—

'Sons, because I have purchased no estate, nor was born to any, I have long considered of some good legacies to bequeath you; and at last, with much care, as well as expense, have provided each of you (here they are) a new coat. Now, you are to understand that these coats have two virtues contained in them; one is, that with good wearing they will last you fresh and sound as long as you live; the other is, that they will grow in the same proportion with your bodies, lengthening and widening of themselves, so as to be always fit. Here; let me see

them on you before I die. So; very well; pray, children, wear them clean, and brush them often. You will find in my will[1] (here it is) full instructions in every particular concerning the wearing and management of your coats; wherein you must be very exact, to avoid the penalties I have appointed for every transgression or neglect, upon which your future fortunes will entirely depend. I have also commanded in my will that you should live together in one house like brethren and friends, for then you will be sure to thrive, and not otherwise.'

Here, the story says, this good father died, and the three sons went all together to seek their fortunes.

I shall not trouble you with recounting what adventures they met for the first seven years, any farther than by taking notice that they carefully observed their father's will, and kept their coats in very good order: that they traveled through several countries, encountered a reasonable quantity of giants, and slew certain dragons.

Being now arrived at the proper age for producing themselves, they came up to town, and fell in love with the ladies, but especially three, who about that time were in chief reputation; the Duchess d'Argent, Madame de Grands Titres, and the Countess d'Orgueil. On their first appearance our three adventurers met with a very bad reception; and soon with great sagacity guessing out the reason, they quickly began to improve in the good qualities of the town; they writ, and rallied, and rhymed, and sung, and said, and said nothing; they drank, and fought, and whored, and slept, and swore, and took snuff; they went to new plays on the first night, haunted the chocolate-houses, beat the watch, lay on bulks, and got claps; they bilked hackney-coachmen, ran in debt with shop-keepers, and lay with their wives; they killed bailiffs, kicked fiddlers down stairs, eat at Locket's, loitered at Will's; they talked of the drawing-room, and never came there; dined with lords they never saw; whispered a duchess, and spoke never a word; exposed the scrawls of their laundress for billets-doux of quality; came ever just from court, and were never seen in it; attended the levee *sub dio* [in the open air]; got a list of peers by heart in one company, and with great familiarity retailed them in another. Above all, they constantly attended those committees of senators who are silent in the house and loud in the coffee-house; where they nightly adjourn to chew the cud of politics, and are encompassed with a ring of disciples, who lie in wait to catch up their droppings. The three brothers had acquired forty other qualifications of the like stamp, too tedious to recount, and by consequence were justly reckoned the most accomplished persons in the town; but all would not suffice, and the ladies aforesaid continued still inflexible. To clear up which difficulty I must, with the reader's good leave and patience, have recourse to some points of weight, which the authors of that age have not sufficiently illustrated.

For about this time it happened a sect arose[2] whose tenets obtained and spread very far, especially in the *grand monde*, and among everybody of good fashion. They worshipped a sort of idol,[3] who, as their doctrine delivered, did daily create men by a kind of manufactory operation. This idol they placed in the highest parts of the house, on an altar erected about three foot; he was shown in the posture of a Persian emperor, sitting on a superficies, with his legs interwoven under him. This god had a goose for his ensign; whence it is that some learned men pretend to deduce his original from Jupiter Capitolinus. At his left hand, beneath the altar, hell seemed to open and catch at the animals the idol was creating; to prevent which, certain of his priests hourly flung in pieces of the uninformed mass, or substance, and sometimes whole limbs already enlivened, which that horrid gulf insatiably swallowed, terrible to behold. The goose was also held a subaltern divinity or *deus minorum gentium* [god of the lesser peoples], before whose shrine was sacrificed that creature whose hourly food is human gore, and who is in so great renown abroad for being the delight and favorite of the Egyptian Cercopithecus.[4]

[1] The New Testament.

[2] This is an occasional satire upon dress and fashion, in order to introduce what follows.

[3] By this idol is meant a tailor.

[4] The Egyptians worshipped a monkey, which animal is very fond of eating lice, styled here creatures that feed on human gore.

Millions of these animals were cruelly slaughtered every day to appease the hunger of that consuming deity. The chief idol was also worshipped as the inventor of the yard and needle; whether as the god of seamen, or on account of certain other mystical attributes, has not been sufficiently cleared.

The worshippers of this deity had also a system of their belief, which seemed to turn upon the following fundamentals. They held the universe to be a large suit of clothes, which invests everything; that the earth is invested by the air; the air is invested by the stars; and the stars are invested by the *primum mobile.* Look on this globe of earth, you will find it to be a very complete and fashionable dress. What is that which some call land but a fine coat faced with green? or the sea, but a waistcoat of watertabby? Proceed to the particular works of the creation, you will find how curious journeyman Nature has been to trim up the vegetable beaux; observe how sparkish a periwig adorns the head of a beech, and what a fine doublet of white satin is worn by the birch. To conclude from all, what is man himself but a microcoat,[1] or rather a complete suit of clothes with all its trimmings? As to his body there can be no dispute; but examine even the acquirements of his mind, you will find them all contribute in their order towards furnishing out an exact dress: to instance no more; is not religion a cloak, honesty a pair of shoes worn out in the dirt, self-love a surtout, vanity a shirt, and conscience a pair of breeches? * * *

These postulata being admitted, it will follow in due course of reasoning that those beings, which the world calls improperly suits of clothes, are in reality the most refined species of animals; or, to proceed higher, that they are rational creatures or men. For, is it not manifest that they live, and move, and talk, and perform all other offices of human life? are not beauty, and wit, and mien, and breeding, their inseparable proprieties? in short, we see nothing but them, hear nothing but them. Is it not they who walk the streets, fill up parliament-, coffee-, play-, bawdy-houses? 'T is true, indeed, that these animals, which are vulgarly called suits of clothes, or dresses, do, according to certain compositions, receive different appellations. If one of them be trimmed up with a gold chain, and a red gown, and white rod, and a great horse, it is called a lord-mayor: if certain ermines and furs be placed in a certain position, we style them a judge; and so an apt conjunction of lawn and black satin we entitle a bishop.

Others of these professors, though agreeing in the main system, were yet more refined upon certain branches of it; and held that man was an animal compounded of two dresses, the natural and celestial suit, which were the body and the soul: that the soul was the outward, and the body the inward clothing; that the latter was *ex traduce;* but the former of daily creation and circumfusion; this last they proved by scripture, because in them we live, and move, and have our being; as likewise by philosophy, because they are all in all, and all in every part. Besides, said they, separate these two and you will find the body to be only a senseless unsavory carcase; by all which it is manifest that the outward dress must needs be the soul.

To this system of religion were tagged several subaltern doctrines, which were entertained with great vogue: as particularly the faculties of the mind were deduced by the learned among them in this manner; embroidery was sheer wit, gold fringe was agreeable conversation, gold lace was repartee, a huge long periwig was humor, and a coat full of powder was very good raillery — all which required abundance of *finesse* and *delicatesse* to manage with advantage, as well as a strict observance after times and fashions.

I have, with much pains and reading, collected out of ancient authors this short summary of a body of philosophy and divinity, which seems to have been composed by a vein and race of thinking very different from any other systems either ancient or modern. And it was not merely to entertain or satisfy the reader's curiosity, but rather to give him light into several circumstances of the following story; that, knowing the state of dispositions and opinions in an age so remote, he may better comprehend

[1] Alluding to the word microcosm, or a little world, as man has been called by philosophers.

those great events which were the issue of them. I advise, therefore, the courteous reader to peruse with a world of application, again and again, whatever I have written upon this matter. And leaving these broken ends, I carefully gather up the chief thread of my story and proceed.

These opinions, therefore, were so universal, as well as the practices of them, among the refined part of court and town, that our three brother adventurers, as their circumstances then stood, were strangely at a loss. For, on the one side, the three ladies they addressed themselves to, whom we have named already, were at the very top of the fashion, and abhorred all that were below it but the breadth of a hair. On the other side, their father's will was very precise; and it was the main precept in it, with the greatest penalties annexed, not to add to or diminish from their coats one thread, without a positive command in the will. Now, the coats their father had left them were, 't is true, of very good cloth, and besides so neatly sewn, you would swear they were all of a piece; but at the same time very plain, and with little or no ornament: and it happened that before they were a month in town great shoulder-knots[1] came up — straight all the world was shoulder-knots — no approaching the ladies' *ruelles* without the *quota* of shoulder-knots. That fellow, cries one, has no soul; where is his shoulder-knot? Our three brethren soon discovered their want by sad experience, meeting in their walks with forty mortifications and indignities. If they went to the playhouse the door-keeper showed them into the twelvepenny gallery; if they called a boat, says a waterman, 'I am first sculler'; if they stepped to the Rose to take a bottle, the drawer would cry, 'Friend, we sell no ale'; if they went to visit a lady, a footman met them at the door with 'Pray send up your message.' In this unhappy case they went immediately to consult their father's will, read it over and over, but not a word of the shoulder-knot. What should they do? — what temper should they find? — obedience was absolutely necessary, and yet shoulder-knots appeared extremely requisite. After much thought one of the brothers, who happened to be more book-learned than the other two, said he had found an expedient. ''T is true,' said he, 'there is nothing here in this will, *totidem verbis* [in so many words], making mention of shoulder-knots: but I dare conjecture we may find them *inclusive,* or *totidem syllabis* [in so many syllables].' This distinction was immediately approved by all, and so they fell again to examine the will; but their evil star had so directed the matter that the first syllable was not to be found in the whole writing. Upon which disappointment, he who found the former evasion took heart, and said, 'Brothers, there are yet hopes; for though we cannot find them *totidem verbis,* nor *totidem syllabis,* I dare engage we shall make them out *tertio modo* [by a third method] or *totidem literis* [in so many letters].' This discovery was also highly commended, upon which they fell once more to the scrutiny, and picked out S, H, O, U, L, D, E, R; when the same planet, enemy to their repose, had wonderfully contrived that a K was not to be found. Here was a weighty difficulty! but the distinguishing brother, for whom we shall hereafter find a name, now his hand was in, proved by a very good argument that K was a modern, illegitimate letter, unknown to the learned ages, nor anywhere to be found in ancient manuscripts. ''T is true,' said he, 'Calendæ hath in Q. V. C.[2] been sometimes writ with a K, but erroneously; for in the best copies it ever spelt with a C. And, by consequence, it was a gross mistake in our language to spell 'knot' with a K'; but that from henceforward he would take care it should be writ with a C. Upon this all farther difficulty vanished — shoulder-knots were made clearly out to be *jure paterno* [according to the law of the father], and our three gentlemen swaggered with as large and as flaunting ones as the best.

But, as human happiness is of a very short duration, so in those days were human fashions, upon which it entirely de-

[1] By this is understood the first introducing of pageantry, and unnecessary ornaments in the Church, such as were neither for convenience nor edification, as a shoulder-knot, in which there is neither symmetry nor use.

[2] Quibusdam veteribus codicibus; i. e. some ancient manuscripts.

pends. Shoulder-knots had their time, and we must now imagine them in their decline; for a certain lord came just from Paris, with fifty yards of gold lace upon his coat, exactly trimmed after the court fashion of that month. In two days all mankind appeared closed up in bars of gold lace:[1] whoever durst peep abroad without his complement of gold lace was as scandalous as a ———, and as ill received among the women: what should our three knights do in this momentous affair? they had sufficiently strained a point already in the affair of shoulder-knots: upon recourse to the will, nothing appeared there but *altum silentium* [primeval silence]. That of the shoulder-knots was a loose, flying, circumstantial point; but this of gold lace seemed too considerable an alteration without better warrant; it did *aliquo modo essentiae adhaerere* [in some manner belong to the essence of the matter], and therefore required a positive precept. But about this time it fell out that the learned brother aforesaid had read *Aristotelis dialectica,* and especially that wonderful piece *de interpretatione,* which has the faculty of teaching its readers to find out a meaning in everything but itself; like commentators on the Revelations, who proceed prophets without understanding a syllable of the text. 'Brothers,' said he, 'you are to be informed that of wills *duo sunt genera* [there are two kinds], nuncupatory[2] and scriptory: that in the scriptory will here before us there is no precept or mention about gold lace, *conceditur* [it is conceded] but *si idem affirmetur de nuncupatorio, negatur* [if the same is asserted of the nuncupatory, it is denied]. For, brothers, if you remember, we heard a fellow say when we were boys that he heard my father's man say, that he heard my father say, that he would advise his sons to get gold lace on their coats as soon as ever they could procure money to buy it.' 'By G——! that is very true,' cries the other; 'I remember it perfectly well,' said the third. And so without more ado they got the largest gold lace in the parish, and walked about as fine as lords.

A while after there came up all in fashion a pretty sort of flame-colored satin for linings; and the mercer brought a pattern of it immediately to our three gentlemen; 'An please your worships,' said he, 'my lord C——[3] and Sir J. W. had linings out of this very piece last night: it takes wonderfully, and I shall not have a remnant left enough to make my wife a pincushion by to-morrow morning at ten o'clock.' Upon this they fell again to rummage the will, because the present case also required a positive precept — the lining being held by orthodox writers to be of the essence of the coat. After long search they could fix upon nothing to the matter in hand, except a short advice of their father in the will to take care of fire[4] and put out their candles before they went to sleep. This, though a good deal for the purpose, and helping very far towards self-conviction, yet not seeming wholly of force to establish a command (being resolved to avoid farther scruple as well as future occasion for scandal), says he that was the scholar, 'I remember to have read in wills of a codicil annexed, which is indeed a part of the will, and what it contains hath equal authority with the rest. Now, I have been considering of this same will here before us, and I cannot reckon it to be complete for want of such a codicil: I will therefore fasten one in its proper place very dexterously — I have had it

[1] I cannot tell whether the author means any new innovation by this word, or whether it be only to introduce the new methods of forcing and perverting Scripture.

[2] By this is meant tradition, allowed by the Papists to have equal authority with the Scripture, or rather greater.

This is a Purgatory, whereof he speaks more particularly hereafter; but here, only to shew how Scripture was perverted to prove it, which was done by giving equal authority with the canon to Apocrypha, called here a codicil annexed. It is likely the author, in every one of these changes in the brothers' dresses, refers to some particular error in the Church of Rome, though it is not easy, I think, to apply them all: but by this of flame-colored satin, is manifestly intended Purgatory; by gold lace may perhaps be understood, the lofty ornaments and plate in the churches; the shoulder-knots and silver fringe are not so obvious, at least to me; but the Indian figures of men, women, and children, plainly relate to the pictures in the Romish churches, of God like an old man, of the Virgin Mary, and our Savior as a child.

[3] This shews the time the author writ, it being about fourteen years since those two persons were reckoned the fine gentlemen of the town.

[4] That is, to take care of hell; and, in order to do that, to subdue and extinguish their lusts.

by me some time — it was written by a dog-keeper of my grandfather's,[1] and talks a great deal, as good luck would have it, of this very flame-colored satin.' The project was immediately approved by the other two; an old parchment scroll was tagged on according to art in the form of a codicil annexed, and the satin bought and worn.

Next winter a player, hired for the purpose by the corporation of fringe-makers, acted his part in a new comedy, all covered with silver-fringe,[2] and, according to the laudable custom, gave rise to that fashion. Upon which the brothers, consulting their father's will, to their great astonishment found these words: '*item*, I charge and command my said three sons to wear no sort of silver fringe upon or about their said coats,' etc., with a penalty, in case of disobedience, too long here to insert. However, after some pause, the brother so often mentioned for his erudition, who was well skilled in criticisms, had found in a certain author, which he said should be nameless, that the same word which in the will is called fringe does also signify a broomstick: and doubtless ought to have the same interpretation in this paragraph. This another of the brothers disliked, because of that epithet silver, which could not he humbly conceived in propriety of speech be reasonably applied to a broomstick: but it was replied upon him that this epithet was understood in a mythological and allegorical sense. However, he objected again why their father should forbid them to wear a broomstick on their coats — a caution that seemed unnatural and impertinent; upon which he was taken up short, as one who spoke irreverently of a mystery, which doubtless was very useful and significant, but ought not to be over-curiously pried into or nicely reasoned upon. And, in short, their father's authority being now considerably sunk, this expedient was allowed to serve as a lawful dispensation for wearing their full proportion of silver fringe.

A while after was revived an old fashion, long antiquated, of embroidery with Indian figures of men, women, and children. Here they remembered but too well how their father had always abhorred this fashion; that he made several paragraphs on purpose, importing his utter detestation of it, and bestowing his everlasting curse to his sons whenever they should wear it. For all this, in a few days they appeared higher in the fashion than anybody else in the town. But they solved the matter by saying that these figures were not at all the same with those that were formerly worn and were meant in the will. Besides, they did not wear them in the sense as forbidden by their father; but as they were a commendable custom, and of great use to the public.[3] That these rigorous clauses in the will did therefore require some allowance and a favorable interpretation, and ought to be understood *cum grano salis* [with a grain of salt].

But fashions perpetually altering in that age, the scholastic brother grew weary of searching farther evasions, and solving everlasting contradictions. Resolved, therefore, at all hazards, to comply with the modes of the world, they concerted matters together, and agreed unanimously to lock up their father's will in a strong box, brought out of Greece or Italy (I have forgot which), and trouble themselves no farther to examine it, but only refer to its authority whenever they thought fit. In consequence whereof, a while after it grew a general mode to wear an infinite number of points, most of them tagged with silver: upon which the scholar pronounced, *ex cathedrâ* [from the bench], that points were absolutely *jure paterno*, as they might very well remember. 'T is true, indeed, the fashion prescribed somewhat more than were directly named in the will; however, that they, as heirs-general of their father, had power to make and add certain clauses for public emolument, though not deducible, *totidem verbis*, from the letter of the will, or else *multa absurda sequerentur* [many absurdities would follow]. This was understood for canonical, and therefore, on the following Sunday, they came to church all covered with points.

[1] I believe this refers to that part of the Apocrypha where mention is made of Tobit and his dog.

[2] This is certainly the farther introducing the pomps of habit and ornament.

[3] Here they had no occasion to examine the will: they remembered.— *First Edition.*

The learned brother, so often mentioned, was reckoned the best scholar in all that or the next street to it, insomuch as, having run something behindhand in the world, he obtained the favor of a certain lord[1] to receive him into his house, and to teach his children. A while after the lord died, and he, by long practice of his father's will, found the way of contriving a deed of conveyance of that house to himself and his heirs; upon which he took possession, turned the young squires out, and received his brothers in their stead.

* * *

SECTION IV

I have now, with much pains and study, conducted the reader to a period where he must expect to hear of great revolutions. For no sooner had our learned brother, so often mentioned, got a warm house of his own over his head than he began to look big and take mightily upon him; insomuch that, unless the gentle reader, out of his great candor, will please a little to exalt his idea, I am afraid he will henceforth hardly know the hero of the play when he happens to meet him; his part, his dress, and his mien being so much altered.

He told his brothers he would have them to know that he was their elder, and consequently his father's sole heir; nay, a while after, he would not allow them to call him brother, but *Mr.* PETER, and then he must be styled *Father* PETER; and sometimes, *My Lord* PETER. To support this grandeur, which he soon began to consider could not be maintained without a better *fonde* than what he was born to, after much thought, he cast about at last to turn projector and virtuoso, wherein he so well succeeded, that many famous discoveries, projects and machines, which bear great vogue and practice at present in the world, are owing entirely to lord PETER'S invention. I will deduce the best account I have been able to collect of the chief among them, without considering much the order they came out in; because I think authors are not well agreed as to that point.

[1] This was Constantine the Great, from whom the popes pretend a donation of St. Peter's patrimony, which they have never been able to produce.

I hope, when this treatise of mine shall be translated into foreign languages (as I may without vanity affirm that the labor of collecting, the faithfulness in recounting, and the great usefulness of the matter to the public, will amply deserve that justice), that the worthy members of the several academies abroad, especially those of France and Italy, will favorably accept these humble offers for the advancement of universal knowledge. I do also advertise the most reverend fathers, the eastern missionaries, that I have, purely for their sakes, made use of such words and phrases as will best admit an easy turn into any of the oriental languages, especially the Chinese. And so I proceed with great content of mind, upon reflecting how much emolument this whole globe of the earth is likely to reap by my labors.

The first undertaking of lord Peter was, to purchase a large continent,[2] lately said to have been discovered in *terra australis incognita* [an unknown country to the south]. This tract of land he bought at a very great pennyworth from the discoverers themselves (though some pretend to doubt whether they had ever been there), and then retailed it into several cantons to certain dealers, who carried over colonies, but were all shipwrecked in the voyage. Upon which lord Peter sold the said continent to other customers again, and again, and again, and again, with the same success.

The second project I shall mention was his sovereign remedy for the worms, especially those in the spleen. The patient was to eat nothing after supper for three nights:[3] as soon as he went to bed he was carefully to lie on one side, and when he grew weary to turn upon the other; he must also duly confine his two eyes to the same object. * * * These prescriptions diligently observed, the worms would void insensibly by perspiration, ascending through the brain.

A third invention was the erecting of a whispering-office for the public good and ease of all such as are hypochondriacal or troubled with the colic; as

[2] That is, Purgatory.

[3] Here the author ridicules the penances of the Church of Rome, which may be made as easy to the sinner as he pleases, provided he will pay for them accordingly.

midwives,[1] small politicians, friends fallen out, repeating poets, lovers happy or in despair, bawds, privy-counsellors, pages, parasites, and buffoons; in short, of all such as are in danger of bursting with too much wind. An ass's head was placed so conveniently that the party effected might easily with his mouth accost either of the animal's ears; to which he was to apply close for a certain space, and by a fugitive faculty, peculiar to the ears of that animal, receive immediate benefit, either by eructation, or expiration, or evomitation.

Another very beneficial project of lord Peter's was an office of insurance for tobacco-pipes,[2] martyrs of the modern zeal, volumes of poetry, shadows, ——, and rivers; that these, nor any of these, shall receive damage by fire. Whence our friendly societies may plainly find themselves to be only transcribers from this original; though the one and the other have been of great benefit to the undertakers, as well as of equal to the public.

Lord PETER was also held the original author of puppets and raree-shows;[3] the great usefulness whereof being so generally known, I shall not enlarge farther upon this particular.

But another discovery for which he was much renowned, was his famous universal pickle. For, having remarked how your common pickle[4] in use among housewives was of no farther benefit than to preserve dead flesh and certain kinds of vegetables, Peter, with great cost as well as art, had contrived a pickle proper for houses, gardens, towns, men, women, children, and cattle; wherein he could preserve them as sound as insects in amber. Now, this pickle, to the taste, the smell, and the sight, appeared exactly the same with what is in common service for beef, and butter, and herrings, and has been often that way applied with great success; but, for its many sovereign virtues, was a quite different thing. For Peter would put in a certain quantity of his powder pimperlimpimp, after which it never failed of success. The operation was performed by spargefaction, in a proper time of the moon. The patient who was to be pickled, if it were a house, would infallibly be preserved from all spiders, rats, and weasels; if the party affected were a dog, he should be exempt from mange, and madness, and hunger. It also infallibly took away all scabs, and lice, and scalled heads from children, never hindering the patient from any duty, either at bed or board.

But of all Peter's rareties he most valued a certain set of bulls, whose race was by great fortune preserved in a lineal descent from those that guarded the golden fleece. Though some, who pretended to observe them curiously, doubted the breed had not been kept entirely chaste, because they had degenerated from their ancestors in some qualities, and had acquired others very extraordinary, by a foreign mixture. The bulls of Colchis are recorded to have brazen feet; but whether it happened by ill pasture and running, by an allay from intervention of other parents, from stolen intrigues; whether a weakness in their progenitors had impaired the seminal virtue, or by a decline necessary through a long course of time, the originals of nature being depraved in these latter sinful ages of the world; whatever was the cause, it is certain that lord Peter's bulls were extremely vitiated by the rust of time in the metal of their feet, which was now sunk into common lead. However, the terrible roaring peculiar to their lineage was preserved; as likewise that faculty of breathing out fire from their nostrils, which, notwithstanding, many of their detractors took to be a feat of art, to be nothing so terrible as it appeared, proceeding only from their usual course of diet, which was of squibs and crackers.[5] However, they had two peculiar marks, which extremely distinguished them from the bulls of Jason, and which I have not met together in the description of any other monster beside that in Horace:

[1] As likewise of all eavesdroppers, midwives, etc. — *First Edition.*

[2] This I take to be the office of indulgences, the gross abuses whereof first gave occasion for the Reformation.

[3] I believe are the monkeries and ridiculous processions, etc., among the papists.

[4] This is easily understood to be holy water, composed of the same ingredients with many other pickles.

[5] These are the fulminations of the pope, threatening hell and damnation to those princes who offend him.

Varias inducere plumas;
and [putting on gay plumage.]
Atrum desinat in piscem.
[ending in a foul fish below.]

For these had fishes' tails, yet upon occasion could outfly any bird in the air. Peter put these bulls upon several employs. Sometimes he would set them a-roaring to fright naughty boys,[1] and make them quiet. Sometimes he would send them out upon errands of great importance; where, it is wonderful to recount (and perhaps the cautious reader may think much to believe it), an *appetitus sensibilis* [an appetite of the senses] deriving itself through the whole family from their noble ancestors, guardians of the golden fleece, they continued so extremely fond of gold, that if Peter sent them abroad, though it were only upon a compliment, they would roar, and spit, and belch, and snivel out fire, and keep a perpetual coil, till you flung them a bit of gold; but then, *pulveris exigui jactu* [by throwing on a little dust], they would grow calm and quiet as lambs. In short, whether by secret connivance or encouragement from their master, or out of their own liquorish affection to gold, or both, it is certain they were no better than a sort of sturdy, swaggering, beggars; and where they could not prevail to get an alms, would make women miscarry, and children fall into fits, who to this very day usually call sprights and hobgoblins by the name of bull-beggars. They grew at last so very troublesome to the neighborhood, that some gentlemen of the north-west got a parcel of right English bull-dogs, and baited them so terribly that they felt it ever after.

I must needs mention one more of lord Peter's projects, which was very extraordinary, and discovered him to be master of a high reach and profound invention. Whenever it happened that any rogue of Newgate was condemned to be hanged, Peter would offer him a pardon, for a certain sum of money; which, when the poor caitiff had made all shifts to scrape up and send, his lordship would return a piece of paper in this form:—[2]

'To all mayors, sheriffs, jailors, constables, bailiffs, hangmen, etc. Whereas we are informed that A. B. remains in the hands of you, or some of you, under the sentence of death. We will and command you, upon sight hereof, to let the said prisoner depart to his own habitation, whether he stands condemned for murder, sodomy, rape, sacrilege, incest, treason, blasphemy, etc., for which this shall be your sufficient warrant; and if you fail hereof, G— d—mn you and yours to all eternity. And so we bid you heartily farewell.

Your most humble
Man's man,
Emperor PETER.'

The wretches, trusting to this, lost their lives and money too.

I desire of those whom the learned among posterity will appoint for commentators upon this elaborate treatise, that they will proceed with great caution upon certain dark points, wherein all who are not *verè adepti* [genuine adepts] may be in danger to form rash and hasty conclusions, especially in some mysterious paragraphs, where certain *arcana* are joined for brevity sake, which in the operation must be divided. And I am certain that future sons of art will return large thanks to my memory for so grateful, so useful an *innuendo*.

It will be no difficult part to persuade the reader that so many worthy discoveries met with great success in the world; though I may justly assure him that I have related much the smallest number; my design having been only to single out such as will be of most benefit for public imitation, or which best serve to give some idea of the reach and wit of the inventor. And therefore it need not be wondered at if by this time lord Peter was become exceeding rich: but, alas! he had kept his brain so long and so violently upon the rack, that at last it shook itself, and began to turn round for a little ease. In short, what with pride, projects, and knavery, poor Peter was grown distracted, and conceived the strangest imaginations in the world. In the height of his fits, as it is usual with those who run mad out of pride, he would call himself God Almighty,[3] and some-

[1] That is, kings who incurred his displeasure.

[2] This is a copy of a general pardon, signed servus servorum (slave of slaves).

[3] The Pope is not only allowed to be the vicar

times monarch of the universe. I have seen him (says my author) take three old high-crowned hats,[1] and clap them all on his head three story high, with a huge bunch of keys at his girdle,[2] and an angling-rod in his hand. In which guise, whoever went to take him by the hand in the way of salutation, Peter with much grace, like a well-educated spaniel, would present them with his foot, and if they refused his civility, then he would raise it as high as their chaps, and give them a damned kick on the mouth, which hath ever since been called a salute. Whoever walked by without paying him their compliments, having a wonderful strong breath, he would blow their hats off into the dirt. Meantime his affairs at home went upside down, and his two brothers had a wretched time; where his first *boutade*[3] was to kick both their wives one morning out of doors, and his own too; and in their stead gave orders to pick up the first three strollers that could be met with in the streets. A while after he nailed up the cellar-door, and would not allow his brothers a drop of drink to their victuals.[4] Dining one day at an alderman's in the city, Peter observed him expatiating, after the manner of his brethren, in the praises of his sirloin of beef. 'Beef,' said the sage magistrate, 'is the king of meat; beef comprehends in it the quintessence of partridge, and quail, and venison, and pheasant, and plum-pudding, and custard.' When Peter came home he would needs take the fancy of cooking up this doctrine into use, and apply the precept, in default of a sirloin, to his brown loaf. 'Bread,' says he, 'dear brothers, is the staff of life; in which bread is contained, inclusive, the quintessence of beef, mutton, veal, venison, partridge, plum-pudding, and custard; and, to render all complete, there is intermingled a due quantity of water, whose crudities are also corrected by yeast or barm, through which means it becomes a wholesome fermented liquor, diffused through the mass of the bread.' Upon the strength of these conclusions, next day at dinner was the brown loaf served up in all the formality of a city feast. 'Come, brothers,' said Peter, 'fall to, and spare not; here is excellent good mutton; or hold, now my hand is in, I will help you.' At which word, in much ceremony, with fork and knife, he carves out two good slices of a loaf, and presents each on a plate to his brothers. The elder of the two, not suddenly entering into lord Peter's conceit, began with very civil language to examine the mystery. 'My lord,' said he, 'I doubt, with great submission, there may be some mistake.'—'What,' says Peter, 'you are pleasant; come then, let us hear this jest your head is so big with.'—'None in the world, my lord; but, unless I am very much deceived, your lordship was pleased a while ago to let fall a word about mutton, and I would be glad to see it with all my heart.'—'How,' said Peter, appearing in great surprise, 'I do not comprehend this at all.' Upon which the younger interposing to set the business aright, 'My lord,' said he, 'my brother, I suppose, is hungry, and longs for the mutton your lordship has promised us to dinner.'—'Pray,' said Peter, 'take me along with you; either you are both mad, or disposed to be merrier than I approve of; if you there do not like your piece I will carve you another; though I should take that to be the choice bit of the whole shoulder.'—'What then, my lord,' replied the first, 'it seems this is a shoulder of mutton all this while?'—'Pray, sir,' says Peter, 'eat your victuals, and leave off your impertinence, if you please, for I am not disposed to relish it at present': but the other could not forbear, being over-provoked at the affected seriousness of Peter's countenance: 'By G—, my lord,' said he, 'I can only say, that to my eyes, and fingers, and teeth, and nose, it seems to be nothing but a crust of bread.' Upon which the second put in his word: 'I never saw a piece of mutton in my life so nearly resembling a slice from a twelvepenny loaf.'—'Look ye, gentlemen,' cries Peter, in a rage; 'to convince you what a couple of blind, positive, ignorant, wilful puppies you are, I will use but this plain argument: by G—, it is true, good, natural mutton as any in Leadenhall-

of Christ, but by several divines is called God upon earth, and other blasphemous titles.

[1] The triple crown.

[2] The keys of the Church.

[3] This word properly signifies a sudden jerk, or lash of a horse, when you do not expect it.

[4] The Pope's refusing the cup to the laity, persuading them that the blood is contained in the bread, and that the bread is the real and entire body of Christ.

market; and G— confound you both eternally if you offer to believe otherwise.' Such a thundering proof as this left no farther room for objection; the two unbelievers began to gather and pocket up their mistake as hastily as they could. 'Why truly,' said the first, 'upon more mature consideration ——'—'Ay,' says the other, interrupting him, 'now I have thought better on the thing, your lordship seems to have a great deal of reason.'—'Very well,' said Peter; 'here, boy, fill me a beer-glass of claret; here's to you both with all my heart.' The two brethren, much delighted to see him so readily appeased, returned their most humble thanks, and said they would be glad to pledge his lordship. 'That you shall,' said Peter; 'I am not a person to refuse you anything that is reasonable: wine, moderately taken, is a cordial; here is a glass a-piece for you; 't is true natural juice from the grape, none of your damned vintner's brewings.' Having spoke thus, he presented to each of them another large dry crust, bidding them drink it off, and not be bashful, for it would do them no hurt. The two brothers, after having performed the usual office in such delicate conjectures, of staring a sufficient period at lord Peter and each other, and finding how matters were likely to go, resolved not to enter on a new dispute, but let him carry the point as he pleased; for he was now got into one of his mad fits, and to argue or expostulate farther would only serve to render him a hundred times more untractable.

I have chosen to relate this worthy matter in all its circumstances, because it gave a principal occasion to that great and famous rupture[1] which happened about the same time among these brethren, and was never afterwards made up. But of that I shall treat at large in another section.

However, it is certain that lord Peter, even in his lucid intervals, was very lewdly given in his common conversation, extremely wilful and positive, and would at any time rather argue to the death than allow himself once to be in an error. Besides, he had an abominable faculty of telling huge palpable lies upon all occasions; and not only swearing to the truth, but cursing the whole company to hell if they pretended to make the least scruple of believing him. One time he swore he had a cow at home which gave as much milk at a meal as would fill three thousand churches; and, what was yet more extraordinary, would never turn sour. Another time he was telling of an old sign-post,[2] that belonged to his father, with nails and timber enough in it to build sixteen large men of war. Talking one day of Chinese wagons, which were made so light as to sail over mountains, 'Z—ds,' said Peter, 'where's the wonder of that? By G—, I saw a large house of lime and stone travel over sea and land (granting that it stopped sometimes to bait) above two thousand German leagues.' And that which was the good of it, he would swear desperately all the while that he never told a lie in his life; and at every word, 'By G—, gentlemen, I tell you nothing but the truth; and the d—l broil them eternally that will not believe me.'

In short, Peter grew so scandalous, that all the neighborhood began in plain words to say he was no better than a knave. And his two brothers, long weary of his ill-usage, resolved at last to leave him; but first they humbly desired a copy of their father's will, which had now lain by neglected time out of mind. Instead of granting this request he called them damned . . . rogues, traitors, and the rest of the vile names he could muster up. However, while he was abroad one day upon his projects, the two youngsters watched their opportunity, made a shift to come at the will,[3] and took a *copia vera* [true copy] by which they presently saw how grossly they had been abused; their father having left them equal heirs, and strictly commanded that whatever they got should lie in common among them all. Pursuant to which their next enterprise was to break open the cellar-door, and get a little good drink,[4] to spirit and comfort their hearts. In copying the will they had met another precept against whoring, divorce, and separate maintenance; upon which their next work[5] was to discard their concubines, and send for

[1] By this rupture is meant the Reformation.

[2] By the sign-post is meant the cross of our Blessed Savior.

[3] Translated the Scriptures into the vulgar tongues.

[4] Administered the cup to the laity at the communion.

[5] Allowed the marriages of priests.

their wives. While all this was in agitation there enters a solicitor from Newgate, desiring lord Peter would please procure a pardon for a thief that was to be hanged to-morrow. But the two brothers told him he was a coxcomb to seek pardons from a fellow who deserved to be hanged much better than his client; and discovered all the method of that imposture in the same form I delivered it a while ago, advising the solicitor to put his friend upon obtaining a pardon from the king.[1] In the midst of all this clutter and revolution, in comes Peter with a file of dragoons at his heels,[2] and gathering from all hands what was in the wind, he and his gang, after several millions of scurrilities and curses, not very important here to repeat, by main force very fairly kicked them both out of doors,[3] and would never let them come under his roof from that day to this.

* * *

SECTION VI

We left lord Peter in open rupture with his two brethren; both for ever discarded from his house, and resigned to the wide world, with little or nothing to trust to. Which are circumstances that render them proper subjects for the charity of a writer's pen to work on; scenes of misery ever affording the fairest harvest for great adventures. And in this the world may perceive the difference between the integrity of a generous author and that of a common friend. The latter is observed to adhere close in prosperity, but on the decline of fortune to drop suddenly off. Whereas the generous author, just on the contrary, finds his hero on the dunghill, from thence by gradual steps raises him to a throne, and then immediately withdraws, expecting not so much as thanks for his pains; in imitation of which example, I have placed lord Peter in a noble house, given him a title to wear and money to spend. There I shall leave him for some time; returning where common charity directs me, to the assistance of his two brothers at their lowest ebb. However, I shall by no means forget my character of an historian to follow the truth step by step, whatever happens, or wherever it may lead me.

The two exiles, so nearly united in fortune and interest, took a lodging together; where, at their first leisure, they began to reflect on the numberless misfortunes and vexations of their life past, and could not tell on the sudden to what failure in their conduct they ought to impute them; when, after some recollection, they called to mind the copy of their father's will, which they had so happily recovered. This was immediately produced, and a firm resolution taken between them to alter whatever was already amiss, and reduce all their future measures to the strictest obedience prescribed therein. The main body of the will (as the reader cannot easily have forgot) consisted in certain admirable rules about the wearing of their coats; in the perusal whereof, the two brothers at every period duly comparing the doctrine with the practice, there was never seen a wider difference between two things; horrible downright transgressions of every point. Upon which they both resolved, without further delay, to fall immediately upon reducing the whole exactly after their father's model.

But here it is good to stop the hasty reader, ever impatient to see the end of an adventure before we writers can duly prepare him for it. I am to record that these two brothers began to be distinguished at this time by certain names. One of them desired to be called MARTIN,[4] and the other took the appellation of JACK.[5] These two had lived in much friendship and agreement under the tyranny of their brother Peter, as it is the talent of fellow-sufferers to do; men in misfortune being like men in the dark, to whom all colors are the same: but when they came forward into the world, and began to display themselves to each other and to the light, their complexions appeared extremely different; which the present posture of their affairs gave them sudden opportunity to discover.

[1] Directed penitents not to trust to pardons and absolutions procured for money, but sent them to implore the mercy of God, from whence alone remission is to be obtained.

[2] By Peter's dragoons is meant the civil power, which those princes who were bigoted to the Romish superstition, employed against the reformers.

[3] The Pope shuts all who dissent from him out of the Church.

[4] Martin Luther.

[5] John Calvin.

But here the severe reader may justly tax me as a writer of short memory, a deficiency to which a true modern cannot but of necessity be a little subject. Because memory, being an employment of the mind upon things past, is a faculty for which the learned in our illustrious age have no manner of occasion, who deal entirely with invention, and strike all things out of themselves, or at least by collision from each other: upon which account we think it highly reasonable to produce our great forgetfulness as an argument unanswerable for our great wit. I ought in method to have informed the reader, about fifty pages ago, of a fancy lord Peter took, and infused into his brothers, to wear on their coats whatever trimmings came up in fashion; never pulling off any as they went out of the mode, but keeping on all together, which amounted in time to a medley the most antic you can possibly conceive; and this to a degree, that upon the time of their falling out there was hardly a thread of the original coat to be seen; but an infinite quantity of lace, and ribbons, and fringe, and embroidery, and points; I mean only those tagged with silver,[1] for the rest fell off. Now this material circumstance, having been forgot in due place, as good fortune hath ordered, comes in very properly here when the two brothers are just going to reform their vestures into the primitive state prescribed by their father's will.

They both unanimously entered upon this great work, looking sometimes on their coats; and sometimes on the will. Martin laid the first hand; at one twitch brought off a large handful of points; and, with a second pull, stripped away ten dozen yards of fringe. But when he had gone thus far he demurred a while: he knew very well there yet remained a great deal more to be done; however, the first heat being over, his violence began to cool, and he resolved to proceed more moderately in the rest of the work, having already narrowly escaped a swinging rent, in pulling off the points, which, being tagged with silver (as we have observed before), the judicious workman had, with much sagacity, double sewn, to preserve them from falling. Resolving, therefore, to rid his coat of a great quantity of gold-lace, he picked up the stitches with much caution, and diligently gleaned out all the loose threads as he went, which proved to be a work of time. Then he fell about the embroidered Indian figures of men, women, and children; against which, as you have heard in its due place, their father's testament was extremely exact and severe; these, with much dexterity and application, were, after a while, quite eradicated or utterly defaced. For the rest, where he observed the embroidery to be worked so close as not to be got away without damaging the cloth, or where it served to hide or strengthen any flaw in the body of the coat, contracted by the perpetual tampering of workmen upon it, he concluded the wisest course was to let it remain, resolving in no case whatsoever that the substance of the stuff should suffer injury; which he thought the best method for serving the true intent and meaning of his father's will. And this is the nearest account I have been able to collect of Martin's proceedings upon this great revolution.

But his brother Jack, whose adventures will be so extraordinary as to furnish a great part in the remainder of this discourse, entered upon the matter with other thoughts and a quite different spirit. For the memory of lord Peter's injuries produced a degree of hatred and spite which had a much greater share of inciting him than any regards after his father's commands; since these appeared, at best, only secondary and subservient to the other. However, for this medley of humor he made a shift to find a very plausible name, honoring it with the title of zeal; which is perhaps the most significant word that has been ever yet produced in any language: as I think I have fully proved in my excellent analytical discourse upon that subject; wherein I have deduced a histori-theo-physi-logical account of zeal, showing how it first proceeded from a notion into a word, and thence, in a hot summer, ripened into a tangible substance. This work, containing three large volumes in folio, I design very shortly to publish by the modern way of subscription, not doubting but the nobility and gentry of the land will give me all possible en-

[1] Points tagged with silver are those doctrines that promote the greatness and wealth of the Church, which have been therefore woven deepest into the body of popery.

couragement; having had already such a taste of what I am able perform.

I record, therefore, that brother Jack, brimful of this miraculous compound, reflecting with indignation upon Peter's tyranny, and farther provoked by the despondency of Martin, prefaced his resolutions to this purpose. 'What,' said he, 'a rogue that locked up his drink, turned away our wives, cheated us of our fortunes; palmed his damned crusts upon us for mutton; and at last kicked us out of doors; must we be in his fashions, with a pox? A rascal, besides, that all the street cries out against.' Having thus kindled and inflamed himself as high as possible, and by consequence in a delicate temper for beginning a reformation, he set about the work immediately; and in three minutes made more despatch than Martin had done in as many hours. For, courteous reader, you are given to understand that zeal is never so highly obliged as when you set it a-tearing; and Jack, who doted on that quality in himself, allowed it at this time its full swing. Thus it happened that, stripping down a parcel of gold lace a little too hastily, he rent the main body of his coat from top to bottom; and whereas his talent was not of the happiest in taking up a stitch, he knew no better way than to darn it again with packthread and a skewer. But the matter was yet infinitely worse (I record it with tears) when he proceeded to the embroidery: for, being clumsy by nature, and of temper impatient; withal, beholding millions of stitches that required the nicest hand and sedatest constitution to extricate; in a great rage he tore off the whole piece, cloth and all, and flung them into the kennel, and furiously thus continuing his career: 'Ah, good brother Martin,' said he, 'do as I do, for the love of God; strip, tear, pull, rend, flay off all, that we may appear as unlike the rogue Peter as it is possible; I would not for a hundred pounds carry the least mark about me that might give occasion to the neighbors of suspecting that I was related to such a rascal.' But Martin, who at this time happened to be extremely phlegmatic and sedate, begged his brother, of all love, not to damage his coat by any means; for he never would get such another: desired him to consider that it was not their business to form their actions by any reflection upon Peter, but by observing the rules prescribed in their father's will. That he should remember Peter was still their brother, whatever faults or injuries he had committed; and therefore they should by all means avoid such a thought as that of taking measures for good and evil from no other rule than of opposition to him. That it was true, the testament of their good father was very exact in what related to the wearing of their coats: yet it was no less penal and strict in prescribing agreement, and friendship, and affection between them. And therefore, if straining a point were at all dispensable, it would certainly be so rather to the advance of unity than increase of contradiction.

MARTIN had still proceeded as gravely as he began, and doubtless would have delivered an admirable lecture of morality, which might have exceedingly contributed to my reader's repose both of body and mind, the true ultimate end of ethics; but Jack was already gone a flight-shot beyond his patience. And as in scholastic disputes nothing serves to rouse the spleen of him that opposes so much as a kind of pedantic affected calmness in the respondent; disputants being for the most part like unequal scales, where the gravity of one side advances the lightness of the other, and causes it to fly up and kick the beam; so it happened here that the weight of Martin's argument exalted Jack's levity, and made him fly out, and spurn against his brother's moderation. In short, Martin's patience put Jack in a rage; but that which most afflicted him was, to observe his brother's coat so well reduced into the state of innocence; while his own was either wholly rent to his shirt, or those places which had escaped his cruel clutches were still in Peter's livery. So that he looked like a drunken beau, half rifled by bullies; or like a fresh tenant of Newgate, when he has refused the payment of garnish; or like a discovered shoplifter, left to the mercy of Exchange women; or like a bawd in her old velvet petticoat, resigned into the secular hands of the mobile. Like any, or like all these, a medley of rags, and lace, and rents, and fringes, unfortunate Jack did now appear: he would have been extremely glad to see his coat in

the condition of Martin's, but infinitely gladder to find that of Martin in the same predicament with his. However, since neither of these was likely to come to pass, he thought fit to lend the whole business another turn, and to dress up necessity into a virtue. Therefore, after as many of the fox's arguments as he could muster up, for bringing Martin to reason, as he called it; or, as he meant it, into his own ragged, bobtailed condition; and observing he said all to little purpose; what, alas! was left for the forlorn Jack to do, but, after a million of scurrilities against his brother, to run mad with spleen, and spite, and contradiction. To be short, here began a mortal breach between these two. Jack went immediately to new lodgings, and in a few days it was for certain reported that he had run out of his wits. In a short time after he appeared abroad, and confirmed the report by falling into the oddest whimseys that ever a sick brain conceived.

And now the little boys in the streets began to salute him with several names. Sometimes they would call him Jack the bald;[1] sometimes, Jack with a lantern;[2] sometimes, Dutch Jack;[3] sometimes, French Hugh;[4] sometimes, Tom the beggar;[5] and sometimes, Knocking Jack of the North.[6] And it was under one, or some, or all of these appellations, which I leave the learned reader to determine, that he has given rise to the most illustrious and epidemic sect of Aeolists; who, with honorable commemoration, do still acknowledge the renowned JACK for their author and founder. Of whose original, as well as principles, I am now advancing to gratify the world with a very particular account.

—Melleo contingens cuncta lepore.
[Touching everything with a honeyed charm.]

[1] That is, Calvin, from *calvus,* bald.

[2] All those who pretend to inward light.

[3] Jack of Leyden, who gave rise to the Anabaptists.

[4] The Huguenots.

[5] The Gueuses, by which name some Protestants in Flanders were called.

[6] John Knox, the reformer of Scotland.

* * *

SECTION XI

After so wide a compass as I have wandered, I do now gladly overtake and close in with my subject, and shall henceforth hold on with it an even pace to the end of my journey, except some beautiful prospect appears within sight of my way; whereof though at present I have neither warning nor expectation, yet upon such an accident, come when it will, I shall beg my reader's favor and company, allowing me to conduct him through it along with myself. For in writing it is as in traveling; if a man is in haste to be at home (which I acknowledge to be none of my case, having never so little business as when I am there), and his horse be tired with long riding and ill ways, or be naturally a jade, I advise him clearly to make the straightest and the commonest road, be it ever so dirty; but then surely we must own such a man to be a scurvy companion at best; he spatters himself and his fellow-travelers at every step; all their thoughts, and wishes, and conversation turn entirely upon the subject of their journey's end; and at every splash, and plunge, and stumble, they heartily wish one another at the devil.

On the other side, when a traveler and his horse are in heart and plight, when his purse is full and the day before him, he takes the road only where it is clean and convenient; entertains his company there as agreeably as he can; but, upon the first occasion, carries them along with him to every delightful scene in view, whether of art, of nature, or of both; and if they chance to refuse, out of stupidity or weariness, let them jog on by themselves and be d——n'd; he'll overtake them at the next town; at which arriving, he rides furiously through; the men, women and children, run out of gaze; a hundred[7] noisy curs run barking after him, of which, if he honors the boldest with a lash of his whip, it is rather out of sport than revenge; but should some sourer mongrel dare too near an approach, he receives a salute on the chaps by an accidental stroke from the courser's heels, nor is any ground lost by the blow, which sends him yelping and limping home.

[7] By these are meant what the author calls the true critics.

I now proceed to sum up the singular adventures of my renowned Jack; the state of whose dispositions and fortunes the careful reader does, no doubt, most exactly remember, as I last parted with them in the conclusion of a former section. Therefore, his next care must be, from two of the foregoing, to extract a scheme of notions that may best fit his understanding for a true relish of what is to ensue.

JACK had not only calculated the first revolution of his brain so prudently as to give rise to that epidemic sect of Aeolists, but succeeding also into a new and strange variety of conceptions, the fruitfulness of his imagination led him into certain notions, which, although in appearance very unaccountable, were not without their mysteries and their meanings, nor wanted followers to countenance and improve them. I shall therefore be extremely careful and exact in recounting such material passages of this nature as I have been able to collect, either from undoubted tradition or indefatigable reading; and shall describe them as graphically as it is possible, and as far as notions of that height and latitude can be brought within the compass of a pen. Nor do I at all question but they will furnish plenty of noble matter for such whose converting imaginations dispose them to reduce all things into types; who can make shadows, no thanks to the sun; and then mould them into substances, no thanks to philosophy; whose peculiar talent lies in fixing tropes and allegories to the letter, and refining what is literal into figure and mystery.

JACK had provided a fair copy of his father's will, engrossed in form upon a large skin of parchment; and resolving to act the part of a most dutiful son, he became the fondest creature of it imaginable. For although, as I have often told the reader, it consisted wholly in certain plain, easy directions, about the management and wearing their coats, with legacies, and penalties in case of obedience or neglect, yet he began to entertain a fancy that the matter was deeper and darker, and therefore must needs have a great deal more of mystery at the bottom. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'I will prove this very skin of parchment to be meat, drink, and cloth, to be the philosopher's stone and the universal medicine.' In consequence of which raptures, he resolved to make use of it in the necessary as well as the most paltry occasions of life.[1] He had a way of working it into any shape he pleased; so that it served him for a nightcap when he went to bed, and for an umbrella in rainy weather. He would lap a piece of it about a sore toe, or, when he had fits, burn two inches under his nose; or, if anything lay heavy on his stomach, scrape off and swallow as much of the powder as would lie on a silver penny; they were all infallible remedies. With analogy to these refinements, his common talk and conversation ran wholly in the phrase of his will, and he circumscribed the utmost of his eloquence within that compass, not daring to let slip a syllable without authority from thence. . . .

He made it a part of his religion never to say grace to his meat;[2] nor could all the world persuade him, as the common phrase is, to eat his victuals like a christian.[3]

He bore a strange kind of appetite to snap-dragon,[4] and to the livid snuffs of a burning candle, which he would catch and swallow with an agility wonderful to conceive; and, by this procedure, maintained a perpetual flame in his belly, which, issuing in a glowing steam from both his eyes, as well as his nostrils and his mouth, made his head appear, in a dark night, like the skull of an ass, wherein a roguish boy had conveyed a farthing candle, to the terror of his majesty's liege subjects. Therefore, he made use of no other expedient to light himself home, but was wont to say that a wise man was his own lantern.

He would shut his eyes as he walked along the streets, and if he happened to bounce his head against a post, or fall into a kennel, as he seldom missed either to do one or both, he would tell the gib-

[1] The author here lashes those pretenders to purity, who place so much merit in using Scripture phrases on all occasions.

[2] The slovenly way of receiving the sacrament among the fanatics.

[3] This is a common phrase to express eating cleanly, and is meant for an invective against that indecent manner among some people in receiving the sacrament; so in the lines before, which is to be understood of the Dissenters refusing to kneel at the sacrament.

[4] I cannot well find out the author's meaning here, unless it be the hot, untimely, blind zeal of enthusiasts.

ing prentices who looked on that he submitted with entire resignation as to a trip or a blow of fate, with whom he found, by long experience, how vain it was either to wrestle or to cuff; and whoever durst undertake to do either would be sure to come off with a swinging fall or a bloody nose. 'It was ordained,' said he, 'some few days before the creation, that my nose and this very post should have a rencounter; and therefore nature thought fit to send us both into the world in the same age, and to make us countrymen and fellow-citizens. Now, had my eyes been open, it is very likely the business might have been a great deal worse; for how many a confounded slip is daily got by a man with all this foresight about him? Besides, the eyes of the understanding see best when those of the senses are out of the way; and therefore blind men are observed to tread their steps with much more caution, and conduct, and judgment, than those who rely with too much confidence upon the virtue of the visual nerve, which every little accident shakes out of order, and a drop or a film can wholly disconcert; like a lantern among a pack of roaring bullies when they scour the streets, exposing its owner and itself to outward kicks and buffets, which both might have escaped if the vanity of appearing would have suffered them to walk in the dark. But farther, if we examine the conduct of these boasted lights, it will prove yet a great deal worse than their fortune. 'T is true, I have broke my nose against this post, because fortune either forgot, or did not think it convenient, to twitch me by the elbow, and give me notice to avoid it. But let not this encourage either the present age or posterity to trust their noses into the keeping of their eyes, which may prove the fairest way of losing them for good and all. For, O ye eyes, ye blind guides; miserable guardians are ye of our frail noses; ye, I say, who fasten upon the first precipice in view, and then tow our wretched willing bodies after you to the very brink of destruction. But alas! that brink is rotten, our feet slip, and we tumble down prone into a gulf, without one hospitable shrub in the way to break the fall; a fall to which not any nose of mortal make is equal, except that of the giant Laurcalco,[1] who was lord of the silver bridge. Most properly, therefore, O eyes, and with great justice, may you be compared to those foolish lights which conduct men through dirt and darkness, till they fall into a deep pit or a noisome bog.'

This I have produced as a scantling of Jack's great eloquence, and the force of his reasoning upon such abstruse matters.

He was, besides, a person of great design and improvement in affairs of devotion, having introduced a new deity, who has since met with a vast number of worshippers; by some called Babel, by others Chaos, who had an ancient temple of Gothic structure upon Salisbury plain, famous for its shrine and celebration by pilgrims.

When he had some roguish trick to play,[2] he would down with his knees, up with his eyes, and fall to prayers, though in the midst of the kennel. Then it was that those who understood his pranks would be sure to get far enough out of his way; and whenever curiosity attracted strangers to laugh or to listen, he would, of a sudden, . . . all bespatter them with mud.

In winter he went always loose and unbuttoned,[3] and clad as thin as possible to let in the ambient heat; and in summer lapped himself close and thick to keep it out.

In all revolutions of government[4] he would make his court for the office of hangman general; and in the exercise of that dignity, where he was very dexterous, would make use of no other vizard[5] than a long prayer.

He had a tongue so musculous and subtile, that he could twist it up into his nose, and deliver a strange kind of speech from thence. He was also the first in these kingdoms who began to improve the Spanish accomplishment of braying; and having large ears, perpetually exposed and erected, he carried his art to such perfection, that it was a point

[1] Vide [See] Don Quixote.

[2] The villainies and cruelties, committed by enthusiasts and fanatics among us, were all performed under the disguise of religion and long prayers.

[3] They affect differences in habit and behavior.

[4] They are severe persecutors and all in a form of cant and devotion.

[5] Cromwell and his confederates went, as they called it, to seek the Lord. when they resolved to murder the king.

of great difficulty to distinguish, either by the view or the sound, between the original and the copy.

He was troubled with a disease reverse to that called the stinging of the tarantula; and would run dog-mad at the noise of music, especially a pair of bagpipes. But he would cure himself again by taking two or three turns in Westminster-hall, or Billingsgate, or in the boarding-school, or the Royal Exchange, or a state coffee-house.

He was a person that feared no colors, but mortally hated all, and, upon that account, bore a cruel aversion against painters,[1] insomuch that, in his paroxysms, as he walked the streets, he would have his pockets loaden with stones to pelt at the signs.

Having, from this manner of living, frequent occasion to wash himself, he would often leap over head and ears into the water, though it were in the midst of the winter, but was always observed to come out again much dirtier, if possible, than he went in.

He was the first that ever found out the secret of contriving a soporiferous medicine to be conveyed in at the ears;[2] it was a compound of sulphur and balm of Gilead, with a little pilgrim's salve.

He wore a large plaster of artificial caustics on his stomach, with the fervor of which he could set himself a-groaning, like the famous board upon application of a red-hot iron.

He would stand in the turning of a street, and, calling to those who passed by, would cry to one, 'Worthy sir, do me the honor of a good slap in the chaps.'[3] To another, 'Honest friend, pray favor me with a handsome kick on the arse: Madam, shall I entreat a small box on the ear from your ladyship's fair hands? Noble captain, lend a reasonable thwack, for the love of God, with that cane of yours over these poor shoulders.' And when he had, by such earnest solicitations, made a shift to procure a basting sufficient to swell up his fancy and his sides, he would return home extremely comforted, and full of terrible accounts of what he had undergone for the public good. 'Observe this stroke,' said he, showing his bare shoulders; 'a plaguy janizary gave it me this very morning, at seven o'clock, as, with much ado, I was driving off the great Turk. Neighbors, mind, this broken head deserves a plaster; had poor Jack been tender of his noddle, you would have seen the pope and the French king, long before this time of day, among your wives and your warehouses. Dear christians, the great Mogul was come as far as Whitechapel, and you may thank these poor sides that he hath not (God bless us!) already swallowed up man, woman, and child.'

It was highly worth observing the singular effects of that aversion[4] or antipathy which Jack and his brother Peter seemed, even to an affectation, to bear toward each other. Peter had lately done some rogueries that forced him to abscond, and he seldom ventured to stir out before night, for fear of bailiffs. Their lodgings were at the two most distant parts of the town from each other; and whenever their occasions or humors called them abroad, they would make choice of the oddest unlikely times, and most uncouth rounds they could invent, that they might be sure to avoid one another; yet, after all this, it was their perpetual fortune to meet. The reason of which is easy enough to apprehend; for, the frenzy and the spleen of both having the same foundation, we may look upon them as two pair of compasses, equally extended, and the fixed foot of each remaining in the same center, which, though moving contrary ways at first, will be sure to encounter somewhere or other in the circumference. Besides, it was among the great misfortunes of Jack to bear a huge personal resemblance with his brother Peter. Their humor and dispositions were not only the same, but there was a close analogy in their shape, and size, and their mien. Insomuch, that nothing was more frequent than for a bailiff to

[1] They quarrel at the most innocent decency and ornament, and defaced the statues and paintings in all the churches in England.

[2] Fanatic preaching, composed either of hell and damnation, or a fulsome description of the joys of heaven; both in such a dirty, nauseous style, as to be well resembled to pilgrim's salve.

[3] The fanatics have always had a way of affecting to run into persecution, and count vast merit upon every little hardship they suffer.

[4] The Papists and fanatics, though they appear the most averse to each other, yet bear a near resemblance in many things, as has been observed by learned men.

seize Jack by the shoulder, and cry, 'Mr. Peter, you are the king's prisoner.' Or, at other times, for one of Peter's nearest friends to accost Jack with open arms, 'Dear Peter, I am glad to see thee; pray send me one of your best medicines for the worms.' This, we may suppose, was a mortifying return of those pains and proceedings Jack had labored in so long; and finding how directly opposite all his endeavors had answered to the sole end and intention which he had proposed to himself, how could it avoid having terrible effects upon a head and heart so furnished as his? However, the poor remainders of his coat bore all the punishment; the orient sun never entered upon his diurnal progress without missing a piece of it. He hired a tailor to stitch up the collar so close that it was ready to choke him, and squeezed out his eyes at such a rate as one could see nothing but the white. What little was left of the main substance of the coat he rubbed every day for two hours against a rough-cast wall, in order to grind away the remnants of lace and embroidery; but at the same time went on with so much violence that he proceeded a heathen philosopher. Yet, after all he could do of this kind, the success continued still to disappoint his expectation. For, as it is the nature of rags to bear a kind of mock resemblance to finery, there being a sort of fluttering appearance in both which is not to be distinguished at a distance, in the dark, or by short-sighted eyes, so, in those junctures, it fared with Jack and his tatters, that they offered to the first view a ridiculous flaunting, which, assisting the resemblance in person and air, thwarted all his projects of separation, and left so near a similitude between them as frequently deceived the very disciples and followers of both.

. . . . . .

Desunt non- . . . . . .
nulla [something is wanting]. .

The old Sclavonian proverb said well, that it is with men as with asses; whoever would keep them fast must find a very good hold at their ears. Yet I think we may affirm that it hath been verified by repeated experience that —

Effugiet tamen haec sceleratus vincula Proteus.

[Still wicked Proteus eludes these chains.]

It is good, therefore, to read the maxims of our ancestors, with great allowances to times and persons; for, if we look into primitive records, we shall find that no revolutions have been so great or so frequent as those of human ears. In former days there was a curious invention to catch and keep them, which I think we may justly reckon among the *artes perditæ* [lost arts]; and how can it be otherwise, when in the latter centuries the very species is not only diminished to a very lamentable degree, but the poor remainder is also degenerated so far as to mock our skilfullest tenure? For, if the only slitting of one ear in a stag has been found sufficient to propagate the defect through a whole forest, why should we wonder at the greatest consequences from so many lopings and mutilations to which the ears of our fathers, and our own, have been of late so much exposed? It is true, indeed, that while this island of ours was under the dominion of grace, many endeavors were made to improve the growth of ears once more among us. The proportion of largeness was not only looked upon as an ornament of the outward man, but as a type of grace in the inward. Lastly, the devouter sisters, who looked upon all extraordinary dilatations of that member as protrusions of zeal, or spiritual excrescences, were sure to honor every head they sat upon as if they had been marks of grace;[1] but especially that of the preacher, whose ears were usually of the prime magnitude; which, upon that account, he was very frequent and exact in exposing with all advantages to the people; in his rhetorical paroxysms turning sometimes to hold forth the one, and sometimes to hold forth the other: from which custom the whole operation of preaching is to this very day, among their professors, styled by the phrase of holding forth.

Such was the progress of the saints for advancing the size of that member; and it is thought the success would have been every way answerable, if, in proc-

[1] As if they had been cloven tongues.— *First Edition.*

ess of time, a cruel king had not risen,[1] who raised a bloody persecution against all ears above a certain standard; upon which, some were glad to hide their flourishing sprouts in a black border, others crept wholly under a periwig; some were slit, others cropped, and a great number sliced off to the stumps. But of this more hereafter in my general history of ears, which I design very speedily to bestow upon the public.

From this brief survey of the falling state of ears in the last age, and the small care had to advance their ancient growth in the present, it is manifest how little reason we can have to rely upon a hold so short, so weak, and so slippery, and that whoever desires to catch mankind fast must have recourse to some other methods. Now, he that will examine human nature with circumspection enough may discover several handles, whereof the six[2] senses afford one-a-piece, beside a great number that are screwed to the passions, and some few riveted to the intellect. Among these last, curiosity is one, and of all others, affords the firmest grasp: curiosity, that spur in the side, that bridle in the mouth, that ring in the nose, of a lazy and impatient and a grunting reader. By this handle it is, that an author should seize upon his readers; which as soon as he has once compassed, all resistance and struggling are in vain; and they become his prisoners as close as he pleases, till weariness or dulness force him to let go his grip.

And therefore, I, the author of this miraculous treatise, having hitherto, beyond expectation, maintained, by the aforesaid handle, a firm hold upon my gentle readers, it is with great reluctance that I am at length compelled to remit my grasp; leaving them, in the perusal of what remains, to that natural oscitancy inherent in the tribe. I can only assure thee, courteous reader, for both our comforts, that my concern is altogether equal to thine for my unhappiness in losing, or mislaying among my papers, the remaining part of these memoirs; which consisted of accidents, turns, and adventures, both new, agreeable, and surprising; and therefore calculated, in all due points, to the delicate taste of this our noble age. But, alas! with my utmost endeavors, I have been able only to retain a few of the heads. Under which, there was a full account how Peter got a protection out of the king's bench; and of a reconcilement[3] between Jack and him, upon a design they had, in a certain rainy night, to trepan brother Martin into a spunging-house, and there strip him to the skin. How Martin, with much ado, showed them both a fair pair of heels. How a new warrant came out against Peter; upon which, how Jack left him in the lurch, stole his protection, and made use of it himself. How Jack's tatters came into fashion in court and city; how he got upon a great horse,[4] and eat custard.[5] But the particulars of all these, with several others which have now slid out of my memory, are lost beyond all hopes of recovery. For which misfortune, leaving my readers to condole with each other, as far as they shall find it to agree with their several constitutions, but conjuring them by all the friendship that has passed between us, from the title-page to this, not to proceed so far as to injure their healths for an accident past remedy — I now go on to the ceremonial part of an accomplished writer, and therefore, by a courtly modern, least of all others to be omitted.

* * * (1704)

A MEDITATION UPON A BROOMSTICK, ACCORDING TO THE STYLE AND MANNER OF THE HON. ROBERT BOYLE'S MEDITATIONS

This single stick, which you now behold ingloriously lying in that neglected

[1] This was King Charles the Second, who, at his restoration, turned out all the dissenting teachers that would not conform.

[2] Including Scaliger's.

[3] In the reign of King James the Second the Presbyterians, by the king's invitation, joined with the Papists, against the Church of England, and addressed him for repeal of the penal laws and test. The king, by his dispensing power, gave liberty of conscience, which both Papists and Presbyterians made use of; but, upon the Revolution, the Papists being down of course, the Presbyterians freely continued their assemblies, by virtue of King James's indulgence, before they had a toleration by law. This I believe the author means by Jack's stealing Peter's protection, and making use of it himself.

[4] Sir Humphry Edwyn, a Presbyterian, when lord-mayor of London, in 1697, had the insolence to go in his formalities to a conventicle, with the ensigns of his office.

[5] Custard is a famous dish at a lord-mayor's feast.

corner, I once knew in a flourishing state in a forest; it was full of sap, full of leaves, and full of boughs; but now in vain does the busy art of man pretend to vie with nature, by tying that withered bundle of twigs to its sapless trunk; 'tis now at best but the reverse of what it was, a tree turned upside down, the branches on the earth, and the root in the air; 'tis now handled by every dirty wench, condemned to do her drudgery, and, by a capricious kind of fate, destined to make other things clean, and be nasty itself; at length, worn to the stumps in the service of the maids, it is either thrown out of door, or condemned to the last use, of kindling a fire. When I beheld this, I sighed, and said within myself: SURELY MAN IS A BROOMSTICK! nature sent him into the world strong and lusty, in a thriving condition, wearing his own hair on his head, the proper branches of this reasoning vegetable, until the axe of intemperance has lopped off his green boughs, and left him a withered trunk; he then flies to art, and puts on a periwig, valuing himself upon an unnatural bundle of hairs, all covered with powder, that never grew on his head; but now should this our broomstick pretend to enter the scene, proud of those birchen spoils it never bore, and all covered with dust, though the sweepings of the finest lady's chamber, we should be apt to ridicule and despise its vanity. Partial judges that we are of our own excellences, and other men's defaults!

But a broomstick, perhaps you will say, is an emblem of a tree standing on its head; and pray, what is man but a topsy-turvy creature, his animal faculties perpetually mounted on his rational; his head where his heels should be, grovelling on the earth! and yet, with all his faults, he sets up to be a universal reformer and corrector of abuses, a remover of grievances; rakes into every slut's corner of nature, bringing hidden corruption to the light, and raises a mighty dust where there was none before; sharing deeply all the while in the very same pollutions he pretends to sweep away: his last days are spent in slavery to women, and generally the least deserving, till, worn out to the stumps, like his brother besom, he is either kicked out of doors, or made use of to kindle flames for others to warm themselves by.

(1704)

A MODEST PROPOSAL

FOR PREVENTING THE CHILDREN OF POOR PEOPLE IN IRELAND FROM BEING A BURDEN TO THEIR PARENTS OR COUNTRY, AND FOR MAKING THEM BENEFICIAL TO THE PUBLIC

It is a melancholy object to those who walk through this great town or travel in the country, when they see the streets, the roads, and cabin doors, crowded with beggars of the female sex, followed by three, four, or six children, all in rags and importuning every passenger for an alms. These mothers, instead of being able to work for their honest livelihood, are forced to employ all their time in strolling to beg sustenance for their helpless infants: who as they grow up either turn thieves for want of work, or leave their dear native country to fight for the pretender in Spain, or sell themselves to the Barbadoes.

I think it is agreed by all parties that this prodigious number of children in the arms, or on the backs, or at the heels of their mothers, and frequently of their fathers, is in the present deplorable state of the kingdom a very great additional grievance; and, therefore, whoever could find out a fair, cheap, and easy method of making these children sound, useful members of the commonwealth, would deserve so well of the public as to have his statue set up for a preserver of the nation.

But my intention is very far from being confined to provide only for the children of professed beggars; it is of a much greater extent, and shall take in the whole number of infants at a certain age who are born of parents in effect as little able to support them as those who demand our charity in the streets.

As to my own part, having turned my thoughts for many years upon this important subject, and maturely weighed the several schemes of other projectors, I have always found them grossly mistaken in the computation. It is true, a child just dropped from its dam may be supported by her milk for a solar year,

with little other nourishment; at most not above the value of 2s., which the mother may certainly get, or the value in scraps, by her lawful occupation of begging; and it is exactly at one year old that I propose to provide for them in such a manner as instead of being a charge upon their parents or the parish, or wanting food and raiment for the rest of their lives, they shall on the contrary contribute to the feeding, and partly to the clothing, of many thousands.

There is likewise another great advantage in my scheme, that it will prevent those voluntary abortions, and that horrid practice of women murdering their bastard children, alas! too frequent among us! sacrificing the poor innocent babes I doubt more to avoid the expense than the shame, which would move tears and pity in the most savage and inhuman breast.

The number of souls in this kingdom being usually reckoned one million and a half, of these I calculate there may be about two hundred thousand couple whose wives are breeders; from which number I subtract thirty thousand couples who are able to maintain their own children, although I apprehend there cannot be so many, under the present distresses of the kingdom; but this being granted, there will remain an hundred and seventy thousand breeders. I again substract fifty thousand for those women who miscarry, or whose children die by accident or disease within the year. There only remains one hundred and twenty thousand children of poor parents annually born. The question therefore is, how this number shall be reared and provided for, which, as I have already said, under the present situation of affairs, is utterly impossible by all the methods hitherto proposed. For we can neither employ them in handicraft or agriculture; we neither build houses (I mean in the country) nor cultivate land: they can very seldom pick up a livelihood by stealing, till they arrive at six years old, except where they are of towardly parts, although I confess they learn the rudiments much earlier, during which time, they can however be properly looked upon only as probationers, as I have been informed by a principal gentleman in the county of Cavan, who protested to me that he never knew above one or two instances under the age of six, even in a part of the kingdom so renowned for the quickest proficiency in that art.

I am assured by our merchants, that a boy or a girl before twelve years old is no salable commodity; and even when they come to this age they will not yield above three pounds, or three pounds and half-a-crown at most on the exchange; which cannot turn to account either to the parents or kingdom, the charge of nutriment and rags having been at least four times that value.

I shall now therefore humbly propose my own thoughts, which I hope will not be liable to the least objection.

I have been assured by a very knowing American of my acquaintance in London, that a young healthy child well nursed is at a year old a most delicious, nourishing, and wholesome food, whether stewed, roasted, baked, or boiled; and I make no doubt that it will equally serve in a fricassee or a ragout.

I do therefore humbly offer it to public consideration that of the hundred and twenty thousand children already computed, twenty thousand may be reserved for breed, whereof only one-fourth part to be males; which is more than we allow to sheep, black cattle or swine; and my reason is, that these children are seldom the fruits of marriage, a circumstance not much regarded by our savages, therefore one male will be sufficient to serve four females. That the remaining hundred thousand may, at a year old, be offered in the sale to the persons of quality and fortune through the kingdom; always advising the mother to let them suck plentifully in the last month, so as to render them plump and fat for a good table. A child will make two dishes at an entertainment for friends; and when the family dines alone, the fore or hind quarter will make a reasonable dish, and seasoned with a little pepper or salt will be very good boiled on the fourth day, especially in winter.

I have reckoned upon a medium that a child just born will weigh 12 pounds, and in a solar year, if tolerably nursed, increaseth to 28 pounds.

I grant this food will be somewhat dear, and therefore very proper for landlords, who, as they have already devoured most of the parents, seem to have the best title to the children.

Infant's flesh will be in season throughout the year, but more plentiful in March, and a little before and after; for we are told by a grave author, an eminent French physician, that fish being a prolific diet, there are more children born in Roman Catholic countries about nine months after Lent than at any other season; therefore, reckoning a year after Lent, the markets will be more glutted than usual, because the number of popish infants is at least three to one in this kingdom: and therefore it will have one other collateral advantage, by lessening the number of papists among us.

I have already computed the charge of nursing a beggar's child (in which list I reckon all cottagers, laborers, and four-fifths of the farmers) to be about two shillings per annum, rags included; and I believe no gentleman would repine to give ten shillings for the carcass of a good fat child, which, as I have said, will make four dishes of excellent nutritive meat, when he hath only some particular friend or his own family to dine with him. Thus the squire will learn to be a good landlord, and grow popular among his tenants; the mother will have eight shillings net profit, and be fit for work till she produces another child.

Those who are more thrifty (as I must confess the times require) may flay the carcass; the skin of which artificially dressed will make admirable gloves for ladies, and summer boots for fine gentlemen.

As to our city of Dublin, shambles may be appointed for this purpose in the most convenient parts of it, and butchers we may be assured will not be wanting; although I rather recommend buying the children alive than dressing them hot from the knife as we do roasting pigs.

A very worthy person, a true lover of his country, and whose virtues I highly esteem, was lately pleased in discoursing on this matter to offer a refinement upon my scheme. He said that many gentlemen of this kingdom, having of late destroyed their deer, he conceived that the want of venison might be well supplied by the bodies of young lads and maidens, not exceeding fourteen years of age nor under twelve; so great a number of both sexes in every country being now ready to starve for want of work and service; and these to be disposed of by their parents, if alive, or otherwise by their nearest relations. But with due deference to so excellent a friend and so deserving a patriot, I cannot be altogether in his sentiments; for as to the males, my American acquaintance assured me, from frequent experience, that their flesh was generally tough and lean, like that of our school-boys by continual exercise, and their taste disagreeable; and to fatten them would not answer the charge. Then as to the females, it would, I think, with humble submission be a loss to the public, because they soon would become breeders themselves; and besides, it is not improbable that some scrupulous people might be apt to censure such a practice (although indeed very unjustly), as a little bordering upon cruelty; which, I confess, hath always been with me the strongest objection against any project, however so well intended.

But in order to justify my friend, he confessed that this expedient was put into his head by the famous Psalmanazar, a native of the island Formosa, who came from thence to London above twenty years ago, and in conversation told my friend, that in his country when any young person happened to be put to death, the executioner sold the carcass to persons of quality as a prime dainty; and that in his time the body of a plump girl of fifteen, who was crucified for an attempt to poison the emperor, was sold to his imperial majesty's prime minister of state, and other great mandarins of the court, in joints from the gibbet, at four hundred crowns. Neither indeed can I deny, that if the same use were made of several plump young girls in this town, who without one single groat to their fortunes cannot stir abroad without a chair, and appear at playhouse and assemblies in foreign fineries which they never will pay for, the kingdom would not be the worse.

Some persons of a desponding spirit are in great concern about that vast number of poor people, who are aged, diseased, or maimed, and I have been desired to employ my thoughts what course may be taken to ease the nation of so grievous an encumbrance. But I am not in the least pain upon that matter, because it is very well known that they are every day dying and rotting by cold and famine, and filth and vermin, as fast

as can be reasonably expected. And as to the young laborers, they are now in as hopeful a condition; they cannot get work, and consequently pine away for want of nourishment, to a degree that if at any time they are accidentally hired to common labor, they have not strength to perform it; and thus the country and themselves are happily delivered from the evils to come.

I have too long digressed, and therefore shall return to my subject. I think the advantages by the proposal which I have made are obvious and many, as well as of the highest importance.

For first, as I have already observed, it would greatly lessen the number of papists, with whom we are yearly overrun, being the principal breeders of the nation as well as our most dangerous enemies; and who stay at home on purpose with a design to deliver the kingdom to the pretender, hoping to take their advantage by the absence of so many good protestants, who have chosen rather to leave their country than stay at home and pay tithes against their conscience to an episcopal curate.

Secondly, The poorer tenants will have something valuable of their own, which by law may be made liable to distress and help to pay their landlord's rent, their corn and cattle being already seized, and money a thing unknown.

Thirdly, Whereas the maintenance of an hundred thousand children, from two years old and upward, cannot be computed at less than ten shillings a-piece per annum, the nation's stock will be thereby increased fifty thousand pounds per annum, beside the profit of a new dish introduced to the tables of all gentlemen of fortune in the kingdom who have any refinement in taste. And the money will circulate among ourselves, the goods being entirely of our own growth and manufacture.

Fourthly, The constant breeders, beside the gain of eight shillings sterling per annum by the sale of their children, will be rid of the charge of maintaining them after the first year.

Fifthly, This food would likewise bring great custom to taverns; where the vintners will certainly be so prudent as to procure the best receipts for dressing it to perfection, and consequently have their houses frequented by all the fine gentlemen, who justly value themselves upon their knowledge in good eating: and a skilful cook, who understands how to oblige his guests, will contrive to make it as expensive as they please.

Sixthly, This would be a great inducement to marriage, which all wise nations have either encouraged by rewards or enforced by laws and penalties. It would increase the care and tenderness of mothers toward their children, when they were sure of a settlement for life to the poor babes, provided in some sort by the public, to their annual profit instead of expense. We should see an honest emulation among the married women, which of them could bring the fattest child to the market. Men would become as fond of their wives during the time of their pregnancy as they are now of their mares in foal, their cows in calf, their sows when they are ready to farrow; nor offer to beat or kick them (as is too frequent a practice) for fear of a miscarriage.

Many other advantages might be enumerated. For instance, the addition of some thousand carcasses in our exportation of barreled beef, the propagation of swine's flesh, and improvement in the art of making good bacon, so much wanted among us by the great destruction of pigs, too frequent at our tables; which are no way comparable in taste or magnificence to a well-grown, fat, yearling child, which roasted whole will make a considerable figure at a lord mayor's feast or any other public entertainment. But this and many others I omit, being studious of brevity.

Supposing that one thousand families in this city would be constant customers for infants' flesh, beside others who might have it at merry-meetings, particularly weddings and christenings, I compute that Dublin would take off annually about twenty thousand carcasses; and the rest of the kingdom (where probably they will be sold somewhat cheaper) the remaining eighty thousand.

I can think of no one objection that will possibly be raised against this proposal, unless it should be urged that the number of people will be thereby much lessened in the kingdom. This I freely own, and was indeed one principal design in offering it to the world. I desire the reader will observe, that I calculate my remedy for this one individual king-

dom of Ireland and for no other that ever was, is, or I think ever can be upon earth. Therefore let no man talk to me of other expedients: of taxing our absentees at five shillings a pound; of using neither clothes nor household furniture except what is of our own growth and manufacture; of utterly rejecting the materials and instruments that promote foreign luxury; of curing the expensiveness of pride, vanity, idleness, and gaming in our women; of introducing a vein of parsimony, prudence, and temperance; of learning to love our country, wherein we differ even from LAPLANDERS and the inhabitants of TOPINAMBOO; of quitting our animosities and factions, nor act any longer like the Jews, who were murdering one another at the very moment their city was taken; of being a little cautious not to sell our country and conscience for nothing; of teaching landlords to have at least one degree of mercy toward their tenants; lastly, of putting a spirit of honesty, industry, and skill into our shopkeepers; who, if a resolution could now be taken to buy only our native goods, would immediately unite to cheat and exact upon us in the price, the measure, and the goodness, nor could ever yet be brought to make one fair proposal of just dealing, though often and earnestly invited to it.

Therefore I repeat, let no man talk to me of these and the like expedients, till he hath at least some glimpse of hope that there will be ever some hearty and sincere attempt to put them in practice.

But as to myself, having been wearied out for many years with offering vain, idle, visionary thoughts, and at length utterly despairing of success I fortunately fell upon this proposal; which, as it is wholly new, so it hath something solid and real, of no expense and little trouble, full in our own power, and whereby we can incur no danger in disobliging ENGLAND. For this kind of commodity will not bear exportation, the flesh being of too tender a consistence to admit a long continuance in salt, although perhaps I could name a country which would be glad to eat up our whole nation without it.

After all, I am not so violently bent upon my own opinion as to reject any offer proposed by wise men, which shall be found equally innocent, cheap, easy, and effectual. But before something of that kind shall be advanced in contradiction to my scheme, and offering a better, I desire the author or authors will be pleased maturely to consider two points. First, as things now stand, how they will be able to find food and raiment for an hundred thousand useless mouths and backs. And secondly, there being a round million of creatures in human figure throughout this kingdom, whose whole subsistence put into a common stock would leave them in debt two millions of pounds sterling, adding those who are beggars by profession to the bulk of farmers, cottagers, and laborers, with their wives and children who are beggars in effect: I desire those politicians who dislike my overture, and may perhaps be so bold as to attempt an answer, that they will first ask the parents of these mortals, whether they would not at this day think it a great happiness to have been sold for food at a year old in the manner I prescribe, and thereby have avoided such a perpetual scene of misfortunes as they have since gone through by the oppression of landlords, the impossibility of paying rent without money or trade, the want of common sustenance, with neither house nor clothes to cover them from the inclemencies of the weather, and the most inevitable prospect of entailing the like or greater miseries upon their breed for ever.

I profess, in the sincerity of my heart, that I have not the least personal interest in endeavoring to promote this necessary work, having no other motive than the public good of my country, by advancing our trade, providing for infants, relieving the poor, and giving some pleasure to the rich. I have no children by which I can propose to get a single penny; the youngest being nine years old, and my wife past child-bearing.

(1729)

SIR RICHARD STEELE (1672–1729)

Steele, like Swift, was born in Dublin. He passed, with Addison, through Charterhouse School to Oxford, but soon left the university to seek his fortune in the army. By 1701, he had gained a captaincy in the Tower Guards and was a vivacious figure among the wits who haunted the coffee-houses, clubs, and theaters of London. Several comedies, in which he made a manly and effective effort to win a place for decency on the English stage, were still sprightly enough to sustain his reputation as a wit and good fellow. He was soon taken on by the government and, in 1707, was commissioned to write *The Gazette*. While officially 'keeping that paper very innocent and very insipid,' Steele discovered the possibilities of periodical writing. Two years later he began *The Tatler*, picking up as a disguise the character of a fictitious astrologer, Isaac Bickerstaff, which Swift had let drop after provoking the town to hilarious scoffing at one Partridge, an almanac-maker. Addison soon penetrated the disguise and was eagerly welcomed as a contributor. After about a year, Steele and Addison together devised the more commodious plan of *The Spectator*. The novel periodical created and supplied a new kind of literary demand. Its freedom from party bias, and the penetrating and yet urbane irony of its portrayals and criticisms of English manners gave it a wide appeal. *The Spectator* became a part of the 'tea-equipage' in London clubs and coffee-houses and wide-awake provincial homes. It turned out a valuable pecuniary asset; but the partnership did not last. Steele was a turbulent politician; Addison disapproved of his factious spirit; and, after the earlier numbers of *The Guardian* (1713), they ceased to collaborate. None of the later periodicals of either approximated the success of *The Spectator*. Steele was now approaching the liveliest part of his life. He had a stormy parliamentary experience, was made supervisor of the Drury Lane Theater, and George I knighted him for energetic championship of the Hanoverian succession.

His prosperity was brief, however. Through his opposition to the Peerage Bill (1719), he lost the support of his party and received some sore knocks from his old friend. He was frequently in money difficulties, and finally, broken in health as well as fortune, he took refuge in Wales, not as Swift venomously rimed, 'from perils of a hundred gaols,' but from the expenses of a London establishment, so that his debts might be paid before his death. Steele's Irish imprudences are sometimes exaggerated for the sake of contrasting him with Addison. He was not, in practice, above the fashionable vices of his times, and he was sinfully reckless in money matters. He was, nevertheless, a sincere champion of virtue and lover of piety; he was chivalrous toward women, generous and forgiving toward his friends, and intrepid where his political conscience was involved. The uncalculating prodigality and sweetness of his nature are reflected in his pages, and have made many besides Thackeray 'own to liking Dick Steele the man, and Dick Steele the author, much better than much better men and much better authors.'

From THE TATLER

[No. 1.]

THE ADVERTISEMENT

Though the other papers which are published for the use of the good people of England have certainly very wholesome effects and are laudable in their particular kinds, they do not seem to come up to the main design of such narrations, which, I humbly presume, should be principally intended for the use of politic persons, who are so public-spirited as to neglect their own affairs to look into transactions of state. Now these gentlemen, for the most part, being persons of strong zeal and weak intellects, it is both a charitable and necessary work to offer something whereby such worthy and well-affected members of the commonwealth may be instructed, after their reading, what to think; which shall be the end and purpose of this my paper, wherein I shall from time to time report and consider all matters of what kind soever that shall occur to me, and publish such my advices

and reflections every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday in the week, for the convenience of the post. I resolve also to have something which may be of entertainment to the fair sex, in honor of whom I have invented the title of this paper. I therefore earnestly desire all persons, without distinction, to take it in for the present *gratis,* and hereafter at the price of one penny, forbidding all hawkers to take more for it at their peril. And I desire all persons to consider that I am at a very great charge for proper materials for this work, as well as that, before I resolved upon it, I had settled a correspondence in all parts of the known and knowing world. And forasmuch as this globe is not trodden upon by mere drudges of business only, but that men of spirit and genius are justly to be esteemed as considerable agents in it, we shall not upon a dearth of news present you with musty foreign edicts, or dull proclamations, but shall divide our relation of the passages which occur in action or discourse throughout this town, as well as elsewhere, under such dates of places as may prepare you for the matter you are to expect, in the following manner:

All accounts of gallantry, pleasure, and entertainment shall be under the article of White's Chocolate-house; poetry, under that of Will's Coffee-house; learning, under the title of Grecian; foreign and domestic news, you will have from Saint James's Coffee-house; and what else I have to offer on any other subject shall be dated from my own apartment.

I once more desire my reader to consider that, as I cannot keep an ingenious man to go daily to Wills under twopence each day, merely for his charges; to White's under sixpence; nor to the Grecian, without allowing him some plain Spanish, to be as able as others at the learned table; and that a good observer cannot speak with even kidney at Saint James's without clean linen; I say, these considerations will, I hope, make all persons willing to comply with my humble request (when my *gratis* stock is exhausted) of a penny a piece; especially since they are sure of some proper amusement, and that it is impossible for me to want means to entertain them, having, besides the force of my own parts, the power of divination, and that I can, by casting a figure, tell you all that will happen before it comes to pass.

But this last faculty I shall use very sparingly, and speak but of few things until they are passed, for fear of divulging matters which may offend our superiors. Tuesday, April 12, 1709.

* * *

[No. 181.]

A RECOLLECTION

The first sense of sorrow I ever knew was upon the death of my father, at which time I was not quite five years of age; but was rather amazed at what all the house meant than possessed with a real understanding why nobody was willing to play with me. I remember I went into the room where his body lay, and my mother sat weeping alone by it. I had my battledore in my hand, and fell a-beating the coffin, and calling 'Papa'; for I know not how, I had some slight idea that he was locked up there. My mother catched me in her arms, and transported beyond all patience of the silent grief she was before in, she almost smothered me in her embrace, and told me in a flood of tears, 'Papa could not hear me, and would play with me no more, for they were going to put him under ground, whence he could never come to us again.' She was a very beautiful woman, of a noble spirit, and there was a dignity in her grief amidst all the wildness of her transport, which, methought struck me with an instinct of sorrow which, before I was sensible of what it was to grieve, seized my very soul, and has made pity the weakness of my heart ever since. The mind in infancy is, methinks, like the body in embryo, and receives impressions so forcible that they are as hard to be removed by reason, as any mark with which a child is born is to be taken away by any future application. Hence it is that good-nature in me is no merit; but, having been so frequently overwhelmed with her tears before I knew the cause of any affliction, or could draw defenses from my own judgment, I imbibed commiseration, remorse, and an unmanly gentleness of mind, which has since insnared me into ten thousand calamities, and from whence I can reap no advantage, except it be that, in such a humor as I am

now in, I can the better indulge myself in the softnesses or humanity, and enjoy that sweet anxiety which arises from the memory of past afflictions.

June 5, 1710.

From THE SPECTATOR

[No. 2.]

THE CLUB

The first of our society is a gentleman of Worcestershire, of ancient descent, a baronet, his name is Sir Roger de Coverley. His great grandfather was inventor of that famous country-dance which is called after him. All who know that shire are very well acquainted with the parts and merits of Sir Roger. He is a gentleman that is very singular in his behavior, but his singularities proceed from his good sense, and are contradictions to the manners of the world, only as he thinks the world is in the wrong. However, this humor creates him no enemies, for he does nothing with sourness or obstinacy; and his being unconfined to modes and forms, makes him but the readier and more capable to please and oblige all who know him. When he is in town, he lives in Soho Square. It is said, he keeps himself a bachelor, by reason he was crossed in love by a perverse beautiful widow of the next county to him. Before this disappointment, Sir Roger was what you call a fine gentleman, had often supped with my Lord Rochester and Sir George Etherege, fought a duel upon his first coming to town, and kicked Bully Dawson in a public coffee house for calling him youngster. But, being ill used by the above mentioned widow, he was very serious for a year and a half; and though, his temper being naturally jovial, he at last got over it, he grew careless of himself, and never dressed afterwards. He continues to wear a coat and doublet of the same cut that were in fashion at the time of his repulse, which, in his merry humors, he tells us, has been in and out twelve times since he first wore it. He is now in his fifty-sixth year, cheerful, gay, and hearty; keeps a good house both in town and country; a great lover of mankind: but there is such a mirthful cast in his behavior, that he is rather beloved than esteemed. His tenants grow rich, his servants look satisfied, all the young women profess love to him, and the young men are glad of his company; when he comes into a house, he calls the servants by their names, and talks all the way up stairs to a visit. I must not omit, that Sir Roger is a justice of the *quorum;* that he fills the chair at a quarter-sessions with great abilities, and three months ago, gained universal applause, by explaining a passage in the game-act.

The gentleman next in esteem and authority among us, is another bachelor, who is a member of the Inner Temple; a man of great probity, wit, and understanding; but he has chosen his place of residence rather to obey the direction of an old humorsome father, than in pursuit of his own inclinations. He was placed there to study the laws of the land, and is the most learned of any of the house in those of the stage. Aristotle and Longinus are much better understood by him than Littleton or Coke. The father sends up every post questions relating to marriage articles, leases and tenures, in the neighborhood; all which questions he agrees with an attorney to answer and take care of in the lump. He is studying the passions themselves, when he should be inquiring into the debates among men which arise from them. He knows the argument of each of the orations of Demosthenes and Tully; but not one case in the reports of our own courts. No one ever took him for a fool, but none, except his intimate friends, know he has a great deal of wit. This turn makes him at once both disinterested and agreeable; as few of his thoughts are drawn from business, they are most of them fit for conversation. His taste of books is a little too just for the age he lives in; he has read all, but approves of very few. His familiarity with the customs, manners, actions, and writings of the ancients, makes him a very delicate observer of what occurs to him in the present world. He is an excellent critic, and the time of the play is his hour of business; exactly at five he passes through New Inn, crosses through Russell court, and takes a turn at Will's, till the play begins; he has his shoes rubbed, and his periwig powdered at the barber's as you go into the Rose. It is for the good of

the audience when he is at a play; for the actors have an ambition to please him.

The person of next consideration is Sir Andrew Freeport, a merchant of great eminence in the city of London. A person of indefatigable industry, strong reason, and great experience. His notions of trade are noble and generous, and (as every rich man has usually some sly way of jesting, which would make no great figure were he not a rich man) he calls the sea the British Common. He is acquainted with commerce in all its parts, and will tell you that it is a stupid and barbarous way to extend dominion by arms, for true power is to be got by arts and industry. He will often argue, that if this part of our trade were well cultivated, we should gain from one nation,—and if another, from another. I have heard him prove, that diligence makes more lasting acquisitions than valor, and that sloth has ruined more nations than the sword. He abounds in several frugal maxims, amongst which the greatest favorite is, 'A penny saved is a penny got.' A general trader of good sense is pleasanter company than a general scholar; and Sir Andrew having a natural unaffected eloquence, the perspicuity of his discourse gives the same pleasure that wit would in another man. He has made his fortunes himself; and says that England may be richer than other kingdoms, by as plain methods as he himself is richer than other men; though at the same time I can say this of him, that there is not a point in the compass but blows home a ship in which he is an owner.

Next to Sir Andrew in the club-room sits Captain Sentry, a gentleman of great courage, good understanding, but invincible modesty. He is one of those that deserve very well, but are very awkward at putting their talents within the observation of such as should take notice of them. He was some years a captain, and behaved himself with great gallantry in several engagements and at several sieges; but having a small estate of his own, and being next heir to Sir Roger, he has quitted a way of life, in which no man can rise suitably to his merit, who is not something of a courtier as well as a soldier. I have heard him often lament, that in a profession where merit is placed in so conspicuous a view, impudence should get the better of modesty. When he has talked to this purpose, I never heard him make a sour expression, but frankly confess that he left the world, because he was not fit for it. A strict honesty and an even regular behavior are in themselves obstacles to him that must press through crowds who endeavor at the same end with himself, the favor of a commander. He will, however, in his way of talk, excuse generals for not disposing according to men's desert, or inquiring into it: for, says he, that great man who has a mind to help me, has as many to break through to come at me, as I have to come at him: therefore, he will conclude, that the man who would make a figure, especially in a military way, must get over all false modesty, and assist his patron against the importunity of other pretenders, by a proper assurance in his own vindication. He says, it is a civil cowardice to be backward in asserting what you ought to expect, as it is a military fear to be slow in attacking when it is your duty. With this candor does the gentleman speak of himself and others. The same frankness runs through all his conversation. The military part of his life has furnished him with many adventures, in the relation of which he is very agreeable to the company; for he is never over-bearing, though accustomed to command men in the utmost degree below him; nor ever too obsequious, from an habit of obeying men highly above him.

But, that our society may not appear a set of humorists, unacquainted with the gallantries and pleasures of the age, we have among us the gallant Will Honeycomb, a gentleman who, according to his years, should be in the decline of his life, but, having ever been very careful of his person, and always had a very easy fortune, time has made but a very little impression, either by wrinkles on his forehead, or traces on his brain. His person is well turned, of a good height. He is very ready at that sort of discourse with which men usually entertain women. He has all his life dressed very well, and remembers habits as others do men. He can smile when one speaks to him, and laughs easily. He knows the history of every mode, and can inform you from what Frenchwomen our wives and daugh-

ters had this manner of curling their hair, that way of placing their hoods; and whose vanity to shew her foot made that part of the dress so short in such a year. In a word, all his conversation and knowledge have been in the female world; as other men of his age will take notice to you what such a minister said upon such and such an occasion, he will tell you, when the Duke of Monmouth danced at court, such a woman was then smitten, another was taken with him at the head of his troop in the Park. For all these important relations, he has ever about the same time received a kind glance or a blow of a fan from some celebrated beauty, mother of the present lord such-a-one.

This way of talking of his very much enlivens the conversation, among us of a more sedate turn; and I find there is not one of the company, but myself, who rarely speak at all, but speaks of him as of that sort of man who is usually called a well-bred fine gentleman. To conclude his character, where women are not concerned, he is an honest worthy man.

I cannot tell whether I am to account him whom I am next to speak of, as one of our company; for he visits us but seldom, but when he does, it adds to every man else a new enjoyment of himself. He is a clergyman, a very philosophic man, of general learning, great sanctity of life, and the most exact good breeding. He has the misfortune to be of a very weak constitution; and consequently cannot accept of such cares and business as preferments in his function would oblige him to; he is therefore among divines what a chamber-councillor is among lawyers. The probity of his mind, and the integrity of his life, create him followers, as being eloquent or loud advances others. He seldom introduces the subject he speaks upon; but we are so far gone in years that he observes, when he is among us, an earnestness to have him fall on some divine topic, which he always treats with much authority, as one who has no interest in this world, as one who is hastening to the object of all his wishes, and conceives hope from his decays and infirmities. These are my ordinary companions.

Friday, March 2, 1710–11.

[No. 6.]

SIR ROGER ON MEN OF PARTS

I know no evil under the sun so great as the abuse of the understanding, and yet there is no one vice more common. It has diffused itself through both sexes, and all qualities of mankind; and there is hardly that person to be found, who is not more concerned for the reputation of wit and sense, than honesty and virtue. But this unhappy affectation of being wise rather than honest, witty than good-natured, is the source of most of the ill habits of life. Such false impressions are owing to the abandoned writings of men of wit, and the awkward imitation of the rest of mankind.

For this reason, Sir Roger was saying last night, that he was of opinion that none but men of fine parts deserve to be hanged. The reflections of such men are so delicate upon all occurrences which they are concerned in, that they should be exposed to more than ordinary infamy and punishment, for offending against such quick admonitions as their own souls give them, and blunting the fine edge of their minds in such a manner, that they are no more shocked at vice and folly, than men of slower capacities. There is no greater monster in being, than a very ill man of great parts. He lives like a man in a palsy, with one side of him dead. While perhaps he enjoys the satisfaction of luxury, of wealth, of ambition, he has lost the taste of good will, of friendship, of innocence. Scarecrow, the beggar in Lincoln's-inn-fields, who disabled himself in his right leg, and asks alms all day to get himself a warm supper at night, is not half so despicable a wretch, as such a man of sense. The beggar has no relish above sensations; he finds rest more agreeable than motion; and while he has a warm fire, never reflects that he deserves to be whipped. Every man who terminates his satisfactions and enjoyments within the supply of his own necessities and passions is, says Sir Roger, in my eye as poor a rogue as Scarecrow. 'But,' continued he, 'for the loss of public and private virtue we are beholden to your men of fine parts forsooth; it is with them no matter what is done, so it be done with an air. But to me who am so whimsical in a corrupt

age as to act according to nature and reason, a selfish man in the most shining circumstance and equipage, appears in the same condition with the fellow above mentioned, but more contemptible in proportion to what more he robs the public of and enjoys above him. I lay it down therefore for a rule, that the whole man is to move together; that every action of any importance, is to have a prospect of public good: and that the general tendency of our indifferent actions ought to be agreeable to the dictates of reason, of religion, of good breeding; without this, a man, as I have before hinted, is hopping instead of walking, he is not in his entire and proper motion.'

While the honest knight was thus bewildering himself in good starts, I looked intentively upon him, which made him, I thought, collect his mind a little. 'What I aim at,' says he, 'is, to represent, that I am of opinion, to polish our understandings and neglect our manners is of all things the most inexcusable. Reason should govern passion, but instead of that, you see, it is often subservient to it; and, as unaccountable as one would think it, a wise man is not always a good man.' This degeneracy is not only the guilt of particular persons, but also at some times of a whole people; and perhaps it may appear upon examination, that the most polite ages are the least virtuous. This may be attributed to the folly of admitting wit and learning as merit in themselves, without considering the application of them. By this means it becomes a rule, not so much to regard what we do, as how we do it. But this false beauty will not pass upon men of honest minds and true taste. Sir Richard Blackmore says, with as much good sense as virtue, 'It is a mighty dishonor and shame to employ excellent faculties and abundance of wit, to humor and please men in their vices and follies. The great enemy of mankind, notwithstanding his wit and angelic faculties, is the most odious being in the whole creation.' He goes on soon after to say, very generously, that he undertook the writing of his poem 'to rescue the Muses out of the hands of ravishers, to restore them to their sweet and chaste mansions, and to engage them in an employment suitable to their dignity.' This certainly ought to be the purpose of every man who appears in public, and whoever does not proceed upon that foundation, injures his country as fast as he succeeds in his studies. When modesty ceases to be the chief ornament of one sex, and integrity of the other, society is upon a wrong basis, and we shall be ever after without rules to guide our judgment in what is really becoming and ornamental. Nature and reason direct one thing, passion and humor another. To follow the dictates of these two latter, is going into a road that is both endless and intricate; when we pursue the other, our passage is delightful, and what we aim at easily attainable.

I do not doubt but England is at present as polite a nation as any in the world; but any man who thinks can easily see, that the affectation of being gay and in fashion, has very near eaten up our good sense and our religion. Is there anything so just as that mode and gallantry should be built upon exerting ourselves in what is proper and agreeable to the institutions of justice and piety among us? And yet is there anything more common, than that we run in perfect contradiction to them? All which is supported by no other pretension, than that it is done with what we call a good grace.

Nothing ought to be held laudable or becoming, but what nature itself should prompt us to think so. Respect to all kinds of superiors is founded, methinks, upon instinct; and yet what is so ridiculous as age? I make this abrupt transition to the mention of this vice, more than any other, in order to introduce a little story, which I think a pretty instance that the most polite age is in danger of being the most vicious.

'It happened at Athens, during a public representation of some play exhibited in honor of the commonwealth, that an old gentleman came too late for a place suitable to his age and quality. Many of the young gentlemen, who observed the difficulty and confusion he was in, made signs to him that they would accommodate him if he came where they sat. The good man bustled through the crowd accordingly; but when he came to the seats to which he was invited, the jest was to sit close and expose him, as he stood out of countenance, to the whole audience. The frolic went round all the Athenian benches. But on those occa-

sions there were also particular places assigned for foreigners. When the good man skulked towards the boxes appointed for the Lacedæmonians, that honest people, more virtuous than polite, rose up all to a man, and with the greatest respect received him among them. The Athenians being suddenly touched with a sense of the Spartan virtue and their own degeneracy, gave a thunder of applause; and the old man cried out, "The Athenians understand what is good, but the Lacedæmonians practise it."

Wednesday, March 17, 1710–11.

[No. 113.]

SIR ROGER IN LOVE

In my first description of the company in which I pass most of my time, it may be remembered, that I mentioned a great affliction which my friend Sir Roger had met with in his youth; which was no less than a disappointment in love. It happened this evening, that we fell into a very pleasing walk at a distance from his house. As soon as we came into it, 'It is,' quoth the good old man, looking round him with a smile, 'very hard, that any part of my land should be settled upon one who has used me so ill as the perverse widow did; and yet I am sure I could not see a sprig of any bough of this whole walk of trees, but I should reflect upon her and her severity. She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world. You are to know, this was the place wherein I used to muse upon her; and by that custom I can never come into it, but the same tender sentiments revive in my mind, as if I had actually walked with that beautiful creature under these shades. I have been fool enough to carve her name on the bark of several of these trees; so unhappy is the condition of men in love, to attempt the removing of their passion by the methods which serve only to imprint it deeper. She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world.'

Here followed a profound silence; and I was not displeased to observe my friend falling so naturally into a discourse which I had ever before taken notice he industriously avoided. After a very long pause, he entered upon an account of this great circumstance in his life, with an air which I thought raised my idea of him above what I had ever had before; and gave me the picture of that cheerful mind of his, before it received that stroke which has ever since affected his words and actions. But he went on as follows:—

'I came to my estate in my twenty-second year, and resolved to follow the steps of the most worthy of my ancestors who have inhabited this spot of earth before me, in all the methods of hospitality and good neighborhood, for the sake of my fame; and in country sports and recreations, for the sake of my health. In my twenty-third year I was obliged to serve as sheriff of the county; and in my servants, officers, and whole equipage, indulged the pleasure of a young man (who did not think ill of his own person) in taking that public occasion of showing my figure and behavior to advantage. You may easily imagine to yourself what appearance I made, who am pretty tall, ride well, and was very well dressed, at the head of a whole county, with music before me, a feather in my hat, and my horse well bitted. I can assure you I was not a little pleased with the kind looks and glances I had from all the balconies and windows as I rode to the hall where the assizes were held. But, when I came there, a beautiful creature in a widow's habit sat in a court to hear the event of a cause concerning her dower. This commanding creature (who was born for the destruction of all who behold her) put on such a resignation in her countenance, and bore the whispers of all around the court with such a pretty uneasiness, I warrant you, and then recovered herself from one eye to another, until she was perfectly confused by meeting something so wistful in all she encountered, that at last, with a murrain to her, she cast her bewitching eye upon me. I no sooner met it but I bowed like a great surprised booby; and knowing her cause to be the first which came on, I cried, like a captivated calf as I was, "Make way for the defendant's witnesses." This sudden partiality made all the county immediately see the sheriff also was become a slave to the fine widow. During the time her cause was upon trial, she behaved herself, I war-

rant you, with such a deep attention to her business, took opportunities to have little billets handed to her counsel, then would be in such a pretty confusion, occasioned, you must know, by acting before so much company, that not only I but the whole court was prejudiced in her favor; and all that the next heir to her husband had to urge was thought so groundless and frivolous, that when it came to her counsel to reply, there was not half so much said as every one besides in the court thought he could have urged to her advantage. You must understand, sir, this perverse woman is one of those unaccountable creatures that secretly rejoice in the admiration of men, but indulge themselves in no farther consequences. Hence it is that she has ever had a train of admirers, and she removes from her slaves in town to those in the country, according to the seasons of the year. She is a reading lady, and far gone in the pleasures of friendship. She is always accompanied by a confidante, who is witness to her daily protestations against our sex, and consequently a bar to her first steps towards love, upon the strength of her own maxims and declarations.

'However, I must needs say, this accomplished mistress of mine has distinguished me above the rest, and has been known to declare Sir Roger de Coverley was the tamest and most humane of all the brutes in the country. I was told she said so by one who thought he rallied me; and upon the strength of this slender encouragement of being thought least detestable, I made new liveries, new-paired my coach-horses, sent them all to town to be bitted, and taught to throw their legs well, and move all together, before I pretended to cross the country, and wait upon her. As soon as I thought my retinue suitable to the character of my fortune and youth, I set out from hence to make my addresses. The particular skill of this lady has ever been to inflame your wishes, and yet command respect. To make her mistress of this art, she has a greater share of knowledge, wit, and good sense than is usual even among men of merit. Then she is beautiful beyond the race of women. If you will not let her go on with a certain artifice with her eyes, and the skill of beauty, she will arm herself with her real charms, and strike you with admiration instead of desire. It is certain that if you were to behold the whole woman, there is that dignity in her aspect, that composure in her motion, that complacency in her manner, that if her form makes you hope, her merit makes you fear. But then again, she is such a desperate scholar that no country gentleman can approach her without being a jest. As I was going to tell you, when I came to her house, I was admitted to her presence with great civility; at the same time she placed herself to be first seen by me in such an attitude, as I think you call the posture of a picture, that she discovered new charms, and I at last came towards her with such an awe as made me speechless. This she no sooner observed but she made her advantage of it, and began a discourse to me concerning love and honor, as they both are followed by pretenders, and the real votaries to them. When she discussed these points in a discourse which, I verily believe, was as learned as the best philosopher in Europe could possibly make, she asked me whether she was so happy as to fall in with my sentiments on these important particulars. Her confidante sat by her, and on my being in the last confusion and silence, this malicious aid of hers turning to her, says, "I am very glad to observe Sir Roger pauses upon this subject, and seems resolved to deliver all his sentiments upon the matter when he pleases to speak." They both kept their countenances, and after I had sat half an hour meditating how to behave before such profound casuists, I rose up and took my leave. Chance has since that time thrown me very often in her way, and she as often directed a discourse to me which I do not understand. This barbarity has kept me ever at a distance from the most beautiful object my eyes ever beheld. It is thus also she deals with all mankind, and you must make love to her as you would conquer the sphinx, by posing her. But were she like other women, and that there were any talking to her, how constant must the pleasure of that man be, who could converse with a creature — But, after all, you may be sure her heart is fixed on some one or other: and yet I have been credibly in-

formed — but who can believe half that is said! — They say she sings excellently; her voice in her ordinary speech has something in it inexpressibly sweet. You must know I dined with her at a public table the day after I first saw her, and she helped me to some tansy in the eye of all the gentlemen in the country. She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world. I can assure you, sir, were you to behold her, you would be in the same condition; for as her speech is music, her form is angelic. But I find I grow irregular while I am talking of her; but indeed it would be stupidity to be unconcerned at such perfection. Oh, the excellent creature! she is as inimitable to all women, as she is inaccessible to all men.'

I found my friend begin to rave, and insensibly led him towards the house, that we might be joined by some other company; and am convinced that the widow is the secret cause of all that inconsistency which appears in some parts of my friend's discourse; though he has so much command of himself as not directly to mention her, yet according to that of Martial, which one knows not how to render into English, *dum tacet hanc loquitur* [even when silent he talks of her].

Tuesday, July 10, 1711.

* * *

[No. 454.]

A DAY IN LONDON

It is an expressible pleasure to know a little of the world, and to be of no character or significancy in it.

To be ever unconcerned, and ever looking on new objects with an endless curiosity, is a delight known only to those who are turned for speculation: nay, they who enjoy it must value things only as they are the objects of speculation, without drawing any worldly advantage to themselves from them, but just as they are what contribute to their amusement, or the improvement of the mind. I lay one night last week at Richmond; and being restless, not out of dissatisfaction, but a certain busy inclination one sometimes has, I rose at four in the morning, and took boat for London, with a resolution to rove by boat and coach for the next four-and-twenty hours, till the many different objects I must needs meet with should tire my imagination, and give me an inclination to a repose more profound than I was at that time capable of. I beg people's pardon for an odd humor I am guilty of, and was often that day, which is saluting any person whom I like, whether I know him or not. This is a particularity would be tolerated in me, if they considered that the greatest pleasure I know I receive at my eyes, and that I am obliged to an agreeable person for coming abroad into my view, as another is for a visit of conversation at their own houses.

The hours of the day and night are taken up in the cities of London and Westminster by people as different from each other as those who are born in different centuries. Men of six o'clock give way to those of nine, they of nine to the generation of twelve; and they of twelve disappear, and make room for the fashionable world, who have made two o'clock the noon of the day.

When we first put off from shore, we soon fell in with a fleet of gardeners, bound for the several market ports of London; and it was the most pleasing scene imaginable to see the cheerfulness with which those industrious people plied their way to a certain sale of their goods. The banks on each side are as well peopled, and beautified with as agreeable plantations, as any spot on the earth; but the Thames itself, loaded with the product of each shore, added very much to the landscape. It was very easy to observe by their sailing and the countenances of the ruddy virgins who were supercargoes, the parts of the town to which they were bound. There was an air in the purveyors for Covent Garden, who frequently converse with morning rakes, very unlike the seeming sobriety of those bound for Stocks Market.

Nothing remarkable happened in our voyage; but I landed with ten sail of apricot-boats, at Strand Bridge, after having put in at Nine Elms, and taken in melons, consigned by Mr. Cuffe, of that place, to Sarah Sewell and Company, at their stall in Covent Garden. We arrived at Strand Bridge at six of the clock, and were unloading, when the hackney-coachmen of the foregoing night took their leave of each other at the

Darkhouse, to go to bed before the day was too far spent. Chimney-sweepers passed by us as we made up to the market, and some raillery happened between one of the fruit-wenches and those black men about the Devil and Eve, with allusion to their several professions. I could not believe any place more entertaining than Covent Garden, where I strolled from one fruit-shop to another, with crowds of agreeable young women, around me, who were purchasing fruit for their respective families. It was almost eight of the clock before I could leave that variety of objects. I took coach and followed a young lady, who tripped into another just before me, attended by her maid. I saw immediately she was of the family of the Vainloves. There are a set of these, who, of all things, affect the play of blindman's-buff, and leading men into love for they know not whom, who are fled they know not where. This sort of woman is usually a jaunty slattern; she hangs on her clothes, plays her head, varies her posture, and changes place incessantly, and all with an appearance of striving at the same time to hide herself, and yet give you to understand she is in humor to laugh at you. You must have often seen the coachmen make signs with their fingers, as they drive by each other, to intimate how much they have got that day. They can carry on that language to give intelligence where they are driving. In an instant my coachman took the wink to pursue, and the lady's driver gave the hint that he was going through Longacre toward St. James's; while he whipped up James Street, we drove for King Street, to save the pass at St. Martin's Lane. The coachmen took care to meet, jostle, and threaten each other for way, and be entangled at the end of Newport Street and Longacre. The fright, you must believe, brought down the lady's coach-door, and obliged her, with her mask off, to inquire into the bustle,—when she sees the man she would avoid. The tackle of the coach-window is so bad she cannot draw it up again, and she drives on, sometimes wholly discovered, and sometimes half escaped, according to the accident of carriages in her way. One of these ladies keeps her seat in a hackney-coach as well as the best rider does on a managed horse. The laced shoe on her left foot, with a careless gesture, just appearing on the opposite cushion, held her both firm and in a proper attitude to receive the next jolt.

As she was an excellent coach-woman, many were the glances at each other which we had for an hour and a half in all parts of the town, by the skill of our drivers, till at last my lady was conveniently lost, with notice from her coachman to ours to make off, and he should hear where she went. This chase was now at an end, and the fellow who drove her came to us, and discovered that he was ordered to come again in an hour, for that she was a silk-worm. I was surprised with this phrase, but found it was a cant among the hackney fraternity for their best customers, women who ramble twice or thrice a week from shop to shop, to turn over all the goods in town without buying anything. The silk-worms are, it seems, indulged by the tradesmen; for, though they never buy, they are ever talking of new silks, laces, and ribbons, and serve the owners in getting them customers, as their common dunners do in making them pay.

The day of people of fashion began now to break, and carts and hacks were mingled with equipages of show and vanity, when I resolved to walk it, out of cheapness; but my unhappy curiosity is such, that I find it always my interest to take a coach, for some odd adventure among beggars, ballad-singers, or the like, detains and throws me into expense. It happened so immediately, for at the corner of Warwick Street, as I was listening to a new ballad, a ragged rascal, a beggar who knew me, came up to me, and began to turn the eyes of the good company upon me, by telling me he was extreme poor, and should die in the street for want of drink, except I immediately would have the charity to give him sixpence to go into the next ale-house and save his life. He urged with a melancholy face, that all his family had died of thirst. All the mob have humor, and two or three began to take the jest; by which Mr. Sturdy carried his point, and let me sneak off to a coach. As I drove along, it was a pleasing reflection to see the world so prettily checkered since I left Richmond, and the scene still filling with children of a new hour. This satis-

faction increased as I moved towards the city; and gay signs, well-disposed streets, magnificent public structures, and wealthy shops adorned with contented faces, made the joy still rising till we came into the center of the city, and center of the world of trade, the Exchange of London. As other men in the crowds about me were pleased with their hopes and bargains, I found my account in observing them, in attention to their several interests. I, indeed, looked upon myself as the richest man that walked the Exchange that day; for my benevolence made me share the gains of every bargain that was made. It was not the least of my satisfaction in my survey, to go up stairs and pass the shops of agreeable females; to observe so many pretty hands busy in the folding of ribbons, and the utmost eagerness of agreeable faces in the sale of patches, pins, and wires, on each side of the counters, was an amusement in which I could longer have indulged myself, had not the dear creatures called to me, to ask what I wanted, when I could not answer, 'Only to look at you.' I went to one of the windows which opened to the area below, where all the several voices lost their distinction, and rose up in a confused humming, which created in me a reflection that could not come into the mind of any but of one a little too studious; for I said to myself with a kind of pun in thought, 'What nonsense is all the hurry of this world to those who are above it?.' In these, or not much wiser thoughts, I had like to have lost my place at the chop-house, where every man, according to the natural bashfulness or sullenness of our nation, eats in a public room a mess of broth, or chop of meat, in dumb silence, as if they had no pretense to speak to each other on the foot of being men, except they were of each other's acquaintance.

I went afterward to Robin's, and saw people who had dined with me at the five-penny ordinary just before, give bills for the value of large estates; and could not but behold with great pleasure property lodged in and transferred in a moment from, such as would never be masters of half as much as is seemingly in them, and given from them, every day they live. But before five in the afternoon I left the city, came to my common scene of Covent Garden, and passed the evening at Will's in attending the discourses of several sets of people, who relieved each other within my hearing on the subjects of cards, dice, love, learning, and politics. The last subject kept me till I heard the streets in the possession of the bellman, who had now the world to himself, and cried, 'Past two o'clock.' This roused me from my seat; and I went to my lodgings, led by a light, whom I put into the discourse of his private economy, and made him give me an account of the charge, hazard, profit, and loss of a family that depended upon a link, with a design to end my trivial day with the generosity of sixpence, instead of a third part of that sum. When I came to my chambers, I writ down these minutes, but was at a loss what instruction I should propose to my reader from the enumeration of so many insignificant matters and occurrences; and I thought it of great use, if they could learn with me to keep their minds open to gratification, and ready to receive it from anything it meets with. This one circumstance will make every face you see give you the satisfaction you now take in beholding that of a friend; will make every object a pleasing one; will make all the good which arrives to any man an increase of happiness to yourself.

Monday, August 11, 1712.

JOSEPH ADDISON (1672–1719)

From a refined clerical home, Addison was sent to Charterhouse School and thence, at fifteen to Oxford, where he distinguished himself as a scholar and rose to a fellowship at Magdalen College (1697–99). By his twenty-second year, he was known as a cultivated writer of English and Latin verses and Dryden had welcomed him to the world of letters. While he was considering the church, the Whig government, desiring to enlist the service of his pen, granted him a pension which enabled him to spend four years in study and travel on the continent. Returning, in 1704, to a mean London lodging, he was directly sought out by the Whig leaders and commissioned to celebrate the recent victory of Marlborough at Blenheim. His poem, *The Campaign*, proved satisfactory, and he was rewarded with lucrative secretaryships, one of which took him to Ireland, where he was eminently successful and popular. Meantime, he had become a leader among the coffee-house wits and had won the friendship of Swift. He renewed his Charterhouse intimacy with Steele, was responsible for 'many applauded strokes' in the latter's comedy, *The Tender Husband* (1705), and contributed to *The Tatler* (1709), 42 of its 271 numbers. With Steele, he started *The Spectator* (1711–12) which appeared daily and ran to 555 numbers, of which Addison wrote 274. In *The Spectator*, Addison's genius found its aptest expression. No other periodical writing has every combined, in so high a degree, immediate journalistic effectiveness and permanent literary charm. This success was promptly followed by that of his tragedy, *Cato* (1713), which, though intrinsically undramatic, became immensely famous because of its supposed political sentiments. When the Whigs returned to power, he was made chief secretary for Ireland; carried on, for a time, a party periodical called *The Freeholder;* became in 1716 commissioner for trade and the colonies, and, in 1717, secretary of state. Ill-health and, possibly, ill-success as a public speaker induced him to resign his post after a few months. In the midst of new literary plans and an unkind political squabble with his old friend Steele, he was cut off by death when only forty-seven years of age. A fine elegy, by his friend Tickell, gives us a good idea of his impressive night burial in Westminster Abbey.

Addison's central qualities are discretion and self-possession. He 'always preferred cheerfulness to mirth,' and those who look for sensational elements, whether in style or behavior, will find him tame. A profane person once pronounced him 'a parson in a tye-wig,' and another vindictively declared, 'One day or other you 'll see that man a bishop.' But the chiefs of a witty and sociable age owned that, after the bottle had been round and among friends, he was the most delightful companion alive. As a writer, he profoundly influenced English manners and morals by demonstrating that urbanity and good breeding might be associated with learning, and that virtue is not necessarily incompatible with elegance and wit. Of his merit as a prose stylist, no one has spoken more roundly than Dr. Johnson in his measured statement, that 'Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison.'

From THE SPECTATOR

[No. 1.]

THE SPECTATOR INTRODUCES HIMSELF

I have observed that a reader seldom peruses a book with pleasure, till he knows whether the writer of it be a black or a fair man, of a mild or choleric disposition, married or a bachelor, with other particulars of the like nature, that conduce very much to the right understanding of an author. To gratify this curiosity, which is so natural to a reader, I design this paper, and my next, as prefatory discourses to my following writings, and shall give some account in them of the several persons that are engaged in this work. As the chief trouble of compiling, digesting, and correcting, will fall to my share, I must do myself the justice to open the work with my own history.

I was born to a small hereditary estate, which, according to the tradition of

the village where it lies, was bounded by the same hedges and ditches in William the Conqueror's time that it is at present, and has been delivered down from father to son whole and entire, without the loss or acquisition of a single field or meadow, during the space of six hundred years. There runs a story in the family, that my mother, near the time of my birth, dreamed that her son was become a judge; whether this might proceed from a law-suit which was then depending in the family, or my father's being a justice of the peace, I cannot determine; for I am not so vain as to think it presaged any dignity that I should arrive at in my future life, though that was the interpretation which the neighborhood put upon it. The gravity of my behavior at my very first appearance in the world seemed to favor my mother's dream: for as she often told me, I threw away my rattle before I was two months old, and would not make use of my coral until they had taken away the bells from it.

As for the rest of my infancy, there being nothing in it remarkable, I shall pass it over in silence. I find, that during my nonage, I had the reputation of a very sullen youth, but was always a favorite of my schoolmaster, who used to say, that my parts were solid, and would wear well. I had not been long at the university, before I distinguished myself by a most profound silence; for, during the space of eight years, excepting in the public exercises of the college, I scarce uttered the quantity of an hundred words; and indeed do not remember that I ever spoke three sentences together in my whole life. Whilst I was in this learned body, I applied myself with so much diligence to my studies, that there are very few celebrated books, either in the learned or the modern tongues, which I am not acquainted with.

Upon the death of my father, I was resolved to travel into foreign countries, and therefore left the university, with the character of an odd unaccountable fellow, that had a great deal of learning, if I would but shew it. An insatiable thirst after knowledge carried me into all the countries of Europe, in which there was anything new or strange to be seen; nay, to such a degree was my curiosity raised, that having read the controversies of some great men concerning the antiquities of Egypt, I made a voyage to Grand Cairo, on purpose to take the measure of a pyramid; and as soon as I had set myself right in that particular, returned to my native country with great satisfaction.

I have passed my latter years in this city, where I am frequently seen in most public places, though there are not above half-a-dozen of my select friends that know me; of whom my next paper shall give a more particular account. There is no place of general resort, wherein I do not often make my appearance: sometimes I am seen thrusting my head into a round of politicians, at Will's, and listening with great attention to the narratives that are made in those little circular audiences. Sometimes I smoke a pipe at Child's, and whilst I seem attentive to nothing but the Postman, overhear the conversation of every table in the room. I appear on Sunday nights at St. James's coffee-house, and sometimes join the little committee of politics in the inner room, as one who comes there to hear and improve. My face is likewise very well known at the Grecian, the Cocoa-tree, and in the theaters both of Drury-Lane and the Hay-market. I have been taken for a merchant upon the exchange for above these ten years, and sometimes pass for a Jew in the assembly of stock-jobbers at Jonathan's: in short, wherever I see a cluster of people, I always mix with them, though I never open my lips but in my own club.

Thus I live in the world rather as a spectator of mankind, than as one of the species, by which means I have made myself a speculative statesman, soldier, merchant and artisan, without ever meddling with any practical part in life. I am very well versed in the theory of a husband or a father, and can discern the errors in the economy, business, and diversion of others, better than those who are engaged in them; as standers-by discover blots, which are apt to escape those who are in the game. I never espoused any party with violence, and am resolved to observe an exact neutrality between the whigs and tories, unless I shall be forced to declare myself by the hostilities of either side. In short, I have acted

in all the parts of my life as a looker-on, which is the character I intend to preserve in this paper.

I have given the reader just so much of my history and character, as to let him see I am not altogether unqualified for the business I have undertaken. As for other particulars in my life and adventures, I shall insert them in following papers, as I shall see occasion. In the meantime, when I consider how much I have seen, read, and heard, I begin to blame my own taciturnity; and since I have neither time nor inclination, to communicate the fulness of my heart in speech, I am resolved to do it in writing, and to print myself out, if possible, before I die. I have been often told by my friends, that it is a pity so many useful discoveries which I have made should be in the possession of a silent man. For this reason, therefore, I shall publish a sheet-full of thoughts every morning, for the benefit of my contemporaries: and if I can any way contribute to the diversion or improvement of the country in which I live, I shall leave it when I am summoned out of it, with the secret satisfaction of thinking that I have not lived in vain.

There are three very material points which I have not spoken to in this paper; and which, for several important reasons, I must keep to myself, at least for some time: I mean, an account of my name, my age, and my lodgings. I must confess, I would gratify my reader in anything that is reasonable; but as for these three particulars, though I am sensible they might tend very much to the embellishment of my paper, I cannot yet come to a resolution of communicating them to the public. They would indeed draw me out of that obscurity which I have enjoyed for many years, and expose me in public places to several salutes and civilities, which have been always very disagreeable to me; for the greatest pain I can suffer, is the being talked to, and being stared at. It is for this reason likewise, that I keep my complexion and dress as very great secrets; though it is not impossible that I may make discoveries of both in the progress of the work I have undertaken.

After having been thus particular upon myself, I shall, in to-morrow's paper, give an account of those gentlemen who are concerned with me in this work; for, as I have before intimated, a plan of it is laid and concerted, as all other matters of importance are, in a club. However, as my friends have engaged me to stand in the front, those who have a mind to correspond with me may direct their letters to the Spectator, at Mr. Buckley's in Little Britain. For I must further acquaint the reader, that, though our club meet, only on Tuesdays and Thursdays, we have appointed a committee to sit every night, for the inspection of all such papers as may contribute to the advancement of the public weal.

Thursday, March 1, 1710–11.

[No. 112.]

A COUNTRY SUNDAY

I am always very well pleased with a country Sunday, and think, if keeping holy the seventh day were only a human institution, it would be the best method that could have been thought of for the polishing and civilizing of mankind. It is certain the country people would soon degenerate into a kind of savages and barbarians, were there not such frequent returns of a stated time in which the whole village meet together with their best faces, and in their cleanliest habits, to converse with one another upon indifferent subjects, hear their duties explained to them, and join together in adoration of the Supreme Being. Sunday clears away the rust of the whole week, not only as it refreshes in their minds the notions of religion, but as it puts both the sexes upon appearing in their most agreeable forms, and exerting all such qualities as are apt to give them a figure in the eye of the village. A country fellow distinguishes himself as much in the churchyard, as a citizen does upon the Change, the whole parish-politics being generally discussed in that place either after sermon or before the bell rings.

My friend Sir Roger, being a good churchman, has beautified the inside of his church with several texts of his own choosing: he has likewise given a handsome pulpit-cloth, and railed in the communion table at his own expense. He has often told me, that at his coming to his estate he found his parishioners very

irregular; and that in order to make them kneel and join in the responses, he gave every one of them a hassock and a common-prayer book: and at the same time employed an itinerant singing master, who goes about the country for that purpose, to instruct them rightly in the tunes of the psalms; upon which they now very much value themselves, and indeed outdo most of the country churches that I have ever heard.

As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer nobody to sleep in it besides himself; for if, by chance, he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and if he sees anybody else nodding, either wakes them himself, or sends his servants to them. Several other of the old knight's particularities break out upon these occasions: sometimes he will be lengthening out a verse in the singing-psalms, half a minute after the rest of the congregation have done with it; sometimes, when he is pleased with the matter of his devotion, he pronounces 'Amen' three or four times to the same prayer; and sometimes stands up when everybody else is upon their knees, to count the congregation, or see if any of his tenants are missing.

I was yesterday very much surprised to hear my old friend, in the midst of the service, calling out to one John Matthews to mind what he was about, and not disturb the congregation. This John Matthews it seems is remarkable for being an idle fellow, and at that time was kicking his heels for his diversion. This authority of the knight, though exerted in that odd manner which accompanies him in all circumstances of life, has a very good effect upon the parish, who are not polite enough to see any thing ridiculous in his behavior; besides that the general good sense and worthiness of his character makes his friends observe these little singularities as foils that rather set off than blemish his good qualities.

As soon as the sermon is finished, nobody presumes to stir till Sir Roger is gone out of the church. The knight walks down from his seat in the chancel between a double row of his tenants, that stand bowing to him on each side; and every now and then inquires how such a one's wife, or mother, or son, or father do, whom he does not see at church; which is understood as a secret reprimand to the person that is absent.

The chaplain has often told me, that upon a catechising day, when Sir Roger has been pleased with a boy that answers well, he has ordered a bible to be given him next day for his encouragement; and sometimes accompanies it with a flitch of bacon to his mother. Sir Roger has likewise added five pounds a year to the clerk's place; and that he may encourage the young fellows to make themselves perfect in the church-service, has promised, upon the death of the present incumbent, who is very old, to bestow it according to merit.

The fair understanding between Sir Roger and his chaplain, and their mutual concurrence in doing good, is the more remarkable, because the very next village is famous for the differences and contentions that rise between the parson and the squire, who live in a perpetual state of war. The parson is always preaching at the squire, and the squire to be revenged on the parson never comes to church. The squire has made all his tenants atheists, and tithe-stealers; while the parson instructs them every Sunday in the dignity of his order, and insinuates to them in almost every sermon that he is a better man than his patron. In short matters have come to such an extremity, that the squire had not said his prayers either in public or private this half year; and that the parson threatens him, if he does not mend his manners, to pray for him in the face of the whole congregation.

Feuds of this nature, though too frequent in the country, are very fatal to the ordinary people; who are so used to be dazzled with riches, that they pay as much deference to the understanding of a man of an estate, as of a man of learning: and are very hardly brought to regard any truth, how important soever it may be, that is preached to them, when they know there are several men of five hundred a year who do not believe it.

Monday, July 9, 1711.

[No. 122.]

SIR ROGER AT THE ASSIZES

A man's first care should be to avoid the reproaches of his own heart; his next, to escape the censures of the world: if the last interferes with the former, it ought to be entirely neglected; but otherwise there cannot be a greater satisfaction to an honest mind, than to see those approbations which it gives itself seconded by the applauses of the public: a man is more sure of conduct, when the verdict which he passes upon his own behavior is thus warranted and confirmed by the opinion of all that know him.

My worthy friend Sir Roger is one of those who is not only at peace within himself, but beloved and esteemed by all about him. He receives a suitable tribute for his universal benevolence to mankind, in the returns of affection and goodwill, which are paid him by every one that lives within his neighborhood. I lately met with two or three odd instances of that general respect which is shewn to the good old knight. He would needs carry Will Wimble and myself with him to the county assizes: as we were upon the road Will Wimble joined a couple of plain men who rode before us, and conversed with them for some time; during which my friend Sir Roger acquainted me with their characters.

'The first of them,' says he, 'that has a spaniel by his side, is a yeoman of about an hundred pounds a year, an honest man: he is just within the game-act, and qualified to kill an hare or a pheasant: he knocks down his dinner with his gun twice or thrice a week: and by that means lives much cheaper than those who have not so good an estate as himself. He would be a good neighbor if he did not destroy so many partridges: in short he is a very sensible man; shoots flying; and has been several times foreman of the petty jury.

'That other that rides along with him is Tom Touchy, a fellow famous for "taking the law" of everybody. There is not one in the town where he lives that he has not sued at a quarter-sessions. The rogue had once the impudence to go to law with the widow. His head is full of costs, damages, and ejectments: he plagued a couple of honest gentlemen so long for a trespass in breaking one of his hedges, till he was forced to sell the ground it enclosed to defray the charges of the prosecution: his father left him fourscore pounds a year; but he has cast and been cast so often, that he is not now worth thirty. I suppose he is going upon the old business of the willow tree.'

As Sir Roger was giving me this account of Tom Touchy, Will Wimble and his two companions stopped short till he came up to them. After having paid their respects to Sir Roger, Will told him that Mr. Touchy and he must appeal to him upon a dispute that arose between them. Will it seems had been giving his fellow-traveler an account of his angling one day in such a hole; when Tom Touchy, instead of hearing out his story, told him that Mr. such-a-one, if he pleased, might 'take the law of him' for fishing in that part of the river. My friend Sir Roger heard them both upon a round trot; and after having paused some time, told them, with the air of a man who would not give his judgment rashly, that 'much might be said on both sides.' They were neither of them dissatisfied with the knight's determination, because neither of them found himself in the wrong by it: upon which we made the best of our way to the assizes.

The court was set before Sir Roger came; but notwithstanding all the justices had taken their places upon the bench, they made room for the old knight at the head of them; who, for his reputation in the country, took occasion to whisper in the judge's ear, 'that he was glad his lordship had met with so much good weather in his circuit.' I was listening to the proceedings of the court with much attention, and infinitely pleased with that great appearance of solemnity which so properly accompanies such a public administration of our laws; when, after about an hour's sitting, I observed to my great surprise, in the midst of a trial, that my friend Sir Roger was getting up to speak. I was in some pain for him till I found he had acquitted himself of two or three sentences, with a look of much business and great intrepidity.

Upon his first rising the court was hushed, and a general whisper ran among the country people that Sir Roger 'was up.' The speech he made was so little to the purpose, that I shall not trouble

my readers with an account of it; and I believe was not so much designed by the knight himself to inform the court, as to give him a figure in my eye, and keep up his credit in the country.

I was highly delighted, when the court rose, to see the gentlemen of the country gathering about my old friend, and striving who should compliment him most; at the same time that the ordinary people gazed upon him at a distance, not a little admiring his courage, that was not afraid to speak to the judge.

In our return home we met with a very odd accident; which I cannot forbear relating, because it shews how desirous all who know Sir Roger are of giving him marks of their esteem. When we were arrived upon the verge of his estate, we stopped at a little inn to rest ourselves and our horses. The man of the house had, it seems, been formerly a servant in the knight's family; and to do honor to his old master, had some time since, unknown to Sir Roger, put him up in a sign-post before the door; so that 'the Knight's Head' had hung out upon the road about a week before he himself knew anything of the matter. As soon as Sir Roger was acquainted with it, finding that his servant's indiscretion proceeded wholly from affection and goodwill, he only told him that he had made him too high a compliment; and when the fellow seemed to think that could hardly be, added with a more decisive look, that it was too great an honor for any man under a duke; but told him at the same time, that it might be altered with a very few touches, and that he himself would be at the charge of it. Accordingly, they got a painter by the knight's directions to add a pair of whiskers to the face, and by a little aggravation of the features to change it into the *Saracen's Head.* I should not have known this story, had not the inn-keeper, upon Sir Roger's alighting, told him in my hearing, that his honor's head was brought back last night with the alterations that he had ordered to be made in it. Upon this my friend with his usual cheerfulness related the particulars above-mentioned, and ordered the head to be brought into the room. I could not forbear discovering greater expressions of mirth than ordinary upon the appearance of this monstrous face, under which, notwithstanding it was made to frown and stare in a most extraordinary manner, I could still discover a distant resemblance of my old friend. Sir Roger, upon seeing me laugh, desired me to tell him truly if I thought it possible for people to know him in that disguise. I at first kept my usual silence: but upon the knight's conjuring me to tell him whether it was not still more like himself than a Saracen, I composed my countenance in the best manner I could, and replied 'That much might be said on both sides.'

These several adventures, with the knight's behavior in them, gave me as pleasant a day as ever I met with in any of my travels.

Friday, July 20, 1711.

[No. 131.]

TOWN AND COUNTRY

It is usual for a man who loves country sports to preserve the game on his own grounds, and divert himself upon those that belong to his neighbor. My friend Sir Roger generally goes two or three miles from his house, and gets into the frontiers of his estate, before he beats about in search of a hare or partridge, on purpose to spare his own fields, where he is always sure of finding diversion when the worst comes to the worst. By this means the breed about his house has time to increase and multiply besides that the sport is the more agreeable where the game is the harder to come at, and where it does not lie so thick as to produce any perplexity or confusion in the pursuit. For these reasons the country gentleman, like the fox, seldom preys near his own home.

In the same manner I have made a month's excursion out of town, which is the great field of game for sportsmen of my species, to try my fortune in the country, where I have started several subjects, and hunted them down, with some pleasure to myself, and I hope to others. I am here forced to use a great deal of diligence before I can spring anything to my mind, whereas in town, whilst I am following one character, it is ten to one but I am crossed in my way by another, and put up such a variety of odd creatures in both sexes, that they foil the scent of one another, and puzzle

the chase. My greatest difficulty in the country is to find sport, and in town to choose it. In the mean time, as I have given a whole month's rest to the cities of London and Westminster, I promise myself abundance of new game upon my return thither.

It is indeed high time for me to leave the country, since I find the whole neighborhood begin to grow very inquisitive after my name and character; my love of solitude, taciturnity, and particular way of life, having raised a great curiosity in all these parts.

The notions which have been framed of me are various; some look upon me as very proud, some as very modest, and some as very melancholy. Will Wimble, as my friend the butler tells me, observing me very much alone, and extremely silent when I am in company, is afraid I have killed a man. The country people seem to suspect me for a conjurer; and some of them hearing of the visit which I made to Moll White, will needs have it that Sir Roger has brought down a cunning man with him, to cure the old woman, and free the country from her charms. So that the character which I go under in part of the neighborhood, is what they here call a 'white witch.'

A justice of peace, who lives about five miles off, and is not of Sir Roger's party, has, it seems, said twice or thrice at his table, that he wishes Sir Roger does not harbor a Jesuit in his house; and that he thinks the gentlemen of the country would do very well to make me give some account of myself.

On the other side, some of Sir Roger's friends are afraid the old knight is imposed upon by a designing fellow, and as they have heard that he converses very promiscuously when he is in town, do not know but he has brought down with him some discarded Whig, that is sullen, and says nothing because he is out of place.

Such is the variety of opinions which are here entertained of me, so that I pass among some for a disaffected person, and among others for a popish priest; among some for a wizard, and among others for a murderer; and all this for no other reason, that I can imagine, but because I do not hoot, and hollow, and make a noise. It is true, my friend Sir Roger tells them that it is my way, and that I am only a philosopher; but this will not satisfy them. They think there is more in me than he discovers, and that I do not hold my tongue for nothing.

For these and other reasons I shall set out for London to-morrow, having found by experience that the country is not a place for a person of my temper, who does not love jollity, and what they call good neighborhood. A man that is out of humor when an unexpected guest breaks in upon him, and does not care for sacrificing an afternoon to every chance comer,— that will be the master of his own time, and the pursuer of his own inclinations,— makes but a very unsociable figure in this kind of life. I shall therefore retire into the town, if I may make use of that phrase, and get into the crowd again as fast as I can, in order to be alone. I can there raise what speculations I please upon others without being observed myself, and at the same time enjoy all the advantages of company with all the privileges of solitude. In the meanwhile, to finish the month, and conclude these my rural speculations, I shall here insert a letter from my friend Will Honeycomb, who has not lived a month for these forty years out of the smoke of London, and rallies me after his way upon my country life.

'Dear Spec,

'I suppose this letter will find thee picking up daisies, or smelling to a lock of hay, or passing away thy time in some innocent country diversion of the like nature. I have however orders from the club to summon thee up to town, being all of us cursedly afraid thou wilt not be able to relish our company, after thy conversations with Moll White and Will Wimble. Pr'ythee don't send up any more stories of a cock and a bull, nor frighten the town with spirits and witches. Thy speculations begin to smell confoundedly of woods and meadows. If thou dost not come up quickly, we shall conclude that thou art in love with one of Sir Roger's dairy-maids. Service to the knight. Sir Andrew is grown the cock of the club since he left us, and if he does not return quickly, will make every mother's son of us commonwealth's men.

'Dear Spec,

'Thine eternally,

'WILL HONEYCOMB.'

Tuesday, July 31, 1711.

[No. 335.]

SIR ROGER AT THE PLAY

My friend Sir Roger de Coverley, when we last met together at the club, told me that he had a great mind to see the new tragedy with me, assuring me at the same time, that he had not been at a play these twenty years. 'The last I saw,' said Sir Roger, 'was *The Committee*, which I should not have gone to neither, had not I been told before-hand that it was a good Church of England comedy.' He then proceeded to inquire of me who this 'Distressed Mother' was; and upon hearing that she was Hector's widow, he told me that her husband was a brave man, and that when he was a school-boy he had read his life at the end of the dictionary. My friend asked me, in the next place, if there would not be some danger in coming home late, in case the Mohocks should be abroad. 'I assure you,' says he, 'I thought I had fallen into their hands last night; for I observed two or three lusty black men that followed me half way up Fleet-street, and mended their pace behind me, in proportion as I put on to get away from them. You must know,' continued the knight, with a smile, 'I fancied they had a mind to *hunt* me; for I remember an honest gentleman in my neighborhood, who was served such a trick in King Charles II's time, for which reason he has not ventured himself in town ever since. I might have shewn them very good sport, had this been their design; for as I am an old fox-hunter, I should have turned and dodged, and have played them a thousand tricks they had never seen in their lives before.' Sir Roger added, that if these gentlemen had any such intention, they did not succeed very well in it; 'for I threw them out,' says he, 'at the end of Norfolk-street, where I doubled the corner, and got shelter in my lodgings before they could imagine what was become of me. However,' says the knight, 'if Captain Sentry will make one with us to-morrow night, and if you will both of you call upon me about four o'clock, that we may be at the house before it is full, I will have my own coach in readiness to attend you, for John tells me he has got the fore-wheels mended.'

The captain, who did not fail to meet me there at the appointed hour, bid Sir Roger fear nothing, for that he had put on the same sword which he made use of at the battle of Steenkirk. Sir Roger's servants, and among the rest, my old friend the butler, had, I found, provided themselves with good oaken plants, to attend their master upon this occasion. When we had placed him in his coach, with myself at his left hand, the Captain before him, and his butler at the head of his footmen in the rear, we convoyed him in safety to the playhouse, where, having marched up the entry in good order, the Captain and I went in with him, and seated him betwixt us in the pit. As soon as the house was full, and the candles lighted, my old friend stood up and looked about him with that pleasure, which a mind seasoned with humanity naturally feels in itself, at the sight of a multitude of people who seem pleased with one another, and partake of the same common entertainment. I could not but fancy myself, as the old man stood up in the middle of the pit, that he made a very proper center to a tragic audience. Upon the entering of Pyrrhus, the knight told me that he did not believe the king of France himself had a better strut. I was indeed very attentive to my old friend's remarks, because I looked upon them as a piece of natural criticism; and was well pleased to hear him, at the conclusion of almost every scene, telling me that he could not imagine how the play would end. One while he appeared much concerned for Andromache, and a little while after as much for Hermione; and was extremely puzzled to think what would become of Pyrrhus.

When Sir Roger saw Andromache's obstinate refusal to her lover's importunities, he whispered me in the ear, that he was sure she would never have him; to which he added, with a more than ordinary vehemence, 'You can't imagine, sir, what it is to have to do with a widow.' Upon Pyrrhus his threatening afterwards to leave her, the knight shook his head, and muttered to himself, 'Ay, do if you can.' This part dwelt so much upon my friend's imagination,

that at the close of the third act, as I was thinking of something else, he whispered me in my ear, 'These widows, sir, are the most perverse creatures in the world. But pray,' says he, 'you that are a critic, is this play according to your dramatic rules, as you call them? Should your people in tragedy always talk to be understood? Why, there is not a single sentence in this play that I do not know the meaning of.'

The fourth act very unluckily began before I had time to give the old gentleman an answer: 'Well,' says the knight, sitting down with great satisfaction, 'I suppose we are now to see Hector's ghost.' He then renewed his attention, and from time to time fell a-praising the widow. He made, indeed, a little mistake as to one of her pages, whom at his first entering he took for Astyanax: but he quickly set himself right in that particular, though, at the same time, he owned he should have been very glad to have seen the little boy. 'Who,' says he, 'must needs be a very fine child by the account that is given of him.' Upon Hermione's going off with a menace to Pyrrhus, the audience gave a loud clap; to which Sir Roger added, 'On my word, a notable young baggage!'

As there was a very remarkable silence and stillness in the audience during the whole action, it was natural for them to take the opportunity of the intervals between the acts, to express their opinion of the players, and of their respective parts. Sir Roger hearing a cluster of them praise Orestes, struck in with them, and told them that he thought his friend Pylades was a very sensible man; as they were afterwards applauding Pyrrhus, Sir Roger put in a second time, 'And let me tell you,' says he, 'though he speak but little, I like the old fellow in whiskers as well as any of them.' Captain Sentry, seeing two or three wags who sat near us, lean with an attentive ear towards Sir Roger, and fearing lest they should smoke the knight, plucked him by the elbow, and whispered something in his ear, that lasted till the opening of the fifth act. The knight was wonderfully attentive to the account which Orestes gives of Pyrrhus his death, and at the conclusion of it told me, it was such a bloody piece of work, that he was glad it was not done upon the stage. Seeing afterwards Orestes in his raving fit, he grew more than ordinary serious, and took occasion to moralize (in his way) upon an evil conscience, adding, that Orestes, in his madness, looked as if he saw something.

As we were the first that came into the house, so we were the last that went out of it; being resolved to have a clear passage for our old friend, whom we did not care to venture among the justling of the crowd. Sir Roger went out fully satisfied with his entertainment, and we guarded him to his lodging in the same manner that we brought him to the playhouse; being highly pleased for my own part, not only with the performance of the excellent piece which had been presented, but with the satisfaction which it had given to the old man.

Tuesday, March 25, 1712.

[No. 517.]

THE DEATH OF SIR ROGER

We last night received a piece of ill news at our club, which very sensibly afflicted every one of us. I question not but my readers themselves will be troubled at the hearing of it. To keep them no longer in suspense, Sir Roger de Coverley is *dead*. He departed this life at his house in the country, after a few weeks' sickness. Sir Andrew Freeport has a letter from one of his correspondents in those parts, that informs him the old man caught a cold at the county sessions, as he was very warmly promoting an address of his own penning, in which he succeeded according to his wishes. But this particular comes from a whig justice of peace, who was always Sir Roger's enemy and antagonist. I have letters both from the chaplain and Captain Sentry which mention nothing of it, but are filled with many particulars to the honor of the good old man. I have likewise a letter from the butler, who took so much care of me last summer when I was at the knight's house. As my friend the butler mentions, in the simplicity of his heart, several circumstances the others have passed over in silence, I shall give my reader a copy of his letter, without any alteration or diminution.

'HONORED SIR,

'Knowing that you was my old master's good friend, I could not forbear sending you the melancholy news of his death, which has afflicted the whole country as well as his poor servants, who loved him, I may say, better than we did our lives. I am afraid he caught his death the last county sessions, where he would go to see justice done to a poor widow woman, and her fatherless children, that had been wronged by a neighboring gentleman; for you know, sir, my good master was always the poor man's friend. Upon his coming home, the first complaint he made was, that he had lost his roast-beef stomach, not being able to touch a sirloin, which was served up according to custom; and you know he used to take great delight in it. From that time forward he grew worse and worse, but still kept a good heart to the last. Indeed we were once in great hope of his recovery, upon a kind message that was sent him from the widow lady whom he had made love to the forty last years of his life, but this only proved a lightning before death. He has bequeathed to this lady, as a token of his love, a great pearl necklace, and a couple of silver bracelets set with jewels, which belonged to my good old lady his mother: he has bequeathed the fine white gelding, that he used to ride a hunting upon, to his chaplain, because he thought he would be kind to him, and has left you all his books. He has, moreover, bequeathed to the chaplain a very pretty tenement with good lands about it. It being a very cold day when he made his will, he left for mourning, to every man in the parish, a great frize-coat, and to every woman a black riding-hood. It was a moving sight to see him take leave of his poor servants, commending us all for our fidelity, whilst we were not able to speak a word for weeping. As we most of us are grown gray-headed in our dear master's service, he has left us pensions and legacies, which we may live very comfortably upon the remaining part of our days. He has bequeathed a great deal more in charity, which is not yet come to my knowledge, and it is peremptorily said in the parish, that he has left money to build a steeple to the church; for he was heard to say some time ago that if he lived two years longer, Coverley church should have a steeple to it. The chaplain tells everybody that he made a very good end, and never speaks of him without tears. He was buried, according to his own directions, among the family of the Coverleys, on the left hand of his father Sir Arthur. The coffin was carried by six of his tenants, and the pall held up by six of the *quorum:* the whole parish followed the corpse with heavy hearts, and in their mourning suits, the men in frize, and the women in riding-hoods. Captain Sentry, my master's nephew, has taken possession of the hall-house, and the whole estate. When my old master saw him a little before his death, he shook him by the hand, and wished him joy of the estate which was falling to him, desiring him only to make a good use of it, and to pay the several legacies, and the gifts of charity which he told him he had left as quit-rents upon the estate. The captain truly seems a courteous man, though he says but little. He makes much of those whom my master loved, and shews great kindness to the old house-dog, that you know my poor master was so fond of. It would have gone to your heart to have heard the moans the dumb creature made on the day of my master's death. He has never joyed himself since; no more has any of us. 'T was the melancholiest day for the poor people that ever happened in Worcestershire. This is all from,

'Honored Sir, your most sorrowful servant,

'EDWARD BISCUIT.'

'P. S. My master desired, some weeks before he died, that a book which comes up to you by the carrier, should be given to Sir Andrew Freeport, in his name.'

This letter, notwithstanding the poor butler's manner of writing it, gave us such an idea of our good old friend, that upon the reading of it there was not a dry eye in the club. Sir Andrew, opening the book, found it to be a collection of acts of parliament. There was in particular the act of uniformity, with some passages in it marked by Sir Roger's own hand. Sir Andrew found that they related to two or three points, which he had disputed with Sir Roger the last time he appeared at the club. Sir An-

drew, who would have been merry at such an incident on another occasion, at the sight of the old man's hand-writing burst into tears, and put the book into his pocket. Captain Sentry informs me, that the knight has left rings and mourning for every one in the club.

Thursday, October 23, 1712.

[No. 81.]

PARTY PATCHES

About the middle of last winter I went to see an opera at the theater in the Hay-market, where I could not but take notice of two parties of very fine women, that had placed themselves in the opposite side-boxes, and seemed drawn up in a kind of battle-array one against another. After a short survey of them, I found they were Patched differently; the faces, on one hand, being spotted on the right side of the forehead, and those upon the other on the left: I quickly perceived that they cast hostile glances upon one another; and that their Patches were placed in those different situations, as party-signals to distinguish friends from foes. In the middle-boxes, between these two opposite bodies, were several ladies who patched indifferently on both sides of their faces, and seemed to sit there with no other intention but to see the opera. Upon enquiry I found, that the body of Amazons on my right hand were whigs, and those on my left, tories: and that those who had placed themselves in the middle-boxes were a neutral party, whose faces had not yet declared themselves. These last, however, as I afterwards found, diminished daily, and took their party with one side or the other; insomuch that I observed in several of them, the patches, which were before dispersed equally, are now all gone over to the whig or tory side of the face. The censorious say, that the men whose hearts are aimed at, are very often the occasions that one part of the face is thus dishonored, and lies under a kind of disgrace, while the other is so much set off and adorned by the owner; and that the Patches turn to the right or to the left, according to the principles of the man who is most in favor. But whatever may be the motives of a few fantastical coquettes, who do not Patch for the public good so much as for their own private advantage, it is certain, that there are several women of honor who Patch out of principle, and with an eye to the interest of their country. Nay, I am informed that some of them adhere so steadfastly to their party, and are so far from sacrificing their zeal for the public to their passion for any particular person, that in a late draught of marriage-articles a lady has stipulated with her husband, that whatever his opinions are, she shall be at liberty to patch on which sides she pleases.

I must here take notice that Rosalinda, a famous whig partisan, has most unfortunately a very beautiful mole on the tory part of her forehead; which being very conspicuous, has occasioned many mistakes, and given an handle to her enemies to misrepresent her face, as though it had revolted from the whig interest. But, whatever this natural patch may seem to insinuate, it is well known that her notions of government are still the same. This unlucky mole, however, has misled several coxcombs; and like the hanging out of false colors, made some of them converse with Rosalinda in what they thought the spirit of her party, when on a sudden she has given them an unexpected fire, that has sunk them all at once. If Rosalinda is unfortunate in her mole, Nigranilla is as unhappy in a pimple, which forces her, against her inclinations, to patch on the whig side.

I am told that many virtuous matrons, who formerly have been taught to believe that this artificial spotting of the face was unlawful, are now reconciled by a zeal for their cause, to what they could not be prompted by a concern for their beauty. This way of declaring war upon one another, puts me in mind of what is reported of the tigress, that several spots rise in her skin when she is angry; or as Mr. Cowley has imitated the verses that stand as the motto of this paper,

— She swells with angry pride,
And calls forth all her spots on ev'ry side.

When I was in the theater the time above-mentioned, I had the curiosity to count the Patches on both sides, and

found the tory Patches to be about twenty stronger than the whig; but to make amends for this small inequality, I the next morning found the whole puppet-shew filled with faces spotted after the whiggish manner. Whether or no the ladies had retreated hither in order to rally their forces, I cannot tell; but the next night they came in so great a body to the opera, that they out-numbered the enemy.

This account of Party-patches will, I am afraid, appear improbable to those who live at a distance from the fashionable world; but as it is a distinction of a very singular nature, and what perhaps may never meet with a parallel, I think I should not have discharged the office of a faithful SPECTATOR, had I not recorded it.

I have, in former papers, endeavored to expose this party-rage in women, as it only serves to aggravate the hatred and animosities that reign among men, and in a great measure deprives the fair sex of those peculiar charms with which nature has endowed them.

When the Romans and Sabines were at war, and just upon the point of giving battle, the women who were allied to both of them, interposed with so many tears and entreaties, that they prevented the mutual slaughter which threatened both parties, and united them together in a firm and lasting peace.

I would recommend this noble example to our British ladies, at a time when their country is torn with so many unnatural divisions, that if they continue, it will be a misfortune to be born in it. The Greeks thought it so improper for women to interest themselves in competitions and contentions, that for this reason, among others, they forbad them, under pain of death, to be present at the Olympic games, notwithstanding these were the public diversions of all Greece.

As our English women excel those of all nations in beauty, they should endeavor to outshine them in all other accomplishments proper to the sex, and to distinguish themselves as tender mothers and faithful wives, rather than as furious partisans. Female virtues are of a domestic turn. The family is the proper province for private women to shine in. If they must be showing their zeal for the public, let it not be against those who are perhaps of the same family, or at least of the same religion or nation, but against those who are the open, professed, undoubted enemies of their faith, liberty and country. When the Romans were pressed with a foreign enemy, the ladies voluntarily contributed all their rings and jewels to assist the government under the public exigence, which appeared so laudable an action in the eyes of their countrymen, that from thenceforth it was permitted by a law to pronounce public orations at the funeral of a woman in praise of the deceased person, which till that time was peculiar to men. Would our English ladies, instead of sticking on a patch against those of their own country, show themselves so truly public-spirited as to sacrifice every one her necklace against the common enemy, what decrees ought not to be made in favor of them?

Since I am recollecting upon this subject such passages as occur to my memory out of ancient authors, I cannot omit a sentence in the celebrated funeral oration of Pericles, which he made in honor of those brave Athenians that were slain in a fight with the Lacedæmonians. After having addressed himself to the several ranks and orders of his countrymen, and shown them how they should behave themselves in the public cause, he turns to the female part of his audience; 'And as for you (says he) I shall advise you in very few words: Aspire only to those virtues that are peculiar to your sex; follow your natural modesty, and think it your greatest commendation not to be talked of one way or other.'

Saturday, June 2, 1711.

[No. 253.]

DETRACTION AMONG POETS

There is nothing which more denotes a great mind, than the abhorrence of envy and detraction. This passion reigns more among bad poets, than among any other set of men.

As there are none more ambitious of fame, than those who are conversant in poetry, it is very natural for such as have not succeeded in it, to depreciate the works of those who have. For since

they cannot raise themselves to the reputation of their fellow-writers, they must endeavor to sink it to their own pitch, if they would still keep themselves upon a level with them.

The greatest wits that ever were produced in one age, lived together in so good an understanding, and celebrated one another with so much generosity, that each of them receives an additional luster from his contemporaries, and is more famous for having lived with men of so extraordinary a genius, than if he had himself been the sole wonder of the age. I need not tell my reader, that I here point at the reign of Augustus, and I believe he will be of my opinion, that neither Virgil nor Horace would have gained so great a reputation in the world, had they not been the friends and admirers of each other. Indeed all the great writers of that age, for whom singly we have so great an esteem, stand up together as vouchers for one another's reputation. But at the same time that Virgil was celebrated by Gallus, Propertius, Horace, Varius, Tucca and Ovid, we know that Bavius and Mævius were his declared foes and calumniators.

In our own country a man seldom sets up for a poet, without attacking the reputation of all his brothers in the art. The ignorance of the moderns, the scribblers of the age, the decay of poetry, are the topics of detraction, with which he makes his entrance into the world; but how much more noble is the fame that is built on candor and ingenuity, according to those beautiful lines of Sir John Denham, in his poem on Fletcher's works!

> But whither am I strayed? I need not raise
> Trophies to thee from other men's dispraise:
> Nor is thy fame on lesser ruins built,
> Nor needs thy juster title the foul guilt
> Of eastern Kings, who to secure their reign
> Must have their brothers, sons, and kindred slain.

I am sorry to find that an author, who is very justly esteemed among the best judges, has admitted some strokes of this nature into a very fine poem, I mean *The Art of Criticism,* which was published some months since, and is a master-piece in its kind. The observations follow one another like those in Horace's *Art of Poetry,* without that methodical regularity which would have been requisite in a prose author. They are some of them uncommon, but such as the reader must assent to, when he sees them explained with that elegance and perspicuity in which they are delivered. As for those which are the most known, and the most received, they are placed in so beautiful a light, and illustrated with such apt allusions, that they have in them all the graces of novelty, and make the reader, who was before acquainted with them, still more convinced of their truth and solidity. And here give me leave to mention what Monsieur Boileau has so very well enlarged upon in the preface to his works, that wit and fine writing doth not consist so much in advancing things that are new, as in giving things that are known an agreeable turn. It is impossible for us, who live in the latter ages of the world, to make observations in criticism, morality, or in any art or science, which have not been touched upon by others. We have little else left us, but to represent the common sense of mankind in more strong, more beautiful, or more uncommon lights. If a reader examines Horace's *Art of Poetry,* he will find but very few precepts in it, which he may not meet with in Aristotle, and which were not commonly known by all the poets of the Augustan age. His way of expressing and applying them, not his invention of them, is what we are chiefly to admire.

For this reason I think there is nothing in the world so tiresome as the works of those critics who write in a positive dogmatic way, without either language, genius or imagination. If the reader would see how the best of the Latin critics writ, he may find their manner very beautifully described in the characters of Horace, Petronius, Quintilian and Longinus, as they are drawn in the essay of which I am now speaking.

Since I have mentioned Longinus, who in his reflections has given us the same kind of sublime, which he observes in the several passages that occasioned them; I cannot but take notice, that our English author has after the same manner exemplified several of his precepts

in the very precepts themselves. I shall produce two or three instances of this kind. Speaking of the insipid smoothness which some readers are so much in love with, he has the following verses.

These EQUAL SYLLABLES alone require,
Though oft the ear the OPEN VOWELS tire,
While EXPLETIVES their feeble aid DO join,
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line.

The gaping of the vowels in the second line, the expletive *do* in the third, and the ten monosyllables in the fourth, give such a beauty to this passage, as would have been very much admired in an ancient poet. The reader may observe the following lines in the same view.

A NEEDLESS ALEXANDRINE ends the song,
That like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along

And afterwards,

'T'is not enough no harshness gives offense,
The SOUND must seem an ECHO to the SENSE.
SOFT is the strain when ZEPHIR gently blows,
And the SMOOTH STREAM in SMOOTHER NUMBERS flows;
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The HOARSE, ROUGH VERSE should like the TORRENT roar.
When AJAX strives, some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line too LABORS, and the words move SLOW:
Not so, when swift CAMILLA scours the plain,
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main.

The beautiful distich upon Ajax in the foregoing lines, puts me in mind of a description in Homer's *Odyssey*. * * * It would be endless to quote verses out of Virgil which have this particular kind of beauty in the numbers; but I may take an occasion in a future paper to shew several of them which have escaped the observation of others.

I cannot conclude this paper without taking notice, that we have three poems in our tongue, which are of the same nature, and each of them a masterpiece in its kind; the *Essay on Translated Verse*, the *Essay on the Art of Poetry*, and the *Essay upon Criticism*.

Thursday, December 20, 1711.

[No. 26.]

WESTMINSTER ABBEY

When I am in a serious humor, I very often walk by myself in Westminster Abbey; where the gloominess of the place and the use to which it is applied, with the solemnity of the building, and the condition of the people who lie in it, are apt to fill the mind with a kind of melancholy, or rather thoughtfulness, that is not disagreeable. I yesterday passed a whole afternoon in the churchyard, the cloisters, and the church, amusing myself with the tombstones and inscriptions that I met with in those several regions of the dead. Most of them recorded nothing else of the buried person, but that he was born upon one day, and died upon another, the whole history of his life being comprehended in those two circumstances, that are common to all mankind. I could not but look upon these registers of existence, whether of brass or marble, as a kind of satire upon the departed persons; who had left no other memorial of them, but that they were born and that they died. They put me in mind of several persons mentioned in the battles of heroic poems, who have sounding names given them, for no other reason but that they may be killed, and are celebrated for nothing but being knocked on the head.

Γλαῦκόν τε Μέδοντά τε Θερσίλοχόν τε. Hom.
Glaucumque, Medontaque, Thersilochumque. Virg.

The life of these men is finely described in holy writ by 'the path of an arrow,' which is immediately closed up and lost.

Upon my going into the church, I entertained myself with the digging of a grave; and saw in every shovel-full of it that was thrown up, the fragment of a bone or skull intermixt with a kind of fresh moldering earth, that some time or other had a place in the composition of an human body. Upon this, I began to consider with myself what innumerable multitudes of people lay confused

together under the pavement of that ancient cathedral; how men and women, friends and enemies, priests and soldiers, monks and prebendaries, were crumbled amongst one another, and blended together in the same common mass; how beauty, strength, and youth, with old-age, weakness and deformity, lay undistinguished in the same promiscuous heap of matter.

After having thus surveyed this great magazine of mortality, as it were, in the lump; I examined it more particularly by the accounts which I found on several of the monuments which are raised in every quarter of that ancient fabric. Some of them were covered with such extravagant epitaphs, that, if it were possible for the dead person to be acquainted with them, he would blush at the praises which his friends have bestowed upon him. There are others so excessively modest, that they deliver the character of the person departed in Greek or Hebrew, and by that means are not understood once in a twelvemonth. In the poetical quarter, I found there were poets who had no monuments, and monuments which had no poets. I observed indeed that the present war had filled the church with many of these uninhabited monuments, which had been erected to the memory of persons whose bodies were perhaps buried in the plains of Blenheim, or in the bosom of the ocean.

I could not but be very much delighted with several modern epitaphs, which are written with great elegance of expression and justness of thought, and therefore do honor to the living as well as to the dead. As a foreigner is very apt to conceive an idea of the ignorance or politeness of a nation, from the turn of their public monuments and inscriptions, they should be submitted to the perusal of men of learning and genius, before they are put in execution. Sir Cloudesly Shovel's monument has very often given me great offense: Instead of the brave rough English admiral, which was the distinguishing character of that plain gallant man, he is represented on his tomb by the figure of a beau, dressed in a long periwig, and reposing himself upon velvet cushions under a canopy of state. The inscription is answerable to the Monument; for instead of celebrating the many remarkable actions he had performed in the service of his country, it acquaints us only with the manner of his death, in which it was impossible for him to reap any honor. The Dutch, whom we are apt to despise for want of genius, shew an infinitely greater taste of antiquity and politeness in their buildings and works of this nature, than what we meet with in those of our own country. The monuments of their admirals, which have been erected at the public expense, represent them like themselves; and are adorned with rostral crowns and naval ornaments, with beautiful festoons of sea-weed, shells, and coral.

But to return to our subject. I have left the repository of our English kings for the contemplation of another day, when I shall find my mind disposed for so serious an amusement. I know that entertainments of this nature are apt to raise dark and dismal thoughts in timorous minds, and gloomy imaginations; but for my own part, though I am always serious, I do not know what it is to be melancholy; and can therefore take a view of nature in her deep and solemn scenes, with the same pleasure as in her most gay and delightful ones. By this means I can improve myself with those objects, which others consider with terror. When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tomb-stone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow; when I see kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together.

Friday, March 30, 1711.

ALEXANDER POPE (1688–1744)

Pope was born in London, the year of the protestant revolution. His parents, who were catholics, shortly retired to a country home near Windsor Forest, and there the poet passed most of his boyhood. Deformed and sickly from his birth, he was reared with great tenderness and compliance and, after his twelfth year, was chiefly self-educated. He read widely and at random among English authors and was an eager, though inexact, student of the ancient classics. At a remarkably early age, he became avid of literary fame and displayed a talent for acquainting himself with the literary personalities of the day. Before he was twelve, he had visited Will's coffee-house in order to have a look at the great Dryden and, while yet a boy, had passed from the courting to the quarreling stage with Wycherley. His precocity as a verse-maker, which he never troubled himself to disparage, is celebrated in the well-known couplet:

> As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
> I lisped in numbers for the numbers came.

He claimed to have written his *Pastorals* at sixteen. They were printed in 1709, and immediately attracted attention. His *Messiah* and his *Essay on Criticism* won the encomiums of *The Spectator* and admitted him to Addison's circle. *The Rape of the Lock* (1712–14) confirmed his reputation, and his translation of the *Iliad* (1715–18) and the *Odyssey* (completed 1726) procured him a competence. 'Thanks to Homer,' he 'could live and thrive, indebted to no prince or peer alive.' He purchased a villa on the Thames at Twickenham, and there spent the last twenty-five years of his life, improving his 'grotto' and gardens, entertaining wits and social celebrities, and polishing off his rivals in finished satirical verse of which the monumental example is *The Dunciad*, published in 1728, but afterward much altered and amplified. His best known attempt at philosophical poetry is the superficial, but eminently quotable, *Essay on Man* (1732–4). Pope is chiefly valued for the smoothness and sweetness of his versification, and for his gift of turning into brief and memorable phrase 'what oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed.' Though not a great poet in the highest sense of that term, he is often glowing and sometimes powerful in declamation; while for mischievous innuendo and sustained condensation and point he has no equal in English poetry. His satire, unlike Dryden's, is usually personal and frequently poisoned by the same envy and malice which impaired his character and conduct. 'Leave Pope as soon as you can; he is sure to play you some devilish trick else,' Addison wrote to Lady Montagu,— one victim of Pope's shiftiness to another. Pope's physical inferiority made him preternaturally sensitive and distorted his social outlook. He could be pitifully base and treacherous where his vanity was engaged, and his literary career was a tissue of trivial deceits and mean animosities. Yet we cannot but admire the indomitableness of the mind which, in spite of physical suffering and humiliation, fought its way by fair means and foul, to the chief place in the literature of its time.

AN ESSAY ON CRITICISM

I

'T is hard to say, if greater want of skill
Appear in writing or in judging ill;
But, of the two, less dangerous is the offense
To tire our patience, than mislead our sense.
Some few in that, but numbers err in this,
Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss;
A fool might once himself alone expose,
Now one in verse makes many more in prose.
'T is with our judgments as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.
In poets as true genius is but rare,
True taste as seldom is the critic's share;

Both must alike from Heaven derive their light,
These born to judge, as well as those to write.
Let such teach others who themselves excel,
And censure freely who have written well.
Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true,
But are not critics to their judgment too?
Yet if we look more closely, we shall find
Most have the seeds of judgment in their mind:
Nature affords at least a glimmering light;
The lines, though touched but faintly, are drawn right.
But as the slightest sketch, if justly traced,
Is by ill-coloring but the more disgraced,
So by false learning is good sense defaced;
Some are bewildered in the maze of schools,
And some made coxcombs nature meant but fools.
In search of wit these lose their common sense,
And then turn critics in their own defense;
Each burns alike, who can, or cannot write,
Or with a rival's or an eunuch's spite.
All fools have still an itching to deride,
And fain would be upon the laughing side.
If Mævius scribble in Apollo's spite,
There are who judge still worse than he can write.
Some have at first for wits, then poets passed,
Turned critics next, and proved plain fools at last.
Some neither can for wits nor critics pass,
As heavy mules are neither horse nor ass.
Those half-learned witlings, numerous in our isle,
As half-formed insects on the banks of Nile;
Unfinished things, one knows not what to call,
Their generation's so equivocal:
To tell 'em, would a hundred tongues require,
Or one vain wit's, that might a hundred tire.
But you who seek to give and merit fame,
And justly bear a critic's noble name,
Be sure yourself and your own reach to know,
How far your genius, taste, and learning go;
Launch not beyond your depth, but be discreet,
And mark that point where sense and dulness meet.
Nature to all things fixed the limits fit,
And wisely curbed proud man's pretending wit.
As on the land while here the ocean gains,
In other parts it leaves wide sandy plains;
Thus in the soul while memory prevails,
The solid power of understanding fails;
Where beams of warm imagination play,
The memory's soft figures melt away.
One science only will one genius fit;
So vast is art, so narrow human wit:
Not only bounded to peculiar arts,
But oft in those confined to single parts.
Like kings we lose the conquests gained before,
By vain ambition still to make them more;
Each might his several province well command,
Would all but stoop to what they understand.
First follow Nature, and your judgment frame
By her just standard, which is still the same:
Unerring Nature, still divinely bright,
One clear, unchanged, and universal light,
Life, force, and beauty, must to all impart,
At once the source, and end, and test of Art.
Art from that fund each just supply provides,
Works without show, and without pomp presides:
In some fair body thus the informing soul
With spirits feeds, with vigor fills the whole,
Each motion guides, and every nerve sustains;
Itself unseen, but in the effects, remains.
Some, to whom Heaven in wit has been profuse,
Want as much more, to turn it to its use;
For wit and judgment often are at strife,
Though meant each other's aid, like man and wife.
'Tis more to guide than spur the Muse's steed;
Restrain his fury, than provoke his speed;
The wingèd courser, like a generous horse,
Shows most true mettle when you check his course.
Those rules of old discovered, not devised,
Are Nature still, but Nature methodized;
Nature, like liberty, is but restrained
By the same laws which first herself ordained.
Hear how learned Greece her useful rules indites,

When to repress, and when indulge our flights:
High on Parnassus' top her sons she showed,
And pointed out those arduous paths they trod;
Held from afar, aloft, the immortal prize,
And urged the rest by equal steps to rise.
Just precepts thus from great examples given,
She drew from them what they derived from Heaven.
The generous critic fanned the poet's fire,
And taught the world with reason to admire.
Then criticism the Muses' handmaid proved,
To dress her charms, and make her more beloved:
But following wits from that intention strayed,
Who could not win the mistress, wooed the maid;
Against the poets their own arms they turned,
Sure to hate most the men from whom they learned.
So modern 'pothecaries, taught the art
By doctor's bills to play the doctor's part,
Bold in the practice of mistaken rules,
Prescribe, apply, and call their masters fools.
Some on the leaves of ancient authors prey,
Nor time nor moths e'er spoiled so much as they.
Some dryly plain, without invention's aid,
Write dull receipts, how poems may be made.
These leave the sense, their learning to display,
And those explain the meaning quite away.
You, then, whose judgment the right course would steer,
Know well each ancient's proper character;
His fable, subject, scope in every page;
Religion, country, genius of his age:
Without all these at once before your eyes,
Cavil you may, but never criticise.
Be Homer's works your study and delight,
Read them by day, and meditate by night;
Thence form your judgment, thence your maxims bring,
And trace the Muses upward to their spring.
Still with itself compared, his text peruse;
And let your comment be the Mantuan Muse.
When first young Maro in his boundless mind
A work to outlast immortal Rome designed,
Perhaps he seemed above the critic's law,
And but from nature's fountains scorned to draw:
But when to examine every part he came,
Nature and Homer were, he found, the same.
Convinced, amazed, he checks the bold design;
And rules as strict his labored work confine,
As if the Stagirite o'erlooked each line.
Learn hence for ancient rules a just esteem;
To copy nature is to copy them.
Some beauties yet no precepts can declare,
For there's a happiness as well as care.
Music resembles poetry, in each
Are nameless graces which no methods teach,
And which a master-hand alone can reach.
If, where the rules not far enough extend,
(Since rules were made but to promote their end)
Some lucky license answer to the full
The intent proposed, that license is a rule.
Thus Pegasus, a nearer way to take,
May boldly deviate from the common track;
From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,
And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art,
Which without passing through the judgment, gains
The heart, and all its end at once attains.
In prospects thus, some objects please our eyes,
Which out of nature's common order rise,
The shapeless rock, or hanging precipice.
Great wits sometimes may gloriously offend,
And rise to faults true critics dare not mend.
But though the ancients thus their rules invade,
(As kings dispense with laws themselves have made)
Moderns, beware! or if you must offend
Against the precept, ne'er transgress its end;
Let it be seldom and compelled by need;
And have, at least, their precedent to plead.
The critic else proceeds without remorse,
Seizes your fame, and puts his laws in force.
I know there are, to whose presumptuous thoughts
Those freer beauties, even in them, seem faults.

Some figures monstrous and mis-shaped appear,
Considered singly, or beheld too near,
Which, but proportioned to their light or place,
Due distance reconciles to form and grace.
A prudent chief not always must display
His powers in equal ranks, and fair array,
But with the occasion and the place comply,
Conceal his force, nay, seem sometimes to fly.
Those oft are stratagems which errors seem,
Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream.
Still green with bays each ancient altar stands,
Above the reach of sacrilegious hands;
Secure from flames, from envy's fiercer rage,
Destructive war, and all-involving age.
See, from each clime the learned their incense bring!
Hear, in all tongues, consenting peans ring!
In praise so just let every voice be joined,
And fill the general chorus of mankind.
Hail, bards triumphant! born in happier days;
Immortal heirs of universal praise!
Whose honors with increase of ages grow,
As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow;
Nations unborn your mighty names shall sound,
And worlds applaud that must not yet be found!
Oh, may some spark of your celestial fire,
The last, the meanest of your sons inspire,
(That on weak wings, from far, pursues your flights;
Glows while he reads, but trembles as he writes)
To teach vain wits a science little known,
To admire superior sense, and doubt their own!

II

Of all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools.
Whatever nature has in worth denied,
She gives in large recruits of needful pride;
For as in bodies, thus in souls, we find
What wants in blood and spirits, swelled with wind:
Pride, where wit fails, steps in to our defense,
And fills up all the mighty void of sense.
If once right reason drives that cloud away,
Truth breaks upon us with resistless day.
Trust not yourself; but your defects to know,
Make use of every friend — and every foe.
A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.
Fired at first sight with what the Muse imparts,
In fearless youth we tempt the heights of arts,
While from the bounded level of our mind,
Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind;
But more advanced, behold with strange surprise
New distant scenes of endless science rise!
So pleased at first the towering Alps we try,
Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky,
The eternal snows appear already past,
And the first clouds and mountains seem the last;
But, those attained, we tremble to survey
The growing labors of the lengthened way,
The increasing prospect tires our wandering eyes,
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!
A perfect judge will read each work of wit
With the same spirit that its author writ:
Survey the whole, nor seek slight faults to find
Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind;
Nor lose, for that malignant dull delight,
The generous pleasure to be charmed with wit.
But in such lays as neither ebb, nor flow,
Correctly cold, and regularly low,
That shunning faults, one quiet tenor keep;
We cannot blame indeed, but we may sleep.
In wit, as nature, what affects our hearts
Is not the exactness of peculiar parts;
'T is not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,
But the joint force and full result of all.
Thus when we view some well-proportioned dome,

(The world's just wonder, and e'en thine, O Rome!)
No single parts unequally surprise,
All comes united to the admiring eyes;
No monstrous height, or breadth, or length appear;
The whole at once is bold, and regular.
Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.
In every work regard the writer's end,
Since none can compass more than they intend;
And if the means be just, the conduct true,
Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due;
As men of breeding, sometimes men of wit,
To avoid great errors, must the less commit:
Neglect the rules each verbal critic lays,
For not to know some trifles, is a praise.
Most critics, fond of some subservient art,
Still make the whole depend upon a part:
They talk of principles, but notions prize,
And all to one loved folly sacrifice.
Once on a time, La Mancha's knight, they say,
A certain bard encountering on the way,
Discoursed in terms as just, with looks as sage,
As e'er could Dennis of the Grecian stage;
Concluding all were desperate sots and fools,
Who durst depart from Aristotle's rules.
Our author, happy in a judge so nice,
Produced his play, and begged the knight's advice;
Made him observe the subject, and the plot,
The manners, passions, unities, what not?
All which, exact to rule, were brought about,
Were but a combat in the lists left out.
'What! leave the combat out?' exclaims the knight;
Yes, or we must renounce the Stagirite.
'Not so, by Heaven' (he answers in a rage),
'Knights, squires, and steeds, must enter on the stage.'
So vast a throng the stage can ne'er contain.
'Then build a new, or act it in a plain.'
Thus critics, of less judgment than caprice,
Curious not knowing, not exact but nice,
Form short ideas; and offend in arts
(As most in manners) by a love to parts.
Some to conceit alone their taste confine,
And glittering thoughts struck out at every line;
Pleased with a work where nothing's just or fit;
One glaring chaos and wild heap of wit.
Poets like painters, thus unskilled to trace
The naked nature and the living grace,
With gold and jewels cover every part,
And hide with ornaments their want of art.
True wit is nature to advantage dressed,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed;
Something, whose truth convinced at sight we find,
That gives us back the image of our mind
As shades more sweetly recommend the light,
So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit.
For works may have more wit than does 'em good,
As bodies perish thro' excess of blood.
Others for language all their care express,
And value books, as women, men for dress:
Their praise is still,—the style is excellent:
The sense, they humbly take upon content.
Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found;
False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,
Its gaudy colors spreads on every place;
The face of nature we no more survey,
All glares alike, without distinction gay:
But true expression, like the unchanging sun,
Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon,
It gilds all objects, but it alters none.
Expression is the dress of thought, and still
Appears more decent, as more suitable;
A vile conceit in pompous words expressed,
Is like a clown in regal purple dressed:
For different styles with different subjects sort,
As several garbs with country, town, and court.
Some by old words to fame have made pretense,
Ancients in phrase, mere moderns in their sense;
Such labored nothings, in so strange a style,
Amaze the unlearned, and make the learnèd smile.
Unlucky, as Fungoso in the play,
These sparks with awkward vanity display
What the fine gentleman wore yesterday;
And but so mimic ancient wits at best.

As apes our grandsires, in their doublets dressed.
In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold;
Alike fantastic, if too new, or old:
Be not the first by whom the new are tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.
But most by numbers judge a poet's song;
And smooth or rough, with them, is right or wrong:
In the bright Muse though thousand charms conspire,
Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire;
Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,
Not mend their minds; as some to church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the music there.
These equal syllables alone require,
Though oft the ear the open vowels tire;
While expletives their feeble aid do join;
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line:
While they ring round the same unvaried chimes,
With sure returns of still expected rhymes;
Where'er you find 'the cooling western breeze,'
In the next line, it 'whispers through the trees';
If crystal streams 'with pleasing murmurs creep,'
The reader's threatened (not in vain) with 'sleep':
Then, at the last and only couplet fraught
With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.
Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know
What's roundly smooth or languishingly slow;
And praise the easy vigor of a line,
Where Denham's strength, and Waller's sweetness join.
True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learned to dance.
'T is not enough no harshness gives offense,
The sound must seem an echo to the sense:
Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar:
When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line too labors, and the words move slow;
Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along the main.
Hear how Timotheus' varied lays surprise,
And bid alternate passions fall and rise!
While, at each change, the son of Libyan Jove
Now burns with glory, and then melts with love;
Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow,
Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow:
Persians and Greeks like turns of nature found,
And the world's victor stood subdued by sound!
The power of music all our hearts allow,
And what Timotheus was, is Dryden now.
Avoid extremes; and shun the fault of such,
Who still are pleased too little or too much.
At every trifle scorn to take offense,
That always shows great pride, or little sense;
Those heads, as stomachs, are not sure the best,
Which nauseate all, and nothing can digest.
Yet let not each gay turn thy rapture move;
For fools admire, but men of sense approve:
As things seem large which we through mists descry,
Dulness is ever apt to magnify.
Some foreign writers, some our own despise;
The ancients only, or the moderns prize.
Thus wit, like faith, by each man is applied
To one small sect, and all are damned beside.
Meanly they seek the blessing to confine,
And force that sun but on a part to shine,
Which not alone the southern wit sublimes,
But ripens spirits in cold northern climes;
Which from the first has shone on ages past,
Enlights the present, and shall warm the last;

Though each may feel increases and decays,
And see now clearer and now darker days.
Regard not then if wit be old or new,
But blame the false, and value still the true.
Some ne'er advance a judgment of their own,
But catch the spreading notion of the town;
They reason and conclude by precedent,
And own stale nonsense which they ne'er invent.
Some judge of authors' names, not works, and then
Nor praise nor blame the writings, but the men.
Of all this servile herd the worst is he
That in proud dullness joins with quality.
A constant critic at the great man's board,
To fetch and carry nonsense for my lord.
What woeful stuff this madrigal would be,
In some starved hackney sonneteer, or me?
But let a lord once own the happy lines,
How the wit brightens; how the style refines!
Before his sacred name flies every fault,
And each exalted stanza teems with thought!
The vulgar thus through imitation err;
As oft the learned by being singular;
So much they scorn the crowd, that if the throng
By chance go right, they purposely go wrong;
So schismatics the plain believers quit,
And are but damned for having too much wit.
Some praise at morning what they blame at night;
But always think the last opinion right.
A Muse by these is like a mistress used,
This hour she 's idolized, the next abused;
While their weak heads like towns unfortified,
'Twixt sense and nonsense daily change their side.
Ask them the cause; they 're wiser still, they say;
And still to-morrow 's wiser than to-day.
We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow
Our wiser sons, no doubt, will think us so.
Once school-divines this zealous isle o'erspread;
Who knew most Sentences, was deepest read;
Faith, Gospel, all seemed made to be disputed:
And none had sense enough to be confuted:
Scotists and Thomists, now in peace remain,
Amidst their kindred cobwebs in Duck Lane,
If faith itself has different dresses worn,
What wonder modes in wit should take their turn?
Oft, leaving what is natural and fit,
The current folly proves the ready wit;
And authors think their reputation safe,
Which lives as long as fools are pleased to laugh.
Some valuing those of their own side of mind,
Still make themselves the measure of mankind:
Fondly we think we honor merit then,
When we but praise ourselves in other men.
Parties in wit attend on those of state,
And public faction doubles private hate.
Pride, malice, folly, against Dryden rose,
In various shapes of parsons, critics, beaus;
But sense survived, when merry jests were past;
For rising merit will buoy up at last.
Might he return, and bless once more our eyes,
New Blackmores and new Milbourns must arise:
Nay, should great Homer lift his awful head,
Zoilus again would start up from the dead.
Envy will merit, as its shade, pursue;
But like a shadow, proves the substance true;
For envied wit, like Sol eclipsed, makes known
The opposing body's grossness, not its own.
When first that sun too powerful beams displays,
It draws up vapors which obscure its rays;
But ev'n those clouds at last adorn its way,
Reflect new glories, and augment the day.
Be thou the first true merit to defend,
His praise is lost, who stays till all commend.
Short is the date, alas, of modern rhymes,
And 't is but just to let them live betimes.
No longer now that golden age appears,
When patriarch-wits survived a thousand years:
Now length of fame (our second life) is lost,
And bare threescore is all ev'n that can boast;
Our sons their fathers' failing language see,

And such as Chaucer is, shall Dryden be.
So when the faithful pencil has designed
Some bright idea of the master's mind,
Where a new word leaps out at his command,
And ready nature waits upon his hand;
When the ripe colors soften and unite,
And sweetly melt into just shade and light;
When mellow years their full perfection give,
And each bold figure just begins to live,
The treacherous colors the fair art betray,
And all the bright creation fades away!

Unhappy wit, like most mistaken things,
Atones not for that envy which it brings.
In youth alone its empty praise we boast,
But soon the short-lived vanity is lost:
Like some fair flower the early spring supplies,
That gaily blooms, but even in blooming dies.
What is this wit, which must our cares employ?
The owner's wife, that other men enjoy;
Then most our trouble still when most admired,
And still the more we give, the more required;
Whose fame with pains we guard, but lose with ease,
Sure some to vex, but never all to please;
'T is what the vicious fear, the virtuous shun,
By fools 't is hated, and by knaves undone!

If wit so much from ignorance undergo,
Ah, let not learning too commence its foe!
Of old, those met rewards who could excel,
And such were praised who but endeavored well:
Though triumphs were to generals only due,
Crowns were reserved to grace the soldiers too.
Now, they who reach Parnassus' lofty crown,
Employ their pains to spurn some others down;
And while self-love each jealous writer rules,
Contending wits become the sport of fools:
But still the worst with most regret commend,
For each ill author is as bad a friend.
To what base ends, and by what abject ways,
Are mortals urged through sacred lust of praise!

Ah, ne'er so dire a thirst of glory boast,
Nor in the critic let the man be lost.
Good-nature and good-sense must ever join;
To err is human, to forgive, divine.

But if in noble minds some dregs remain
Not yet purged off, of spleen and sour disdain;
Discharge that rage on more provoking crimes,
Nor fear a dearth in these flagitious times.
No pardon vile obscenity should find,
Though wit and art conspire to move your mind;
But dulness with obscenity must prove
As shameful sure as impotence in love.
In the fat age of pleasure, wealth, and ease,
Sprung the rank weed, and thrived with large increase:
When love was all an easy Monarch's care;
Seldom at council, never in a war:
Jilts ruled the state, and statesmen farces writ;
Nay, wits had pensions, and young lords had wit:
The fair sat panting at a courtier's play,
And not a mask went unimproved away:
The modest fan was lifted up no more,
And virgins smiled at what they blushed before.
The following license of a foreign reign
Did all the dregs of bold Socinus drain;
Then unbelieving priests reformed the nation,
And taught more pleasant methods of salvation;
Where Heaven's free subjects might their rights dispute,
Lest God himself should seem too absolute:
Pulpits their sacred satire learned to spare
And vice admired to find a flatterer there!
Encouraged thus, wit's Titans braved the skies,
And the press groaned with licensed blasphemies.
These monsters, critics! with your darts engage,
Here point your thunder, and exhaust your rage!
Yet shun their fault, who, scandalously nice,
Will needs mistake an author into vice;
All seems infected that the infected spy,
As all looks yellow to the jaundiced eye.

* * *

(1711)

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

CANTO I

What dire offense from amorous causes springs,
What mighty contests rise from trivial things,
I sing—This verse to Caryl, Muse! is due:
This, even Belinda may vouchsafe to view:
Slight is the subject, but not so the praise,
If she inspire, and he approve my lays.
Say what strange motive, goddess! could compel
A well-bred lord to assault a gentle belle?
Oh, say what stranger cause, yet unexplored,
Could make a gentle belle reject a lord?
In tasks so bold, can little men engage,
And in soft bosoms dwells such mighty rage?
Sol through white curtains shot a timorous ray,
And oped those eyes that must eclipse the day:
Now lap-dogs give themselves the rousing shake,
And sleepless lovers, just at twelve, awake:
Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knocked the ground,
And the pressed watch returned a silver sound.
Belinda still her downy pillow pressed,
Her guardian sylph prolonged the balmy rest:
'Twas he had summoned to her silent bed
The morning dream that hovered o'er her head;
A youth more glittering than a birth-night beau
(That e'en in slumber caused her cheek to glow),
Seemed to her ear his winning lips to lay,
And thus in whispers said, or seemed to say.
'Fairest of mortals, thou distinguished care
Of thousand bright inhabitants of air!
If e'er one vision touched thy infant thought,
Of all the nurse and all the priest have taught
Of airy elves by moonlight shadows seen,
The silver token, and the circled green,
Or virgins visited by angel powers,
With golden crowns and wreaths of heavenly flowers;
Hear and believe! thy own importance know,
Nor bound thy narrow views to things below.
Some secret truths, from learned pride concealed,
To maids alone and children are revealed:
What though no credit doubting wits may give?
The fair and innocent shall still believe.
Know, then, unnumbered spirits round thee fly,
The light militia of the lower sky:
These, though unseen, are ever on the wing,
Hang o'er the box, and hover round the Ring,
Think what an equipage thou hast in air,
And view with scorn two pages and a chair.
As now your own, our beings were of old,
And once enclosed in woman's beauteous mould;
Thence, by a soft transition, we repair
From earthly vehicles to these of air.
Think not, when woman's transient breath is fled,
That all her vanities at once are dead;
Succeeding vanities she still regards,
And though she plays no more, o'erlooks the cards.
Her joy in gilded chariots, when alive,
And love of ombre, after death survive.
For when the fair in all their pride expire,
To their first elements their souls retire:
The sprites of fiery termagants in flame
Mount up, and take a salamander's name.
Soft yielding minds to water glide away,
And sip, with nymphs, their elemental tea.
The graver prude sinks downward to a gnome,
In search of mischief still on earth to roam.
The light coquettes in sylphs aloft repair,
And sport and flutter in the fields of air.
'Know further yet; whoever fair and chaste
Rejects mankind, is by some sylph embraced:
For spirits, freed from mortal laws, with ease
Assume what sexes and what shapes they please.
What guards the purity of melting maids,
In courtly balls, and midnight masquerades,
Safe from the treacherous friend, the daring spark,
The glance by day, the whisper in the dark,
When kind occasion prompts their warm desires,

When music softens, and when dancing fires?
'T is but their sylph, the wise celestials know,
Though honor is the word with men below.
Some nymphs there are, too conscious of their face,
For life predestined to the gnomes' embrace.
These swell their prospects and exalt their pride,
When offers are disdained, and love denied:
Then gay ideas crowd the vacant brain,
While peers, and dukes, and all their sweeping train,
And garters, stars, and coronets appear,
And in soft sounds 'Your Grace' salutes their ear.
'T is these that early taint the female soul,
Instruct the eyes of young coquettes to roll,
Teach infant cheeks a bidden blush to know,
And little hearts to flutter at a beau.
'Oft, when the world imagine women stray,
The sylphs through mystic mazes guide their way,
Through all the giddy circle they pursue,
And old impertinence expel by new.
What tender maid but must a victim fall
To one man's treat, but for another's ball?
When Florio speaks, what virgin could withstand,
If gentle Damon did not squeeze her hand?
With varying vanities, from every part,
They shift the moving toyshop of their heart;
Where wigs with wigs, with sword-knots sword-knots strive,
Beaux banish beaux, and coaches coaches drive.
This erring mortals levity may call;
Oh, blind to truth! the sylphs contrive it all.
'Of these am I, who thy protection claim,
A watchful sprite, and Ariel is my name.
Late, as I ranged the crystal wilds of air,
In the clear mirror of thy ruling star
I saw, alas! some dread event impend,
Ere to the main this morning sun descend,
But Heaven reveals not what, or how, or where:
Warned by the sylph, O pious maid, beware!
This to disclose is all thy guardian can:
Beware of all, but most beware of man!'
He said; when Shock, who thought she slept too long,
Leaped up, and waked his mistress with his tongue.
'T was then, Belinda, if report say true,
Thy eyes first opened on a billet-doux;
Wounds, charms, and ardors were no sooner read,
But all the vision vanished from thy head.
And now, unveiled, the toilet stands displayed,
Each silver vase in mystic order laid.
First, robed in white, the nymph intent adores,
With head uncovered, the cosmetic powers.
A heavenly image in the glass appears.
To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears;
The inferior priestess, at her altar's side,
Trembling begins the sacred rites of pride.
Unnumbered treasures ope at once, and here
The various offerings of the world appear;
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the goddess with the glittering spoil.
This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
The tortoise here and elephant unite,
Transformed to combs, the speckled, and the white.
Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billet-doux.
Now awful beauty puts on all its arms;
The fair each moment rises in her charms,
Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face;
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
The busy sylphs surround their darling care,
These set the head, and those divide the hair,
Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown;
And Betty's praised for labors not her own.

CANTO II

Not with more glories, in the ethereal plain,
The sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams
Launched on the bosom of the silver Thames.
Fair nymphs, and well-dressed youths around her shone,
But every eye was fixed on her alone.

On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore.
Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfixed as those;
Favors to none, to all she smiles extends;
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide;
If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you 'll forget 'em all.
This nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
Nourished two locks, which graceful hung behind
In equal curls, and well conspired to deck
With shining ringlets the smooth ivory neck.
Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
With hairy springes, we the birds betray,
Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey,
Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.
The adventurous baron the bright locks admired;
He saw, he wished, and to the prize aspired.
Resolved to win, he meditates the way,
By force to ravish, or by fraud betray;
For when success a lover's toil attends,
Few ask, if fraud or force attained his ends.
For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had implored
Propitious Heaven, and every power adored,
But chiefly Love — to Love an altar built,
Of twelve vast French romances, neatly gilt.
There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves;
And all the trophies of his former loves;
With tender billets-doux he lights the pyre,
And breathes three amorous sighs to raise the fire.
Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes
Soon to obtain, and long possess the prize:
The powers gave ear, and granted half his prayer,
The rest, the winds dispersed in empty air.
But now secure the painted vessel glides,
The sunbeams trembling on the floating tides:
While melting music steals upon the sky,
And softened sounds along the waters die;
Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gently play,
Belinda smiled, and all the world was gay.
All but the sylph — with careful thoughts oppressed,
The impending woe sat heavy on his breast.
He summons straight his denizens of air;
The lucid squadrons round the sails repair:
Soft o'er the shrouds aërial whispers breathe,
That seemed but zephyrs to the train beneath.
Some to the sun their insect wings unfold,
Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold;
Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight,
Their fluid bodies half dissolved in light.
Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,
Thin glittering textures of the filmy dew,
Dipt in the richest tincture of the skies,
Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes,
While every beam new transient colors flings,
Colors that change whene'er they wave their wings.
Amid the circle, on the gilded mast,
Superior by the head, was Ariel placed;
His purple pinions opening to the sun,
He raised his azure wand, and thus begun.
'Ye sylphs and sylphids, to your chief give ear!
Fays, fairies, genii, elves, and demons, hear!
Ye know the spheres, and various tasks assigned
By laws eternal to the aërial kind.
Some in the fields of purest ether play,
And bask and whiten in the blaze of day.
Some guide the course of wandering orbs on high,
Or roll the planets through the boundless sky.
Some less refined, beneath the moon's pale light
Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night,
Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry main,
Or o'er the glebe distil the kindly rain.
Others on earth o'er human race preside,
Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide:
Of these the chief, the care of nations own,
And guard with arms divine the British throne.

'Our humbler province is to tend the fair.
Not a less pleasing, though less glorious care;
To save the powder from too rude a gale,
Nor let the imprisoned essences exhale;
To draw fresh colors from the vernal flowers;
To steal from rainbows ere they drop in showers,
A brighter wash; to curl their waving hairs,
Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs;
Nay, oft in dreams, invention we bestow,
To change a flounce, or add a furbelow.
'This day, black omens threat the brightest fair
That e'er deserved a watchful spirit's care;
Some dire disaster, or by force, or slight;
But what, or where, the fates have wrapped in night.
Whether the nymph shall break Diana's law,
Or some frail china jar receive a flaw;
Or stain her honor, or her new brocade;
Forget her prayers, or miss a masquerade;
Or lose her heart, or necklace, at a ball;
Or whether Heaven has doomed that Shock must fall.
Haste, then, ye spirits! to your charge repair;
The fluttering fan be Zephyretta's care;
The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign;
And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine;
Do thou, Crispissa, tend her favorite lock;
Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.
'To fifty chosen sylphs, of special note,
We trust the important charge, the petticoat:
Oft have we known that seven-fold fence to fail,
Though stiff with hoops, and armed with ribs of whale;
Form a strong line about the silver bound,
And guard the wide circumference around.
'Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,
His post neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his sins,
Be stopped in vials, or transfixed with pins;
Or plunged in lakes of bitter washes lie,
Or wedged whole ages in a bodkin's eye:
Gums and pomatums shall his flight restrain,
While clogged he beats his silken wings in vain;
Or alum styptics with contracting power
Shrink his thin essence like a rivelled flower:
Or, as Ixion fixed, the wretch shall feel
The giddy motion of the whirling mill,
In fumes of burning chocolate shall glow,
And tremble at the sea that froths below!'
He spoke; the spirits from the sails descend;
Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend;
Some thrid the mazy ringlets of her hair;
Some hang upon the pendants of her ear;
With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
Anxious, and trembling for the birth of fate.

CANTO III

Close by those meads, for ever crowned with flowers,
Where Thames with pride surveys his rising towers,
There stands a structure of majestic frame,
Which from the neighboring Hampton takes its name.
Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom
Of foreign tyrants and of nymphs at home;
Here thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take — and sometimes tea.
Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,
To taste awhile the pleasures of a court;
In various talk the instructive hours they passed,
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last;
One speaks the glory of the British queen,
And one describes a charming Indian screen;
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes;
At every word a reputation dies.
Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,
With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that.
Meanwhile, declining from the noon of day,
The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray;
The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang that jurymen may dine;
The merchant from the Exchange returns in peace,
And the long labors of the toilet cease.
Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites,
Burns to encounter two adventurous knights,
At ombre singly to decide their doom;
And swells her breast with conquests yet to come.
Straight the three bands prepare in arms to join,

Each band the number of the sacred nine.
Soon as she spreads her hand, the aërial guard
Descend, and sit on each important card:
First, Ariel perched upon a Matadore,
Then each, according to the rank they bore;
For sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race,
Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.
Behold, four kings in majesty revered,
With hoary whiskers and a forky beard;
And four fair queens whose hands sustain a flower,
The expressive emblem of their softer power;
Four knaves in garbs succinct, a trusty band,
Caps on their heads, and halberts in their hand;
And parti-colored troops, a shining train,
Draw forth to combat on the velvet plain.
The skillful nymph reviews her force with care:
Let spades be trumps! she said, and trumps they were.
Now moved to war her sable Matadores,
In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors.
Spadillio first, unconquerable lord!
Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board.
As many more Manillio forced to yield,
And marched a victor from the verdant field.
Him Basto followed, but his fate more hard
Gained but one trump and one plebeian card.
With his broad saber next, a chief in years,
The hoary majesty of spades appears,
Puts forth one manly leg, to sight revealed,
The rest, his many-colored robe concealed.
The rebel knave, who dares his prince engage,
Proves the just victim of his royal rage.
Even mighty Pam, that kings and queens o'erthrew,
And mowed down armies in the fights of Loo,
Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid,
Falls undistinguished by the victor spade!
Thus far both armies to Belinda yield;
Now to the baron fate inclines the field.
His warlike Amazon her host invades,
The imperial consort of the crown of spades,
The club's black tyrant first her victim died,
Spite of his haughty mien, and barbarous pride:
What boots the regal circle on his head,
His giant limbs, in state unwieldy spread;
That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
And, of all monarchs only grasps the globe?
The baron now his diamonds pours apace;
The embroidered king who shows but half his face,
And his refulgent queen, with powers combined,
Of broken troops an easy conquest find.
Clubs, diamonds, hearts, in wild disorder seen,
With throngs promiscuous strew the level green.
Thus when dispersed a routed army runs,
Of Asia's troops, and Afric's sable sons,
With like confusion different nations fly,
Of various habit, and of various dye,
The pierced battalions disunited fall,
In heaps on heaps; one fate o'erwhelms them all.
The knave of diamonds tries his wily arts,
And wins (oh, shameful chance!) the queen of hearts.
At this the blood the virgin's cheek forsook,
A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look;
She sees, and trembles at the approaching ill,
Just in the jaws of ruin, and codille.
And now (as oft in some distempered state)
On one nice trick depends the general fate,
An ace of hearts steps forth; the king unseen
Lurked in her hand, and mourned his captive queen:
He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,
And falls like thunder on the prostrate ace.
The nymph exulting fills with shouts the sky;
The walls, the wood, and long canals reply.
Oh, thoughtless mortals! ever blind to fate,
Too soon dejected, and too soon elate.
Sudden, these honors shall be snatched away,
And cursed for ever this victorious day.
For lo! the board with cups and spoons is crowned,
The berries crackle, and the mill turns round;
On shining altars of Japan they raise
The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze:
From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
While China's earth receives the smoking tide:
At once they gratify their scent and taste,

And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.
Straight hover round the fair her airy band;
Some, as she sipped, the fuming liquor fanned,
Some o'er her lap their careful plumes displayed,
Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade.
Coffee (which makes the politician wise,
And see through all things with his half-shut eyes)
Sent up in vapors to the baron's brain
New stratagems the radiant lock to gain.
Ah, cease, rash youth! desist ere 't is too late,
Fear the just gods, and think of Scylla's fate!
Changed to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
She dearly pays for Nisus' injured hair!
But when to mischief mortals bend their will,
How soon they find fit instruments of ill!
Just then Clarissa drew with tempting grace
A two-edged weapon from her shining case:
So ladies in romance assist their knight,
Present the spear, and arm him for the fight.
He takes the gift with reverence, and extends
The little engine on his finger's ends;
This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.
Swift to the lock a thousand sprites repair,
A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair;
And thrice they twitched the diamond in her ear;
Thrice she looked back, and thrice the foe drew near.
Just in that instant, anxious Ariel sought
The close recesses of the virgin's thought;
As on the nosegay in her breast reclined,
He watched the ideas rising in her mind,
Sudden he viewed, in spite of all her art,
An earthly lover lurking at her heart.
Amazed, confused, he found his power expired,
Resigned to fate, and with a sigh retired.
The peer now spreads the glittering forfex wide,
To inclose the lock; now joins it, to divide.
Even then, before the fatal engine closed,
A wretched sylph too fondly interposed;
Fate urged the shears, and cut the sylph in twain,
(But airy substance soon unites again)
The meeting points the sacred hair dissever
From the fair head, for ever, and for ever!
Then flashed the living lightning from her eyes,
And screams of horror rend the affrighted skies.
Not louder shrieks to pitying Heaven are cast,
When husbands, or when lapdogs breathe their last;
Or when rich China vessels, fallen from high,
In glittering dust and painted fragments lie!
'Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine,'
(The victor cried,) 'the glorious prize is mine!'
While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,
Or in a coach and six the British fair,
As long as Atalantis shall be read,
Or the small pillow grace a lady's bed,
While visits shall be paid on solemn days,
When numerous wax-lights in bright order blaze,
While nymphs take treats, or assignations give,
So long my honor, name, and praise shall live!
What Time would spare, from steel receives its date,
And monuments, like men, submit to fate!
Steel could the labor of the gods destroy,
And strike to dust the imperial towers of Troy;
Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
What wonder then, fair nymph! thy hairs should feel
The conquering force of unresisted steel?'

CANTO IV

But anxious cares the pensive nymph oppressed,
And secret passions labored in her breast.
Not youthful kings in battle seized alive,
Not scornful virgins who their charms survive,
Not ardent lovers robbed of all their bliss,
Not ancient ladies when refused a kiss,
Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
Not Cynthia when her manteau's pinned awry,
E'er felt such rage, resentment, and despair,

As thou, sad virgin, for thy ravished hair.
For, that sad moment, when the sylphs withdrew
And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew,
Umbriel, a dusky, melancholy sprite,
As ever sullied the fair face of light,
Down to the central earth, his proper scene,
Repaired to search the gloomy cave of Spleen.

Swift on his sooty pinions flits the gnome,
And in a vapor reached the dismal dome.
No cheerful breeze this sullen region knows,
The dreaded east is all the wind that blows.
Here in a grotto, sheltered close from air,
And screened in shades from day's detested glare,
She sighs for ever on her pensive bed,
Pain at her side, and Megrim at her head.

Two handmaids wait the throne, alike in place,
But differing far in figure and in face.
Here stood Ill-nature like an ancient maid,
Her wrinkled form in black and white arrayed;
With store of prayers, for mornings, nights, and noons,
Her hand is filled; her bosom with lampoons.

There Affectation, with a sickly mien,
Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen,
Practiced to lisp, and hang the head aside,
Faints into airs, and languishes with pride,
On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe,
Wrapped in a gown, for sickness, and for show.
The fair ones feel such maladies as these,
When each new night-dress gives a new disease.

A constant vapor o'er the palace flies;
Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise;
Dreadful, as hermit's dreams in haunted shades,
Or bright, as visions of expiring maids.
Now glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling spires,
Pale specters, gaping tombs, and purple fires:
Now lakes of liquid gold, Elysian scenes,
And crystal domes, and angels in machines.

Unnumbered throngs on every side are seen,
Of bodies changed to various forms by Spleen.
Here living tea-pots stand, one arm held out,
One bent; the handle this, and that the spout:
A pipkin there, like Homer's tripod, walks;
Here sighs a jar, and there a goose-pie talks;
Men prove with child, as powerful fancy works,
And maids, turned bottles, call aloud for corks.

Safe past the gnome through this fantastic band,
A branch of healing spleenwort in his hand.
Then thus addressed the power: 'Hail, wayward queen!
Who rule the sex, to fifty from fifteen:
Parent of vapors and of female wit,
Who give the hysteric, or poetic fit,
On various tempers act by various ways,
Make some take physic, others scribble plays;
Who cause the proud their visits to delay,
And send the godly in a pet to pray.
A nymph there is, that all thy power disdains,
And thousands more in equal mirth maintains.
But oh! if e'er thy gnome could spoil a grace,
Or raise a pimple on a beauteous face,
Like citron-waters matrons' cheeks inflame,
Or change complexions at a losing game;
If e'er with airy horns I planted heads,
Or rumpled petticoats, or tumbled beds,
Or caused suspicion when no soul was rude,
Or discomposed the head-dress of a prude,
Or e'er to costive lap-dog gave disease,
Which not the tears of brightest eyes could ease:
Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin,
That single act gives half the world the spleen.'

The goddess with a discontented air
Seems to reject him, though she grants his prayer.
A wondrous bag with both her hands she binds,
Like that where once Ulysses held the winds;
There she collects the force of female lungs,
Sighs, sobs, and passions, and the war of tongues.
A vial next she fills with fainting fears,
Soft sorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.
The gnome rejoicing bears her gifts away,
Spreads his black wings, and slowly mounts to day.

Sunk in Thalestris' arms the nymph he found,
Her eyes dejected and her hair unbound.

Full o'er their heads the swelling bag he rent,
And all the furies issued at the vent.
Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,
And fierce Thalestris fans the rising fire.
'O wretched maid!' she spread her hands, and cried,
(While Hampton's echoes, 'Wretched maid!' replied)
'Was it for this you took such constant care
The bodkin, comb, and essence to prepare?
For this your locks in paper durance bound,
For this with torturing irons wreathed around?
For this with fillets strained your tender head,
And bravely bore the double loads of lead?
Gods! shall the ravisher display your hair,
While the fops envy, and the ladies stare!
Honor forbid! at whose unrivalled shrine
Ease, pleasure, virtue, all our sex resign.
Methinks already I your tears survey,
Already hear the horrid things they say,
Already see you a degraded toast,
And all your honor in a whisper lost!
How shall I, then, your helpless fame defend?
'T will then be infamy to seem your friend!
And shall this prize, the inestimable prize,
Exposed through crystal to the gazing eyes,
And heightened by the diamond's circling rays,
On that rapacious hand for ever blaze?
Sooner shall grass in Hyde Park Circus grow,
And wits take lodgings in the sound of Bow;
Sooner let earth, air, sea, to chaos fall,
Men, monkeys, lap-dogs, parrots, perish all!'
She said; then raging to Sir Plume repairs,
And bids her beau demand the precious hairs.
(Sir Plume, of amber snuff-box justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane)
With earnest eyes, and round unthinking face,
He first the snuff-box opened, then the case,
And thus broke out — 'My lord, why, what the devil?
Z——ds! damn the lock! 'fore Gad, you must be civil!
Plague on 't! 'tis past a jest — nay prithee, pox!
Give her the hair,' he spoke, and rapped his box.

'It grieves me much,' replied the peer again,
'Who speaks so well should ever speak in vain.
But by this lock, this sacred lock, I swear,
(Which never more shall join its parted hair;
Which never more its honors shall renew,
Clipped from the lovely head where late it grew)
That while my nostrils draw the vital air,
This hand, which won it, shall for ever wear.'
He spoke, and speaking, in proud triumph spread
The long-contended honors of her head.
But Umbriel, hateful gnome! forbears not so;
He breaks the vial whence the sorrows flow.
Then see! the nymph in beauteous grief appears,
Her eyes half languishing, half drowned in tears;
On her heaved bosom hung her drooping head,
Which, with a sigh, she raised; and thus she said:
'For ever cursed be this detested day,
Which snatched my best, my favorite curl away!
Happy! ah, ten times happy had I been,
If Hampton Court these eyes had never seen!
Yet am not I the first mistaken maid,
By love of courts to numerous ills betrayed.
Oh, had I rather unadmired remained
In some lone isle or distant northern land;
Where the gilt chariot never marks the way,
Where none learn ombre, none e'er taste bohea!
There kept my charms concealed from mortal eye,
Like roses, that in deserts bloom and die.
What moved my mind with youthful lords to roam?
Oh, had I stayed, and said my prayers at home!
'T was this, the morning omens seemed to tell,
Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box fell;
The tottering china shook without a wind.
Nay, Poll sat mute, and Shock was most unkind!
A sylph, too, warned me of the threats of fate,
In mystic visions, now believed too late!

See the poor remnants of these slighted hairs!
My hands shall rend what e'en thy rapine spares;
These in two sable ringlets taught to break,
Once gave new beauties to the snowy neck;
The sister lock now sits uncouth, alone,
And in its fellow's fate foresees its own;
Uncurled it hangs, the fatal shears demands,
And tempts once more, thy sacrilegious hands.
Oh, hadst thou, cruel! been content to seize
Hairs less in sight, or any hairs but these!'

CANTO V

She said: the pitying audience melt in tears.
But Fate and Jove had stopped the baron's ears.
In vain Thalestris with reproach assails,
For who can move when fair Belinda fails?
Not half so fixed the Trojan could remain,
While Anna begged and Dido raged in vain.
Then grave Clarissa graceful waved her fan;
Silence ensued, and thus the nymph began:
'Say, why are beauties praised and honored most,
The wise man's passion, and the vain man's toast?
Why decked with all that land and sea afford,
Why angels called, and angel-like adored?
Why round our coaches crowd the white-gloved beaux,
Why bows the side-box from its inmost rows?
How vain are all these glories, all our pains,
Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains:
That men may say, when we the front-box grace:
'Behold the first in virtue as in face!'
Oh! if to dance all night, and dress all day,
Charmed the smallpox, or chased old age away;
Who would not scorn what housewife's cares produce,
Or who would learn one earthly thing of use?
To patch, nay ogle, might become a saint,
Nor could it sure be such a sin to paint.
But since, alas! frail beauty must decay,
Curled or uncurled, since locks will turn to gray;
Since painted, or not painted, all shall fade,
And she who scorns a man must die a maid;
What then remains but well our power to use,
And keep good humor still whate'er we lose?
And trust me, dear! good humor can prevail,
When airs, and flights, and screams, and scolding fail.
Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll;
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.'
So spoke the dame, but no applause ensued;
Belinda frowned, Thalestris called her prude.
'To arms, to arms!' the fierce virago cries,
And swift as lightning to the combat flies.
All side in parties, and begin th' attack;
Fans clap, silks rustle, and tough whalebones crack;
Heroes' and heroines' shouts confusedly rise,
And bass and treble voices strike the skies.
No common weapons in their hands are found,
Like gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.
So when bold Homer makes the gods engage,
And heavenly breasts with human passions rage;
'Gainst Pallas, Mars; Latona, Hermes arms;
And all Olympus rings with loud alarms:
Jove's thunder roars, Heaven trembles all around,
Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps resound:
Earth shakes her nodding towers, the ground gives way,
And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day!
Triumphant Umbriel on a sconce's height
Clapped his glad wings, and sat to view the fight:
Propped on their bodkin spears, the sprites survey
The growing combat, or assist the fray.
While through the press enraged Thalestris flies,
And scatters death around from both her eyes,
A beau and witling perished in the throng,
One died in metaphor, and one in song.
'O cruel nymph! a living death I bear,'
Cried Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair.

A mournful glance Sir Fopling upwards cast,
'Those eyes are made so killing'—was his last.
Thus on Meander's flowery margin lies
The expiring swan, and as he sings he dies.
When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clarissa down,
Chloe stepped in and killed him with a frown;
She smiled to see the doughty hero slain,
But, at her smile, the beau revived again.
Now Jove suspends his golden scales in air,
Weighs the men's wits against the lady's hair;
The doubtful beam long nods from side to side;
At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside.
See, fierce Belinda on the Baron flies,
With more than usual lightning in her eyes:
Nor feared the chief the unequal fight to try,
Who sought no more than on his foe to die.
But this bold lord with manly strength endued,
She with one finger and a thumb subdued:
Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,
A charge of snuff the wily virgin threw;
The gnomes direct, to every atom just,
The pungent grains of titillating dust.
Sudden, with starting tears each eye o'erflows,
And the high dome re-echoes to his nose.
'Now meet thy fate,' incensed Belinda cried,
And drew a deadly bodkin from her side.
(The same, his ancient personage to deck,
Her great great grandsire wore about his neck,
In three seal-rings; which after, melted down,
Formed a vast buckle for his widow's gown:
Her infant grandame's whistle next it grew,
The bells she jingled, and the whistle blew;
Then in a bodkin graced her mother's hairs,
Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears.)
'Boast not my fall,' he cried, 'insulting foe!
Thou by some other shalt be laid as low,
Nor think to die dejects my lofty mind:
All that I dread is leaving you behind!
Rather than so, ah, let me still survive,
And burn in Cupid's flames—but burn alive.'
'Restore the lock!' she cries; and all around
'Restore the lock!' the vaulted roofs rebound.
Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain
Roared for the handkerchief that caused his pain.
But see how oft ambitious aims are crossed,
And chiefs contend till all the prize is lost!
The lock, obtained with guilt, and kept with pain,
In every place is sought, but sought in vain:
With such a prize no mortal must be blessed,
So Heaven decrees! with Heaven who can contest?
Some thought it mounted to the lunar sphere,
Since all things lost on earth are treasured there.
There heroes' wits are kept in ponderous vases,
And beaux' in snuff-boxes and tweezer cases.
There broken vows and death-bed alms are found,
And lovers' hearts with ends of riband bound,
The courtier's promises, and sick man's prayers,
The smiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs,
Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,
Dried butterflies, and tomes of casuistry.
But trust the Muse—she saw it upward rise,
Though marked by none but quick, poetic eyes:
(So Rome's great founder to the heavens withdrew,
To Proculus alone confessed in view)
A sudden star, it shot through liquid air,
And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.
Not Berenice's locks first rose so bright,
The heavens bespangling with dishevelled light.
The sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,
And pleased pursue its progress through the skies.
This the beau monde shall from the Mall survey,
And hail with music its propitious ray.
This the blest lover shall for Venus take,
And send up vows from Rosamonda's lake.
This Partridge soon shall view in cloudless skies,
When next he looks through Galileo's eyes;

And hence the egregious wizard shall foredoom
The fate of Louis and the fall of Rome.
Then cease, bright nymph! to mourn thy ravished hair,
Which adds new glory to the shining sphere!
Not all the tresses that fair head can boast,
Shall draw such envy as the lock you lost.
For, after all the murders of your eye,
When, after millions slain, yourself shall die:
When those fair suns shall set, as set they must,
And all those tresses shall be laid in dust,
This lock, the Muse shall consecrate to fame,
And 'midst the stars inscribe Belinda's name.

(1712, 1714)

From EPISTLE TO DR. ARBUTHNOT

Why did I write? what sin to me unknown
Dipped me in ink, my parents', or my own?
As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came.
I left no calling for this idle trade,
No duty broke, no father disobeyed.
The Muse but served to ease some friend, not wife,
To help me through this long disease, my life,
To second, Arbuthnot! thy art and care,
And teach the being you preserved, to bear. . . .
Soft were my numbers; who could take offense
While pure description held the place of sense?
Like gentle Fanny's was my flowery theme,
A painted mistress, or a purling stream.
Yet then did Gildon draw his venal quill;—
I wished the man a dinner, and sat still.
Yet then did Dennis rave in furious fret;
I never answered — I was not in debt.
If want provoked, or madness made them print,
I waged no war with Bedlam or the Mint.
Did some more sober critic come abroad,
If wrong, I smiled; if right, I kissed the rod.

* * *

Were others angry: I excused them too;
Well might they rage, I gave them but their due.
A man's true merit 't is not hard to find;
But each man's secret standard in his mind,
That casting-weight pride adds to emptiness,
This, who can gratify? for who can guess?
The bard whom pilfered Pastorals renown,
Who turns a Persian tale for half a crown,
Just writes to make his barrenness appear,
And strains from hard-bound brains, eight lines a year;
He, who still wanting, though he lives on theft,
Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left:
And he, who now to sense, now nonsense leaning,
Means not, but blunders round about a meaning:
And he, whose fustian 's so sublimely bad,
It is not poetry, but prose run mad:
All these, my modest satire bade translate,
And owned that nine such poets made a Tate.
How did they fume, and stamp, and roar, and chafe!
And swear, not Addison himself was safe.
Peace to all such! but were there one whose fires
True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires;
Blessed with each talent and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease:
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caused himself to rise;
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
Alike reserved to blame, or to commend,
A timorous foe, and a suspicious friend;
Dreading e'en fools, by flatterers besieged,
And so obliging, that he ne'er obliged;
Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause;
While wits and Templars every sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise —
Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he!

* * *

(1735)

JAMES THOMSON (1700–1748)

Thomson was a Scotchman who, at the height of Pope's reign, went to seek his fortune in literary London. He arrived in need of a pair of shoes and lost the packet of recommendations which he had tied up in his handkerchief; but he was kindly received by his brother poets, and enjoyed sufficient patronage from the rich to preserve him from actual want. The four parts of *The Seasons* which appeared in rapid succession (1726–30) made his reputation, and a series of stiff tragedies in blank verse had a lukewarm success on the stage. Politically, he adhered to the opposition and was one of a group, including the poet Collins, which gathered around Lord Lyttleton at Hagley, under the 'precarious patronage' of Frederick, Prince of Wales. Thomson was an indolent man 'more fat than bard beseems,' luxurious and procrastinating, and the last fifteen years of his life originated little that was important. *The Castle of Indolence*, which commemorates the Hagley company, was begun in 1733, though not completed until two years before his death. Dull in unfamiliar society, Thomson was loyally and deeply beloved by those who intimately knew him. His warm and truthful delineations of nature and his resource in the older harmonies of English verse helped to inaugurate a new era in poetry. Notwithstanding these tendencies, Pope regarded him with respect and favor. In the next generation, Dr. Johnson abated his prejudice against blank verse in favor of *The Seasons*, and forgot his hostility to Spenserism in commenting on *The Castle of Indolence*. 'He thinks always as a man of genius; he looks round on Nature and on Life with the eye which Nature bestows only on a poet,' was Johnson's summary of his abilities.

From SUMMER

Low walks the sun, and broadens by degrees,
Just o'er the verge of day. The shifting clouds
Assembled gay, a richly gorgeous train,
In all their pomp attend his setting throne.
Air, earth, and ocean smile immense. And now,
As if his weary chariot sought the bowers
Of Amphitrite, and her tending nymphs—
So Grecian fable sung—he dips his orb;
Now half immersed; and now a golden curve
Gives one bright glance, then total disappears. * * *
Confessed from yonder slow-extinguished clouds,
All ether softening, sober evening takes
Her wonted station in the middle air;
A thousand shadows at her beck. First this
She sends on earth; then that of deeper dye
Steals soft behind; and then a deeper still,
In circle following circle, gathers round,
To close the face of things. A fresher gale
Begins to wave the wood, and stir the stream,
Sweeping with shadowy gust the fields of corn:
While the quail clamors for his running mate.
Wide o'er the thistly lawn, as swells the breeze,
A whitening shower of vegetable down
Amusive floats. The kind impartial care
Of nature nought disdains: thoughtful to feed
Her lowest sons, and clothe the coming year,
From field to field the feathered seeds she wings.
His folded flock secure, the shepherd home
Hies merry-hearted; and by turns relieves
The ruddy milkmaid of her brimming pail;
The beauty whom perhaps his witless heart—
Unknowing what the joy-mixed anguish means—
Sincerely loves, by that best language shewn
Of cordial glances, and obliging deeds.
Onward they pass o'er many a panting height,

And valley sunk, and unfrequented; where
At fall of eve the fairy people throng,
In various game and revelry, to pass
The summer night, as village stories tell.
But far about they wander from the grave
Of him whom his ungentle fortune urged
Against his own sad breast to lift the hand
Of impious violence. The lonely tower
Is also shunned; whose mournful chambers hold —
So night-struck fancy dreams — the yelling ghost.
Among the crooked lanes, on every hedge,
The glowworm lights his gem; and through the dark
A moving radiance twinkles. Evening yields
The world to night; not in her winter robe
Of massy Stygian woof, but loose arrayed
In mantle dun. A faint erroneous ray,
Glanced from the imperfect surfaces of things,
Flings half an image on the straining eye;
While wavering woods, and villages, and streams,
And rocks, and mountain-tops, that long retained
The ascending gleam, are all one swimming scene,
Uncertain if beheld. Sudden to heaven
Thence weary vision turns; where, leading soft
The silent hours of love, with purest ray
Sweet Venus shines; and from her genial rise,
When daylight sickens till it springs afresh,
Unrivaled reigns, the fairest lamp of night.

* * *

(1727)

From AUTUMN

But see the fading many-colored woods,
Shade deepening over shade, the country round
Imbrown; a crowded umbrage dusk and dun,
Of every hue, from wan declining green
To sooty dark. These now the lonesome muse,
Low whispering, lead into their leaf-strewn walks,
And give the season in its latest view.
Meantime, light shadowing all, a sober calm
Fleeces unbounded ether: whose least wave
Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn
The gentle current: while illumined wide,
The dewy-skirted clouds imbibe the sun,
And through their lucid veil his softened force
Shed o'er the peaceful world. Then is the time,
For those whom virtue and whom nature charm,
To steal themselves from the degenerate crowd,
And soar above this little scene of things:
To tread low-thoughted vice beneath their feet;
To soothe the throbbing passions into peace;
And woo lone Quiet in her silent walks.
Thus solitary, and in pensive guise,
Oft let me wander o'er the russet mead,
And through the saddened grove, where scarce is heard
One dying strain, to cheer the woodman's toil.
Haply some widowed songster pours his plaint,
Far, in faint warblings, through the tawny copse;
While congregated thrushes, linnets, larks,
And each wild throat, whose artless strains so late
Swelled all the music of the swarming shades,
Robbed of their tuneful souls, now shivering sit
On the dead tree, a dull despondent flock:
With not a brightness waving o'er their plumes,
And naught save chattering discord in their note.
O let not, aimed from some inhuman eye,
The gun the music of the coming year
Destroy; and harmless, unsuspecting harm,
Lay the weak tribes a miserable prey
In mingled murder, fluttering on the ground!
The pale descending year, yet pleasing still,
A gentler mood inspires; for now the leaf
Incessant rustles from the mournful grove;
Oft startling such as studious walk below,
And slowly circles through the waving air.
But should a quicker breeze amid the boughs
Sob, o'er the sky the leafy deluge streams;
Till choked, and matted with the dreary shower,
The forest walks, at every rising gale,
Roll wide the withered waste, and whistle bleak.
Fled is the blasted verdure of the fields;
And, shrunk into their beds, the flowery race
Their sunny robes resign. E'en what remained

Of stronger fruits falls from the naked tree;
And woods, fields, gardens, orchards all around,
The desolated prospect thrills the soul. . . .
The western sun withdraws the shortened day,
And humid evening, gliding o'er the sky,
In her chill progress, to the ground condensed
The vapor throws. Where creeping waters ooze,
Where marshes stagnate, and where rivers wind,
Cluster the rolling fogs, and swim along
The dusky-mantled lawn. Meanwhile the moon,
Full orbed, and breaking through the scattered clouds,
Shews her broad visage in the crimsoned east.
Turned to the sun direct her spotted disk,
Where mountains rise, umbrageous dales descend,
And caverns deep as optic tube descries,
A smaller earth, gives us his blaze again,
Void of its flame, and sheds a softer day.
Now through the passing clouds she seems to stoop,
Now up the pure cerulean rides sublime.
Wide the pale deluge floats, and streaming mild
O'er the skied mountain to the shadowy vale,
While rocks and floods reflect the quivering gleam;
The whole air whitens with a boundless tide
Of silver radiance trembling round the world.

* * *

(1730)

From WINTER

Through the hushed air the whitening shower descends,
At first thin-wavering, till at last the flakes
Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day
With a continual flow. The cherished fields
Put on their winter robe of purest white:
'T is brightness all, save where the new snow melts
Along the mazy current. Low the woods
Bow their hoar head; and ere the languid sun
Faint from the west, emits his evening ray;
Earth's universal face, deep hid, and chill,
Is one wide dazzling waste, that buries wide
The works of man. Drooping, the laborer-ox
Stands covered o'er with snow, and then demands
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,
Tamed by the cruel season, crowd around
The winnowing store, and claim the little boon
Which Providence assigns them. One alone,
The redbreast, sacred to the household gods,
Wisely regardful of the embroiling sky,
In joyless fields and thorny thickets, leaves
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man
His annual visit. Half-afraid, he first
Against the window beats; then, brisk, alights
On the warm hearth; then hopping o'er the floor,
Eyes all the smiling family askance,
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is:
Till more familiar grown, the table crumbs
Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds
Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
Though timorous of heart, and hard beset
By death in various forms, dark snares and dogs,
And more unpitying men, the garden seeks,
Urged on by fearless want. The bleating kine
Eye the bleak heaven, and next, the glistening earth,
With looks of dumb despair; then, sad dispersed,
Dig for the withered herb through heaps of snow. * * *
As thus the snows arise, and foul and fierce
All winter drives along the darkened air,
In his own loose revolving fields the swain
Disastered stands; sees other hills ascend,
Of unknown joyless brow, and other scenes,
Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain;
Nor finds the river nor the forest, hid
Beneath the formless wild; but wanders on
From hill to dale, still more and more astray,
Impatient flouncing through the drifted heaps,
Stung with the thoughts of home; the thoughts of home
Rush on his nerves, and call their vigor forth

In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul!
What black despair, what horror, fills his heart!
When for the dusky spot which fancy feigned,
His tufted cottage rising through the snow,
He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
Far from the track and blessed abode of man;
While round him night resistless closes fast,
And every tempest howling o'er his head,
Renders the savage wilderness more wild.
Then throng the busy shapes into his mind,
Of covered pits, unfathomably deep,
A dire descent! beyond the power of frost;
Of faithless bogs; of precipices huge
Smoothed up with snow; and what is land unknown,
What water of the still unfrozen spring,
In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.
These check his fearful steps, and down he sinks
Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
Mixed with the tender anguish nature shoots
Through the wrung bosom of the dying man,
His wife, his children, and his friends, unseen.
In vain for him the officious wife prepares
The fire fair blazing, and the vestment warm:
In vain his little children, peeping out
Into the mingling storm, demand their sire
With tears of artless innocence. Alas!
Nor wife nor children more shall he behold,
Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve
The deadly winter seizes, shuts up sense,
And o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
Lays him along the snows a stiffened corse,
Stretched out, and bleaching in the northern blast.

* * *

(1726)

A HYMN

These, as they change, Almighty Father, these,
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.
Wide-flush the fields; the softening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
And every sense, and every heart is joy.
Then comes thy glory in the summer-months,
With light and heart refulgent. Then thy sun
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year:
And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks;
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales.
Thy bounty shines in autumn unconfined,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In winter awful thou! with clouds and storms
Around thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd
Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing,
Riding sublime, thou bidst the world adore,
And humblest Nature with thy northern blast.

Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine,
Deepfelt, in these appear! a simple train,
Yet so delightful mixed, with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combined:
Shade, unperceived, so softening into shade;
And all so forming an harmonious whole;
That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.
But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,
Man marks not thee, marks not the mighty hand,
That, ever-busy, wheels the silent spheres;
Works in the secret deep; shoots, steaming, thence
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the spring:
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day;
Feeds every creature; hurls the tempest forth;
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With transport touches all the springs of life.

Nature, attend! join every living soul,
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join; and ardent raise
One general song! To him, ye vocal gales

Breathe soft, whose spirit in your freshness breathes.
Oh, talk of him in solitary glooms,
Where o'er the rock the scarcely waving pine
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe,
And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
Who shake the astonished world, lift high to heaven
The impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills;
And let me catch it as I muse along,
Ye headlong torrents, rapid and profound;
Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale; and thou, majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself,
Sound his stupendous praise, whose greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roaring fall.
So roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
In mingled clouds to him, whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.
Ye forests, bend, ye harvests, wave to him;
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams;
Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
Great source of day! blest image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On nature write with every beam his praise.
The thunder rolls: be hushed the prostrate world,
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
Bleat out afresh, ye hills; ye mossy rocks,
Retain the sound; the broad responsive low,
Ye valleys, raise; for the Great Shepherd reigns,
And his unsuffering kingdom yet will come.
Ye woodlands, all awake; a boundless song
Burst from the groves; and when the restless day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
Sweetest of birds! sweet Philomela, charm
The listening shades, and teach the night his praise.
Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles;
At once the head, the heart, the tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn! in swarming cities vast,
Assembled men to the deep organ join
The long resounding voice, oft breaking clear,
At solemn pauses, through the swelling base;
And, as each mingling flame increases each,
In one united ardor rise to heaven.
Or if you rather choose the rural shade,
And find a fame in every sacred grove,
There let the shepherd's lute, the virgin's lay,
The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
Still sing the God of seasons as they roll.
For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the blossom blows, the Summer ray
Russets the plain, inspiring Autumn gleams,
Or Winter rises in the blackening east—
Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat.
Should fate command me to the furthest verge
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on the Atlantic isles, 't is nought to me;
Since God is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste as in the city full;
And where he vital breathes, there must be joy.
When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey; there with new powers,
Will rising wonders sing. I cannot go
Where universal love not smiles around,
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns;
From seeming evil still educing good,
And better thence again, and better still,
In infinite progression. But I lose
Myself in him, in light ineffable!
Come, then, expressive silence, muse his praise. (1730)

THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE, Book I

O mortal man, who livest here by toil,
Do not complain of this thy hard estate;
That like an emmet thou must ever moil,

Is a sad sentence of an ancient date;
And, certes, there is for it reason great;
For, though sometimes it makes thee weep and wail,
And curse thy star, and early drudge and late,
Withouten that would come a heavier bale,
Loose life, unruly passions, and diseases pale.

In lowly dale, fast by a river's side,
With woody hill o'er hill encompassed round,
A most enchanting wizard did abide,
Than whom a fiend more fell is nowhere found.
It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground:
And there a season atween June and May,
Half pranked with spring, with summer half imbrowned,
A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,
No living wight could work, ne carèd ever for play.

Was nought around but images of rest:
Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between;
And flowery beds that slumberous influence kest,
From poppies breathed; and beds of pleasant green,
Where never yet was creeping creature seen.
Meantime unnumbered glittering streamlets played,
And hurlèd everywhere their waters sheen;
That, as they bickered through the sunny glade,
Though restless still themselves, a lulling murmur made.

Joined to the prattle of the purling rills,
Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,
And flocks loud bleating from the distant hills,
And vacant shepherds piping in the dale:
And now and then sweet Philomèl would wail,
Or stock-doves 'plain amid the forest deep,
That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale;
And still a coil the grasshopper did keep;
Yet all these sounds yblent inclinèd all to sleep.

Full in the passage of the vale above,
A sable, silent, solemn forest stood,
Where nought but shadowy forms was seen to move,
As Idlesse fancied in her dreaming mood:
And up the hills, on either side, a wood
Of blackening pines, aye waving to and fro,
Sent forth a sleepy horror through the blood;
And where this valley winded out below,
The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely heard, to flow.

A pleasing land of drowsy-head it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye:
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
For ever flushing round a summer sky:
There eke the soft delights, that witchingly
Instill a wanton sweetness through the breast,
And the calm pleasures, always hovered nigh;
But whate'er smacked of noyance or unrest,
Was far, far off expelled from this delicious nest.

* * *

The doors, that knew no shrill alarming bell,
Ne cursed knocker plied by villain's hand,
Self-opened into halls, where, who can tell
What elegance and grandeur wide expand,
The pride of Turkey and of Persia land?
Soft quilts on quilts, on carpets carpets spread,
And couches stretched around in seemly band;
And endless pillows rise to prop the head;
So that each spacious room was one full-swelling bed.

And everywhere huge covered tables stood,
With wines high flavored and rich viands crowned;
Whatever sprightly juice or tasteful food
On the green bosom of this earth are found,
And all old ocean genders in his round;
Some hand unseen these silently displayed,
Even undemanded by a sign or sound;
You need but wish, and, instantly obeyed,
Fair ranged the dishes rose, and thick the glasses played.

The rooms with costly tapestry were hung,
Where was inwoven many a gentle tale;
Such as of old the rural poets sung,
Or of Arcadian or Sicilian vale:
Reclining lovers, in the lonely dale,
Poured forth at large the sweetly tortured heart;
Or, sighing tender passion, swelled the gale,
And taught charmed echo to resound their smart;
While flocks, woods, streams, around, repose and peace impart.

Those pleased the most, where, by a cunning hand,
Depainted was the patriarchal age;
What time Dan Abraham left the Chaldee land,
And pastured on from verdant stage to stage,
Where fields and fountains fresh could best engage.
Toil was not then. Of nothing took they heed,
But with wild beasts the sylvan war to wage,
And o'er vast plains their herds and flocks to feed;
Blest sons of nature they! true golden age indeed!

Sometimes the pencil, in cool airy halls,
Bade the gay bloom of vernal landscapes rise,
Or autumn's varied shades imbrown the walls;
Now the black tempest strikes the astonished eyes,
Now down the steep the flashing torrent flies;
The trembling sun now plays o'er ocean blue,
And now rude mountains frown amid the skies;
Whate'er Lorraine light-touched with softening hue,
Or savage Rosa dashed, or learned Poussin drew.

A certain music, never known before,
Here lulled the pensive melancholy mind,
Full easily obtained. Behoves no more,
But sidelong, to the gently waving wind,
To lay the well-tuned instrument reclined;
From which with airy flying fingers light,
Beyond each mortal touch the most refined,
The god of winds drew sounds of deep delight;
Whence, with just cause, the harp of Æolus it hight.

Ah me! what hand can touch the string so fine?
Who up the lofty diapason roll
Such sweet, such sad, such solemn airs divine,
Then let them down again into the soul?
Now rising love they fanned; now pleasing dole
They breathed, in tender musings, through the heart;
And now a graver sacred strain they stole,
As when seraphic hands a hymn impart:
Wild warbling nature all, above the reach of art!

Such the gay splendor, the luxurious state
Of Caliphs old, who on the Tigris' shore,
In mighty Bagdad, populous and great,
Held their bright court, where was of ladies store;
And verse, love, music, still the garland wore;
When sleep was coy, the bard in waiting there
Cheered the lone midnight with the muse's lore;
Composing music bade his dreams be fair,
And music lent new gladness to the morning air.

Near the pavilions where we slept, still ran
Soft tinkling streams, and dashing waters fell,
And sobbing breezes sighed, and oft began —
So worked the wizard — wintry storms to swell,
As heaven and earth they would together mell;
At doors and windows threatening seemed to call
The demons of the tempest, growling fell,
Yet the least entrance found they none at all;
Whence sweeter grew our sleep, secure in massy hall.

* * *

(1748)

MINOR POETS — YOUNG TO CHATTERTON

Before the 'Augustan age' of wit and common-sense had completed its course a departure from its precepts and fashions had begun. The complex of tendencies which gradually transformed literature in the course of the eighteenth century is usually referred to as 'the romantic movement.' Some, however, prefer to conserve this term for a more restricted application to the revival of medievalism which was a part of the broader movement; while still others prefer to think of these changes as the result of two related tendencies, 'the return to nature' and 'the revival of the past.' The English genius could not long content itself with the equably ironic view of human fate which found expression in the essays of Addison, or with the jaunty commendations of God and the universe which capped Pope's essentially shallow and worldly philosophy. Even Pope's *Essay on Man*, it is worth while to notice, had been preceded by Thomson's *Hymn on the Seasons*. Three-quarters of a century were to elapse before any first-rate mind should survey life with that comprehensive sympathy and penetrate it with that fresh, imaginative insight which marks the truly great and original poet. In the meantime the useful work of our 'age of prose and reason,' 'our excellent and indispensable eighteenth century,' was being done. Meantime, also, chiefly among men of second-rate and third-rate quality, we may detect evidences, stray and imperfect, of that 'longing to inquire into the mystery of this heart which beats so wild, so deep in us'— which always underlies literature of the finest power. Now, great literary changes are usually 'accompanied or heralded,' as Stevenson has phrased it, 'by a cast back to earlier and fresher models.' Thus, most of these minor writers were in some degree imitative. Discontented, first of all, with the subject-matter of poetry, its restriction to what they deemed superficial and trivial in town life, they sought the fields and 'the mountain's rugged brow.' And, just as they became interested in the solitudes and the untamed aspects of Nature, so they became interested in wild and primitive, or in simple and rustic society, where the elementary impulses of men have freer play. Discontented, too, with the artificial diction and rhetoric and the restricted couplet verse of the Pope school, they 'cast back' to the blank verse of Shakspere and Milton, to Milton's octo-syllabics, to the fluid stanza of Spenser, and to the free modulations of the old ballad stave. Emulating their models in subject, diction, rhythm,— they caught at times something of their spirit. There is hardly one of these men of slighter power, thinly descriptive or heavily didactic as they frequently are, who does not at some point flash for a moment with the loveliness, or mystery, or melancholy, or boldness, or 'fine frenzy,' of the earlier masters, or the wilding songs of the folk.

Edward Young, five years Pope's senior, an Oxford scholar of saturnine temper, a disappointed seeker after 'the bubble reputation,' first in the theater and then in the church, produced at three-score the poem for which he is remembered. *The Complaint, or Night Thoughts on Life, Death, and Immortality*, a didactic poem in ten thousand lines of blank verse, is still impressive for its nervous aphoristic force and somber magnificence of imagery and music.

John Gay, the intimate friend of Swift and Pope, was a compliant creature of his age. His prime gift was for travesty and his greatest success in this kind, *The Beggar's Opera*, created a type. *The Shepherd's Week* was intended to burlesque the Pastorals then in vogue. 'But the effect of reality and truth became conspicuous,' says Johnson, 'even when the intention was to show them groveling and degraded.'

Robert Blair was a Scotch minister. *The Grave*, in some eight hundred lines of blank verse, is an early example of the so-called 'grave-yard' school of poetry. It is somewhat singular among the poems of its time and class, in that its diction and versification suggest the influence of Elizabethan dramatic poets rather than that of Milton.

John Dyer, a Welsh landscape painter, was also a landscape poet. His *Grongar Hill* was published the year of Thomson's *Winter*. Its likeness to Milton's *L'Allegro* is sufficiently obvious. *The Ruins of Rome* (1740) and *The Fleece* (1757) are didactico-descriptive poems in blank verse, suggestive of Milton and Thomson.

William Shenstone was a somewhat spiritless bachelor and recluse who amused himself with landscape-gardening on a small scale at the Leasowes, a modest estate adjoining Lord

Littleton's acres at Hagley. His poetry is tamely elegiac and pastoral. *The Schoolmistress*, his best known poem, is a Spenserian semi-burlesque.

Mark Akenside, a physician whom a youthful addiction to poetry did not prevent from rising high in his profession, published his *Pleasures of Imagination* in his twenty-third year. His *Odes* and *Hymn to the Naiades* appeared successively the two years following. Though too abstract and coldly elegant, his poems are impregnated with the manner of Milton and tinged with romantic aspiration.

Somewhat like that of Akenside, but incomparably more exquisite, is the poetry of William Collins,— slight and fragile in everything except its hold on immortality. Collins' delicately cultivated mind was early obscured and he died in his thirty-eighth year, having written nothing for a decade. Lowell has said of his *Ode on the Popular Superstitions of the Scottish Highlands*, that it contained 'the whole Romantic School in its germ'; but his grace of spirit and the importunate loveliness of his diction are seen in purest perfection in his shorter pieces.

Thomas Warton, in his youth a friend of Thomson and Collins and, in later years, an admirer of Gray and a valued member of Johnson's club, spent most of his life at Oxford. He was an accomplished antiquarian, author of the first *History of English Poetry*, and a 'pioneer of the medieval revival.' His verse shows the confluence of many romantic elements but is too little original to be of much intrinsic value.

Thomas Chatterton spent most of his few years at Bristol, where his ancestors had been, for a century and a half, sextons of St. Mary Redcliffe. In the 'muniment room' of this church he pretended to have discovered the manuscripts of the poems which he gave to the world as those of a fifteenth century priest, Thomas Rowley. His forgeries were clever enough to impose upon Horace Walpole, though Gray readily detected the deception. In London, whither he had gone with the hope of living by his pen, the morbidly precocious boy took his own life at the age of seventeen years and nine months. His strange hectic genius and the romantic tragedy of his death exercised a spell upon the poets of the next two generations.

EDWARD YOUNG (1681–1765)

From NIGHT THOUGHTS

Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy Sleep!
He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where Fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes:
Swift on his downy pinion flies from wo,
And lights on lids unsullied with a tear.
From short (as usual) and disturbed repose
I wake: how happy they who wake no more!
Yet that were vain, if dreams infest the grave.
I wake, emerging from a sea of dreams
Tumultuous; where my wrecked desponding thought
From wave to wave of fancied misery
At random drove, her helm of reason lost.
Though now restored, 'tis only change of pain —
A bitter change! — severer for severe:
The day too short for my distress; and night,
E'en in the zenith of her dark domain,
Is sunshine to the color of my fate.
Night, sable goddess; from her ebon throne,
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden scepter o'er a slumbering world.
Silence how dead! and darkness how profound!
Nor eye nor listening ear an object finds;
Creation sleeps. 'T is as the general pulse
Of life stood still, and Nature made a pause;
An awful pause! prophetic of her end.
And let her prophecy be soon fulfilled:
Fate! drop the curtain; I can lose no more.
Silence and Darkness! solemn sisters! twins
From ancient Night, who nurse the tender thought
To reason, and on reason build resolve —
That column of true majesty in man —
Assist me: I will thank you in the grave;
The grave your kingdom: there this frame shall fall
A victim sacred to your dreary shrine.
But what are ye?
Thou, who didst put to flight
Primeval Silence, when the morning stars,
Exulting, shouted o'er the rising ball;
O Thou! whose word from solid darkness struck
That spark, the sun, strike wisdom from my soul;
My soul, which flies to thee, her trust, her treasure,

As misers to their gold, while others rest.
Through this opaque of nature and of soul,
This double night, transmit one pitying ray,
To lighten and to cheer. Oh, lead my mind —
A mind that fain would wander from its wo —
Lead it through various scenes of life and death,
And from each scene the noblest truths inspire.
Nor less inspire my conduct than my song;
Teach my best reason, reason; my best will
Teach rectitude; and fix my firm resolve
Wisdom to wed, and pay her long arrear:
Nor let the phial of thy vengeance, poured
On this devoted head, be poured in vain.

* * *

This is the desert, *this* the solitude:
How populous, how vital is the grave!
This is creation's melancholy vault,
The vale funereal, the sad cypress gloom;
The land of apparitions, empty shades!
All, all on earth, is shadow, all beyond
Is substance; the reverse is folly's creed;
How solid all, where change shall be no more!
This is the bud of being, the dim dawn,
The twilight of our day, the vestibule;
Life's theater as yet is shut, and death,
Strong death alone can heave the massy bar,
This gross impediment of clay remove,
And make us embryos of existence free
From real life; but little more remote
Is he, not yet a candidate for light,
The future embryo, slumbering in his sire.
Embryos we must be till we burst the shell,
Yon ambient azure shell, and spring to life,
The life of gods, O transport! and of man.
Yet man, fool man! here buries all his thoughts;
Inters celestial hopes without one sigh.
Prisoner of earth, and pent beneath the moon,
Here pinions all his wishes; winged by heaven
To fly at infinite: and reach it there
Where seraphs gather immortality,
On life's fair tree, fast by the throne of God.
What golden joys ambrosial clustering glow
In his full beam, and ripen for the just,
Where momentary ages are no more!
Where time, and pain, and chance, and death expire!
And is it in the flight of threescore years
To push eternity from human thought,
And smother souls immortal in the dust?
A soul immortal, spending all her fires,
Wasting her strength in strenuous idleness,
Thrown into tumult, raptured or alarmed,
At aught this scene can threaten or indulge,
Resembles ocean into tempest wrought,
To waft a feather, or to drown a fly.

(1742)

* * *

JOHN GAY (1685–1732)

From THE SHEPHERD'S WEEK

When fast asleep they Bowzybeus spy'd,
His hat and oaken staff lay close beside.
That Bowzybeus who could sweetly sing,
Or with the rozin'd bow torment the string:
That Bowzybeus who with finger's speed
Could call soft warblings from the breathing reed;
That Bowzybeus who with jocound tongue,
Ballads and roundelays and catches sung.
They loudly laugh to see the damsel's fright,
And in disport surround the drunken wight.
Ah, Bowzybee, why didst thou stay so long?
The mugs were large, the drink was wond'rous strong!
Thou shouldst have left the fair before 't was night,
But thou sat'st toping 'till the morning light.
Cic'ly, brisk maid, steps forth before the rout,
And kiss'd with smacking lip the snoring lout.
For custom says, 'Whoe'er this venture proves,
For such a kiss demands a pair of gloves.'
By her example Dorcas bolder grows,
And plays a tickling straw within his nose.
He rubs his nostril, and in wonted joke
The sneezing swains with stamm'ring speech bespoke.
To you, my lads, I 'll sing my carols o'er,
As for the maids — I've something else in store.
No sooner 'gan he raise his tuneful song,
But lads and lasses round about him throng.
Not ballad-singer plac'd above the crowd
Sings with a note so thrilling sweet and loud,
Nor parish-clerk who calls the psalm so clear,

Like Bowzybeus sooths th' attentive ear.
Of nature's laws his carols first begun,
Why the grave owl can never face the sun.
For owls, as swains observe, detest the light,
And only sing and seek their prey by night.
How turnips hide their swelling heads below,
And how the closing colworts upwards grow;
How Will-a-Wisp misleads night-faring clowns,
O'er hills, and sinking bogs, and pathless downs.
Of stars he told that shoot with shining trail,
And of the glow-worm's light that gilds his tail.
He sung where wood-cocks in the summer feed,
And in what climates they renew their breed;
Some think to northern coasts their flight they tend,
Or to the moon in midnight hours ascend.
Where swallows in the winter season keep,
And how the drowsy bat and dormouse sleep,
How nature does the puppy's eyelid close,
Till the bright sun has nine times set and rose.
For huntsmen by their long experience find,
That puppies still nine rolling suns are blind.
Now he goes on and sings of fairs and shows,
For still new fairs before his eyes arose.
How pedlars' stalls with glitt'ring toys are laid,
The various fairings of the country maid.
Long silken laces hang upon the twine,
And rows of pins and amber bracelets shine;
How the tight lass, knives, combs, and scissors spies,
And locks on thimbles with desiring eyes.
Of lott'ries next with tuneful note he told,
Where silver spoons are won, and rings of gold.
The lads and lasses trudge the street along,
And all the fair is crowded in his song.
The mountebank now treads the stage, and sells
His pills, his balsams, and his ague-spells;
Now o'er and o'er the nimble tumbler springs,
And on the rope the vent'rous maiden swings;
Jack-pudding in his parti-colored jacket
Toffs the glove, and jokes at ev'ry packet.
Of raree-shows he sung and Punch's fates,
Of pockets pick'd in crowds, and various cheats.
Then sad he sung 'the children in the wood.'
Ah, barb'rous uncle, stain'd with infant blood!
How blackberries they pluck'd in deserts wild,
And fearless at the glittering fauchion smil'd;
Their little corpses the robin-red-breasts found,
And strewed with pious bill the leaves around.
Ah, gentle birds! if this verse lasts so long,
Your names shall live for ever in my song.
For buxom Joan he sung the doubtful strife,
How the fly sailor made the maid a wife.
To louder strains he rais'd his voice, to tell
What woeful wars in Chevy-Chace befell,
When 'Percy drove the deer with hound and horn,
Wars to be wept by children yet unborn!'
Ah, Withrington, more years thy life had crown'd,
If thou hadst never heard the horn or hound!
Yet shall the squire, who fought on bloody stumps,
By future bards be wail'd in doleful dumps.

* * *

Then he was seized with a religious qualm,
And on a sudden, sung the hundredth psalm.
He sung of Taffy Welch, and Sawney Scot,
Lilly-bullero and the Irish Trot.
Why should I tell of Bateman or of Shore,
Or Wantley's dragon slain by valiant Moore,
The bower of Rosamond, or Robin Hood,
And how the grass now grows where Troy town stood?
His carols ceas'd: the listening maids and swains
Seem still to hear some soft imperfect strains.
Sudden he rose; and as he reels along,
Swears kisses sweet should well reward his song.
The damsels laughing fly: the giddy clown

Again upon a wheat-sheaf, drops adown;
The power that guards the drunk, his sleep attends,
'Till ruddy, like his face, the sun descends.
(1714)

ROBERT BLAIR (1699–1746)

From THE GRAVE

Oft in the lone church-yard at night I 've seen,
By glimpse of moon-shine, cheq'ring through the trees,
The school-boy, with his satchel in his hand,
Whistling aloud to bear his courage up,
And lightly tripping o'er the long flat stones
(With nettles skirted, and with moss o'ergrown)
That tell in homely phrase who lie below;
Sudden he starts! and hears, or thinks he hears,
The sound of something purring at his heels:
Full fast he flies, and dares not look behind him,
Till out of breath he overtakes his fellows;
Who gather round, and wonder at the tale
Of horrid apparition, tall and ghastly,
That walks at dead of night, or takes his stand
O'er some new-opened grave: and, strange to tell!
Evanishes at crowing of the cock.

* * *

What is this world?
What but a spacious burial-field unwall'd,
Strew'd with death's spoils, the spoils of animals,
Savage and tame, and full of dead men's bones?
The very turf on which we tread once liv'd;
And we that live must lend our carcasses
To cover our own offspring: in their turns
They too must cover theirs. 'T is here all meet!
The shivering Icelander, and sun-burnt Moor;
Men of all climes, that never met before;
And of all creeds, the Jew, the Turk, the Christian.
Here the proud prince, and favorite yet prouder,
His sovereign's keeper, and the people's scourge,
Are huddled out of sight. Here lie abash'd
The great negotiators of the earth,
And celebrated masters of the balance,
Deep read in stratagems, and wiles of courts:
Now vain their treaty-skill! Death scorns to treat.
Here the o'erloaded slave flings down his burden
From his gall'd shoulders; and when the cruel tyrant
With all his guards and tools of power about him,
Is meditating new unheard-of hardships,
Mocks his short arm, and quick as thought escapes
Where tyrants vex not, and the weary rest.
Here the warm lover, leaving the cool shade,
The tell-tale echo, and the bubbling stream,
Time out of mind the fav'rite seats of love
Fast by his gentle mistress lays him down
Unblasted by foul tongue. Here friends and foes
Lie close, unmindful of their former feuds.

* * *

Sure the last end
Of the good man is peace. How calm his exit!
Night-dews fall not more gently to the ground,
Nor weary worn-out winds expire so soft.
Behold him! in the evening tide of life,
A life well spent, whose early care it was
His riper years should not upbraid his green
By unperceiv'd degrees he wears away;
Yet like the sun seems larger at his setting!
High in his faith and hopes, look! how he reaches
After the prize in view! and, like a bird
That 's hamper'd, struggles hard to get away!
Whilst the glad gates of sight are wide expanded
To let new glories in, the first fair fruits
Of the fast-coming harvest! Then! O then!
Each earth-born joy grows vile, or disappears,
Shrunk to a thing of nought. O how he longs
To have his passport sign'd, and be dismiss'd!
'T is done, and now he 's happy! The glad soul

Has not a wish uncrown'd. Even the lag flesh
Rests too in hope of meeting once again
Its better half, never to sunder more.
Nor shall it hope in vain: the time draws on
When not a single spot of burial-earth,
Whether on land, or in the spacious sea,
But must give back its long-committed dust
Inviolate: and faithfully shall these
Make up the full account; not the least atom
Embezzled, or mislaid, of the whole tale.
Each soul shall have a body ready-furnished;
And each shall have his own. Hence, ye profane:
Ask not how this can be. Sure the same power
That reared the piece at first, and took it down,
Can reassemble the loose scatter'd parts,
And put them as they were: Almighty God
Has done much more: Nor is his arm impair'd
Through length of days; and what he can he will:
His faithfulness stands bound to see it done.
When the dread trumpet sounds, the slumbering dust,
Not unattentive to the call, shall wake;
And every joint possess its proper place,
With a new elegance of form, unknown
To its first state. Nor shall the conscious soul
Mistake its partner; but amidst the crowd,
Singling its other half, into its arms
Shall rush, with all the impatience of a man
That 's new come home, who having long been absent,
With haste runs over every different room,
In pain to see the whole. Thrice happy meeting!
Nor time, nor death, shall ever part them more.
'T is but a night, a long and moonless night;
We make the grave our bed, and then are gone.
Thus, at the shut of even, the weary bird
Leaves the wide air, and in some lonely brake
Cowers down, and dozes till the dawn of day;
Then claps his well-fledg'd wings and bears away. (1743)

JOHN DYER (1700–1758)

GRONGAR HILL

Silent nymph, with curious eye,
Who, the purple evening, lie
On the mountain's lonely van,
Beyond the noise of busy man;
Painting fair the form of things,
While the yellow linnet sings;
Or the tuneful nightingale
Charms the forest with her tale;
Come, with all thy various hues,
Come, and aid thy sister muse;
Now, while Phœbus, riding high,
Gives luster to the land and sky!
Grongar Hill invites my song,
Draw the landscape bright and strong;
Grongar, in whose mossy cells,
Sweetly musing, Quiet dwells;
Grongar, in whose silent shade,
For the modest Muses made;
So oft I have, the evening still,
At the fountain of a rill,
Sat upon a flowery bed,
With my hand beneath my head;
While strayed my eyes o'er Towy's flood,
Over mead, and over wood,
From house to house, from hill to hill,
Till contemplation had her fill.
About his checkered sides I wind,
And leave his brooks and meads behind,
And groves and grottoes where I lay,
And vistas shooting beams of day:
Wide and wider spreads the vale,
As circles on a smooth canal:
The mountains round, unhappy fate,
Sooner or later, of all height,
Withdraw their summits from the skies,
And lessen as the others rise:
Still the prospect wider spreads,
Adds a thousand woods and meads;
Still it widens, widens still,
And sinks the newly risen hill.
Now I gain the mountain's brow,
What a landscape lies below!
No clouds, no vapors intervene,
But the gay, the open scene,
Does the face of nature shew,
In all the hues of heaven's bow;
And, swelling to embrace the light,
Spreads around beneath the sight.
Old castles on the cliffs arise,
Proudly towering in the skies!
Rushing from the woods, the spires
Seem from hence ascending fires!
Half his beams Apollo sheds
On the yellow mountain heads!

Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,
And glitters on the broken rocks!
  Below me trees unnumbered rise,
Beautiful in various dyes:
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beech, the sable yew,
The slender fir, that taper grows,
The sturdy oak, with broad-spread boughs.
And beyond the purple grove,
Haunt of Phyllis, queen of love!
Gaudy as the opening dawn,
Lies a long and level lawn,
On which a dark hill, steep and high,
Holds and charms the wandering eye!
Deep are his feet in Towy's flood,
His sides are clothed with waving wood,
And ancient towers crown his brow,
That cast an awful look below;
Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,
And with her arms from falling keeps:
So both a safety from the wind
On mutual dependence find.
'T is now the raven's bleak abode;
'T is now the apartment of the toad;
And there the fox securely feeds,
And there the poisonous adder breeds,
Concealed in ruins, moss, and weeds;
While, ever and anon, there falls
Huge heaps of hoary mouldered walls.
Yet time has seen, that lifts the low,
And level lays the lofty brow,
Has seen this broken pile complete,
Big with the vanity of state;
But transient is the smile of fate!
A little rule, a little sway,
A sunbeam in a winter's day,
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave.
  And see the rivers, how they run
Through woods and meads, in shade and sun,
Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,
Wave succeeding wave, they go
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life, to endless sleep!
Thus is nature's vesture wrought,
To instruct our wandering thought;
Thus she dresses green and gay,
To disperse our cares away.
  Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landscape tire the view!
The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
The woody valleys, warm and low;
The windy summit, wild and high,
Roughly rushing on the sky!
The pleasant seat, the ruined tower,
The naked rock, the shady bower;
The town and village, dome and farm,
Each give each a double charm,
As pearls upon an Æthiop's arm.
  See, on the mountain's southern side,
Where the prospect opens wide,
Where the evening gilds the tide,
How close and small the hedges lie!
What streaks of meadows cross the eye!
A step, methinks, may pass the stream,
So little distant dangers seem;
So we mistake the future's face,
Eyed through hope's deluding glass;
As yon summits soft and fair,
Clad in colors of the air,
Which to those who journey near,
Barren, brown, and rough appear;
Still we tread the same coarse way,
The present's still a cloudy day.
  O may I with myself agree,
And never covet what I see!
Content me with an humble shade,
My passions tamed, my wishes laid;
For while our wishes wildly roll,
We banish quiet from the soul:
'T is thus the busy beat the air,
And misers gather wealth and care.
  Now, even now, my joys run high,
As on the mountain turf I lie;
While the wanton zephyr sings,
And in the vale perfumes his wings;
While the waters murmur deep,
While the shepherd charms his sheep,
While the birds unbounded fly,
And with music fill the sky,
Now, even now, my joys run high.
  Be full, ye courts; be great who will;
Search for peace with all your skill;
Open wide the lofty door,
Seek her on the marble floor:
In vain you search, she is not there;
In vain you search the domes of care!
Grass and flowers Quiet treads,
On the meads and mountain heads,
Along with Pleasure close allied,
Ever by each other's side:
And often, by the murmuring rill,
Hears the thrush, while all is still,
Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

(1726)

WILLIAM SHENSTONE (1714–1763)

From THE SCHOOLMISTRESS

Near to this dome is found a patch so green,
On which the tribe their gambols do display;

And at the door imprisoning board is seen,
Lest weakly wights of smaller size should stray;
Eager, perdie, to bask in sunny day!
The noises intermixed, which thence resound,
Do learning's little tenement betray;
Where sits the dame, disguised in look profound,
And eyes her fairy throng, and turns her wheel around.

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,
Emblem right meet of decency does yield:
Her apron dyed in grain, as blue, I trow,
As is the harebell that adorns the field;
And in her hand, for scepter, she does wield
Tway birchen sprays; with anxious fear entwined,
With dark distrust, and sad repentance filled;
And steadfast hate, and sharp affliction joined,
And fury uncontrolled, and chastisement unkind.

A russet stole was o'er her shoulders thrown;
A russet kirtle fenced the nipping air;
'T was simple russet, but it was her own;
'T was her own country bred the flock so fair!
'T was her own labor did the fleece prepare;
And, sooth to say, her pupils ranged around,
Through pious awe, did term it passing rare;
For they in gaping wonderment abound,
And think, no doubt, she been the greatest wight on ground.

Albeit ne flattery did corrupt her truth,
Ne pompous title did debauch her ear;
Goody, good woman, gossip, n'aunt, forsooth,
Or dame, the sole additions she did hear;
Yet these she challenged, these she held right dear;
Ne would esteem him act as mought behove,
Who should not honored eld with these revere;
For never title yet so mean could prove,
But there was eke a mind which did that title love.

One ancient hen she took delight to feed,
The plodding pattern of the busy dame;
Which, ever and anon, impelled by need,
Into her school, begirt with chickens, came;
Such favor did her past deportment claim;
And, if neglect had lavished on the ground
Fragment of bread, she would collect the same;
For well she knew, and quaintly could expound,
What sin it were to waste the smallest crumb she found.

Herbs, too, she knew, and well of each could speak,
That in her garden sipped the silvery dew;
Where no vain flower disclosed a gaudy streak,
But herbs for use and physic, not a few,
Of gray renown, within those borders grew:
The tufted basil, pun-provoking thyme,
Fresh balm, and marigold of cheerful hue:
The lowly gill, that never dares to climb;
And more I fain would sing, disdaining here to rhyme.

Here oft the dame, on Sabbath's decent eve,
Hymnèd such psalms as Sternhold forth did mete;
If winter 't were, she to her hearth did cleave,
But in her garden found a summer-seat:
Sweet melody! to hear her then repeat
How Israel's sons, beneath a foreign king,
While taunting foemen did a song entreat,
All, for the nonce, untuning every string,
Uphung their useless lyres — small heart had they to sing.

For she was just, and friend to virtuous lore,
And passed much time in truly virtuous deed;
And in those elfins' ears would oft deplore
The times, when truth by popish rage did bleed,
And tortuous death was true devotion's meed;
And simple faith in iron chains did mourn,

That nould on wooden image place her creed;
And lawny saints in smouldering flames did burn:
Ah! dearest Lord, forefend thilk days should e'er return!

In elbow-chair (like that of Scottish stem,
By the sharp tooth of cankering eld defaced,
In which, when he receives his diadem,
Our sovereign prince and liefest liege is placed)
The matron sat; and some with rank she graced,
(The source of children's and of courtiers' pride!)
Redressed affronts — for vile affronts there passed;
And warned them not the fretful to deride,
But love each other dear, whatever them betide.

Right well she knew each temper to descry,
To thwart the proud, and the submiss to raise;
Some with vile copper-prize exalt on high,
And some entice with pittance small of praise;
And other some with baleful sprig she frays:
Even absent, she the reins of power doth hold,
While with quaint arts the giddy crowd she sways;
Forewarned, if little bird their pranks behold,
'T will whisper in her ear, and all the scene unfold.

Lo! now with state she utters her command;
Eftsoons the urchins to their tasks repair,
Their books of stature small they take in hand,
Which with pellucid horn secured are,
To save from finger wet the letters fair:
The work so gay, that on their back is seen,
St. George's high achievements does declare;
On which thilk wight that has y-gazing been,
Kens the forthcoming rod — unpleasing sight, I ween!

Ah! luckless he, and born beneath the beam
Of evil star! it irks me whilst I write;
As erst the bard by Mulla's silver stream,
Oft, as he told of deadly dolorous plight,
Sighed as he sung, and did in tears indite;
For brandishing the rod, she doth begin
To loose the brogues, the stripling's late delight;
And down they drop; appears his dainty skin,
Fair as the furry coat of whitest ermilin.

O ruthful scene! when, from a nook obscure,
His little sister doth his peril see,
All playful as she sat, she grows demure;
She finds full soon her wonted spirits flee;
She meditates a prayer to set him free;
Nor gentle pardon could this dame deny —
If gentle pardon could with dames agree —
To her sad grief that swells in either eye,
And wrings her so that all for pity she could die.

No longer can she now her shrieks command;
And hardly she forbears, through awful fear,
To rushen forth, and, with presumptuous hand,
To stay harsh justice in its mid career.
On thee she calls, on thee her parent dear;
(Ah! too remote to ward the shameful blow!)
She sees no kind domestic visage near,
And soon a flood of tears begins to flow,
And gives a loose at last to unavailing woe.

But, ah! what pen his piteous plight may trace?
Or what device his loud laments explain —
The form uncouth of his disguised face —
The pallid hue that dyes his looks amain —
The plenteous shower that does his cheek disdain?
When he, in abject wise, implores the dame,
Ne hopeth aught of sweet reprieve to gain;

Or when from high she levels well her aim,
And, through the thatch, his cries each falling stroke proclaim.

But now Dan Phœbus gains the middle sky,
And liberty unbars her prison door;
And like a rushing torrent out they fly;
And now the grassy cirque han covered o'er
With boisterous revel rout and wild uproar;
A thousand ways in wanton rings they run.
Heaven shield their short-lived pastimes I implore;
For well may freedom erst so dearly won
Appear to British elf more gladsome than the sun.

Enjoy, poor imps! enjoy your sportive trade,
And chase gay flies, and cull the fairest flowers;
For when my bones in grass-green sods are laid,
O never may ye taste more careless hours
In knightly castles or in ladies' bowers.
O vain to seek delight in earthly thing!
But most in courts, where proud ambition towers;
Deluded wight! who weens fair peace can spring
Beneath the pompous dome of kesar or of king.

(1742)

* * *

MARK AKENSIDE (1721–1770)

From PLEASURES OF THE IMAGINATION

Who that, from Alpine heights, his laboring eye
Shoots round the wide horizon, to survey
Nilus or Ganges rolling his bright wave
Through mountains, plains, through empires black with shade,
And continents of sand, will turn his gaze
To mark the windings of a scanty rill
That murmurs at his feet? The high-born soul
Disdains to rest her heaven-aspiring wing
Beneath its native quarry. Tired of earth
And this diurnal scene, she springs aloft
Through fields of air; pursues the flying storm;
Rides on the vollied lightning through the heavens;
Or, yoked with whirlwinds and the northern blast,
Sweeps the long tract of day. Then high she soars
The blue profound, and, hovering round the sun,
Beholds him pouring the redundant stream
Of light; beholds his unrelenting sway
Bend the reluctant planets to absolve
The fated rounds of Time. Thence far effused,
She darts her swiftness up the long career
Of devious comets: through its burning signs
Exulting measures the perennial wheel
Of Nature, and looks back on all the stars,
Whose blended light, as with a milky zone,
Invest the orient. Now, amazed she views
The empyreal waste, where happy spirits hold,
Beyond this concave heaven, their calm abode;
And fields of radiance, whose unfading light
Has traveled the profound six thousand years,
Nor yet arrives in sight of mortal things.
Even on the barriers of the world, untired
She meditates the eternal depth below;
Till half-recciling, down the headlong steep
She plunges; soon o'erwhelmed and swallowed up
In that immense of being. There her hopes
Rest at the fated goal. For from the birth
Of mortal man, the sovereign Maker said,
That not in humble nor in brief delight,
Not in the fading echoes of Renown,
Power's purple robes, nor Pleasure's flowery lap,
The soul should find enjoyment: but from these
Turning disdainful to an equal good,
Through all the ascent of things enlarge her view,
Till every bound at length should disappear,
And infinite perfection close the scene.

(1744)

* * *

O ye dales
Of Tyne, and ye most ancient woodlands; where
Oft as the giant flood obliquely strides,
And his banks open and his lawns extend,

Stops short the pleased traveler to view,
Presiding o'er the scene, some rustic tower
Founded by Norman or by Saxon hands:
O ye Northumbrian shades, which overlook
The rocky pavement and the mossy falls
Of solitary Wensbeck's limpid stream!
How gladly I recall your well-known seats
Beloved of old, and that delightful time
When all alone, for many a summer's day,
I wandered through your calm recesses, led
In silence by some powerful hand unseen.
Nor will I e'er forget you; nor shall e'er
The graver tasks of manhood, or the advice
Of vulgar wisdom, move me to disclaim
Those studies which possessed me in the dawn
Of life, and fixed the color of my mind
For every future year: whence even now
From sleep I rescue the clear hours of morn,
And, while the world around lies overwhelmed
In idle darkness, am alive to thoughts
Of honorable fame, of truth divine
Or moral, and of minds to virtue won
By the sweet magic of harmonious verse.
(1772)

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WILLIAM COLLINS (1721–1759)

ODE

WRITTEN IN THE BEGINNING OF THE YEAR 1746

How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mold,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim grey,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

ODE TO EVENING

If ought of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
May hope, chaste Eve, to sooth thy modest ear,
Like thy own solemn springs,
Thy springs and dying gales,

O nymph reserv'd, while now the bright-hair'd sun
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed:

Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-ey'd bat,
With short shrill shriek, flits by on leathern wing,
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum:
Now teach me, maid compos'd,
To breathe some soften'd strain,

Whose numbers, stealing thro' thy dark-'ning vale
May not unseemly with its stillness suit,
As, musing slow, I hail
Thy genial lov'd return!

For when thy folding-star arising shews
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant Hours, the elves
Who slept in flow'rs the day,

And many a nymph who wreaths her brows with sedge,
And sheds the fresh'ning dew, and, lovelier still
The pensive Pleasures sweet,
Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then lead, calm vot'ress, where some sheety lake
Cheers the lone heath, or some time-hallow'd pile
Or upland fallows grey
Reflect its last cool gleam.

But when chill blust'ring winds, or driving rain,
Forbid my willing feet, be mine the hut
That from the mountain's side
Views wilds, and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd spires,
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his show'rs, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve;
While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy ling'ring light;

While sallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves;
Or Winter, yelling thro' the troublous air,
Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes;

So long, sure-found beneath the sylvan shed,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, rose-lipp'd Health,
Thy gentlest influence own,
And hymn thy fav'rite name!

(1746)

ODE TO SIMPLICITY

O Thou, by nature taught
To breathe her genuine thought,
In numbers warmly pure, and sweetly strong;
Who first, on mountains wild,
In fancy, loveliest child,
Thy babe, or pleasure's, nursed the powers of song!

Thou, who, with hermit heart,
Disdain'st the wealth of art,
And gauds, and pageant weeds, and trailing pall;
But com'st a decent maid,
In Attic robe arrayed,
O chaste, unboastful nymph, to thee I call;

By all the honeyed store
On Hybla's thymy shore;
By all her blooms, and mingled murmurs dear;
By her whose lovelorn woe,
In evening musings slow,
Soothed sweetly sad Electra's poet's ear:

By old Cephisus deep,
Who spread his wavy sweep,
In warbled wanderings, round thy green retreat:
On whose enameled side,
When holy freedom died,
No equal haunt allured thy future feet.

O sister meek of truth,
To my admiring youth,
Thy sober aid and native charms infuse!
The flowers that sweetest breathe,
Though beauty culled the wreath,
Still ask thy hand to range their ordered hues.

While Rome could none esteem
But virtue's patriot theme,
You loved her hills, and led their laureat band:
But stayed to sing alone
To one distinguished throne;
And turned the face, and fled her altered land.

No more, in hall or bower,
The passions own thy power;
Love, only love, her forceless numbers mean:
For thou hast left her shrine;
Nor olive more, nor vine,
Shall gain thy feet to bless the servile scene.

Though taste, though genius, bless
To some divine excess,
Faints the cold work till thou inspire the whole;
What each, what all supply,
May court, may charm, our eye;
Thou, only thou, cans't raise the meeting soul!

Of these let others ask,
To aid some mighty task,
I only seek to find thy temperate vale;
Where oft my reed might sound
To maids and shepherds round,
And all thy sons, O nature, learn my tale.

(1746)

THE PASSIONS

AN ODE FOR MUSIC

When Music, heav'nly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Throng'd around her magic cell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possest beyond the Muse's painting;
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd:
Till once, 't is said, when all were fir'd,
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspir'd,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatch'd her instruments of sound;
And as they oft had heard apart

Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each, for madness rul'd the hour,
Would prove his own expressive pow'r.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,
And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
Ev'n at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rush'd; his eyes, on fire,
In lightnings own'd his secret stings;
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woeful measures wan Despair
Low sullen sounds his grief beguil'd;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air;
'T was sad by fits, by starts 't was wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
What was thy delightful measure?
Still it whisper'd promis'd pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!

Still would her touch the strain prolong,
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on Echo still thro' all the song;
And where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at ev'ry close,
And Hope enchanted smil'd, and wav'd her golden hair.

And longer had she sung,—but with a frown
Revenge impatient rose;
He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down
And with a with'ring look
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe.
And ever and anon he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat;
And tho' sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected Pity, at his side,
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien,
While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fix'd,
Sad proof of thy distressful state;
Of diff'ring themes the veering song was mix'd,
And now it courted Love, now raving call'd on Hate.
With eyes uprais'd, as one inspir'd,
Pale Melancholy sate retir'd,
And from her wild sequester'd seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Pour'd thro' the mellow horn her pensive soul:
And, dashing soft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels join'd the sound;
Thro' glades and glooms the mingled measure stole;
Or o'er some haunted stream with fond delay
Round an holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace and lonely musing,
In hollow murmurs died away.

But oh, how alter'd was its sprightlier tone,
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
The hunter's call to faun and dryad known!
The oak-crown'd sisters, and their chaste-ey'd queen,
Satyrs, and sylvan boys, were seen,
Peeping from forth their alleys green;
Brown Exercise rejoic'd to hear,
And Sport leapt up, and seiz'd his beechen spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial.
He, with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand addrest;
But soon he saw the brisk awak'ning viol,
Whose sweet entrancing voice he lov'd the best.
They would have thought, who heard the strain,
They saw in Tempe's vale her native maids
Amidst the vestal sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing,
While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,
Love fram'd with Mirth a gay fantastic round;
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound,
And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odors from his dewy wings

O Music, sphere-descended maid,
Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid,

Why, goddess, why, to us denied,
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside?
As in that lov'd Athenian bow'r
You learn'd an all-commanding pow'r
Thy mimic soul, O nymph endear'd,
Can well recall what then it heard.
Where is thy native simple heart,
Devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art?
Arise as in that elder time,
Warm, energic, chaste, sublime!
Thy wonders, in that godlike age,
Fill thy recording sister's page.—
'T is said, and I believe the tale,
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age,
Ev'n all at once together found,
Cecilia's mingled world of sound.
O, bid our vain endeavors, cease,
Revive the just designs of Greece,
Return in all thy simple state,
Confirm the tales her sons relate!

(1746)

A SONG FROM SHAKSPERE'S CYMBELINE

Sung by Guiderus and Arviragus over Fidele, supposed to be dead

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each op'ning sweet, of earliest bloom,
And rifle all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear,
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove;
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew;
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew.

The redbreast oft at ev'ning hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss, and gather'd flow'rs,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds, and beating rain,
In tempests shake the sylvan cell,
Or midst the chase on ev'ry plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell,

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
For thee the tear be duly shed:
Belov'd, till life could charm no more;
And mourn'd, till Pity's self be dead.

(1744)

THOMAS WARTON (1728–1790)

THE GRAVE OF KING ARTHUR

Stately the feast, and high the cheer:
Girt with many an armèd peer,
And canopied with golden pall,
Amid Cilgarran's castle hall,
Sublime in formidable state,
And warlike splendor, Henry sate;
Prepar'd to stain the briny flood
Of Shannon's lakes with rebel blood.
Illumining the vaulted roof,
A thousand torches flam'd aloof:
From massy cups, with golden gleam
Sparkled the red metheglin's stream:
To grace the gorgeous festival,
Along the lofty-window'd hall,
The storied tapestry was hung;—
With minstrelsy the rafters rung
Of harps, that with reflected light
From the proud gallery glitter'd bright:
While gifted bards, a rival throng
(From distant Mona, nurse of song,
From Teivi, fring'd with umbrage brown,
From Elvy's vale, and Cader's crown,
From many a shaggy precipice
That shades Ierne's hoarse abyss,
And many a sunless solitude
Of Radnor's inmost mountains rude),
To crown the banquet's solemn close,
Themes of British glory chose;
And to the strings of various chime
Attemper'd thus the fabling rhyme.
'O'er Cornwall's cliffs the tempest roar'd,
High the screaming sea-mew soar'd;
On Tintagell's topmost tower
Darksome fell the sleety shower;
Round the rough castle shrilly sung
The whirling blast, and wildly flung
On each tall rampart's thundering side
The surges of the tumbling tide:
When Arthur rang'd his red-cross ranks
On conscious Camlan's crimson'd banks:
By Mordred's faithless guile decreed
Beneath a Saxon spear to bleed!
Yet in vain a paynim foe
Arm'd with fate the mighty blow;
For when he fell an elfin queen,
All in secret, and unseen,
O'er the fainting hero threw
Her mantle of ambrosial blue;
And bade her spirits bear him far,
In Merlin's agate-axled car,
To her green isle's enamell'd steep,
Far in the navel of the deep.
O'er his wounds she sprinkled dew
From flowers that in Arabia grew:

On a rich enchanted bed
She pillow'd his majestic head;
O'er his brow, with whispers bland,
Thrice she wav'd an opiate wand;
And to soft music's airy sound,
Her magic curtains clos'd around.
There, renew'd the vital spring,
Again he reigns a mighty king;
And many a fair and fragrant clime,
Blooming in immortal prime,
By gales of Eden ever fann'd,
Owns the monarch's high command:
Thence to Britain shall return
(If right prophetic rolls I learn),
Borne on Victory's spreading plume,
His ancient scepter to resume;
Once more, in old heroic pride,
His barbèd courser to bestride;
His knightly table to restore,
And brave the tournaments of yore.'

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(1777)

SONNETS

WRITTEN IN A BLANK LEAF OF DUGDALE'S MONASTICON

Deem not devoid of elegance the sage,
By Fancy's genuine feelings unbeguiled
Of painful pedantry, the poring child,
Who turns of these proud tomes the historic page,
Now sunk by Time, and Henry's fiercer rage.
Think'st thou the warbling muses never smiled
On his lone hours? Ingenious views engage
His thoughts on themes unclassic falsely styled,
Intent. While cloistered piety displays
Her moldering roll, the piercing eye explores
New manners, and the pomp of elder days,
Whence culls the pensive bard his pictured stores.
Not rough nor barren are the winding ways
Of hoar antiquity, but strewn with flowers.

(1777)

WRITTEN AT STONEHENGE

Thou noblest monument of Albion's isle!
Whether by Merlin's aid from Scythia's shore,
To Amber's fatal plain Pendragon bore,
Huge frame of giant-hands, the mighty pile,
T' entomb his Britons slain by Hengist's guile:
Or Druid priests, sprinkled with human gore,
Taught 'mid thy massy maze their mystic lore:
Or Danish chiefs, enrich'd with savage spoil,
To Victory's idol vast, an unhewn shrine,
Rear'd the rude heap: or, in thy hallow'd round,
Repose the kings of Brutus' genuine line;
Or here those kings in solemn state were crown'd:
Studious to trace thy wondrous origine,
We muse on many an ancient tale renown'd.

(1777)

THOMAS CHATTERTON
(1752–1770)

BRISTOWE TRAGEDIE
OR THE DETHE OF SYR CHARLES BAWDIN

The featherd songster chaunticleer
Han wounde hys bugle horne,
And tolde the earlie villager
The commynge of the morne:

Kynge Edwarde sawe the ruddie streakes
Of lyghte eclypse the greie;
And herde the raven's crokynge throte
Proclayme the fated daie.

'Thou 'rt ryghte,' quod he, 'for, by the Godde
That syttes enthron'd on hyghe!
Charles Bawdin, and hys fellowes twaine,
To-daie shall surelie die.'

Thenne wythe a jugge of nappy ale
Hys knyghtes dydd onne hymm waite;
'Goe tell the traytour, thatt to-daie
Hee leaves thys mortall state.'

Sir Canterlone thenne bendedd lowe,
With harte brymm-fulle of woe;
Hee journey'd to the castle-gate,
And to Syr Charles dydd goe.

Butt whenne hee came, hys children twaine,
And eke hys lovynge wyfe,
Wythe brinie tears dydd wett the floore,
For goode Syr Charleses lyfe.

'O, goode Syr Charles!' sayd Canterlone,
'Badde tydyngs I doe brynge.'
'Speke boldlie, manne,' sayd brave Syr Charles,
'Whatte says thie traytor kynge?'

'I greeve to telle; before yonne Sonne
Does fromme the welkinn flye,
Hee hathe uppon hys honour sworne,
Thatt thou shalt surelie die.'

'Wee all must die,' quod brave Syr Charles;
'Of thatte I'm not affearde;
Whatte bootes to lyve a little space?
Thanke Jesu, I'm prepar'd:

'Butt telle thye kynge, for myne hee's not,
I'de sooner die to-daie
Thanne lyve hys slave, as manie are,
Though I shoulde lyve for aie.'

Thenne Canterlone hee dydd goe out,
To telle the maior straite
To gett all thynges ynne redyness
For goode Syr Charleses fate.

Thenne Maister Canynge saughte the kynge,
And felle down onne hys knee;
'I'm come,' quod hee, 'unto your grace
To move your clemencye.'

Thenne quod the kynge, 'Youre tale speke out,
You have been much oure friende;
Whatever youre request may bee,
Wee wylle to ytte attende.

'My noble liege! alle my request,
Ys for a nobile knyghte,
Who, though may hap hee has donne wronge,
Hee thoughte ytte stylle was ryghte:

'He has a spouse and children twaine,
Alle rewyn'd are for aie;
Yff that you are resolved to lett
Charles Bawdin die to-dai.'

'Speke not of such a traytour vile,'
The kynge ynn furie sayde;
'Before the evening starre doth sheene,
Bawdin shall loose hys hedde:

'Justice does loudlie for hym calle,
And hee shalle have hys meede:
Speke, maister Canynge! Whatte thynge else
Att present doe you neede?'

'My nobile liege!' goode Canynge sayde,
'Leave justice to our Godde,
And laye the yronne rule asyde;
Be thyme the olyve rodde.

'Was Godde to serche our hertes and reines,
The best were synners grete;
Christ's vycarr only knowes ne synne,
Ynne alle thys mortall state.

'Lett mercie rule thyne infante reigne,
'T wylle faste thye crowne fulle sure;
From race to race thye familie
Alle sov'reigns shall endure:

'But yff wythe bloode and slaughter thou
Beginne thy infante reigne,
Thy crowne upponne thy childrennes brows
Wylle never long remayne.'

'Canynge, awaie! thys traytour vile
Has scorn'd my power and mee;
Howe canst thou then for such a manne
Entreate my clemencye?'

'My nobile liege! the trulie brave
Wylle val'rous actions prize;
Respect a brave and nobile mynde,
Although ynne enemies.'

'Canynge, awaie! By Godde ynne Heav'n
That dydd mee beinge gyve,
I wylle nott taste a bitt of breade
Whilst thys Syr Charles dothe lyve.

'By Marie, and alle Seinctes ynne Heav'n,
Thys sunne shall be hys laste,'
Thenne Canynge dropt a brinie teare,
And from the presence paste.

With herte brymm-full of gnawynge grief,
Hee to Syr Charles dydd goe,
And sat hymm downe uponne a stoole,
And teares beganne to flowe.

'Wee all must die,' quod brave Syr Charles;
'Whatte bootes ytte howe or whenne;
Dethe ys the sure, the certaine fate
Of all wee mortall menne.

'Saye why, my friende, thie honest soul
Runns overr att thyne eye;
Is ytte for my most welcome doome
Thatt thou dost child-lyke crye?'

Quod godlie Canynge, 'I doe weepe,
Thatt thou soe soone must dye,

And leave thy sonnes and helpless wyfe;
'Tys thys thatt wettes myne eye.'

'Thenne drie the tears thatt out thyne eye
From godlie fountaines sprynge;
Dethe I despise, and alle the power
Of Edwarde, traytour kynge.

'Whan through the tyrant's welcom means
I shall resigne my lyfe,
The Godde I serve wylle soone provyde
For bothe mye soones and wyfe.

'Before I sawe the lyghtsome sunne,
Thys was appointed mee;
Shall mortall manne repyne or grudge
What Godde ordeynes to bee?

'Howe oft ynne battaile have I stood
Whan thousands dy'd arounde;
Whan smokynge streemes of crimson bloode
Imbrew'd the fatten'd grounde:

'Howe dydd I knowe thatt ev'ry darte,
That cutte the airie waie,
Myghte nott fynde passage toe my harte,
And close myne eyes for aie?

'And shall I nowe, forr feere of dethe,
Looke wanne and bee dysmayde?
Ne! fromm my herte flie childyshe feere,
Bee alle the manne display'd.

'Ah! goddelyke Henrie! Godde forefende,
And guarde thee and thye sonne,
Yff 'tis hys wylle; but yff 'tis nott,
Why thenne hys wylle bee donne.

'My honest friende, my faulte has beene
To serve Godde and myre prynce;
And thatt I no tyme-server am,
My dethe wylle soone convynce.

'Ynne Londonne citye was I borne,
Of parents of grete note;
My fadre dydd a nobile armes
Emblazon onne hys cote:

'I make ne doubte butt hee ys gone
Where soone I hope to goe;
Where wee for ever shall bee blest,
From oute the reech of woe.

'Hee taughte mee justice and the laws
Wyth pitie to unite;
And eke hee taughte mee howe to knowe
The wronge cause fromm the ryghte:

'Hee taughte mee with a prudent hande
To feede the hungrie poore,
Ne lett mye servants dryve awaie
The hungrie fromme my doore:

'And none can saye butt alle mye lyfe
I have hys wordyes kept;
And summ'd the actyonns of the daie
Eche nyght before I slept.

'I have a spouse, goe aske of her
Yff I defyl'd her bedde?
I have a kynge, and none can laie
Black treason onne my hedde.

'Ynne Lent, and onne the holie eve,
Fromm fleshe I dydd refrayne;
Whie should I thenne appeare dismay'd
To leave thys worlde of payne?

'Ne, hapless Henrie! I rejoyce,
I shall ne see thye dethe;
Moste willynglie ynne thye just cause
Doe I resign my brethe.

'Oh, fickle people! rewyn'd londe!
Thou wylt kenne peace ne moe;
Whyle Richard's sonnes exalt themselves,
Thye brookes wythe bloude wylle flowe.

'Saie, were ye tyr'd of godlie peace,
And godlie Henrie's reigne,
Thatt you dydd choppe your easie daies
For those of bloude and peyne?

'Whatte though I onne a sledde be drawne,
And mangled by a hynde,
I doe defye the traytor's pow'r,
Hee can ne harm my mynd;

'Whatte though, uphoisted onne a pole,
Mye lymbes shall rotte ynne ayre,
And ne ryche monument of brasse
Charles Bawdin's name shall bear;

'Yett ynne the holie booke above,
Whyche tyme can't eate awaie,
There wythe the servants of the Lord
Mye name shall lyve for aie.

'Thenne welcome dethe! for lyfe eterne
I leave thys mortall lyfe:
Farewell vayne world, and alle that's deare,
Mye sonnes and lovynge wyfe!

'Nowe dethe as welcome to mee comes,
As e'er the moneth of Maie;

Nor woulde I even wyshe to lyve,
Wyth my dere wyfe to staie.'

Quod Canynge, ''Tys a goodlie thynge
To bee prepar'd to die;
And from thys world of peyne and grefe
To Godde ynne heav'n to flie.'

And nowe the belle began to tolle,
And claryonnes to sound;
Syr Charles hee herde the horses feete
A prauncyng onne the grounde:

And just before the officers
His lovynge wyfe came ynne,
Weepynge unfeigned teeres of woe,
Wythe loude and dysmalle dynne.

'Sweet Florence! nowe I praie forbere,
Ynn quiet lett mee die;
Praie Godde thatt ev'ry Christian soule
Maye looke onne dethe as I.

'Sweet Florence! why these brinie teers?
Theye washe my soule awaie,
And almost make mee wyshe for lyfe,
Wyth thee, sweete dame, to staie.

''Tys butt a journie I shalle goe
Untoe the lande of blysse;
Nowe, as a proofe of husbande's love,
Receive thys holie kysse.'

Thenne Florence, fault'ring ynne her saie,
Tremblynge these wordyes spoke,
'Ah, cruele Edwarde! bloudie kynge!
Mye herte ys welle nyghe broke:

Ah, sweete Syr Charles! why wylt thou goe,
Wythoute thye lovynge wyfe?
The cruelle axe thatt cuttes thy necke,
Ytte eke shall ende mye lyfe.'

And nowe the officers came ynne
To brynge Syr Charles awaie,
Whoe turnedd toe hys lovynge wyfe,
And thus to her dydd saie:

'I goe to lyfe, and nott to dethe;
Truste thou ynne Godde above,
And teache thy sonnes to feare the Lorde,
And ynne theyre hertes hym love:

'Teache them to runne the nobile race
Thatt I theyre fader runne;
Florence! shou'd dethe thee take — adieu!
Yee officers leade onne.'

Thenne Florence rav'd as anie madde,
And dydd her tresses tere;
'Oh, staie, mye husbande, lorde, and lyfe!'
Syr Charles thenne dropt a teare.

'Tyll tyredd oute wythe ravynge loude,
Shee fellen onne the flore;
Syr Charles exerted alle hys myghte,
And march'd fromm oute the dore.

Uponne a sledde hee mounted thenne,
Wythe lookes full brave and swete;
Lookes thatt enshone ne more concern
Thanne anie ynne the strete.

Before hym went the council-menne,
Ynne scarlett robes and golde,
And tassils spanglynge ynne the sunne,
Muche glorious to beholde:

The Freers of Seincte Augustyne next
Appeared to the syghte,
Alle cladd ynne homelie russett weedes,
Of godlie monkysh plyghte:

Ynne diffraunt partes a godlie psaume
Moste sweetlie theye dydd chaunt;
Behynde theyre backes syx mynstrelles came,
Who tun'd the strunge bataunt.

Thenne fyve-and-twentye archers came;
Echone the bowe dydd bende,
From rescue of Kynge Henries friends
Syr Charles forr to defend.

Bolde as a lyon came Syr Charles,
Drawne onne a cloth-layde sledde,
Bye two blacke stedes ynne trappynges white,
Wyth plumes uponne theyre hedde:

Behynde hym five-and-twenty moe
Of archers stronge and stoute,
Wyth bended bowe echone ynne hande,
Marched ynne goodlie route;

Seincte Jameses Freers marched next,
Echone hys parte dydd chaunt;
Behynde theyre backes syx mynstrelles came,
Who tun'd the strunge bataunt:

Thenne came the maior and eldermenne,
Ynne clothe of scarlett deck't;
And theyre attendynge menne echone,
Lyke easterne princes trickt:

And after them, a multitude
Of citizens dydd thronge;

The wyndowes were alle fulle of heddes,
As hee dydd passe alonge.

And whenne hee came to the hyghe crosse,
Syr Charles dydd turne and saie,
'O, thou, thatt savest manne fromme synne,
Washe mye soule clean thys daie!'

Att the grete mynster wyndowe sat
The kynge ynne mycle state,
To see Charles Bawdin goe alonge
To hys most welcom fate.

Soone as the sledde drewe nyghe enowe,
Thatt Edwarde hee myghte heare,
The brave Syr Charles hee dydd stande uppe,
And thus hys wordes declare:

'Thou seest me, Edwarde! traytour vile!
Expos'd to infamie;
Butt bee assur'd disloyall manne!
I 'm greaterr nowe thanne thee.

'Bye foule proceedyngs, murdre, bloude,
Thou wearest nowe a crowne;
And hast appoynted mee to die,
By power nott thyne owne.

'Thou thynkest I shall die to-daie;
I have beene dede 'till nowe,
And soone shall lyve to weare a crowne
For aie uponne my browe:

'Whylst thou, perhapps, for som few yeares,
Shalt rule thys fickle lande,
To lett them knowe howe wyde the rule
'Twixt kynge and tyrant hande:

'Thye pow'r unjust, thou traytour slave!
Shall falle onne thye owne hedde'—
Fromm out of hearyng of the kynge
Departed thenne the sledde.

Kynge Edwarde's soule rush'd to hys face,
Hee turn'd hys hedde awaie,
And to hys broder Gloucester
Hee thus dydd speke and saie:

'To hym that soe much dreaded dethe
Ne ghastlie terrors brynge,
Beholde the manne! hee spake the truthe,
Hee 's greater thanne a kynge!'

'Soe let hym die!' Duke Richarde sayde;
'And maye echone oure foes
Bende downe theyre neckes to bloudie axe
And feede the carryon crowes.'

And nowe the horses gentlie drewe
Syr Charles uppe the hyghe hylle;
The axe dydd glysterr ynne the sunne,
His pretious bloude to spylle.

Syr Charles dydd uppe the scaffold goe,
As uppe a gilded carre
Of victory, bye val'rous chiefs
Gayn'd ynne the bloudie warre:

And to the people hee dyd saie,
'Beholde you see mee dye,
For servynge loyally mye kynge,
Mye kynge most ryghtfullie.

'As longe as Edwarde rules thys land,
Ne quiet you wylle knowe:
Your sonnes and husbandes shalle bee slayne
And brookes wythe bloude shall flowe.

'You leave youre goode and lawfulle kynge,
Whenne ynne adversitye;
Lyke mee, untoe the true cause stycke,
And for the true cause dye.'

Thenne, hee, wyth preestes, uponne hys knees,
A prayer to Godde dyd make,
Beseechynge hym unto hymselfe
Hys partynge soule to take.

Thenne, kneelynge downe, hee layd hys hedde
Most seemlie onne the blocke;
Whyche fromme hys bodie fayre at once
The able heddes-manne stroke:

And oute the bloude beganne to flowe,
And rounde the scaffolde twyne;
And teares, enow to washe 't awaie,
Dydd flowe fromme each mann's eyne.

The bloudie axe hys bodie fayre
Ynnto foure parties cutte;
And ev'rye parte, and eke hys hedde,
Uponne a pole was putte.

One parte dydd rotte onne Kynwulph-hylle
One onne the mynster-tower,
And one from off the castle-gate
The crowen dydd devoure;

The other onne Seyncte Powle's goode gate,
A dreery spectacle;
Hys hedde was plac'd onne the hyghe crosse,
Ynne hyghe-streete most nobile.

Thus was the ende of Bawdin's fate:
Godde prosper longe oure kynge,
And grante hee maye, wyth Bawdin's soule,
Ynne heav'n Godd's mercie synge! 392
(1772)

From ÆLLA: A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE

MYNSTRELLES SONGE

O! synge untoe mie roundelaie,
O! droppe the brynie teare wythe mee,
Daunce ne moe atte hallie daie,
Lycke a reynynge[1] ryver bee;
Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys death-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Blacke hys cryne[2] as the wyntere nyghte,
Whyte hys rode[3] as the sommer snowe,
Rodde hys face as the morynynge lyghte,
Cale he lyes ynne the grave belowe;
Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys death-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Swote hys tyngue as the throstles note,
Quycke ynn daunce as thoughte canne bee,
Defte hys taboure, codgelle stote,
O! hee lyes bie the wyllowe tree:
Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys death-bedde,
Alle under the wyllowe tree.

Harke! the ravenne flappes hys wynge,
In the briered delle belowe;
Harke! the dethe-owle loude dothe syngg,
To the nyghte-mares as heie goe;
Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys death-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

See! the whyte moone sheenes onne hie;
Whyterre ys mie true loves shroude;
Whyterre yanne the mornynge skie,
Whyterre yanne the evenynge cloude;
Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys death-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Heere, uponne mie true loves grave,
Schalle the baren fleurs be layde,
Nee one hallie Seyncte to save
Al the celness of a mayde.
Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys death-bedde,
Alle under the wyllowe tree.

Wythe mie hondes I'lle dente the brieres
Rounde his hallie corse to gre,
Ouphante fairie lyghte youre fyres,
Heere mie boddie stylle schalle bee.
Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys death-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Comme, wythe acorne-coppe & thorne,
Drayne mie hartys blodde awaie;
Lyfe & all yttes goode I scorne,
Daunce bie nete, or feaste by daie.
Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys death-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Waterre wytches, crownede wythe reytes,[4]
Bere mee to yer leathalle tyde.
I die; I comme; mie true love waytes.
Thos the damselle spake, and dyed.
(1777)

[1] Running. [2] Hair. [3] Complexion.

[4] Water-flags.

THOMAS GRAY (1716–1771)

The life of Gray was singularly devoid of external incident. The records of a few personal ties, a little travel, and a few scattering and reluctant publications, alone give liveliness to the 'noiseless tenor' of his sequestered studies. At Eton he was noted for 'great delicacy and sometimes a too fastidious behavior,' but found sympathetic companions in Horace Walpole and Richard West. In 1734 he entered Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, and soon became a pensioner at Peterhouse. He devoted himself to classical literature, history, and modern languages, taking no degree on account of his dislike to mathematics. In 1739, on Walpole's invitation, Gray accompanied him to the continent and with great pleasure and profit, spent two years in Italy and France. Many of his Latin poems were written abroad and soon after his return he made his first trials in English verse. The death of his friend West, in 1742, deeply affected him and called forth the first sonnet of importance since those of Milton. About the same time, he began 'the far-famed *Elegy*,' while visiting his mother at Stoke, near Windsor. None of his poems were published until several years afterward. He now settled again at Peterhouse and when fifteen years later, he removed to Pembroke Hall, he referred to the incident as 'a sort of era in a life so barren of events as mine.' He graduated as LL.B. in 1744, but never entered the law. He made voluminous notes and collections for a History of English Poetry which was never written. Toward the end of his life he was appointed Professor of Modern History at Cambridge, but gave no lectures. A dozen poems in English, none long, were all that he published during his lifetime, and the two dozen fragments and fugitive pieces since collected add little to his fame.

By 1757 his reputation was such that he was offered, on the death of Colley Cibber, the poet laureateship; but he declined to be 'rat catcher to his Majesty.' Doctor Johnson, who is grudging in his estimate of Gray's genius, quotes without disparagement a statement that 'Perhaps he was the most learned man in Europe.' Gray was a precursor of the great romanticists in his taste for picturesque landscape, and he kept pace with the antiquarian movements of his time which were preparing the romantic revival. His *Letters*, which are among the best in the language, reveal the variety and enthusiasm of his interests. They also reveal a shrinking and fastidious taste dashed with piquant, half-cynical humor and not a little scholastic intolerance, and they help us to understand how the man who could write so tender and exquisite a poem as the *Elegy in a Country Churchyard* should have written so little else.

SONNET ON THE DEATH OF MR. RICHARD WEST

In vain to me the smiling mornings shine,
And reddening Phœbus lifts his golden fire:
The birds in vain their amorous descant join;
Or cheerful fields resume their green attire:
These ears, alas! for other notes repine;
A different object do these eyes require:
My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine;
And in my breast the imperfect joys expire.
Yet morning smiles the busy race to cheer,
And new-born pleasure brings to happier men:
The fields to all their wonted tribute bear;
To warm their little loves the birds complain:
I fruitless mourn to him that cannot hear,
And weep the more, because I weep in vain.

(1774)

AN ODE

ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the watery glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
Her Henry's holy Shade;

And ye, that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights the expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way.

Ah, happy hills, ah, pleasing shade,
Ah, fields beloved in vain,
Where once my careless childhood strayed,
A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales, that from ye blow,
A momentary bliss bestow,
As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to sooth,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring.

Say, Father Thames, for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race
Disporting on thy margent green
The paths of pleasure trace,
Who foremost now delight to cleave
With pliant arm thy glassy wave?
The captive linnet which enthrall?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball?

While some on earnest business bent
Their murmuring labors ply
'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint
To sweeten liberty:
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare descry:
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possest;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast:
Theirs buxom health of rosy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever-new,
And lively cheer of vigor born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly the approach of morn.

Alas, regardless of their doom,
The little victims play!
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day:
Yet see how all around 'em wait
The Ministers of human fate,
And black Misfortune's baleful train!

Ah, shew them where in ambush stand
To seize their prey the murth'rous band!
Ah, tell them, they are men!

These shall the fury Passions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
And Shame that skulks behind;
Or pining Love shall waste their youth,
Or Jealousy with rankling tooth,
That inly gnaws the secret heart,
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-visaged comfortless Despair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,
And grinning Infamy.
The stings of Falsehood those shall try,
And hard Unkindness, altered eye,
That mocks the tear it forced to flow;
And keen Remorse with blood defiled,
And moody Madness laughing wild
Amid severest woe.

Lo, in the vale of years beneath
A griesly troop are seen,
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their Queen:
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every laboring sinew strains,
Those in the deeper vitals rage:
Lo, Poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the soul with icy hand,
And slow-consuming Age.

To each his sufferings: all are men,
Condemned alike to groan,
The tender for another's pain;
The unfeeling for his own.
Yet ah! why should they know their fate?
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies.
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more; where ignorance is bliss,
'T is folly to be wise.

(1747)

HYMN TO ADVERSITY

Daughter of Jove, relentless power,
Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge and torturing hour
The bad affright, afflict the best!
Bound in thy adamantine chain,
The proud are taught to taste of pain,
And purple tyrants vainly groan

With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When first thy sire to send on earth
Virtue, his darling child, designed,
To thee he gave the heavenly birth,
And bade to form her infant mind.
Stern rugged nurse! thy rigid lore
With patience many a year she bore:
What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
And from her own she learned to melt at others' woe.

Scared at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
And leave us leisure to be good.
Light they disperse, and with them go
The summer friend, the flattering foe;
By vain Prosperity received,
To her they vow their truth, and are again believed.

Wisdom in sable garb arrayed,
Immersed in rapturous thought profound,
And Melancholy, silent maid,
With leaden eye that loves the ground,
Still on thy solemn steps attend:
Warm Charity, the general friend,
With Justice, to herself severe,
And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

Oh! gently on thy suppliant's head,
Dread goddess, lay thy chastening hand!
Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
Not circled with the vengeful band
(As by the impious thou art seen)
With thundering voice, and threatening mien,
With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty:

Thy form benign, oh goddess, wear,
Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philosophic train be there
To soften, not to wound, my heart.
The generous spark extinct revive
Teach me to love, and to forgive,
Exact my own defects to scan,
What others are to feel, and know myself a Man.

(1753)

ELEGY

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD

The Curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such, as wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude Forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Awaits alike the inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to These the fault,
If Memory o'er their Tomb no Trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery sooth the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little Tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Ev'n in our Ashes live their wonted Fires.

For thee, who mindful of the unhonoured Dead
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred Spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed Swain may say,
'Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

'There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

'Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove,
Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

'One morn I missed him on the customed hill,
Along the heath and near his favorite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

'The next with dirges due in sad array
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne.
Approach and read (for thou can'st read) the lay,
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.'

THE EPITAPH

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth
A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown.
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heav'n did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to Misery all he had, a tear,
He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode
(There they alike in trembling hope repose),
The bosom of his Father and his God.

(1751)

THE PROGRESS OF POESY

A PINDARIC ODE

I

The Strophe

Awake, Æolian lyre, awake,
And give to rapture all thy trembling strings
From Helicon's harmonious springs
A thousand rills their mazy progress take:
The laughing flowers, that round them blow,
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
Now the rich stream of music winds along
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,
Through verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign:
Now rolling down the steep amain,
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour:
The rocks, and nodding groves rebellow to the roar.

The Antistrophe

Oh! Sovereign of the willing soul,
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting shell! the sullen Cares,
And frantic Passions hear thy soft control.
On Thracia's hills the Lord of War,
Has curbed the fury of his car,
And dropped his thirsty lance at thy command.
Perching on the sceptered hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feathered king
With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing:
Quenched in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terror of his beak, and lightnings of his eye.

The Epode

Thee the voice, the dance, obey,
Tempered to thy warbled lay.
O'er Idalia's velvet-green
The rosy-crownèd Loves are seen
On Cytherea's day
With antic Sports, and blue-eyed Pleasures,
Frisking light in frolic measures;
Now pursuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet:
To brisk notes in cadence beating
Glance their many-twinkling feet.
Slow melting strains their Queen's approach declare:
Where'er she turns the Graces homage pay.
With arms sublime, that float upon the air,
In gliding state she wins her easy way:
O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom, move
The bloom of young Desire, and purple light of Love.

II

The Strophe

Man's feeble race what Ills await,
Labor, and Penury, the racks of Pain,
Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,
And Death, sad refuge from the storms of Fate!
The fond complaint, my Song, disprove,
And justify the laws of Jove.
Say, has he given in vain the heavenly Muse?
Night, and all her sickly dews,
Her Specters wan, and Birds of boding cry,
He gives to range the dreary sky;
Till down the eastern cliffs afar
Hyperion's march they spy, and glittering shafts of war.

The Antistrophe

In climes beyond the solar road,
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
The Muse has broke the twilight-gloom
To cheer the shivering Native's dull abode.
And oft, beneath the odorous shade
Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
She deigns to hear the savage Youth repeat
In loose numbers wildly sweet
Their feather-cinctured Chiefs, and dusky Loves.
Her track, where'er the Goddess roves,
Glory pursue, and generous Shame,
The unconquerable Mind, and Freedom's holy flame.

The Epode

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
Isles, that crown the Ægean deep,
Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,
Or where Mæander's amber waves
In lingering Labyrinths creep,
How do your tuneful Echo's languish,
Mute, but to the voice of Anguish?
Where each old poetic Mountain
Inspiration breathed around:
Every shade and hallowed Fountain
Murmured deep a solemn sound:
Till the sad Nine in Greece's evil hour
Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.
Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant-Power,
And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.
When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
They sought, O Albion! next thy sea-encircled coast.

III

The Strophe

Far from the sun and summer-gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's Darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon strayed,
To Him the mighty Mother did unveil
Her awful face: The dauntless Child
Stretched forth his little arms, and smiled
This pencil take (she said) whose colors clear
Richly paint the vernal year:
Thine too these golden keys, immortal Boy!
This can unlock the gates of Joy;
Of Horror that, and thrilling Fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic Tears.

The Antistrophe

Nor second He, that rode sublime
Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstasy,
The secrets of the Abyss to spy.
He passed the flaming bounds of Place and Time:
The living Throne, the sapphire-blaze,
Where Angels tremble, while they gaze,
He saw; but blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night.
Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car,
Wide o'er the fields of Glory bear
Two Coursers of ethereal race,
With necks in thunder clothed, and long-resounding pace.

The Epode

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-eyed Fancy hovering o'er
Scatters from her pictured urn
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.
But ah! 't is heard no more——
O Lyre divine, what daring Spirit
Wakes thee now? though he inherit
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
That the Theban Eagle bear
Sailing with supreme dominion
Through the azure deep of air:
Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
Such forms, as glitter in the Muse's ray
With orient hues, unborrowed of the Sun:
Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
Beneath the Good how far — but far above the Great.

(1757)

THE BARD

A PINDARIC ODE

I

The Strophe

'Ruin seize thee, ruthless King!
Confusion on thy banners wait,
Though fanned by Conquest's crimson wing
They mock the air with idle state.
Helm, nor Hauberk's twisted mail,
Nor even thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail
To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears!'
Such were the sounds, that o'er the crested pride
Of the first Edward scattered wild dismay,
As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side
He wound with toilsome march his long array.
Stout Gloster stood aghast in speechless trance;
To arms! cried Mortimer, and couched his quivering lance.

The Antistrophe

On a rock, whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Robed in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the Poet stood
(Loose his beard, and hoary hair
Streamed, like a meteor, to the troubled air),
And with a Master's hand, and Prophet's fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre:
'Hark, how each giant-oak, and desert cave,
Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
O'er thee, O King! their hundred arms they wave,
Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;
Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

The Epode

'Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
That hushed the stormy main;
Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed:
Mountains, ye mourn in vain
Modred, whose magic song
Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topped head.
On dreary Arvon's shore they lie,
Smeared with gore, and ghastly pale:
Far, far aloof the affrighted ravens sail;
The famished Eagle screams, and passes by.
Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
Dear, as the light that visits these sad eyes,
Dear, as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
Ye died amidst your dying country's cries—
No more I weep. They do not sleep.
On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
I see them sit, they linger yet,
Avengers of their native land:
With me in dreadful harmony they join,
And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line:—

II

The Strophe

'Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
The winding sheet of Edward's race.
Give ample room, and verge enough
The characters of hell to trace.
Mark the year, and mark the night,
When Severn shall re-echo with affright
The shrieks of death, through Berkley's roofs that ring,
Shrieks of an agonizing King!
She-Wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled Mate,
From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs
The scourge of Heav'n. What Terrors round him wait!
Amazement in his van, with Flight combined,
And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

The Antistrophe

'Mighty Victor, mighty Lord,
Low on his funeral couch he lies!
No pitying heart, no eye, afford
A tear to grace his obsequies.
Is the sable Warrior fled?
Thy son is gone. He rests among the Dead.
The Swarm, that in thy noon-tide beam were born?
Gone to salute the rising Morn.
Fair laughs the Morn, and soft the Zephyr blows,
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
In gallant trim the gilded Vessel goes;
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;

Regardless of the sweeping Whirlwind's sway,
That, hushed in grim repose, expects his evening-prey.

The Epode

Fill high the sparkling bowl,
The rich repast prepare;
Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast.
Close by the regal chair
Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
A baleful smile upon their baffled Guest.
Heard ye the din of battle bray,
Lance to lance, and horse to horse?
Long Years of havoc urge their destined course,
And through the kindred squadrons mow their way.
Ye Towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
With many a foul and midnight murther fed,
Revere his Consort's faith, his Father's fame,
And spare the meek Usurper's holy head.
Above, below, the rose of snow,
Twined with her blushing foe, we spread:
The bristled Boar in infant-gore
Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
Now, brothers, bending o'er the accursed loom
Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

III

The Strophe

'Edward, lo! to sudden fate
(Weave we the woof. The thread is spun)
Half of thy heart we consecrate.
(The web is wove. The work is done.)'—
Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn
Leave me unblessed, unpitied, here to mourn!
In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,
They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
But oh! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height
Descending slow their glittering skirts unroll?
Visions of glory, spare my aching sight,
Ye unborn Ages, crowd not on my soul!
No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail.
All-hail, ye genuine Kings, Britannia's Issue, hail!

The Antistrophe

'Girt with many a baron bold
Sublime their starry fronts they rear;
And gorgeous Dames, and Statesmen old
In bearded majesty, appear.
In the midst a Form divine!
Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-Line;
Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face,
Attempered sweet to virgin-grace.
What strings symphonious tremble in the air,
What strains of vocal transport round her play!
Hear from the grave, great Taliessin, hear;
They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
Bright Rapture calls, and soaring, as she sings,
Waves in the eye of Heaven her many-colored wings.

The Epode

'The verse adorn again
Fierce War, and faithful Love,
And Truth severe, by fairy Fiction drest.
In buskined measures move
Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
With Horror, Tyrant of the throbbing breast.
A Voice, as of the Cherub-Choir,
Gales from blooming Eden bear;
And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
That lost in long futurity expire.
Fond impious Man, think'st thou, yon sanguine cloud,
Raised by thy breath, has quenched the Orb of day?
To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
Enough for me: With joy I see
The different doom our Fates assign.
Be thine Despair, and sceptered Care,
To triumph, and to die, are mine.'—
He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's height
Deep in the roaring tide he plunged to endless night.

(1757)

THE FATAL SISTERS

AN ODE

FROM THE NORSE TONGUE

Now the storm begins to lower,
(Haste, the loom of hell prepare,)
Iron-sleet of arrowy shower
Hurtles in the darkened air.

Glittering lances are the loom,
Where the dusky warp we strain,
Weaving many a soldier's doom,
Orkney's woe, and Randver's bane.

See the grisly texture grow,
('T is of human entrails made,)
And the weights, that play below,
Each a gasping warrior's head.

Shafts for shuttles, dipt in gore,
Shoot the trembling cords along.
Sword, that once a monarch bore,
Keep the tissue close and strong.

Mista black, terrific maid,
Sangrida, and Hilda see,
Join the wayward work to aid:
'T is the woof of victory.

Ere the ruddy sun be set,
Pikes must shiver, javelins sing,
Blade with clattering buckler meet,
Hauberk crash, and helmet ring.

(Weave the crimson web of war)
Let us go, and let us fly,
Where our friends the conflict share,
Where they triumph, where they die.

As the paths of fate we tread,
Wading through the ensanguined field:
Gondula, and Geira, spread
O'er the youthful king your shield.

We the reins to slaughter give,
Ours to kill, and ours to spare:
Spite of danger he shall live.
(Weave the crimson web of war.)

They, whom once the desert-beach
Pent within its bleak domain,
Soon their ample sway shall stretch
O'er the plenty of the plain.

Low the dauntless earl is laid,
Gored with many a gaping wound:
Fate demands a nobler head;
Soon a king shall bite the ground.

Long his loss shall Eirin weep,
Ne'er again his likeness see;
Long her strains in sorrow steep,
Strains of immortality!

Horror covers all the heath,
Clouds of carnage blot the sun.
Sisters, weave the web of death;
Sisters, cease, the work is done.

Hail the task, and hail the hands!
Songs of joy and triumph sing!
Joy to the victorious bands;
Triumph to the younger king.

Mortal, thou that hear'st the tale,
Learn the tenor of our song.
Scotland, through each winding vale
Far and wide the notes prolong.

Sisters, hence with spurs of speed:
Each her thundering falchion wield;
Each bestride her sable steed.
Hurry, hurry to the field.

(1768)

SAMUEL JOHNSON (1709–84)

Few personalities of famous men are so well-known to us as the personality of 'that great Cham of literature, Samuel Johnson.' The son of a poor Lichfield book-seller, Johnson had the advantages of the local grammar-school and a few poverty-stricken months at Pembroke College, Oxford; served for a time as usher in a boy's school; married for true love's sake, a woman much his senior; and set up a private academy near his native city. This enterprise proving neither agreeable nor profitable, in his twenty-eighth year, with little in his uncouth person, his ponderous genius, or in the sturdy independence of his character, to recommend him to the rich and fortunate, Johnson had the hardihood to seek a living among the penurious publishers and starving hack writers of London. For nearly a quarter of a century, he earned a precarious subsistence by huge 'odd jobs' of literature which now have little interest except as a part of his biography. The greatest of these, his *Dictionary of the English Language*, was published in 1755, after seven years of continuous labor. During a part of this time he had supported himself by writing *The Rambler* (1750–52), and, in ensuing years, *The Idler* (1759–60) and *Rasselas* (1759) helped to defray expenses while he was preparing his edition of Shakspere (1765). He was now famous. A pension of three hundred pounds, granted by government in 1762, had relieved him from the pressure of necessity. Thereafter he wrote but little, and his social talents expanded. In 1764, he joined with Sir Joshua Reynolds in founding the renowned Literary Club which had the good fortune to gather to its convivial meetings such men as Burke, Goldsmith, Gibbon, Garrick, Adam Smith, the two Wartons, Bishop Percy of ballad fame, and many others whose names are still remembered. The previous year, Boswell had made his acquaintance and had begun to gather materials for the record of those 'nights and suppers of the gods' with which we are regaled in his *Life*. If we may trust Boswell's vivid and, apparently, accurate account, Johnson inspired in his comrades not only unusual affection, but a degree of respect which approximated reverence. His conversation was witty, powerful, and varied and gives us a higher idea of his genius than anything which he wrote. His eccentricities both of behavior and of opinion were extraordinary; but the prevailing impression left by Boswell's picture of his mind is one of massive common-sense, united with great depth and benignity of soul.

Johnson's most important contribution to literature is his *Lives of the Poets*, which he undertook toward the end of his life (1779–81), when his powers were in their fullness and after years of polite conversation had favorably affected his style. They are the outpouring of a capacious mind stored by a lifetime of reading, experience, and reflection. His judgments are often marred by his peculiar crochets of opinion or temper; but his sayings are almost always invigorating, for they are the abrupt utterances of an honest and strong man who knew much of the world and of letters.

THE LIFE OF ADDISON

Joseph Addison was born on the 1st of May, 1672, at Milston, of which his father, Lancelot Addison, was then rector, near Ambrosebury, in Wiltshire, and, appearing weak and unlikely to live, he was christened the same day. After the usual domestic education, which from the character of the father may be reasonably supposed to have given him strong impressions of piety, he was committed to the care of Mr. Naish at Ambrosebury, and afterwards of Mr. Taylor at Salisbury.

Not to name the school or the masters of men illustrious for literature, is a kind of historical fraud, by which honest fame is injuriously diminished: I would therefore trace him through the whole process of his education. In 1683, in the beginning of his twelfth year, his father, being made Dean of Lichfield, naturally carried his family to his new residence, and, I believe, placed him for some time, probably not long, under Mr. Shaw, then master of the school at Lichfield, father of the late Dr. Peter Shaw. Of this interval his biographers have given no account, and I know it only from a story

of a 'barring-out,' told me, when I was a boy, by Andrew Corbet, of Shropshire, who had heard it from Mr. Pigot, his uncle.

The practice of 'barring-out' was a savage license, practiced in many schools to the end of the last century, by which the boys, when the periodical vacation drew near, growing petulant at the approach of liberty, some days before the time of regular recess, took possession of the school, of which they barred the doors, and bade their master defiance from the windows. It is not easy to suppose that on such occasions the master would do more than laugh; yet, if tradition may be credited, he often struggled hard to force or surprise the garrison. The master, when Pigot was a schoolboy, was 'barred out' at Lichfield; and the whole operation, as he said, was planned and conducted by Addison.

To judge better of the probability of this story, I have inquired when he was sent to the Chartreux; but, as he was not one of those who enjoyed the founder's benefaction, there is no account preserved of his admission. At the school of the Chartreux, to which he was removed either from that of Salisbury or Lichfield, he pursued his juvenile studies under the care of Dr. Ellis, and contracted that intimacy with Sir Richard Steele which their joint labors have so effectually recorded.

Of this memorable friendship the greater praise must be given to Steele. It is not hard to love those from whom nothing can be feared; and Addison never considered Steele as a rival; but Steele lived, as he confesses, under an habitual subjection to the predominating genius of Addison, whom he always mentioned with reverence, and treated with obsequiousness.

Addison, who knew his own dignity, could not always forbear to show it, by playing a little upon his admirer; but he was in no danger of retort; his jests were endured without resistance or resentment. But the sneer of jocularity was not the worst. Steele, whose imprudence of generosity, or vanity of profusion, kept him always incurably necessitous, upon some pressing exigence, in an evil hour, borrowed an hundred pounds of his friend probably without much purpose of repayment; but Addison, who seems to have had other notions of a hundred pounds, grew impatient of delay, and reclaimed his loan by an execution. Steele felt with great sensibility the obduracy of his creditor, but with emotions of sorrow rather than of anger.

In 1687 he was entered into Queen's College in Oxford, where, in 1689, the accidental perusal of some Latin verses gained him the patronage of Dr. Lancaster, afterwards Provost of Queen's College; by whose recommendation he was elected into Magdalen College as a demy, a term by which that society denominates those who are elsewhere called scholars: young men who partake of the founder's benefaction, and succeed in their order to vacant fellowships. Here he continued to cultivate poetry and criticism, and grew first eminent by his Latin compositions, which are indeed entitled to particular praise. He has not confined himself to the imitation of any ancient author, but has formed his style from the general language, such as a diligent perusal of the productions of different ages happened to supply. His Latin compositions seem to have had much of his fondness, for he collected a second volume of the *Musae Anglicanae,* perhaps for a convenient receptacle, in which all his Latin pieces are inserted, and where his poem on the Peace has the first place. He afterwards presented the collection to Boileau, who from that time 'conceived,' says Tickell, 'an opinion of the English genius for poetry.' Nothing is better known of Boileau than that he had an injudicious and peevish contempt of modern Latin, and therefore his profession of regard was probably the effect of his civility rather than approbation.

Three of his Latin poems are upon subjects on which perhaps he would not have ventured to have written in his own language: — *The Battle of the Pigmies and Cranes, The Barometer,* and *A Bowling-green.* When the matter is low or scanty, a dead language, in which nothing is mean because nothing is familiar, affords great conveniences; and by the sonorous magnificence of Roman syllables, the writer conceals penury of thought, and want of novelty, often from the reader and often from himself.

In his twenty-second year he first showed his power of English poetry by some verses addressed to Dryden; and soon afterwards published a translation of the greater part of the *Fourth Georgic* upon Bees; after which, says Dryden, 'my latter swarm is hardly worth the hiving.' About the same time he composed the arguments prefixed to the several books of Dryden's *Virgil;* and produced an *Essay on the Georgics,* juvenile, superficial, and uninstructive, without much either of the scholar's learning or the critic's penetration. His next paper of verses contained a character of the principal English poets, inscribed to Henry Sacheverell, who was then, if not a poet, a writer of verses; as is shown by his version of a small part of Virgil's *Georgics,* published in the *Miscellanies;* and a Latin encomium on Queen Mary, in the *Musae Anglicanae.* These verses exhibit all the fondness of friendship; but, on one side or the other, friendship was afterwards too weak for the malignity of faction. In this poem is a very confident and discriminative character of Spenser, whose work he had then never read; so little sometimes is criticism the effect of judgment. It is necessary to inform the reader that about this time he was introduced by Congreve to Montague, then chancellor of the exchequer: Addison was then learning the trade of a courtier, and subjoined Montague as a poetical name to those of Cowley and of Dryden. By the influence of Mr. Montague, concurring, according to Tickell, with his natural modesty, he was diverted from his original design of entering into holy orders. Montague alleged the corruption of men who engaged in civil employments without liberal education; and declared that, though he was represented as an enemy to the church, he would never do it any injury but by withholding Addison from it.

Soon after (1695) he wrote a poem to King William, with a riming introduction addressed to Lord Somers. King William had no regard to elegance or literature; his study was only war; yet by a choice of ministers, whose disposition was very different from his own, he procured, without intention, a very liberal patronage to poetry. Addison was caressed both by Somers and Montague.

In 1697 appeared his Latin verses on the Peace of Ryswick, which he dedicated to Montague, and which was afterwards called, by Smith, 'the best Latin poem since the *Aeneid.*' Praise must not be too rigorously examined; but the performance cannot be denied to be vigorous and elegant. Having yet no public employment, he obtained (in 1699) a pension of three hundred pounds a year, that he might be enabled to travel. He stayed a year at Blois, probably to learn the French language; and then proceeded in his journey to Italy, which he surveyed with the eyes of a poet. While he was traveling at leisure, he was far from being idle: for he not only collected his observations on the country, but found time to write his *Dialogues on Medals,* and four acts of *Cato.* Such, at least, is the relation of Tickell. Perhaps he only collected his materials and formed his plan. Whatever were his other employments in Italy, he there wrote the letter to Lord Halifax which is justly considered as the most elegant, if not the most sublime, of his poetical productions. But in about two years he found it necessary to hasten home; being, as Swift informs us, distressed by indigence, and compelled to become the tutor of a traveling squire, because his pension was not remitted.

At his return he published his Travels, with a dedication to Lord Somers. As his stay in foreign countries was short, his observations are such as might be supplied by a hasty view, and consist chiefly in comparisons of the present face of the country with the descriptions left us by the Roman poets, from whom he made preparatory collections, though he might have spared the trouble had he known that such collections had been made twice before by Italian authors.

The most amusing passage of his book is his account of the minute republic of San Marino; of many parts it is not a very severe censure to say that they might have been written at home. His elegance of language, and variegation of prose and verse, however, gain upon the reader; and the book, though awhile neglected, became in time so much the favorite of the public that before it was reprinted it rose to five times its price.

When he returned to England (in

1702), with a meanness of appearance which gave testimony of the difficulties to which he had been reduced, he found his old patrons out of power, and was therefore, for a time, at full leisure for the cultivation of his mind; and a mind so cultivated gives reason to believe that little time was lost. But he remained not long neglected or useless. The victory at Blenheim (1704) spread triumph and confidence over the nation; and Lord Godolphin, lamenting to Lord Halifax that it had not been celebrated in a manner equal to the subject, desired him to propose it to some better poet. Halifax told him that there was no encouragement for genius; that worthless men were unprofitably enriched with public money, without any care to find or employ those whose appearance might do honor to their country. To this Godolphin replied that such abuses should in time be rectified; and that, if a man could be found capable of the task then proposed, he should not want an ample recompense. Halifax then named Addison, but required that the treasurer should apply to him in his own person. Godolphin sent the message by Mr. Boyle, afterwards Lord Carlton; and Addison, having undertaken the work, communicated it to the treasury while it was yet advanced no farther than the simile of the angel, and was immediately rewarded by succeeding Mr. Locke in the place of commissioner of appeals.

In the following year he was at Hanover with Lord Halifax: and the year after he was made under secretary of state, first to Sir Charles Hedges, and in a few months more to the Earl of Sunderland. About this time the prevalent taste for Italian operas inclined him to try what would be the effect of a musical drama in our own language. He therefore wrote the opera of *Rosamond*, which, when exhibited on the stage, was either hissed or neglected; but, trusting that the readers would do him more justice, he published it with an inscription to the Duchess of Marlborough — a woman without skill, or pretensions to skill, in poetry or literature. His dedication was therefore an instance of servile absurdity, to be exceeded only by Joshua Barnes's dedication of a Greek *Anacreon* to the Duke. His reputation had been somewhat advanced by *The Tender Husband*, a comedy which Steele dedicated to him, with a confession that he owed to him several of the most successful scenes. To this play Addison supplied a prologue.

When the Marquis of Wharton was appointed lord lieutenant of Ireland, Addison attended him as his secretary; and was made keeper of the records, in Birmingham's tower, with a salary of three hundred pounds a year. The office was little more than nominal, and the salary was augmented for his accommodation. Interest and faction allow little to the operation of particular dispositions or private opinions. Two men of personal characters more opposite than those of Wharton and Addison could not easily be brought together. Wharton was impious, profligate, and shameless; without regard, or appearance of regard, to right and wrong. Whatever is contrary to this may be said of Addison; but as agents of a party they were connected, and how they adjusted their other sentiments we cannot know.

Addison, must, however, not be too hastily condemned. It is not necessary to refuse benefits from a bad man when the acceptance implies no approbation of his crimes; nor has the subordinate officer any obligation to examine the opinions or conduct of those under whom he acts, except that he may not be made the instrument of wickedness. It is reasonable to suppose that Addison counteracted, as far as he was able, the malignant and blasting influence of the lieutenant; and that at least by his intervention some good was done, and some mischief prevented. When he was in office he made a law to himself, as Swift has recorded, never to remit his regular fees in civility to his friends: 'for,' said he, 'I may have a hundred friends; and if my fee be two guineas, I shall, by relinquishing my right, lose two hundred guineas, and no friend gain more than two; there is therefore no proportion between the good imparted and the evil suffered.' He was in Ireland when Steele, without any communication of his design, began the publication of *The Tatler;* but he was not long concealed; by inserting a remark on Virgil which Addison had given him he discovered himself. It is, indeed, not

easy for any man to write upon literature or common life so as not to make himself known to those with whom he familiarly converses, and who are acquainted with his track of study, his favorite topic, his peculiar notions, and his habitual phrases.

If Steele desired to write in secret, he was not lucky; a single month detected him. His first *Tatler* was published April 22 (1709); and Addison's contribution appeared May 26. Tickell observes that *The Tatler* began and was concluded without his concurrence. This is doubtless literally true; but the work did not suffer much by his unconsciousness of its commencement, or his absence at its cessation; for he continued his assistance to December 23, and the paper stopped on January 2, 1710-11. He did not distinguish his pieces by any signature; and I know not whether his name was not kept secret till the papers were collected into volumes.

To *The Tatler,* in about two months, succeeded *The Spectator:* a series of essays of the same kind, but written with less levity, upon a more regular plan, and published daily. Such an undertaking showed the writers not to distrust their own copiousness of materials or facility of composition, and their performance justified their confidence. They found, however, in their progress many auxiliaries. To attempt a single paper was no terrifying labor; many pieces were offered, and many were received.

Addison had enough of the zeal of party; but Steele had at that time almost nothing else. *The Spectator,* in one of the first papers, showed the political tenets of its authors; but a resolution was soon taken of courting general approbation by general topics, and subjects on which faction had produced no diversity of sentiments; such as literature, morality, and familiar life. To this practice they adhered with few deviations. The ardor of Steele once broke out in praise of Marlborough; and when Dr. Fleetwood prefixed to some sermons a preface overflowing with whiggish opinions, that it might be read by the Queen, it was reprinted in *The Spectator.*

To teach the minuter decencies and inferior duties, to regulate the practice of daily conversation, to correct those depravities, which are rather ridiculous than criminal, and remove those grievances which, if they produce no lasting calamities, impress hourly vexation, was first attempted by Casa in his book of *Manners,* and Castiglione in his *Courtier;* two books yet celebrated in Italy for purity and elegance, and which, if they are now less read, are neglected only because they have effected that reformation which their authors intended, and their precepts now are no longer wanted. Their usefulness to the age in which they were written is sufficiently attested by the translations which almost all the nations of Europe were in haste to obtain.

This species of instruction was continued, and perhaps advanced, by the French; among whom La Bruyère's *Manners of the Age* (though, as Boileau remarked, it is written without connection) certainly deserves great praise for liveliness of description and justness of observation.

Before *The Tatler* and *Spectator,* if the writers for the theater are excepted, England had no masters of common life. No writers had yet undertaken to reform either the savageness of neglect, or the impertinence of civility; to show when to speak, or to be silent; how to refuse, or how to comply. We had many books to teach us our more important duties, and to settle opinions in philosophy or politics; but an *arbiter elegantiarum,* a judge of propriety, was yet wanting, who should survey the track of daily conversation, and free it from thorns and prickles, which tease the passer, though they do not wound him. For this purpose nothing is so proper as the frequent publication of short papers, which we read, not as study, but amusement. If the subject be slight, the treatise likewise is short. The busy may find time, and the idle may find patience. This mode of conveying cheap and easy knowledge began among us in the civil war, when it was much the interest of either party to raise and fix the prejudices of the people. At that time appeared *Mercurius Aulicus, Mercurius Rusticus,* and *Mercurius Civicus.* It is said that when any title grew popular, it was stolen by the antagonist, who by this stratagem conveyed his notions to those who would not have received him had he not worn the appearance of a friend. The tumult of those unhappy

days left scarcely any man leisure to treasure up occasional compositions; and so much were they neglected that a complete collection is nowhere to be found.

These Mercuries were succeeded by L'Estrange's *Observator;* and that by Lesley's *Rehearsal,* and perhaps by others; but hitherto nothing had been conveyed to the people, in this commodious manner, but controversy relating to the church or state; of which they taught many to talk, whom they could not teach to judge.

It has been suggested that the Royal Society was instituted soon after the Restoration to divert the attention of the people from public discontent. *The Tatler* and *Spectator* had the same tendency; they were published at a time when two parties — loud, restless, and violent, each with plausible declarations, and each perhaps without any distinct termination of its views — were agitating the nation; to minds heated with political contest they supplied cooler and more inoffensive reflections; and it is said by Addison, in a subsequent work, that they had a perceptible influence upon the conversation of that time, and taught the frolic and the gay to unite merriment with decency — an effect which they can never wholly lose while they continue to be among the first books by which both sexes are initiated in the elegances of knowledge.

The Tatler and *Spectator* adjusted, like Casa, the unsettled practice of daily intercourse by propriety and politeness; and, like La Bruyère, exhibited the characters and manners of the age. The personages introduced in these papers were not merely ideal; they were then known, and conspicuous in various stations. Of *The Tatler* that is told by Steele in his last paper; and of *The Spectator* by Budgell in the preface to *Theophrastus,* a book which Addison has recommended, and which he was suspected to have revised, if he did not write it. Of those portraits which may be supposed to be sometimes embellished, and sometimes aggravated, the originals are now partly known, and partly forgotten. But to say that they united the plans of two or three eminent writers, is to give them but a small part of their due praise; they superadded literature and criticism, and sometimes towered far above their predecessors; and taught, with great justness of argument and dignity of language, the most important duties and sublime truths. All these topics were happily varied with elegant fictions and refined allegories, and illuminated with different changes of style and felicities of invention.

It is recorded by Budgell, that of the characters feigned or exhibited in *The Spectator,* the favorite of Addison was Sir Roger de Coverley, of whom he had formed a very delicate and discriminated idea, which he would not suffer to be violated; and therefore when Steele had shown him innocently picking up a girl in the Temple, and taking her to a tavern, he drew upon himself so much of his friend's indignation that he was forced to appease him by a promise of forbearing Sir Roger for the time to come.

The reason which induced Cervantes to bring his hero to the grave, *para mi sola nacio Don Quixote, y yo para el* [for me alone was Don Quixote born, and I for him], made Addison declare, with undue vehemence of expression, that he would kill Sir Roger; being of opinion that they were born for one another, and that any other hand would do him wrong.

It may be doubted whether Addison ever filled up his original delineation. He describes his knight as having his imagination somewhat warped; but of this perversion he has made very little use. The irregularities in Sir Roger's conduct seem not so much the effects of a mind deviating from the beaten track of life, by the perpetual pressure of some overwhelming idea, as of habitual rusticity, and that negligence which solitary grandeur naturally generates. The variable weather of the mind, the flying vapors of incipient madness, which from time to time cloud reason without eclipsing it, it requires so much nicety to exhibit that Addison seems to have been deterred from prosecuting his own design.

To Sir Roger, who, as a country gentleman, appears to be a tory, or, as it is gently expressed, an adherent to the landed interest, is opposed Sir Andrew Freeport, a new man, a wealthy merchant, zealous for the moneyed interest, and a whig. Of this contrariety of

opinions, it is probable more consequences were at first intended than could be produced when the resolution was taken to exclude party from the paper. Sir Andrew does but little, and that little seems not to have pleased Addison, who, when he dismissed him from the club, changed his opinions. Steele had made him, in the true spirit of unfeeling commerce, declare that he 'would not build an hospital for idle people'; but at last he buys land, settles in the country, and builds, not a manufactory, but an hospital for twelve old husbandmen — for men with whom a merchant has little acquaintance, and whom he commonly considers with little kindness.

Of essays thus elegant, thus instructive, and thus commodiously distributed, it is natural to suppose the approbation general, and the sale numerous. I once heard it observed that the sale may be calculated by the product of the tax, related in the last number to produce more than twenty pounds a week, and therefore stated at one-and-twenty pounds, or three pounds ten shillings a day: this, at a halfpenny a paper, will give sixteen hundred and eighty for the daily number. This sale is not great; yet this, if Swift be credited, was likely to grow less; for he declares that *The Spectator,* whom he ridicules for his endless mention of the *fair sex,* had before his recess wearied his readers.

The next year (1713), in which *Cato* came upon the stage, was the grand climacteric of Addison's reputation. Upon the death of Cato he had, as is said, planned a tragedy in the time of his travels, and had for several years the four first acts finished, which were shown to such as were likely to spread their admiration. They were seen by Pope and by Cibber, who relates that Steele, when he took back the copy, told him, in the despicable cant of literary modesty, that, whatever spirit his friend had shown in the composition, he doubted whether he would have courage sufficient to expose it to the censure of a British audience. The time, however, was now come when those who affected to think liberty in danger affected likewise to think that a stage-play might preserve it; and Addison was importuned, in the name of the tutelary deities of Britain, to show his courage and his zeal by finishing his design.

To resume his work he seemed perversely and unaccountably unwilling; and by a request, which perhaps he wished to be denied, desired Mr. Hughes to add a fifth act. Hughes supposed him serious; and, undertaking the supplement, brought in a few days some scenes for his examination; but he had in the meantime gone to work himself, and produced half an act, which he afterwards completed, but with brevity irregularly disproportionate to the foregoing parts, like a task performed with reluctance and hurried to its conclusion.

It may yet be doubted whether *Cato* was made public by any change of the author's purpose; for Dennis charged him with raising prejudices in his own favor by false positions of preparatory criticism, and with 'poisoning the town' by contradicting in *The Spectator* the established rule of poetical justice, because his own hero, with all his virtues, was to fall before a tyrant. The fact is certain; the motives we must guess.

Addison was, I believe, sufficiently disposed to bar all avenues against all danger. When Pope brought him the prologue, which is properly accommodated to the play, there were these words, 'Britains, arise! be worth like this approved'; meaning nothing more than — Britons, erect and exalt yourselves to the approbation of public virtue. Addison was frighted, lest he should be thought a promoter of insurrection, and the line was liquidated to 'Britons, attend.'

Now 'heavily in clouds came on the day, the great, the important day,' when Addison was to stand the hazard of the theater. That there might, however, be left as little hazard as was possible, on the first night Steele, as himself relates, undertook to pack an audience. 'This,' says Pope, 'had been tried for the first time in favor of *The Distressed Mother;* and was now, with more efficacy, practised for *Cato.*' The danger was soon over. The whole nation was at that time on fire with faction. The whigs applauded every line in which liberty was mentioned, as a satire on the tories; and the tories echoed every clap, to show that the satire was unfelt. The

story of Bolingbroke is well known; he called Booth to his box, and gave him fifty guineas for defending the cause of liberty so well against a perpetual dictator. 'The whigs,' says Pope, 'design a second present, when they can accompany it with as good a sentence.'

The play, supported thus by the emulation of factious praise, was acted night after night for a longer time than, I believe, the public had allowed to any drama before; and the author, as Mrs. Porter long afterwards related, wandered through the whole exhibition behind the scenes with restless and unappeasable solicitude. When it was printed, notice was given that the Queen would be pleased if it was dedicated to her; 'but as he had designed that compliment elsewhere, he found himself obliged,' says Tickell, 'by his duty on the one hand, and his honor on the other, to send it into the world without any dedication.'

Human happiness has always its abatements; the brightest sunshine of success is not without a cloud. No sooner was *Cato* offered to the reader than it was attacked by the acute malignity of Dennis with all the violence of angry criticism. Dennis, though equally zealous, and probably by his temper more furious than Addison, for what they called liberty, and though a flatterer of the Whig Ministry, could not sit quiet at a successful play; but was eager to tell friends and enemies that they had misplaced their admirations. The world was too stubborn for instruction; with the fate of the censurer of Corneille's *Cid*, his animadversions showed his anger without effect, and *Cato* continued to be praised.

Pope had now an opportunity of courting the friendship of Addison by vilifying his old enemy, and could give resentment its full play without appearing to revenge himself. He therefore published *A Narrative of the Madness of John Dennis:* a performance which left the objections to the play in their full force, and therefore discovered more desire of vexing the critic than of defending the poet.

Addison, who was no stranger to the world, probably saw the selfishness of Pope's friendship; and, resolving that he should have the consequences of his officiousness to himself, informed Dennis by Steele that he was sorry for the insult; and that, whenever he should think fit to answer his remarks, he would do it in a manner to which nothing could be objected.

The greatest weakness of the play is in the scenes of love, which are said by Pope to have been added to the original plan upon a subsequent review, in compliance with the popular practice of the stage. Such an authority it is hard to reject; yet the love is so intimately mingled with the whole action that it cannot easily be thought extrinsic and adventitious; for if it were taken away, what would be left? Or how were the four acts filled in the first draft? At the publication the wits seemed proud to pay their attendance with encomiastic verses. The best are from an unknown hand, which will perhaps lose somewhat of their praise when the author is known to be Jeffreys.

Cato had yet other honors. It was censured as a party-play by a scholar of Oxford; and defended in a favorable examination by Dr. Sewel. It was translated by Salvini into Italian, and acted at Florence; and by the Jesuits of St. Omer's into Latin, and played by their pupils. Of this version a copy was sent to Mr. Addison: it is to be wished that it could be found, for the sake of comparing their version of the soliloquy with that of Bland.

A tragedy was written on the same subject by Des Champs, a French poet, which was translated with a criticism on the English play. But the translator and the critic are now forgotten.

Dennis lived on unanswered, and therefore little read. Addison knew the policy of literature too well to make his enemy important by drawing the attention of the public upon a criticism which, though sometimes intemperate, was often irrefragable.

While *Cato* was upon the stage, another daily paper, called *The Guardian*, was published by Steele. To this Addison gave great assistance, whether occasionally or by previous engagement is not known. The character of Guardian was too narrow and too serious: it might properly enough admit both the duties and the decencies of life, but seemed not

to include literary speculations, and was in some degree violated by merriment and burlesque. What had the Guardian of the Lizards to do with clubs of tall or of little men, with nests of ants, or with Strada's prolusions? Of this paper nothing is necessary to be said but that it found many contributors, and that it was a continuation of *The Spectator,* with the same elegance and the same variety, till some unlucky sparkle from a tory paper set Steele's politics on fire, and wit at once blazed into faction. He was soon too hot for neutral topics, and quitted *The Guardian* to write *The Englishman.*

The papers of Addison are marked in *The Spectator* by one of the letters in the name of Clio, and in *The Guardian* by a hand; whether it was, as Tickell pretends to think, that he was unwilling to usurp the praise of others, or as Steele, with far greater likelihood, insinuates, that he could not without discontent impart to others any of his own. I have heard that his avidity did not satisfy itself with the air of renown, but that with great eagerness he laid hold on his proportion of the profits.

Many of these papers were written with powers truly comic, with nice discrimination of characters, and accurate observation of natural or accidental deviations from propriety; but it was not supposed that he had tried a comedy on the stage, till Steele after his death declared him the author of *The Drummer.* This, however, Steele did not know to be true by any direct testimony, for when Addison put the play into his hands, he only told him it was the work of a 'gentleman in the company,' and when it was received, as is confessed, with cold disapprobation, he was probably less willing to claim it. Tickell omitted it in his collection; but the testimony of Steele, and the total silence of any other claimant, has determined the public to assign it to Addison, and it is now printed with his other poetry. Steele carried *The Drummer* to the play-house, and afterwards to the press, and sold the copy for fifty guineas.

To the opinion of Steele may be added the proof supplied by the play itself, of which the characters are such as Addison would have delineated, and the tendency such as Addison would have promoted. That it should have been ill received would raise wonder, did we not daily see the capricious distribution of theatrical praise.

He was not all this time an indifferent spectator of public affairs. He wrote, as different exigences required (in 1707). *The present State of the War, and the Necessity of an Augmentation;* which, however judicious, being written on temporary topics, and exhibiting no peculiar powers, laid hold on no attention, and has naturally sunk by its own weight into neglect. This cannot be said of the few papers entitled *The Whig Examiner,* in which is employed all the force of gay malevolence and humorous satire. Of this paper, which just appeared and expired, Swift remarks, with exultation, that 'it is now down among the dead men.' He might well rejoice at the death of that which he could not have killed. Every reader of every party, since personal malice is past, and the papers which once inflamed the nation are read only as effusions of wit, must wish for more of the *Whig Examiners;* for on no occasion was the genius of Addison more vigorously exerted, and on none did the superiority of his powers more evidently appear. His *Trial of Count Tariff,* written to expose the treaty of commerce with France, lived no longer than the question that produced it.

Not long afterwards an attempt was made to revive *The Spectator,* at a time indeed by no means favorable to literature, when the succession of a new family to the throne filled the nation with anxiety, discord, and confusion; and either the turbulence of the times, or the satiety of the readers, put a stop to the publication after an experiment of eighty numbers, which were afterwards collected into an eighth volume, perhaps more valuable than any of those that went before it. Addison produced more than a fourth part; and the other contributors are by no means unworthy of appearing as his associates. The time that had passed during the suspension of *The Spectator,* though it had not lessened his power of humor, seems to have increased his disposition to seriousness: the proportion of his religious to his comic papers is greater than in the former series.

The Spectator, from its re-commencement, was published only three times a week; and no discriminative marks were added to the papers. To Addison, Tickell has ascribed twenty-three. *The Spectator* had many contributors; and Steele, whose negligence kept him always in a hurry, when it was his turn to furnish a paper, called loudly for the letters, of which Addison, whose materials were more, made little use — having recourse to sketches and hints, the product of his former studies, which he now reviewed and completed: among these are named by Tickell the Essays on Wit, those on the Pleasures of the Imagination, and the Criticism on Milton.

When the House of Hanover took possession of the throne, it was reasonable to expect that the zeal of Addison would be suitably rewarded. Before the arrival of King George, he was made secretary to the Regency, and was required by his office to send notice to Hanover that the Queen was dead, and that the throne was vacant. To do this would not have been difficult to any man but Addison, who was so overwhelmed with the greatness of the event, and so distracted by choice of expression, that the lords, who could not wait for the niceties of criticism, called Mr. Southwell, a clerk in the House, and ordered him to despatch the message. Southwell readily told what was necessary in the common style of business, and valued himself upon having done what was too hard for Addison. He was better qualified for *The Freeholder,* a paper which he published twice a week, from December 23, 1715, to the middle of the next year. This was undertaken in defense of the established Government, sometimes with argument, and sometimes with mirth. In argument he had many equals; but his humor was singular and matchless. Bigotry itself must be delighted with the Tory Fox-hunter. There are, however, some strokes less elegant and less decent; such as the *Pretender's Journal,* in which one topic of ridicule is his poverty. This mode of abuse had been employed by Milton against King Charles II.

Jacoboei
Centum exulantis viscera marsuppi regis.
[A hundred Jacobuses, dregs of the purse of an exiled king.]

And Oldmixon delights to tell of some alderman of London that he had more money than the exiled princes; but that which might be expected from Milton's savageness, or Oldmixon's meanness, was not suitable to the delicacy of Addison.

Steele thought the humor of *The Freeholder* too nice and gentle for such noisy times, and is reported to have said that the ministry made use of a lute, when they should have called for a trumpet.

This year (1716) he married the Countess Dowager of Warwick, whom he had solicited by a very long and anxious courtship, perhaps with behavior not very unlike that of Sir Roger to his disdainful widow; and who, I am afraid, diverted herself often by playing with his passion. He is said to have first known her by becoming tutor to her son. 'He formed,' said Tonson, 'the design of getting that lady from the time when he was first recommended into the family.' In what part of his life he obtained the recommendation, or how long, and in what manner he lived in the family, I know not. His advances at first were certainly timorous, but grew bolder as his reputation and influence increased; till at last the lady was persuaded to marry him, on terms much like those on which a Turkish princess is espoused, to whom the Sultan is reported to pronounce, 'Daughter, I give thee this man for thy slave.' The marriage, if uncontradicted report can be credited, made no addition to his happiness; it neither found them nor made them equal. She always remembered her own rank, and thought herself entitled to treat with very little ceremony the tutor of her son. Rowe's ballad of *The Despairing Shepherd* is said to have been written, either before or after marriage, upon this memorable pair; and it is certain that Addison has left behind him no encouragement for ambitious love.

The year after (1717) he rose to his highest elevation, being made secretary of state. For this employment he might be justly supposed qualified by long practice of business, and by his regular ascent through other offices; but expectation is often disappointed; it is universally confessed that he was unequal to the duties of his place. In the House of Commons he could not speak, and

therefore was useless to the defense of the government. 'In the office,' says Pope, 'he could not issue an order without losing his time in quest of fine expressions.' What he gained in rank he lost in credit; and finding by experience his own inability, was forced to solicit his dismission, with a pension of fifteen hundred pounds a year. His friends palliated this relinquishment, of which both friends and enemies knew the true reason, with an account of declining health, and the necessity of recess and quiet. He now returned to his vocation, and began to plan literary occupations for his future life. He purposed a tragedy on the death of Socrates, a story of which, as Tickell remarks, the basis is narrow, and to which I know not how love could have been appended. There would, however, have been no want either of virtue in the sentiments, or elegance in the language. He engaged in a nobler work, a *Defense of the Christian Religion,* of which part was published after his death; and he designed to have made a new poetical version of the Psalms.

These pious compositions Pope imputed to a selfish motive, upon the credit, as he owns, of Tonson; who, having quarreled with Addison, and not loving him, said that when he laid down the secretary's office he intended to take orders and obtain a bishopric; 'for,' said he, 'I always thought him a priest in his heart.'

That Pope should have thought this conjecture of Tonson worth remembrance, is a proof — but indeed, so far as I have found, the only proof — that he retained some malignity from their ancient rivalry. Tonson pretended but to guess it; no other mortal ever suspected it; and Pope might have reflected that a man who had been secretary of state in the ministry of Sunderland knew a nearer way to a bishopric than by defending religion or translating the Psalms.

It is related that he had once a design to make an *English Dictionary,* and that he considered Dr. Tillotson as the writer of highest authority. There was formerly sent to me by Mr. Locker, clerk of the Leathersellers' Company, who was eminent for curiosity and literature, a collection of examples selected from Tillotson's works, as Locker said, by Addison. It came too late to be of use, so I inspected it but slightly, and remember it indistinctly. I thought the passages too short. Addison, however, did not conclude his life in peaceful studies, but relapsed, when he was near his end, to a political dispute.

It so happened that (1718–19) a controversy was agitated with great vehemence between those friends of long continuance, Addison and Steele. It may be asked, in the language of Homer, what power or what cause could set them at variance. The subject of their dispute was of great importance. The Earl of Sunderland proposed an act called The Peerage Bill; by which the number of peers should be fixed, and the king restrained from any new creation of nobility, unless when an old family should be extinct. To this the lords would naturally agree; and the king, who was yet little acquainted with his own prerogative, and, as is now well known, almost indifferent to the possessions of the crown, had been persuaded to consent. The only difficulty was found among the commons, who were not likely to approve the perpetual exclusion of themselves and their posterity. The bill, therefore, was eagerly opposed, and, among others, by Sir Robert Walpole, whose speech was published.

The lords might think their dignity diminished by improper advancements, and particularly by the introduction of twelve new peers at once, to produce a majority of tories in the last reign: an act of authority violent enough, yet certainly legal, and by no means to be compared with that contempt of national right with which some time afterwards, by the instigation of whiggism, the commons, chosen by the people for three years, chose themselves for seven. But, whatever might be the disposition of the lords, the people had no wish to increase their power. The tendency of the bill, as Steele observed in a letter to the Earl of Oxford, was to introduce an aristocracy: for a majority in the House of Lords, so limited, would have been despotic and irresistible.

To prevent this subversion of the ancient establishment, Steele, whose pen readily seconded his political passions, endeavored to alarm the nation by a

pamphlet called *The Plebeian.* To this an answer was published by Addison, under the title of *The Old Whig,* in which it is not discovered that Steele was then known to be the advocate for the commons. Steele replied by a second *Plebeian;* and, whether by ignorance or by courtesy, confined himself to his question, without any personal notice of his opponent. Nothing hitherto was committed against the laws of friendship or proprieties of decency; but controvertists cannot long retain their kindness for each other. *The Old Whig* answered *The Plebeian,* and could not forbear some contempt of 'little Dicky, whose trade it was to write pamphlets.' Dicky, however, did not lose his settled veneration for his friend, but contented himself with quoting some lines of *Cato,* which were at once detection and reproof. The bill was laid aside during that session, and Addison died before the next, in which its commitment was rejected by two hundred and sixty-five to one hundred and seventy-seven.

Every reader surely must regret that these two illustrious friends, after so many years passed in confidence and endearment, in unity of interest, conformity of opinion, and fellowship of study, should finally part in acrimonious opposition. Such a controversy was *bellum plusquam civile* [worse than civil war], as Lucan expresses it. Why could not faction find other advocates? But among the uncertainties of the human state, we are doomed to number the instability of friendship. Of this dispute I have little knowledge but from the *Biographia Britannica. The Old Whig* is not inserted in Addison's works; nor is it mentioned by Tickell in his *Life;* why it was omitted, the biographers doubtless give the true reason: the fact was too recent, and those who had been heated in the contention were not yet cool.

The necessity of complying with times, and of sparing persons, is the great impediment of biography. History may be formed from permanent monuments and records; but lives can only be written from personal knowledge, which is growing every day less, and in a short time is lost for ever. What is known can seldom be immediately told; and when it might be told, it is no longer known. The delicate features of the mind, the nice discriminations of character, and the minute peculiarities of conduct, are soon obliterated; and it is surely better that caprice, obstinacy, frolic, and folly, however they might delight in the description, should be silently forgotten, than that, by wanton merriment and unseasonable detection, a pang should be given to a widow, a daughter, a brother, or a friend. As the process of these narratives is now bringing me among my contemporaries, I begin to feel myself 'walking upon ashes under which the fire is not extinguished,' and coming to the time of which it will be proper rather to say 'nothing that is false, than all that is true.'

The end of this useful life was now approaching. Addison had for some time been oppressed by shortness of breath, which was now aggravated by a dropsy; and, finding his danger pressing, he prepared to die comformably to his own precepts and professions. During this lingering decay, he sent, as Pope relates, a message by the Earl of Warwick to Mr. Gay, desiring to see him. Gay, who had not visited him for some time before, obeyed the summons, and found himself received with great kindness. The purpose for which the interview had been solicited was then discovered. Addison told him that he had injured him; but that, if he recovered, he would recompense him. What the injury was he did not explain, nor did Gay ever know; but supposed that some preferment designed for him had, by Addison's intervention, been withheld.

Lord Warwick was a young man, of very irregular life, and perhaps of loose opinions. Addison, for whom he did not want respect, had very diligently endeavored to reclaim him, but his arguments and expostulations had no effect. One experiment, however, remained to be tried; when he found his life near its end, he directed the young lord to be called, and when he desired with great tenderness to hear his last injunctions, told him, 'I have sent for you that you may see how a Christian can die.' What effect this awful scene had on the earl, I know not; he likewise died himself in a short time.

In Tickell's excellent Elegy on his friend are these lines: —

He taught us how to live; and, oh! too high
The price of knowledge, taught us how to die—

in which he alludes, as he told Dr. Young, to this moving interview.

Having given directions to Mr. Tickell for the publication of his works, and dedicated them on his death-bed to his friend Mr. Craggs, he died June 17, 1719, at Holland House, leaving no child but a daughter.

Of his virtue it is a sufficient testimony that the resentment of party has transmitted no charge of any crime. He was not one of those who are praised only after death; for his merit was so generally acknowledged that Swift, having observed that his election passed without a contest, adds that if he had proposed himself for king he would hardly have been refused. His zeal for his party did not extinguish his kindness for the merit of his opponents; when he was secretary in Ireland, he refused to intermit his acquaintance with Swift. Of his habits or external manners, nothing is so often mentioned as that timorous or sullen taciturnity, which his friends called modesty by too mild a name. Steele mentions with great tenderness 'that remarkable bashfulness which is a cloak that hides and muffles merit'; and tells us that his abilities were covered only by modesty, which doubles the beauties which are seen, and gives credit and esteem to all that are concealed.' Chesterfield affirms that 'Addison was the most timorous and awkward man that he ever saw.' And Addison, speaking of his own deficience in conversation used to say of himself that, with respect to intellectual wealth, 'he could draw bills for a thousand pounds, though he had not a guinea in his pocket.' That he wanted current coin for ready payment, and by that want was often obstructed and distressed; that he was oppressed by an improper and ungraceful timidity, every testimony concurs to prove; but Chesterfield's representation is doubtless hyperbolical. That man cannot be supposed very unexpert in the arts of conversation and practice of life who, without fortune or alliance, by his usefulness and dexterity became secretary of state, and who died at forty-seven, after having not only stood long in the highest rank of wit and literature, but filled one of the most important offices of state.

The time in which he lived had reason to lament his obstinacy of silence; 'for he was,' says Steele, 'above all men in that talent called humor, and enjoyed it in such perfection that I have often reflected, after a night spent with him apart from all the world, that I had had the pleasure of conversing with an intimate acquaintance of Terence and Catullus, who had all their wit and nature, heightened with humor more exquisite and delightful than any other man ever possessed.' This is the fondness of a friend; let us hear what is told us by a rival. 'Addison's conversation,' says Pope, 'had something in it more charming than I have found in any other man. But this was only when familiar: before strangers, or perhaps a single stranger, he preserved his dignity by a stiff silence.' This modesty was by no means inconsistent with a very high opinion of his own merit. He demanded to be the first name in modern wit; and, with Steele to echo him, used to depreciate Dryden, whom Pope and Congreve defended against them. There is no reason to doubt that he suffered too much pain from the prevalence of Pope's poetical reputation; nor is it without strong reason suspected that by some disingenuous acts he endeavored to obstruct it; Pope was not the only man whom he insidiously injured, though the only man of whom he could be afraid. His own powers were such as might have satisfied him with conscious excellence. Of very extensive learning he has indeed given no proofs. He seems to have had small acquaintance with the sciences, and to have read little except Latin and French; but of the Latin poets his *Dialogues on Medals* show that he had perused the works with great diligence and skill. The abundance of his own mind left him little need of adventitious sentiments; his wit always could suggest what the occasion demanded. He had read with critical eyes the important volume of human life, and knew the heart of man, from the depths of stratagem to the surface of affectation. What he knew he could easily communicate. 'This,' says Steele, 'was particular in

this writer — that when he had taken his resolution, or made his plan for what he designed to write, he would walk about a room and dictate it into language with as much freedom and ease as any one could write it down, and attend to the coherence and grammar of what he dictated.'

Pope, who can be less suspected of favoring his memory, declares that he wrote very fluently, but was slow and scrupulous in correcting; that many of his *Spectators* were written very fast, and sent immediately to the press; and that it seemed to be for his advantage not to have time for much revisal. 'He would alter,' says Pope, 'anything to please his friends before publication, but would not re-touch his pieces afterwards; and I believe not one word in *Cato* to which I made an objection was suffered to stand.'

The last line of *Cato* is Pope's, having been originally written —

And oh! 't was this that ended Cato's life.

Pope might have made more objections to the six concluding lines. In the first couplet the words 'from hence' are improper; and the second line is taken from Dryden's Virgil. Of the next couplet, the first verse, being included in the second, is therefore useless; and in the third Discord is made to produce Strife.

Of the course of Addison's familiar day, before his marriage, Pope has given a detail. He had in the house with him Budgell, and perhaps Philips. His chief companions were Steele, Budgell, Philips, Carey, Davenant, and Colonel Brett. With one or other of these he always breakfasted. He studied all morning; then dined at a tavern; and went afterwards to Button's.

Button had been a servant in the Countess of Warwick's family, who, under the patronage of Addison, kept a coffee-house on the south side of Russell Street, about two doors from Covent Garden. Here it was that the wits of that time used to assemble. It is said when Addison had suffered any vexation from the countess, he withdrew the company from Button's house. From the coffee-house he went again to a tavern, where he often sat late, and drank too much wine. In the bottle discontent seeks for comfort, cowardice for courage, and bashfulness for confidence. It is not unlikely that Addison was first seduced to excess by the manumission which he obtained from the servile timidity of his sober hours. He that feels oppression from the presence of those to whom he knows himself superior will desire to set loose his powers of conversation; and who that ever asked succors from Bacchus was able to preserve himself from being enslaved by his auxiliary?

Among those friends it was that Addison displayed the elegance of his colloquial accomplishments, which may easily be supposed such as Pope represents them. The remark of Mandeville, who, when he had passed an evening in his company, declared that he was a parson in a tye-wig, can detract little from his character; he was always reserved to strangers, and was not incited to uncommon freedom by a character like that of Mandeville.

From any minute knowledge of his familiar manners the intervention of sixty years has now debarred us. Steele once promised Congreve and the public a complete description of his character; but the promises of authors are like the vows of lovers. Steele thought no more on his design, or thought on it with anxiety that at last disgusted him, and left his friend in the hands of Tickell.

One slight lineament of his character Swift has preserved. It was his practice, when he found any man invincibly wrong, to flatter his opinions by acquiescence, and sink him yet deeper in absurdity. This artifice of mischief was admired by Stella; and Swift seems to approve her admiration. His works will supply some information. It appears from his various pictures of the world, that, with all his bashfulness, he had conversed with many distinct classes of men, had surveyed their ways with very diligent observation, and marked with great acuteness the effects of different modes of life. He was a man in whose presence nothing reprehensible was out of danger; quick in discerning whatever was wrong or ridiculous, and not unwilling to expose it. 'There are,' says Steele, 'in his writings many oblique strokes upon some of the wittiest men of the age.' His delight was more to excite merriment than detestation; and he detects follies rather

than crimes. If any judgment be made from his books of his moral character, nothing will be found but purity and excellence. Knowledge of mankind, indeed, less extensive than that of Addison, will show that to write, and to live, are very different. Many who praise virtue, do no more than praise it. Yet it is reasonable to believe that Addison's professions and practice were at no great variance, since amidst that storm of faction in which most of his life was passed, though his station made him conspicuous, and his activity made him formidable, the character given him by his friends was never contradicted by his enemies. Of those with whom interest or opinion united him he had not only the esteem, but the kindness; and of others whom the violence of opposition drove against him, though he might lose the love, he retained the reverence.

It is justly observed by Tickell that he employed wit on the side of virtue and religion. He not only made the proper use of wit himself, but taught it to others; and from his time it has been generally subservient to the cause of reason and of truth. He has dissipated the prejudice that had long connected gaiety with vice, and easiness of manners with laxity of principles. He has restored virtue to its dignity, and taught innocence not to be ashamed. This is an elevation of literary character 'above all Greek, above all Roman fame.' No greater felicity can genius attain than that of having purified intellectual pleasure, separated mirth from ind cency, and wit from licentiousness; of having taught a succession of writers to bring elegance and gaiety to the aid of goodness; and, if I may use expressions yet more awful, of having 'turned many to righteousness.'

* * *

As a describer of life and manners, he must be allowed to stand perhaps the first of the first rank. His humor, which, as Steele observes, is peculiar to himself, is so happily diffused as to give the grace of novelty to domestic scenes and daily occurrences. He never 'outsteps the modesty of nature,' nor raises merriment or wonder by the violation of truth. His figures never divert by distortion nor amaze by aggravation. He copies life with so much fidelity that he can be hardly said to invent; yet his exhibitions have an air so much original, that it is difficult to suppose them not merely the product of imagination.

As a teacher of wisdom, he may be confidently followed. His religion has nothing in it enthusiastic or superstitious: he appears neither weakly credulous nor wantonly sceptical; his morality is neither dangerously lax nor impracticably rigid. All the enchantment of fancy, and all the cogency of argument, are employed to recommend to the reader his real interest, the care of pleasing the author of his being. Truth is shown sometimes as the phantom of a vision; sometimes appears half-veiled in an allegory; sometimes attracts regard in the robes of fancy; and sometimes steps forth in the confidence of reason. She wears a thousand dresses, and in all is pleasing.

Mille habet ornatus, mille decenter habet.

His prose is the model of the middle style; on grave subjects not formal, on light occasions not groveling; pure without scrupulosity, and exact without apparent elaboration; always equable, and always easy, without glowing words or pointed sentences. Addison never deviates from his track to snatch a grace; he seeks no ambitious ornaments, and tries no hazardous innovations. His page is always luminous, but never blazes in unexpected splendor.

It was apparently his principal endeavor to avoid all harshness and severity of diction; he is therefore sometimes verbose in his transitions and connections, and sometimes descends too much to the language of conversation; yet if his language had been less idiomatical it might have lost somewhat of its genuine Anglicism. What he attempted, he performed; he is never feeble, and he did not wish to be energetic; he is never rapid, and he never stagnates. His sentences have neither studied amplitude nor affected brevity; his periods, though not diligently rounded, are voluble and easy. Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison.

(1781)

LETTERS

To the Right Honorable the Earl of Chesterfield

February 7, 1755.

My Lord:

I have lately been informed by the proprietor of *The World,* that two papers, in which my *Dictionary* is recommended to the public, were written by your lordship. To be so distinguished is an honor which, being very little accustomed to favors from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address; and I could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself *'Le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre'* [conqueror of the conqueror of the earth]; that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending; but I found my attendance so little encouraged, that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your lordship in public, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

Seven years, my lord, have now passed, since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it at last to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favor. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before.

The shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labors, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron, which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favorer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope, in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most humble,

Most obedient servant,

Sam. Johnson.

Mr. James Macpherson:

I received your foolish and impudent letter. Any violence offered me I shall do my best to repel; and what I cannot do for myself the law shall do for me. I hope I shall never be deterred from detecting what I think a cheat, by the menaces of a ruffian.

What would you have me retract? I thought your book an imposture; I think it an imposture still. For this opinion I have given my reasons to the public, which I here dare you to refute. Your rage I defy. Your abilities, since your *Homer,* are not so formidable; and what I hear of your morals, inclines me to pay regard not to what you shall say, but to what you shall prove. You may print this if you will.

Sam. Johnson.

(1775)

To the Reverend Dr. Taylor, Ashbourne, Derbyshire

Dear Sir:

What can be the reason that I hear nothing from you? I hope nothing disables you from writing. What I have seen, and what I have felt, gives me reason to fear everything. Do not omit giving me the comfort of knowing, that after all my losses I have yet a friend left.

I want every comfort. My life is very solitary and very cheerless. Though it has pleased God wonderfully to deliver

me from the dropsy, I am yet very weak, and have not passed the door since the 13th of December. I hope for some help from warm weather, which will surely come in time.

I could not have the consent of physicians to go to church yesterday; I therefore received the holy sacrament at home, in the room where I communicated with dear Mrs. Williams, a little before her death. O! my friend, the approach of death is very dreadful. I am afraid to think on that which I know I cannot avoid. It is vain to look round and round for that help which cannot be had. Yet we hope and hope, and fancy that he who has lived to-day may live to-morrow. But let us learn to derive our hope only from God.

In the meantime let us be kind to one another. I have no friend now living but you and Mr. Hector, that was the friend of my youth. Do not neglect, dear Sir,

Yours affectionately,

SAM. JOHNSON.

London, Easter Monday,
April 12, 1784.

FROM THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES

Let observation, with extensive view,
Survey mankind, from China to Peru;
Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,
And watch the busy scenes of crowded life;
Then say how hope and fear, desire and hate,
O'erspread with snares the clouded maze of fate,
Where wavering man, betrayed by venturous pride,
To tread the dreary paths without a guide;
As treacherous phantoms in the mist delude,
Shuns fancied ills, or chases airy good.
How rarely reason guides the stubborn choice,
Rules the bold hand, or prompts the suppliant voice.
How nations sink, by darling schemes oppressed,
When vengeance listens to the fool's request.
Fate wings with every wish the afflictive dart,
Each gift of nature, and each grace of art,
With fatal heat impetuous courage glows,
With fatal sweetness elocution flows,
Impeachment stops the speaker's powerful breath,
And restless fire precipitates on death.
But scarce observed, the knowing and the bold,
Fall in the general massacre of gold;
Wide-wasting pest! that rages unconfined,
And crowds with crimes the records of mankind;
For gold his sword the hireling ruffian draws,
For gold the hireling judge distorts the laws;
Wealth heaped on wealth, nor truth nor safety buys,
The dangers gather as the treasures rise.
Let history tell where rival kings command,
And dubious title shakes the maddened land;
When statutes glean the refuse of the sword,
How much more safe the vassal than the lord;
Low skulks the hind beneath the rage of power,
And leaves the wealthy traitor in the Tower,
Untouched his cottage, and his slumbers sound,
Though confiscation's vultures hover round.

* * *

In full-blown dignity, see Wolsey stand,
Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand:
To him the church, the realm, their powers consign;
Through him the rays of regal bounty shine;
Turned by his nod the stream of honor flows,
His smile alone security bestows:
Still to new heights his restless wishes tower;
Claim leads to claim, and power advances power;
Till conquest unresisted ceased to please,
And rights submitted, left him none to seize.
At length his sovereign frowns — the train of state
Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate:
Where'er he turns he meets a stranger's eye,
His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly;
Now drops at once the pride of awful state,
The golden canopy, the glittering plate,
The regal palace, the luxurious board,
The liveried army, and the menial lord.

With age, with cares, with maladies oppressed,
He seeks the refuge of monastic rest.
Grief aids disease, remembered folly stings,
And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings.
Speak thou, whose thoughts at humble peace repine,
Shall Wolsey's wealth, with Wolsey's end be thine?
Or liv'st thou now, with safer pride content,
The wisest Justice on the banks of Trent?
For why did Wolsey, near the steeps of fate,
On weak foundations raise the enormous weight?
Why, but to sink beneath misfortune's blow,
With louder ruin to the gulfs below.

* * *

On what foundations stands the warrior's pride,
How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide;
A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labors tire;
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
Unconquered lord of pleasure and of pain.
No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,
War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field;
Behold surrounding kings their power combine,
And one capitulate, and one resign;
Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain;
'Think nothing gained,' he cries, 'till nought remain,
On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
And all be mine beneath the polar sky.'
The march begins in military state,
And nations on his eye suspended wait;
Stern famine guards the solitary coast,
And winter barricades the realms of frost:
He comes, nor want, nor cold, his course delay;
Hide, blushing glory, hide Pultowa's day:
The vanquished hero leaves his broken bands,
And shews his miseries in distant lands;
Condemned a needy supplicant to wait,
While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.
But did not Chance at length the error mend?
Did no subverted empire mark his end?
Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound?
Or hostile millions press him to the ground?
His fall was destined to a barren strand,
A petty fortress, and a dubious hand;
He left the name at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

* * *

Where then shall Hope and Fear their objects find?
Must dull suspense corrupt the stagnant mind?
Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?
Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,
No cries invoke the mercies of the skies?
Enquirer, cease; petitions yet remain
Which Heaven may hear, nor deem Religion vain.
Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
But leave to Heaven the measure and the choice.
Safe in his power whose eyes discern afar
The secret ambush of a specious prayer;
Implore his aid, in his decisions rest,
Secure, whate'er he gives, he gives the best.
Yet, when the sense of sacred presence fires,
And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
Pour forth thy fervors for a healthful mind,
Obedient passions, and a will resign'd;
For love, which scarce collective man can fill;
For patience, sovereign o'er transmuted ill;
For faith, that, panting for a happier seat,
Counts death kind Nature's signal of retreat.
These goods for man the laws of Heav'n ordain,
These goods he grants, who grants the power to gain;
With these celestial Wisdom calms the mind,
And makes the happiness she does not find.

(1749)

JAMES BOSWELL (1740–1795)

James Boswell was the son of a Scotch laird at Auchinleck, in Ayrshire, and was prepared for the bar at Edinburgh and Glasgow. He also studied at Utrecht, later, entered the Middle Temple in London, and, in 1786, was admitted to the English bar. He traveled widely, cultivated assiduously the society of famous men, and made literary stock of their conversation and correspondence. During one of his tours he 'gratified his curiosity much in dining with Jean Jacques Rousseau,' then an exile 'in the wilds of Neufchatel.' At another time, he got as far as Corsica, published an *Account* on his return, and, when Paoli, the Corsican patriot, took refuge in London in 1776, became his constant guest. But the acquaintance which was particularly fruitful for English literature was that with Dr. Samuel Johnson, begun in 1763 and lasting until Johnson's death. Boswell was gifted with a high degree of curiosity, acute perception and a retentive memory, and he early formed the habit of keeping an exact journal. It is reported of him that he would 'lay down his knife and fork, and take out his tablets to record a good anecdote.' In spite of toadyism and vanity and his habit of taking notes, he had the faculty of making himself agreeable as a companion and, in 1773, Johnson got him elected to the Literary Club, thus vastly extending his opportunities for observation. The same year, the two toured the Hebrides together. During this journey Boswell allowed Johnson to read portions of his journal, and the great man acknowledged that it was 'a very exact picture of a portion of his life.' The year after Johnson's death Boswell published his *Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides with Dr. Johnson,* and during the next few years, he brought to completion the *Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D.* (1791). This remarkable book is as vital and intimate as a masterpiece of fiction and has the additional interest that it is an authentic transcript from the life of a great and influential man of peculiar social qualities, 'the whole exhibiting,' as the title page has it, 'a view of literature and literary men in Great Britain for near half a century, during which he flourished.'

From THE LIFE OF JOHNSON

The accession of George the Third to the throne of these kingdoms, opened a new and brighter prospect to men of literary merit, who had been honored with no mark of royal favor in the preceding reign. His present Majesty's education in this country, as well as his taste and beneficence, prompted him to be the patron of science and the arts; and early this year, Johnson having been represented to him as a very learned and good man, without any certain provision, his Majesty was pleased to grant him a pension of three hundred pounds a year. The Earl of Bute, who was then prime minister, had the honor to announce this instance of his sovereign's bounty, concerning which, many and various stories, all equally erroneous, have been propagated; maliciously representing it as a political bribe to Johnson, to desert his avowed principles, and become the tool of a government which he held to be founded in usurpation. I have taken care to have it in my power to refute them from the most authentic information. Lord Bute told me that Mr. Wedderburne, now Lord Loughborough, was the person who first mentioned this subject to him. Lord Loughborough told me that the pension was granted to Johnson solely as the reward of his literary merit, without any stipulation whatever, or even tacit understanding that he should write for the administration. His lordship added, that he was confident the political tracts which Johnson afterwards did write, as they were entirely consonant with his own opinions, would have been written by him though no pension had been granted to him.

Mr. Thomas Sheridan and Mr. Murphy, who then lived a good deal both with him and Mr. Wedderburne, told me

that they previously talked with Johnson upon this matter, and that it was perfectly understood by all parties that the pension was merely honorary. Sir Joshua Reynolds told me, that Johnson called on him after his Majesty's intention had been notified to him, and said he wished to consult his friends as to the propriety of his accepting this mark of the royal favor, after the definitions which he had given in his *Dictionary* of 'pension' and 'pensioners.' He said he should not have Sir Joshua's answer till next day, when he would call again, and desired he might think of it. Sir Joshua answered that he was clear to give his opinion then, that there could be no objection to his receiving from the king a reward for literary merit; and that certainly the definitions in his *Dictionary* were not applicable to him. Johnson, it should seem, was satisfied, for he did not call again till he had accepted the pension, and had waited on Lord Bute to thank him. He then told Sir Joshua that Lord Bute said to him expressly, 'It is not given you for anything you are to do, but what you have done.' His lordship, he said, behaved in the handsomest manner. He repeated the words twice, that he might be sure Johnson heard them, and thus set his mind perfectly at ease. * * *

But I shall not detain my readers longer by any words of my own, on a subject on which I am happily enabled, by the favor of the Earl of Bute, to present them with what Johnson himself wrote; his lordship having been pleased to communicate to me a copy of the following letter to his father, which does great honor both to the writer and to the noble person to whom it is addressed:

'To the Right Honorable the Earl of Bute

'July 20, 1762.

'My Lord — When the bills were yesterday delivered to me by Mr. Wedderburne, I was informed by him of the future favors which his Majesty has, by your Lordship's recommendation, been induced to intend for me.

'Bounty always receives part of its value from the manner in which it is bestowed; your Lordship's kindness includes every circumstance that can gratify delicacy, or enforce obligation. You have conferred favors on a man who has neither alliance nor interest, who has not merited them by services, nor courted them by officiousness; you have spared him the shame of solicitation, and the anxiety of suspense.

'What has been thus elegantly given, will, I hope, be not reproachfully enjoyed; I shall endeavor to give your Lordship the only recompense which generosity desires,— the gratification of finding that your benefits are not improperly bestowed. I am, my Lord,

'Your Lordship's most obliged,

'Most obedient, and most humble servant,

'Sam Johnson.'

This year his friend, Sir Joshua Reynolds, paid a visit of some weeks to his native county, Devonshire, in which he was accompanied by Johnson, who was much pleased with this jaunt, and declared he had derived from it a great accession of new ideas. He was entertained at the seats of several noblemen and gentlemen in the west of England,[1] but the greatest part of this time was passed at Plymouth, where the magnificence of the navy, the ship-building and all its circumstances, afforded him a grand subject for contemplation. The commissioner of the dockyard paid him the compliment of ordering the yacht to convey him and his friend to the Eddystone, to which they accordingly sailed. But the weather was so tempestuous that they could not land. * * *

Sir Joshua Reynolds, to whom I was obliged for my information concerning this excursion, mentions a very characteristical anecdote of Johnson while at Plymouth. Having observed that, in consequence of the dock-yard, a new town had arisen about two miles off as a rival to the old; and knowing, from his sagacity and just observation of human nature, that it is certain, if a man hates at all, he will hate his next neighbor, he concluded that this new and rising

[1] At one of these seats Dr. Amyat, physician in London, told me he happened to meet him. In order to amuse him till dinner should be ready, he was taken out to walk in the garden. The master of the house, thinking it proper to introduce something scientific into the conversation, addressed him thus: 'Are you a botanist, Dr. Johnson?' 'No, sir,' answered Johnson, 'I am not a botanist; and (alluding no doubt to his near-sightedness), should I wish to become a botanist, I must first turn myself into a reptile.'

town could not but excite the envy and jealousy of the old, in which conjecture he was very soon confirmed; he, therefore, set himself resolutely on the side of the old town, the *established* town, in which his lot was cast, considering it as a kind of duty to *stand by* it. He accordingly entered warmly into its interests, and upon every occasion talked of the *dockers,* as the inhabitants of the new town were called, as upstarts and aliens. Plymouth is very plentifully supplied with water by a river brought into it from a great distance, which is so abundant that it runs to waste in the town. The Dock, or New-town, being totally destitute of water, petitioned Plymouth that a small portion of the conduit might be permitted to go to them, and this was now under consideration. Johnson, affecting to entertain the passions of the place, was violent in opposition; and half-laughing at himself for his pretended zeal, where he had no concern, exclaimed, 'No, no; I am against the *dockers;* I am a Plymouth man. Rogues! let them die of thirst. They shall not have a drop!'

* * *

1763: Aetat. 54. In 1763, he furnished to *The Poetical Calendar,* published by Fawkes and Woty, a character of Collins, which he afterwards ingrafted into his entire life of that admirable poet, in the collection of lives which he wrote for the body of English poetry, formed and published by the booksellers of London. His account of the melancholy depression with which Collins was severely afflicted, and which brought him to his grave, is, I think, one of the most tender and interesting passages in the whole series of his writings. * * *

This is to me a memorable year; for in it I had the happiness to obtain the acquaintance of that extraordinary man whose memoirs I am now writing: an acquaintance which I shall ever esteem as one of the most fortunate circumstances in my life. Though then but two-and-twenty, I had for several years read his works with delight and instruction, and had the highest reverence for their author, which had grown up in my fancy into a kind of mysterious veneration, by figuring to myself a state of solemn, elevated abstraction in which I supposed him to live in the immense metropolis of London. Mr. Gentleman, a native of Ireland, who passed some years in Scotland as a player, and as an instructor in the English language, a man whose talents and worth were depressed by misfortunes, had given me a representation of the figure and manner of DICTIONARY JOHNSON! as he was then generally called; and during my first visit to London, which was for three months in 1760, Mr. Derrick, the poet, who was Gentleman's friend and countryman, flattered me with hopes that he would introduce me to Johnson, an honor of which I was very ambitious. But he never found an opportunity, which made me doubt that he had promised to do what was not in his power; till Johnson, some years afterwards, told me, 'Derrick, sir, might very well have introduced you. I had a kindness for Derrick, and am sorry he is dead.'

In the summer of 1761 Mr. Thomas Sheridan was at Edinburgh, and delivered lectures upon the English language and public speaking to large and respectable audiences. I was often in his company, and heard him frequently expatiate upon Johnson's extraordinary knowledge, talents, and virtues, repeat his pointed sayings, describe his particularities, and boast of his being his guest sometimes till two or three in the morning. At his house I hoped to have many opportunities of seeing the sage, as Mr. Sheridan obligingly assured me I should not be disappointed.

When I returned to London in the end of 1762, to my surprise and regret I found an irreconcilable difference had taken place between Johnson and Sheridan. A pension of two hundred pounds a year had been given to Sheridan. Johnson, who thought slightingly of Sheridan's art, upon hearing that he was also pensioned, exclaimed, 'What! have they given *him* a pension? Then it is time for me to give up mine.' Whether this proceeded from a momentary indignation, as if it were an affront to his exalted merit that a player should be rewarded in the same manner with him, or was the sudden effect of a fit of peevishness, it was unluckily said, and indeed cannot be justified. Mr. Sheridan's pension was granted to him not as a player,

but as a sufferer in the cause of government, when he was manager of the Theater Royal in Ireland, when parties ran high in 1753. And it must also be allowed that he was a man of literature, and had considerably improved the arts of reading and speaking with distinctness and propriety. * * *

Johnson complained that a man who disliked him repeated his sarcasm to Mr. Sheridan, without telling him what followed, which was, that after a pause he added, 'However, I am glad that Mr. Sheridan has a pension, for he is a very good man.' Sheridan could never forgive this hasty contemptuous expression. It rankled in his mind; and though I informed him of all that Johnson said, and that he would be very glad to meet him amicably, he positively declined repeated offers which I made, and once went off abruptly from a house where he and I were engaged to dine, because he was told that Dr. Johnson was to be there.

I have no sympathetic feeling with such persevering resentment. It is painful when there is a breach between those who have lived together socially and cordially; and I wonder that there is not, in all such cases, a mutual wish that it should be healed. I could perceive that Mr. Sheridan was by no means satisfied with Johnson's acknowledging him to be a good man. That could not soothe his injured vanity. I could not but smile, at the same time that I was offended, to observe Sheridan in *The Life of Swift,* which he afterwards published, attempting, in the writhings of his resentment, to depreciate Johnson, by characterizing him as 'A writer of gigantic fame in these days of little men'; that very Johnson whom he once so highly admired and venerated. This rupture with Sheridan deprived Johnson of one of his most agreeable resources for amusement in his lonely evenings; for Sheridan's well-informed, animated, and bustling mind never suffered conversation to stagnate; and Mrs. Sheridan was a most agreeable companion to an intellectual man. She was sensible, ingenious, unassuming, yet communicative. I recollect, with satisfaction, many pleasing hours which I passed with her under the hospitable roof of her husband, who was to me a very kind friend. Her novel, entitled *Memoirs of Miss Sydney Biddulph,* contains an excellent moral while it inculcates a future state of retribution; and what it teaches is impressed upon the mind by a series of as deep distress as can affect humanity, in the amiable and pious heroine who goes to her grave unrelieved, but resigned, and full of hope of 'heaven's mercy.' Johnson paid her this high compliment upon it: 'I know not, Madam, that you have a right, upon moral principles, to make your readers suffer so much.'

Mr. Thomas Davies, the actor, who then kept a bookseller's shop in Russell Street, Covent Garden, told me that Johnson was very much his friend, and came frequently to his house, where he more than once invited me to meet him; but by some unlucky accident or other he was prevented from coming to us. Mr. Thomas Davies was a man of good understanding and talents, with the advantage of a liberal education. Though somewhat pompous, he was an entertaining companion; and his literary performances have no inconsiderable share of merit. He was a friendly and very hospitable man. Both he and his wife, (who has been celebrated for her beauty), though upon the stage for many years, maintained an uniform decency of character; and Johnson esteemed them, and lived in as easy an intimacy with them, as with any family which he used to visit. Mr. Davies recollected several of Johnson's remarkable sayings, and was one of the best of the many imitators of his voice and manner, while relating them. He increased my impatience more and more to see the extraordinary man whose works I highly valued, and whose conversation was reported to be so peculiarly excellent.

At last, on Monday, the 16th of May, when I was sitting in Mr. Davies's backparlor, after having drunk tea with him and Mrs. Davies, Johnson unexpectedly came into the shop; and Mr. Davies having perceived him, through the glass-door in the room in which we were sitting, advancing towards us,—he announced his awful approach to me, somewhat in the manner of an actor in the part of Horatio, when he addresses Hamlet on the appearance of his father's ghost, 'Look, my lord, it comes!' I

found that I had a very perfect idea of Johnson's figure, from the portrait of him painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds soon after he had published his *Dictionary,* in the attitude of sitting in his easy chair in deep meditation. Mr. Davies mentioned my name, and respectfully introduced me to him. I was much agitated; and recollecting his prejudice against the Scotch, of which I had heard much, I said to Davies, 'Don't tell where I come from.'—'From Scotland,' cried Davies, roguishly. 'Mr. Johnson,' said I, 'I do indeed come from Scotland, but I cannot help it.' I am willing to flatter myself that I meant this as light pleasantry to soothe and conciliate him, and not as an humiliating abasement at the expense of my country. But however that might be, this speech was somewhat unlucky; for with that quickness of wit for which he was so remarkable, he seized the expression, 'come from Scotland,' which I used in the sense of being of that country; and, as if I had said that I had come away from it, or left it, retorted, 'That, sir, I find, is what a very great many of your countrymen cannot help.' This stroke stunned me a good deal; and when we had sat down, I felt myself not a little embarrassed, and apprehensive of what might come next. He then addressed himself to Davies: 'What do you think of Garrick? He has refused me an order for the play for Miss Williams, because he knows the house will be full, and that an order would be worth three shillings.' Eager to take any opening to get into conversation with him, I ventured to say, 'O sir, I cannot think Mr. Garrick would grudge such a trifle to you.' 'Sir,' said he, with a stern look, 'I have known David Garrick longer than you have done; and I know no right you have to talk to me on the subject.' Perhaps I deserved this check; for it was rather presumptuous in me, an entire stranger, to express any doubt of the justice of his animadversion upon his old acquaintance and pupil.[1] I now felt myself much mortified, and began to think that the hope which I had long indulged of obtaining his acquaintance was blasted. And, in truth, had not my ardor been uncommonly strong, and my resolution uncommonly persevering, so rough a reception might have deterred me from ever making any further attempts. Fortunately, however, I remained upon the field not wholly discomfited; and was soon rewarded by hearing some of his conversation, of which I preserved the following short minute, without remarking the questions and observations by which it was produced.

'People,' he remarked, 'may be taken in once, who imagine that an author is greater in private life than other men. Uncommon parts require uncommon opportunities, for their exertion.

'In barbarous society, superiority of parts is of real consequence. Great strength or great wisdom is of much value to an individual. But in more polished times there are people to do everything for money; and then there are a number of other superiorities, such as those of birth, and fortune, and rank, that dissipate men's attention, and leave no extraordinary share of respect for personal and intellectual superiority. This is wisely ordered by Providence, to preserve some equality among mankind.'

* * *

I was highly pleased with the extraordinary vigor of his conversation, and regretted that I was drawn away from it by an engagement at another place. I had, for a part of the evening, been left alone with him, and had ventured to make an observation now and then, which he received very civilly; so that I was satisfied that, though there was a roughness in his manner, there was no ill-nature in his disposition. Davies followed me to the door, and when I complained to him a little of the hard blows which the great man had given me, he kindly took upon him to console me by saying, 'Don't be uneasy. I can see he likes you very well.'

A few days afterwards I called on Davies, and asked him if he thought I

[1] That this was a momentary sally against Garrick there can be no doubt; for at Johnson's desire he had, some years before, given a benefit-night at his theater to this very person, by which she had got two hundred pounds. Johnson, indeed, upon all other occasions, when I was in his company, praised the very liberal charity of Garrick. I once mentioned to him, 'It is observed, Sir, that you attack Garrick yourself, but will suffer nobody else to do it.' Johnson (smiling). 'Why, Sir, that is true.'

might take the liberty of waiting on Mr. Johnson at his chambers in the Temple. He said I certainly might, and that Mr. Johnson would take it as a compliment. So, on Tuesday, the 24th day of May, after having been enlivened by the witty sallies of Messieurs Thornton, Wilkes, Churchill, and Lloyd, with whom I had passed the morning, I boldly repaired to Johnson. His chambers were on the first floor of No. 1, Inner Temple-lane, and I entered them with an impression given me by the Reverend Dr. Blair, of Edinburgh, who had been introduced to him not long before, and described his having 'found the Giant in his den'; an expression which, when I came to be pretty well acquainted with Johnson, I repeated to him, and he was diverted at this picturesque account of himself. Dr. Blair had been presented to him by Dr. James Fordyce. At this time the controversy concerning the pieces published by Mr. James Macpherson, as translations of Ossian, was at its height. Johnson had all along denied their authenticity; and, what was still more provoking to their admirers, maintained that they had no merit. The subject having been introduced by Dr. Fordyce, Dr. Blair, relying on the internal evidence of their antiquity, asked Dr. Johnson whether he thought any man of a modern age could have written such poems? Johnson replied, 'Yes, sir, many men, many women, and many children.' Johnson, at this time, did not know that Dr. Blair had just published a *Dissertation,* not only defending their authenticity, but seriously ranking them with the poems of Homer and Virgil; and when he was afterwards informed of this circumstance, he expressed some displeasure at Dr. Fordyce's having suggested the topic, and said, 'I am not sorry that they got thus much for their pains. Sir, it was like leading one to talk of a book, when the author is concealed behind the door.'

He received me very courteously; but it must be confessed that his apartment, and furniture, and morning dress, were sufficiently uncouth. His brown suit of clothes looked very rusty; he had on a little old shriveled unpowdered wig, which was too small for his head, his shirt-neck and knees of his breeches were loose; his black worsted stockings ill drawn up; and he had a pair of unbuckled shoes by way of slippers. But all these slovenly particularities were forgotten the moment that he began to talk. Some gentlemen, whom I do not recollect, were sitting with him; and when they went away, I also rose; but he said to me, 'Nay, don't go.' 'Sir,' said I, 'I am afraid that I intrude upon you. It is benevolent to allow me to sit and hear you.' He seemed pleased with this compliment, which I sincerely paid him, and answered, 'Sir, I am obliged to any man who visits me.' I have preserved the following short minute of what passed this day:—

'Madness frequently discovers itself merely by unnecessary deviation from the usual modes of the world. My poor friend Smart showed the disturbance of his mind, by falling upon his knees, and saying his prayers in the street, or in any other unusual place. Now although, rationally speaking, it is greater madness not to pray at all, than to pray as Smart did, I am afraid there are so many who do not pray, that their understanding is not called in question.'

Concerning this unfortunate poet, Christopher Smart, who was confined in a madhouse, he had, at another time, the following conversation with Dr. Burney. BURNEY: 'How does poor Smart do, sir; is he likely to recover?'—JOHNSON: 'It seems as if his mind had ceased to struggle with the disease: for he grows fat upon it.'—BURNEY: 'Perhaps, sir, that may be from want of exercise.'—JOHNSON: 'No, sir; he has partly as much exercise as he used to have, for he digs in the garden. Indeed, before his confinement, he used for exercise to walk to the ale-house; but he was *carried* back again. I did not think he ought to be shut up. His infirmities were not noxious to society. He insisted on people praying with him, and I 'd as lief pray with Kit Smart as any one else. Another charge was, that he did not love clean linen; and I have no passion for it.' Johnson continued: 'Mankind have a great aversion to intellectual labor; but even supposing knowledge to be easily attainable, more people would be content to be ignorant than would take even a little trouble to acquire it.'

'The morality of an action depends on the motive from which we act. If I fling

half-a-crown to a beggar, with intention to break his head, and he picks it up and buys victuals with it, the physical effect is good; but, with respect to me, the action is very wrong. So religious exercises, if not performed with an intention to please God, avail us nothing. As our Saviour says of those who perform them from other motives, "Verily they have their reward."

'The Christian religion has very strong evidences. It, indeed, appears in some degree strange to reason; but in History we have undoubted facts, against which, reasoning à priori, we have more arguments than we have for them; but then, testimony has great weight, and casts the balance. I would recommend to every man whose faith is yet unsettled, Grotius, — Dr. Pearson,— and Dr. Clarke.'

Talking of Garrick, he said, 'He is the first man in the world for sprightly conversation.'

When I rose a second time, he again pressed me to stay, which I did.

He told me, that he generally went abroad at four in the afternoon, and seldom came home till two in the morning. I took the liberty to ask if he did not think it wrong to live thus, and not make more use of his great talents. He owned it was a bad habit. On reviewing, at the distance of many years, my journal of this period, I wonder how, at my first visit, I ventured to talk to him so freely, and that he bore it with so much indulgence.

Before we parted, he was so good as to promise to favor me with his company one evening at my lodgings; and, as I took my leave, shook me cordially by the hand. It is almost needless to add, that I felt no little elation at having now so happily established an acquaintance of which I had been so long ambitious.

My readers will, I trust, excuse me for being thus minutely circumstantial, when it is considered that the acquaintance of Dr. Johnson was to me a most valuable acquisition, and laid the foundation of whatever instruction and entertainment they may receive from my collections concerning the great subject of the work which they are now perusing.

I did not visit him again till Monday, June 13, at which time I recollect no part of his conversation, except, that when I told him I had been to see Johnson ride upon three horses, he said, 'Such a man, sir, should be encouraged; for his performances show the extent of the human powers in one instance, and thus tend to raise our opinion of the faculties of man. He shows what may be attained by persevering application; so that every man may hope, that by giving as much application, although, perhaps, he may never ride three horses at a time, or dance upon a wire, yet he may be equally expert in whatever profession he has chosen to pursue.'

He again shook me by the hand at parting, and asked me why I did not come oftener to him. Trusting that I was now in his good graces, I answered, that he had not given me much encouragement, and reminded him of the check I had received from him at our first interview. 'Poh, poh!' said he, with a complacent smile, 'never mind these things. Come to me as often as you can. I shall be glad to see you.'

I had learnt that his place of frequent resort was the Mitre tavern in Fleet-street, where he loved to sit up late, and I begged I might be allowed to pass an evening with him there soon, which he promised I should. A few days afterwards, I met him near Temple-bar about one o'clock in the morning, and asked if he would then go to the Mitre. 'Sir,' said he, 'it is too late, they won't let us in. But I'll go with you another night, with all my heart.'

A revolution of some importance in my plan of life had just taken place: for instead of procuring a commission in the foot guards, which was my own inclination, I had, in compliance with my father's wishes, agreed to study the law, and was soon to set out for Utrecht, to hear the lectures of an excellent civilian in that University, and then to proceed on my travels. Though very desirous of obtaining Dr. Johnson's advice and instructions on the mode of pursuing my studies, I was at this time so occupied, shall I call it? or so dissipated by the amusements of London, that our next meeting was not till Saturday, June 25, when, happening to dine at Clifton's eating-house, in Butcher-row, I was surprised to perceive Johnson come in and take his seat at another table. The mode of

dining, or rather being fed, at such houses in London, is well known to many to be particularly unsocial, as there is no ordinary, or united company, but each person has his own mess, and is under no obligation to hold any intercourse with any one. A liberal and full-minded man, however, who loves to talk, will break through this churlish and unsocial restraint. Johnson and an Irish gentleman got into a dispute concerning the cause of some part of mankind being black. 'Why, sir,' said Johnson, 'it has been accounted for in three ways: either by supposing that they are the posterity of Ham, who was cursed, or that God at first created two kinds of men, one black, and another white, or that, by the heat of the sun, the skin is scorched, and so acquires a sooty hue. This matter has been much canvassed among naturalists, but has never been brought to any certain issue.' What the Irishman said is totally obliterated from my mind; but I remember that he became very warm and intemperate in his expressions; upon which Johnson rose, and quietly walked away. When he had retired, his antagonist took his revenge, as he thought by saying, 'He has a most ungainly figure, and an affectation of pomposity, unworthy of a man of genius.'

Johnson had not observed that I was in the room I followed him, however, and he agreed to meet me in the evening at the Mitre. I called on him, and we went thither at nine. We had a good supper, and port wine, of which he then sometimes drank a bottle. The orthodox high-church sound of the Mitre,— the figure and manner of the celebrated Samuel Johnson,— the extraordinary power and precision of his conversation, and the pride, arising from finding myself admitted as his companion, produced a variety of sensations, and a pleasing elevation of mind beyond what I had ever before experienced. I find in my Journal the following minute of our conversation, which, though it will give but a very faint notion of what passed, is, in some degree, a valuable record; and it will be curious in this view, as showing how habitual to his mind were some opinions which appear in his works.

'Colley Cibber, sir, was by no means a blockhead, but by arrogating to himself too much, he was in danger of losing that degree of estimation to which he was entitled. His friends gave out that he *intended* his Birthday Odes should be bad; but that was not the case, sir; for he kept them many months by him, and a few years before he died he showed me one of them, with great solicitude to render it as perfect as might be, and I made some corrections, to which he was not very willing to submit. I remember the following couplet in allusion to the King and himself:—

> Perched on the eagle's soaring wing,
> The lowly linnet loves to sing.

Sir, he had heard something of the fabulous tale of the wren sitting upon the eagle's wing, and he had applied it to a linnet. Cibber's familiar style, however, was better than that which Whitehead has assumed. *Grand* nonsense is insupportable. Whitehead is but a little man to inscribe verses to players.'

I did not presume to controvert this censure, which was tinctured with his prejudice against players; but I could not help thinking that a dramatic poet might with propriety pay a compliment to an eminent performer, as Whitehead has very happily done in his verses to Mr. Garrick.

'Sir, I do not think Gray a first-rate poet. He has not a bold imagination, nor much command of words. The obscurity in which he has involved himself will not persuade us that he is sublime. His *Elegy in a Churchyard* has a happy selection of images, but I don't like what are called his great things. His Ode which begins

> "Ruin seize thee, ruthless King,
> Confusion on thy banners wait!"

has been celebrated for its abruptness, and plunging into the subject all at once. But such arts as these have no merit, unless when they are original. We admire them only once; and this abruptness has nothing new in it. We have had it often before. Nay, we have it in the old song of Johnny Armstrong:

> Is there ever a man in all Scotland,
> From the highest estate to the lowest degree,

And then, sir,

Yes, there is a man in Westmoreland,
And Johnny Armstrong they do him call.

There, now, you plunge at once into the subject. You have no previous narration to lead you to it. The two next lines in that Ode are, I think, very good:

"Though fanned by Conquest's crimson wing,
They mock the air with idle state."'

* * *

Finding him in a placid humor, and wishing to avail myself of the opportunity which I fortunately had of consulting a sage, to hear whose wisdom, I conceived, in the ardor of youthful imagination, that men filled with a noble enthusiasm for intellectual improvement would gladly have resorted from distant lands,— I opened my mind to him ingenuously, and gave him a little sketch of my life, to which he was pleased to listen with great attention.

I acknowledged that though educated very strictly in the principles of religion, I had for some time been misled into a certain degree of infidelity; but that I was come now to a better way of thinking, and was fully satisfied of the truth of the christian revelation, though I was not clear as to every point considered to be orthodox. Being at all times a curious examiner of the human mind, and pleased with an undisguised display of what had passed in it, he called to me with warmth, 'Give me your hand, I have taken a liking to you.' He then began to descant upon the force of testimony, and the little we could know of final causes; so that the objections of, 'Why was it so?' or 'Why was it not so?' ought not to disturb us: adding, that he himself had at one period been guilty of a temporary neglect of religion, but that it was not the result of argument, but mere absence of thought.

After having given credit to reports of his bigotry, I was agreeably surprised when he expressed the following very liberal sentiment, which has the additional value of obviating an objection to our holy religion, founded upon the discordant tenets of christians themselves: 'For my part, sir, I think all christians, whether papists or protestants, agree in the essential articles, and that their differences are trivial, and rather political than religious.'

We talked of belief in ghosts. He said, 'Sir, I make a distinction between what a man may experience by the mere strength of his imagination, and what imagination cannot possibly produce. Thus, suppose I should think that I saw a form, and heard a voice cry, "Johnson, you are a very wicked fellow, and unless you repent you will certainly be punished"; my own unworthiness is so deeply impressed upon my mind, that I might *imagine* I thus saw and heard, and therefore I should not believe that an external communication had been made to me. But if a form should appear, and a voice should tell me that a particular man had died at a particular place, and a particular hour, a fact which I had no apprehension of, nor any means of knowing, and this fact, with all its circumstances, should afterwards be unquestionably proved, I should in that case be persuaded that I had supernatural intelligence imparted to me.'

Here it is proper, once for all, to give a true and fair statement of Johnson's way of thinking upon the question, whether departed spirits are ever permitted to appear in this world, or in any way to operate upon human life. He has been ignorantly misrepresented as weakly credulous upon that subject; and, therefore, though I feel an inclination to disdain and treat with silent contempt so foolish a notion concerning my illustrious friend, yet, as I find it has gained ground, it is necessary to refute it. The real fact then is, that Johnson had a very philosophical mind, and such a rational respect for testimony, as to make him submit his understanding to what was authentically proved, though he could not comprehend why it was so. Being thus disposed, he was willing to inquire into the truth of any relation of supernatural agency, a general belief of which has prevailed in all nations and ages. But so far was he from being the dupe of implicit faith, that he examined the matter with a jealous attention, and no man was more ready to refute its falsehood when he had discovered it. Churchill, in his

poem entitled *The Ghost,* availed himself of the absurd credulity imputed to Johnson, and drew a caricature of him under the name of 'Pomposo,' representing him as one of the believers of the story of a ghost in Cock-lane, which, in the year 1762, had gained very general credit in London. Many of my readers, I am convinced, are to this hour under an impression that Johnson was thus foolishly deceived. It will therefore surprise them a good deal when they are informed upon undoubted authority, that Johnson was one of those by whom the imposture was detected. The story had become so popular, that he thought it should be investigated; and in this research he was assisted by the Rev. Dr. Douglas, now bishop of Salisbury, the great detector of impostures; who informs me that after the gentlemen who went and examined into the evidence were satisfied of its falsity, Johnson wrote in their presence an account of it, which was published in the newspapers and *Gentleman's Magazine,* and undeceived the world.

Our conversation proceeded. 'Sir,' said he, 'I am a friend to subordination as most conducive to the happiness of society. There is a reciprocal pleasure in governing and being governed.'

'Dr. Goldsmith is one of the first men we now have as an author, and he is a very worthy man too. He has been loose in his principles, but he is coming right.'

I mentioned Mallet's tragedy of *Elvira,* which had been acted the preceding winter at Drury-lane, and that the Honorable Andrew Erskine, Mr. Dempster, and myself, had joined in writing a pamphlet, entitled *Critical Strictures,* against it. That the mildness of Dempster's disposition had, however, relented; and he had candidly said, 'We have hardly a right to abuse this tragedy, for, bad as it is, how vain should either of us be to write one not near so good!' JOHNSON: 'Why, no sir; this is not just reasoning. You *may* abuse a tragedy, though you cannot write one. You may scold a carpenter who has made you a bad table, though you cannot make a table. It is not your trade to make tables.'

When I talked to him of the paternal estate to which I was heir, he said, 'Sir, let me tell you, that to be a Scotch landlord, where you have a number of families dependent upon you, and attached to you, is, perhaps, as high a situation as humanity can arrive at. A merchant upon the 'Change of London, with a hundred thousand pounds, is nothing; an English Duke, with an immense fortune, is nothing; he has no tenants who consider themselves as under his patriarchal care, and who will follow him to the field upon an emergency.'

* * *

I complained to him that I had not yet acquired much knowledge, and asked his advice as to my studies. He said, 'Don't talk of study, now. I will give you a plan; but it will require some time to consider of it.' 'It is very good in you,' I replied, 'to allow me to be with you thus. Had it been foretold to me some years ago that I should pass an evening with the author of the *Rambler,* how should I have exulted!' What I then expressed was sincerely from my heart. He was satisfied that it was, and cordially answered, 'Sir, I am glad we have met. I hope we shall pass many evenings, and mornings too, together.' We finished a couple of bottles of port, and sat till between one and two in the morning.

He wrote this year, in the *Critical Review,* the account of *Telemachus, a Mask,* by the Rev. George Graham, of Eton College. The subject of this beautiful poem was particularly interesting to Johnson, who had much experience of 'the conflict of opposite principles,' which he describes as 'the contention between pleasure and virtue, a struggle which will always be continued while the present system of nature shall subsist; nor can history or poetry exhibit more than pleasure triumphing over virtue, and virtue subjugating pleasure.'

As Dr. Oliver Goldsmith will frequently appear in this narrative, I shall endeavor to make my readers in some degree acquainted with his singular character. He was a native of Ireland, and a contemporary with Mr. Burke, at Trinity College, Dublin, but did not then give much promise of future celebrity. He, however, observed to Mr. Malone, that 'though he made no great figure in mathematics, which was a study in much repute there, he could turn an Ode of

Horace into English better than any of them.' He afterwards studied physic in Edinburgh, and upon the Continent: and, I have been informed, was enabled to pursue his travels on foot, partly by demanding, at Universities, to enter the lists as a disputant, by which, according to the custom of many of them, he was entitled to the premium of a crown, when, luckily for him, his challenge was not accepted; so that, as I once observed to Johnson, he *disputed* his passage through Europe. He then came to England, and was employed successively in the capacities of an usher to an academy, a corrector of the press, a reviewer, and a writer for a newspaper. He had sagacity enough to cultivate assiduously the acquaintance of Johnson, and his faculties were gradually enlarged by the contemplation of such a model. To me and many others it appeared that he studiously copied the manner of Johnson, though, indeed, upon a smaller scale.

At this time I think he had published nothing with his name, though it was pretty generally known that *one Dr. Goldsmith* was the author of *An Inquiry into the present State of Polite Learning in Europe,* and of *The Citizen of the World,* a series of letters supposed to be written from London by a Chinese. No man had the art of displaying with more advantage, as a writer, whatever literary acquisitions he made. *Nihil quod tetigit non ornavit*[1] [There was nothing he touched he did not adorn]. His mind resembled a fertile but thin soil. There was a quick, but not a strong, vegetation, of whatever chanced to be thrown upon it. No deep root could be struck. The oak of the forest did not grow there; but the elegant shrubbery and the fragrant parterre appeared in gay succession. It has been generally circulated and believed that he was a mere fool in conversation; but, in truth, this has been greatly exaggerated. He had, no doubt, a more than common share of that hurry of ideas which we often find in his countrymen, and which sometimes produces a laughable confusion in expressing them. He was very much what the French call *un étourdi,* and from vanity and an eager desire of being conspicuous wherever he was, he frequently talked carelessly without knowledge of the subject, or even without thought. His person was short, his countenance coarse and vulgar, his deportment that of a scholar awkwardly affecting the easy gentleman. Those who were in any way distinguished, excited envy in him to so ridiculous an excess, that the instances of it are hardly credible. When accompanying two beautiful young ladies,[2] with their mother, on a tour in France, he was seriously angry that more attention was paid to them than to him; and once at the exhibition of the *Fantoccini* in London, when those who sat next to him observed with what dexterity a puppet was made to toss a pike, he could not bear that it should have such praise, and exclaimed, with some warmth, 'Pshaw! I can do it better myself.'[3]

He, I am afraid, had no settled system of any sort, so that his conduct must not be strictly scrutinized; but his affections were social and generous, and when he had money he gave it away very liberally. His desire of imaginary consequence predominated over his attention to truth. When he began to rise into notice, he said he had a brother who was dean of Durham, a fiction so easily detected, that it is wonderful how he should have been so inconsiderate as to hazard it. He boasted to me at this time of the power of his pen in commanding money, which I believe was true in a certain degree, though in the instance he gave he was by no means correct. He told me that he had sold a novel for four hundred pounds. This was his *Vicar of Wakefield.* But Johnson informed me that he had made the bargain for Goldsmith, and the price was sixty pounds. 'And, sir,' said he, 'a sufficient price too, when it was sold; for then the fame of Goldsmith had not been elevated, as it afterwards was, by his *Traveller;* and the bookseller had such faint hopes of profit by his bargain, that he kept the manuscript by him a long time, and did not publish it till after *The Traveller* had appeared. Then,

[1] See his epitaph in Westminster Abbey, written by Dr. Johnson.

[2] Miss Hornecks, one of whom is now married to Henry Bunbury, Esq., and the other to Colonel Gwyn.

[3] He went home with Mr. Burke to supper; and broke his shin by attempting to exhibit to the company how much better he could jump over a stick than the puppets.

to be sure, it was accidentally worth more money.'

Mrs. Piozzi and Sir John Hawkins have strangely misstated the history of Goldsmith's situation and Johnson's friendly interference, when this novel was sold. I shall give it authentically from Johnson's own exact narration:—'I received one morning a message from poor Goldsmith that he was in great distress, and, as it was not in his power to come to me, begging that I would come to him as soon as possible. I sent him a guinea, and promised to come to him directly. I accordingly went as soon as I was dressed, and found that his landlady had arrested him for his rent, at which he was in a violent passion. I perceived that he had already changed my guinea, and had got a bottle of Madeira and a glass before him. I put the cork into the bottle, desired he would be calm, and began to talk to him of the means by which he might be extricated. He then told me that he had a novel ready for the press, which he produced to me. I looked into it, and saw its merits; told the landlady I should return; and, having gone to a bookseller, sold it for sixty pounds. I brought Goldsmith the money, and he discharged his rent, not without rating his landlady in a high tone for having used him so ill.'

My next meeting with Johnson was on Friday, the 1st of July, when he and I and Dr. Goldsmith supped at the Mitre.

* * *

He talked very contemptuously of Churchill's poetry, observing, that 'it had a temporary currency, only from its audacity of abuse, and being filled with living names, and that it would sink into oblivion.' I ventured to hint that he was not quite a fair judge, as Churchill had attacked him violently. JOHNSON: 'Nay sir, I am a very fair judge. He did not attack me violently till he found I did not like his poetry; and his attack on me shall not prevent me from continuing to say what I think of him, from an apprehension that it may be ascribed to resentment. No, sir, I called the fellow a blockhead at first, and I will call him a blockhead still. However, I will acknowledge that I have a better opinion of him now than I once had; for he has shown more fertility than I expected. To be sure, he is a tree that cannot produce good fruit: he only bears crabs. But, sir, a tree that produces a great many crabs, is better than a tree which produces only a few.'

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Let me here apologize for the imperfect manner in which I am obliged to exhibit Johnson's conversation at this period. In the early part of my acquaintance with him, I was so wrapt in admiration of his extraordinary colloquial talents, and so little accustomed to his peculiar mode of expression, that I found it extremely difficult to recollect and record his conversation with its genuine vigor and vivacity. In progress of time, when my mind was, as it were, *strongly impregnated with the Johnsonian aether,* I could with much more facility and exactness, carry in my memory and commit to paper the exuberant variety of his wisdom and wit.

At this time *Miss* Williams, as she was then called, though she did not reside with him in the Temple under his roof, but had lodgings in Bolt-court, Fleet-street, had so much of his attention, that he every night drank tea with her before he went home, however late it might be, and she always sat up for him. This it may be conjectured, was not alone a proof of his regard for *her,* but of his own unwillingness to go into solitude, before that unseasonable hour at which he had habituated himself to expect the oblivion of repose. Dr. Goldsmith, being a privileged man, went with him this night, strutting away, and calling to me with an air of superiority, like that of an esoteric over an exoteric disciple of a sage of antiquity, 'I go to Miss Williams.' I confess, I then envied him this mighty privilege, of which he seemed so proud; but it was not long before I obtained the same mark of distinction.

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On Wednesday, July 6, he was engaged to sup with me at my lodgings in Downing-street, Westminster. But on the preceding night my landlord having behaved very rudely to me and some company who were with me, I had resolved not to remain another night in his house. I was exceedingly uneasy at the awkward appearance I supposed I should make to Johnson and the other gentlemen whom

I had invited, not being able to receive them at home, and being obliged to order supper at the Mitre. I went to Johnson in the morning, and talked of it as a serious distress. He laughed and said, 'Consider, sir, how insignificant this will appear a twelvemonth hence.' Were this consideration to be applied to most of the little vexatious incidents of life, by which our quiet is too often disturbed, it would prevent many painful sensations. I have tried it frequently with good effect. 'There is nothing,' continued he, 'in this mighty misfortune; nay, we shall be better at the Mitre.' I told him that I had been at Sir John Fielding's office, complaining of my landlord, and had been informed that though I had taken my lodgings for a year, I might, upon proof of his bad behavior, quit them when I pleased, without being under an obligation to pay rent for any longer time than while I possessed them. The fertility of Johnson's mind could show itself even upon so small a matter as this. 'Why, sir,' said he, 'I suppose this must be the law, since you have been told so in Bow-street. But if your landlord could hold you to your bargain, and the lodgings should be yours for a year, you may certainly use them as you think fit. So, sir, you may quarter two life-guardsmen upon him; or you may send the greatest scoundrel you can find into your apartments; or you may say that you want to make some experiments in natural philosophy, and may burn a large quantity of assafoetida in his house.'

I had as my guests this evening at the Mitre Tavern, Dr. Johnson, Dr. Goldsmith, Mr. Thomas Davies, Mr. Eccles, an Irish gentleman for whose agreeable company I was obliged to Mr. Davies, and the Rev. Mr. John Ogilvie, who was desirous of being in company with my illustrious friend, while I, in my turn, was proud to have the honor of showing one of my countrymen upon what easy terms Johnson permitted me to live with him.

Goldsmith, as usual, endeavored with too much eagerness to *shine*, and disputed very warmly with Johnson against the well-known maxim of the British constitution, 'the king can do no wrong'; affirming that 'what was morally false could not be politically true; and as the king might, in the exercise of his regal power, command and cause the doing of what was wrong, it certainly might be said, in sense and in reason, that he could do wrong.' JOHNSON: 'Sir, you are to consider that in our constitution, according to its true principles, the king is the head, he is supreme; he is above everything, and there is no power by which he can be tried. Therefore, it is, sir, that we hold the king can do no wrong; that whatever may happen to be wrong in government, may not be above our reach by being ascribed to majesty. Redress is always to be had against oppression by punishing the immediate agents. The king, though he should command, cannot force a judge to condemn a man unjustly; therefore it is the judge whom we prosecute and punish. Political institutions are formed upon the consideration of what will most frequently tend to the good of the whole, although now and then exceptions may occur. Thus it is better in general that a nation should have a supreme legislative power, although it may at times be abused. And then, sir, there is this consideration, that *if the abuse be enormous, nature will rise up, and claiming her original rights, overturn a corrupt political system.*' I mark this animated sentence with peculiar pleasure, as a noble instance of that truly dignified spirit of freedom which ever glowed in his heart, though he was charged with slavish tenets by superficial observers; because he was at all times indignant against that false patriotism, that pretended love of freedom, that unruly restlessness, which is inconsistent with the stable authority of any good government. This generous sentiment, which he uttered with great fervor, struck me exceedingly, and stirred my blood to that pitch of fancied resistance, the possibility of which I am glad to keep in mind, but to which I trust I never shall be forced.

'Great abilities,' said he, 'are not requisite for an historian, for in historical composition all the greatest powers of the human mind are quiescent. He has facts ready to his hand, so there is no exercise of invention. Imagination is not required in any high degree; only about as much as is used in the lower

kinds of poetry. Some penetration, accuracy, and coloring, will fit a man for the task, if he can give the application which is necessary.'

'Bayle's *Dictionary* is a very useful work for those to consult who love the biographical part of literature, which is what I love most.'

Talking of the eminent writers in Queen Anne's reign, he observed, 'I think Dr. Arbuthnot the first man among them. He was the most universal genius, being an excellent physician, a man of deep learning, and a man of much humor. Mr. Addison was, to be sure, a great man; his learning was not profound, but his morality, his humor, and his elegance of writing set him very high.'

Mr. Ogilvie was unlucky enough to choose for the topic of his conversation, the praises of his native country. He began with saying, that there was very rich land around Edinburgh. Goldsmith, who had studied physic there, contradicted this, very untruly, with a sneering laugh. Disconcerted a little by this, Mr. Ogilvie then took a new ground, where, I suppose, he thought himself perfectly safe; for he observed, that Scotland had a great many noble wild prospects. JOHNSON: 'I believe, sir, you have a great many. Norway, too, has noble wild prospects; and Lapland is remarkable for prodigious noble wild prospects. But, sir, let me tell you, the noblest prospect which a Scotchman ever sees is the high-road that leads him to England!' This unexpected and pointed sally produced a roar of applause. After all, however, those, who admire the rude grandeur of nature, cannot deny it to Caledonia.

On Saturday, July 9, I found Johnson surrounded with a numerous levee, but have not preserved any part of his conversation. On the 14th we had another evening by ourselves at the Mitre. It happening to be a very rainy night, I made some commonplace observations on the relaxation of nerves and depression of spirits which such weather occasioned; adding, however, that it was good for the vegetable creation. Johnson, who, as we have already seen, denied that the temperature of the air had any influence on the human frame, answered, with a smile of ridicule, 'Why, yes, sir, it is good for vegetables, and for the animals who eat those vegetables, and for the animals who eat those animals.' This observation of his, aptly enough introduced a good supper; and I soon forgot, in Johnson's company, the influence of a moist atmosphere.

Feeling myself now quite at ease as his companion, though I had all possible reverence for him, I expressed a regret that I could not be so easy with my father, though he was not much older than Johnson, and certainly, however respectable, had not more learning and greater abilities to depress me. I asked him the reason of this. JOHNSON: 'Why sir, I am a man of the world. I live in the world, and I take, in some degree, the color of the world as it moves along. Your father is a judge in a remote part of the island, and all his notions are taken from the old world. Besides, sir, there must always be a struggle between a father and a son, while one aims at power and the other at independence.' I said, I was afraid my father would force me to be a lawyer. JOHNSON: 'Sir, you need not be afraid of his forcing you to be a laborious practising lawyer; that is not in his power. For, as the proverb says, "One man may lead a horse to the water, but twenty cannot make him drink." He may be displeased that you are not what he wishes you to be; but that displeasure will not go far. If he insists only on your having as much law as is necessary for a man of property, and then endeavors to get you into parliament, he is quite in the right.'

He enlarged very convincingly upon the excellence of rime over blank verse in English poetry. I mentioned to him that Dr. Adam Smith, in his lectures upon composition, when I studied under him in the College of Glasgow, had maintained the same opinion strenuously, and I repeated some of his arguments. JOHNSON: 'Sir, I was once in company with Smith, and we did not take to each other; but had I known that he loved rime as much as you tell me he does, I should have HUGGED him.'

Talking of those who denied the truth of Christianity, he said: 'It is always easy to be on the negative side. If a man were now to deny that there is salt upon the table, you could not reduce him to an absurdity. Come, let us try this a

little further. I deny that Canada is taken, and I can support my denial by pretty good arguments. The French are a much more numerous people than we; and it is not likely that they would allow us to take it. "But the ministry have assured us, in all the formality of *The Gazette,* that it is taken."—Very true. But the ministry have put us to an enormous expense by the war in America, and it is their interest to pursuade us that we have got something for our money. "But the fact is confirmed by thousands of men who were at the taking of it." Ay, but these men have still more interest in deceiving us. They don't want that you should think the French have beat them, but that they have beat the French. Now suppose you should go over and find that it really is taken, that would only satisfy yourself; for when you come home we will not believe you. We will say, you have been bribed. Yet, sir, notwithstanding all these plausible objections, we have no doubt that Canada is really ours. Such is the weight of common testimony. How much stronger are the evidences of the Christian religion!'

'Idleness is a disease which must be combated; but I would not advise a rigid adherence to a particular plan of study. I myself have never persisted in any plan for two days together. A man ought to read just as inclination leads him; for what he reads as a task will do him little good. A young man should read five hours in a day, and so may acquire a great deal of knowledge.'

To such a degree of unrestrained frankness had he now accustomed me that in the course of this evening I talked of the numerous reflections which had been thrown out against him, on account of his having accepted a pension from his present Majesty. 'Why, sir,' said he, with a hearty laugh, 'it is a mighty foolish noise that they make.[1] I have accepted of a pension as a reward which has been thought due to my literary merit; and now that I have this pension, I am the same man in every respect that I have ever been; I retain the same principles. It is true, that I cannot now curse (smiling) the house of Hanover; nor would it be decent for me to drink King James's health in the wine that King George gives me money to pay for. But, sir, I think that the pleasure of cursing the house of Hanover, and drinking King James's health, are amply overbalanced by three hundred pounds a year.'

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He recommended to me to keep a journal of my life, full and unreserved. He said it would be a very good exercise, and would yield me great satisfaction when the particulars were faded from my remembrance. I was uncommonly fortunate in having had a previous coincidence of opinion with him upon this subject, for I had kept such a journal for some time; and it was no small pleasure to me to have this to tell him, and to receive his approbation. He counseled me to keep it private, and said I might surely have a friend who would burn it in case of my death. From this habit I have been enabled to give the world so many anecdotes, which would otherwise have been lost to posterity. I mentioned that I was afraid I put into my journal too many little incidents. JOHNSON: 'There is nothing sir, too little for so little a creature as man. It is by studying little things that we attain the great art of having as little misery, and as much happiness as possible.'

Next morning Mr. Dempster happened to call on me, and was so much struck even with the imperfect account which I gave him of Dr. Johnson's conversation, that to his honor be it recorded, when I complained that drinking port and sitting up late with him, affected my nerves for some time after, he said, 'One had better be palsied at eighteen, than not keep company with such a man.'

On Tuesday, July 18th, I found tall Sir Thomas Robinson sitting with Johnson. Sir Thomas said, that the king of Prussia valued himself upon three things; upon being a hero, a musician, and an author. JOHNSON: 'Pretty well, sir, for one man. As to his being an author, I have not looked at his poetry; but his prose is poor stuff. He writes just as you may suppose Voltaire's footboy to do, who has been his amanuensis. He has such parts as the valet might have, and about

[1] When I mentioned the same idle clamor to him several years afterwards, he said, with a smile, 'I wish my pension were twice as large, that they might make twice as much noise.'

as much of the coloring of the style as might be got by transcribing his works.' When I was at Ferney, I repeated this to Voltaire, in order to reconcile him somewhat to Johnson, whom he, in affecting the English mode of expression, had previously characterized as 'a superstitious dog;' but after hearing such a criticism on Frederick the Great, with whom he was then on bad terms, he exclaimed, 'An honest fellow!'

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I again begged his advice as to my method of study at Utrecht. 'Come,' said he, 'let us make a day of it. Let us go down to Greenwich and dine, and talk of it there.' The following Saturday was fixed for this excursion.

As we walked along the Strand to-night, arm in arm, a woman of the town accosted us, in the usual enticing manner. 'No, no, my girl,' said Johnson, 'it won't do.' He, however, did not treat her with harshness; and we talked of the wretched life of such women, and agreed that much more misery than happiness, upon the whole, is produced by illicit commerce between the sexes.

On Saturday, July 30, Dr. Johnson and I took a sculler at the Temple-stairs, and set out for Greenwich. I asked him if he really thought a knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages an essential requisite to a good education. JOHNSON: 'Most certainly, sir; for those who know them have a very great advantage over those who do not. Nay, sir, it is wonderful what a difference learning makes upon people even in the common intercourse of life, which does not appear to be much connected with it.' 'And yet,' said I, 'people go through the world very well and carry on the business of life, to good advantage without learning.' JOHNSON: 'Why, sir, that may be true in cases where learning cannot possibly be of any use; for instance, this boy rows us as well without learning, as if he could sing the song of Orpheus to the Argonauts, who were the first sailors.' He then called to the boy, 'What would you give, my lad, to know about the Argonauts?' 'Sir,' said the boy, 'I would give what I have.' Johnson was much pleased with his answer, and we gave him a double fare. Dr. Johnson then turning to me, 'Sir,' said he, 'a desire of knowledge is the natural feeling of mankind; and every human being whose mind is not debauched, will be willing to give all that he has to get knowledge.'

We landed at the Old Swan, and walked to Billingsgate, where we took oars and moved smoothly along the silver Thames. It was a very fine day. We were entertained with the immense number and variety of ships that were lying at anchor, and with the beautiful country on each side of the river.

I talked of preaching, and of the great success which those called Methodists have. JOHNSON: 'Sir, it is owing to their expressing themselves in a plain and familiar manner, which is the only way to do good to the common people, and which clergymen of genius and learning ought to do from a principle of duty, when it is suited to their congregations; a practice, for which they will be praised by men of sense. To insist against drunkenness as a crime, because it debases reason: the noblest faculty of man, would be of no service to the common people, but to tell them that they may die in a fit of drunkenness and show them how dreadful that would be, cannot fail to make a deep impression. Sir, when your Scotch clergy give up their homely manner, religion will soon decay in that country.'

I was much pleased to find myself with Johnson at Greenwich, which he celebrates in his *London* as a favorite scene.

I had the poem in my pocket, and read the lines aloud with enthusiasm:

'On Thames's banks in silent thought we stood:
Where Greenwich smiles upon the silver flood:
Pleased with the seat which gave Eliza birth,
We kneel, and kiss the consecrated earth.'

He remarked that the structure of Greenwich hospital was too magnificent for a place of charity, and that its parts were too much detached, to make one great whole.

Buchanan, he said, was a very fine poet; and observed, that he was the first who complimented a lady, by ascribing to her the different perfections of the heathen goddesses; but that Johnstone

improved upon this, by making his lady, at the same time, free from their defects.

He dwelt upon Buchanan's elegant verses to Mary Queen of Scots, *Nympha Caledoniae,* [Nymph of Scotland] etc., and spoke with enthusiasm of the beauty of Latin verse. 'All the modern languages,' said he, 'cannot furnish so melodious a line as

Formosam resonare doces Amarillida silvas.

[You teach the woods to re-echo beauteous Amarillis.]

Afterwards he entered upon the business of the day, which was to give me his advice as to a course of study. And here I am to mention with much regret that my record of what he said is miserably scanty. I recollect with admiration an animating blaze of eloquence, which roused every intellectual power in me to the highest pitch, but must have dazzled me so much that my memory could not preserve the substance of his discourse; for the note which I find of it is no more than this:—'He ran over the grand scale of human knowledge; advised me to select some particular branch to excel in, but to acquire a little of every kind.' The defect of my minutes will be fully supplied by a long letter upon the subject, which he favored me with after I had been some time at Utrecht, and which my readers will have the pleasure to peruse in its proper place.

We walked in the evening, in Greenwich Park. He asked me, I suppose, by way of trying my disposition, 'Is not this very fine?' Having no exquisite relish of the beauties of nature, and being more delighted with 'the busy hum of men,' I answered, 'Yes, sir, but not equal to Fleet-street.' JOHNSON: 'You are right, sir.'

I am aware that many of my readers may censure my want of taste. Let me, however, shelter myself under the authority of a very fashionable baronet in the brilliant world, who, on his attention being called to the fragrance of a May evening in the country, observed, 'This may be very well; but, for my part, I prefer the smell of a flambeau at the play-house.'

We stayed so long at Greenwich, that our sail up the river, in our return to London, was by no means so pleasant as in the morning; for the night air was so cold that it made me shiver. I was the more sensible of it from having sat up all the night before recollecting and writing in my journal what I thought worthy of preservation; an exertion which during the first part of my acquaintance with Johnson, I frequently made. I remember having sat up four nights in one week, without being much incommoded in the daytime.

Johnson, whose robust frame was not in the least affected by the cold, scolded me, as if my shivering had been a paltry effeminacy, saying, 'Why do you shiver?' Sir William Scott, of the Commons, told me that when he complained of a headache in the post-chaise, as they were traveling together to Scotland, Johnson treated him in the same manner: 'At your age, sir, I had no headache.' It is not easy to make allowance for sensations in others, which we ourselves have not at the time.

We concluded the day at the Turk's Head coffee-house very socially. He was pleased to listen to a particular account which I gave him of my family, and of its hereditary estate, as to the extent and population of which he asked questions, and made calculations; recommending, at the same time, a liberal kindness to the tenantry, as people over whom the proprietor was placed by Providence. He took delight in hearing my description of the romantic seat of my ancestors. 'I must be there, sir,' said he, 'and we will live in the old castle; and if there is not a room in it remaining, we will build one.' I was highly flattered, but could scarcely indulge a hope that Auchinleck would indeed be honored by his presence, and celebrated by a description, as it afterward was, in his *Journey to the Western Islands.*

After we had again talked of my setting out for Holland, he said, 'I must see thee out of England; I will accompany you to Harwich.' I could not find words to express what I felt upon this unexpected and very great mark of his affectionate regard.

Next day, Sunday, July 31, I told him I had been that morning at a meeting of the people called Quakers, where I had

heard a woman preach. JOHNSON: 'Sir, a woman's preaching is like a dog's walking on his hind legs. It is not done well; but you are surprised to find it done at all.'

On Tuesday, August 2 (the day of my departure from London having been fixed for the 5th), Dr. Johnson did me the honor to pass a part of the morning with me at my chambers. He said, 'that he always felt an inclination to do nothing.' I observed, that it was strange to think that the most indolent man in Britain had written the most laborious work, *The English Dictionary.*

I mentioned an imprudent publication, by a certain friend of his, at an early period of life, and asked him if he thought it would hurt him. JOHNSON: 'No, sir; not much. It may, perhaps, be mentioned at an election.'

I had now made good my title to be a privileged man, and was carried by him in the evening to drink tea with Miss Williams, whom, though under the misfortune of having lost her sight, I found to be agreeable in conversation, for she had a variety of literature, and expressed herself well; but her peculiar value was the intimacy in which she had long lived with Johnson, by which she was well acquainted with his habits, and knew how to lead him on to talk.

After tea he carried me to what he called his walk, which was a long narrow paved court in the neighborhood, overshadowed by some trees. There we sauntered a considerable time, and I complained to him that my love of London and of his company was such, that I shrunk almost from the thought of going away even to travel, which is generally so much desired by young men. He roused me by manly and spirited conversation. He advised me, when settled in any place abroad, to study with an eagerness after knowledge, and to apply to Greek an hour every day; and when I was moving about, to read diligently the great book of mankind.

On Wednesday, August 3, we had our last social evening at the Turk's Head coffee-house, before my setting out for foreign parts. I had the misfortune, before we parted, to irritate him unintentionally. I mentioned to him how common it was in the world to tell absurd stories of him, and to ascribe to him very strange sayings. JOHNSON: 'What do they make me say, sir?' BOSWELL: 'Why, sir, as an instance very strange indeed,' laughing heartily as I spoke, 'David Hume told me, you said that you would stand before a battery of cannon to restore the Convocation to its full powers.' Little did I apprehend that he had actually said this: but I was soon convinced of my error; for, with a determined look he thundered out, 'And would I not, sir? Shall the Presbyterian *Kirk* of Scotland have its General Assembly, and the Church of England be denied its Convocation?' He was walking up and down the room while I told him the anecdote; but, when he uttered this explosion of high-church zeal he had come close to my chair, and his eyes flashed with indignation. I bowed to the storm, and diverted the force of it, by leading him to expatiate on the influence which religion derived from maintaining the church with great external respectability.

I must not omit to mention that he this year wrote *The Life of Ascham,* and the Dedication to the Earl of Shaftesbury, prefixed to the edition of that writer's English works, published by Mr. Bennet.

On Friday, August 5, we set out early in the morning in the Harwich stage-coach. A fat elderly gentlewoman, and a young Dutchman, seemed the most inclined among us to conversation. At the inn where we dined, the gentlewoman said that she had done her best to educate her children; and particularly, that she had never suffered them to be a moment idle. JOHNSON: 'I wish, madam, you would educate me too; for I have been an idle fellow all my life.' 'I am sure, sir,' said she, 'you have not been idle.' JOHNSON: 'Nay, madam, it is very true: and that gentleman there, pointing to me, has been idle. He was idle at Edinburgh. His father sent him to Glasgow, where he continued to be idle. He then came to London, where he has been very idle; and now he is going to Utrecht, where he will be as idle as ever.' I asked him privately how he could expose me so. JOHNSON: 'Poh, poh!' said he, 'they knew nothing about you, and will think of it no more.' In the afternoon the gentlewoman talked violently

against the Roman Catholics, and of the horrors of the inquisition. To the utter astonishment of all the passengers but myself, who knew that he could talk upon any side of a question, he defended the inquisition, and maintained that 'false doctrine should be checked on its first appearance; that the civil power should unite with the church in punishing those who dare to attack the established religion, and that such only were punished by the inquisition.' He had in his pocket, *Pomponius Mela de Situ Orbis,* in which he read occasionally, and seemed very intent upon ancient geography. Though by no means niggardly, his attention to what was generally right was so minute, that having observed at one of the stages that I ostentatiously gave a shilling to the coachman, when the custom was for each passenger to give only sixpence, he took me aside and scolded me, saying that what I had done would make the coachman dissatisfied with all the rest of the passengers, who gave him no more than his due.

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Having stopped a night at Colchester, Johnson talked of that town with veneration, for having stood a siege for Charles the First. The Dutchman alone now remained with us. He spoke English tolerably well; and thinking to recommend himself to us by expatiating on the superiority of the criminal jurisprudence of this country over that of Holland, he inveighed against the barbarity of putting an accused person to the torture, in order to force a confession. But Johnson was as ready for this as for the inquisition. 'Why, sir, you do not, I find, understand the law of your own country. To torture in Holland is considered as a favor to an accused person; for no man is put to the torture there, unless there is as much evidence against him as would amount to conviction in England. An accused person, among you, therefore, has one chance more to escape punishment than those who are tried among us.'

At supper this night he talked of good eating with uncommon satisfaction. 'Some people,' said he, 'have a foolish way of not minding, or pretending not to mind, what they eat. For my part, I mind my belly very studiously and very carefully; for I look upon it, that he who does not mind his belly will hardly mind anything else.' He now appeared to me *Jean Bull philosophe,* and he was for the moment not only serious, but vehement, yet I have heard him, upon other occasions, talk with great contempt of people who were anxious to gratify their palates: and the 206th number of his *Rambler* is a masterly essay against gulosity. His practice, indeed, I must acknowledge, may be considered as casting the balance of his different opinions upon this subject; for I never knew any man who relished good eating more than he did. When at table he was totally absorbed in the business of the moment: his looks seemed riveted to his plate; nor would he, unless when in very high company, say one word, or even pay the least attention to what was said by others, till he had satisfied his appetite, which was so fierce, and indulged with such intenseness, that while in the act of eating, the veins of his forehead swelled, and generally a strong perspiration was visible. To those whose sensations were delicate, this could not but be disgusting; and it was doubtless not very suitable to the character of a philosopher, who should be distinguished by self-command. But it must be owned that Johnson, though he could be rigidly *abstemious,* was not a *temperate* man either in eating or drinking. He could refrain, but he could not use moderately. He told me that he had fasted two days without inconvenience, and that he had never been hungry but once. They who beheld with wonder how much he ate upon all occasions, when his dinner was to his taste, could not easily conceive what he must have meant by hunger; and not only was he remarkable for the extraordinary quantity which he ate, but he was, or affected to be, a man of very nice discernment in the science of cookery. He used to descant critically on the dishes which had been at table where he had dined or supped, and to recollect very minutely what he had liked. I remember when he was in Scotland, his praising '*Gordon's palates*' (a dish of palates at the Honorable Alexander Gordon's) with a warmth of expression which might have done honor to more important subjects. 'As for Maclaurin's imitation of a *made dish,* it was a wretched attempt.' He about the same

time was so much displeased with the performances of a nobleman's French cook, that he exclaimed with vehemence, 'I'd throw such a rascal into the river;' and he then proceeded to alarm a lady at whose house he was to sup, by the following manifesto of his skill:—'I, madam, who live at a variety of good tables, am a much better judge of cookery, than any person who has a very tolerable cook, but lives much at home; for his palate is gradually adapted to the taste of his cook; whereas, madam, in trying by a wider range, I can more exquisitively judge.' When invited to dine, even with an intimate friend, he was not pleased if something better than a plain dinner was not prepared for him. I have heard him say on such an occasion. 'This was a good dinner enough to be sure; but it was not a dinner to *ask* a man to.' On the other hand, he was wont to express, with great glee, his satisfaction when he had been entertained quite to his mind.

While we were left by ourselves, after the Dutchman had gone to bed, Dr. Johnson talked of that studied behavior which many have recommended and practised. He disapproved of it; and said, 'I never considered whether I should be a grave man, or a merry man, but just let inclination, for the time, have its course.'

Next day we got to Harwich, to dinner; and my passage in the packet boat to Helvoetsluys being secured, and my baggage put on board, we dined at our inn by ourselves. I happened to say it would be terrible if he should not find a speedy opportunity of returning to London, and be confined in so dull a place. JOHNSON: 'Don't, sir, accustom yourself to use big words for little matters. It would *not* be *terrible,* though I *were* to be detained some time here.' The practice of using words of disproportionate magnitude, is, no doubt, too frequent everywhere; but, I think, most remarkable among the French, of which, all who have traveled in France must have been struck with innumerable instances.

We went and looked at the church, and having gone into it, and walked up to the altar, Johnson, whose piety was constant and fervent, sent me to my knees, saying, 'Now that you are going to leave your native country, recommend yourself to the protection of your Creator and Redeemer.'

After we came out of the church, we stood talking for some time together, of Bishop Berkeley's ingenious sophistry to prove the non-existence of matter, and that everything in the universe is merely ideal. I observed that, though we are satisfied his doctrine is not true, it is impossible to refute it. I never shall forget the alacrity with which Johnson answered, striking his foot with mighty force against a large stone, till he rebounded from it,—'I refute it *thus.*'

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My revered friend walked down with me to the beach, where we embraced and parted with tenderness, and engaged to correspond by letters. I said, 'I hope, sir, you will not forget me in my absence.' JOHNSON: 'Nay, sir, it is more likely you should forget me, than that I should forget you.' As the vessel put out to sea, I kept my eyes upon him for a considerable time, while he remained rolling his majestic frame in his usual manner; and at last I perceived him walk back into the town, and he disappeared.

(1791)

* * *

EDMUND BURKE (1729-1797)

The career of Burke belongs to the history of English politics, its memorials to English literature. His father was a Dublin solicitor and a Protestant; his mother was a firm Catholic, and he spent a part of his school days under the tuition of a Quaker. He was himself brought up a Protestant, but on this as other subjects preserved a large and open mind. He took his bachelor's degree at Trinity College, Dublin, in 1748, and later read law at the Middle Temple in London. For upwards of a decade after his removal to England, in 1750, his ambition pointed to literature. In 1756 he published *A Vindication of Natural Society*, an ironical imitation of Bolingbroke intended to throw ridicule upon the political theories of that writer. 'Burke foresaw from the first,' an English statesman of our own day has said, 'what, if rationalism were allowed to run its course, would be the really great business of the second half of his century.' The same year he printed his youthful essay *On the Sublime and Beautiful* and three years later became editor of Dodsley's *Annual Register*. But his literary abilities soon marked him out for the public service. In some way, not very well understood, his financial disability was overcome, and he entered upon a career in Parliament, making his first speech in January, 1766. His *Observations on the Present State of the Nation* (1769) showed his grasp of economic detail, and his pamphlet, entitled, *Thoughts on the Present Discontents*, the following year, for the first time exhibited the full breadth of his political philosophy. Four years later the struggle with the American colonies which had been going on ever since Burke entered Parliament had reached the stage of threatened war. It was in the debate upon this great occasion that Burke's mastery of economic detail, and his broad and lucid command of principle were welded together by his gift of passionate exposition into the three documents of political philosophy which will be cherished wherever the race flourishes in whose language they were delivered. *The Speech on American Taxation* was given in April, 1774, *The Speech for Conciliation*, March 22, 1775, and the *Letter to the Sheriffs of Bristol* was issued in 1777. The other subjects upon which Burke distinguished himself as an orator were the Impeachment of Warren Hastings and the incidents of the French Revolution. His views in regard to the latter were such as sometimes to perplex his party and his friends and he was often almost solitary in his position. In spite of Goldsmith's accusation that he 'to party gave up what was meant for mankind,' Burke's gifts were not those of the successful politician. He retired from Parliament in 1794, having wielded great power at times, but having won no official position of high dignity. His achievements were such as grow more lustrous with the passage of time.

From THE SPEECH FOR CONCILIATION WITH THE COLONIES

These, sir, are my reasons for not entertaining that high opinion of untried force, by which many gentlemen, for whose sentiments in other particulars I have great respect, seem to be so greatly captivated. But there is still behind a third consideration concerning this object, which serves to determine my opinion on the sort of policy which ought to be pursued in the management of America, even more than its population and its commerce, I mean its *temper and character*.

In this character of the Americans, a love of freedom is the predominating feature which marks and distinguishes the whole; and as an ardent is always a jealous affection, your colonies become suspicious, restive, and untractable, whenever they see the least attempt to wrest from them by force or shuffle from them by chicane, what they think the only advantage worth living for. This fierce spirit of liberty is stronger in the English colonies probably than in any other people of the earth; and this from a great variety of powerful causes; which, to understand the true temper of their minds, and the direction which this spirit takes, it will not be amiss to lay open somewhat more largely.

First, the people of the colonies are descendants of Englishmen. England, sir, is a nation which still I hope respects, and formerly adored, her freedom. The colonists emigrated from you, when this part of your character was most predominant; and they took this bias and direction the moment they parted from your hands. They are therefore not only devoted to liberty, but to liberty according to English ideas, and on English principles. Abstract liberty, like other mere abstractions, is not to be found. Liberty inheres in some sensible object; and every nation has formed to itself some favorite point, which by way of eminence becomes the criterion of their happiness. It happened, you know, sir, that the great contests for freedom in this country were from the earliest times chiefly upon the question of taxing. Most of the contests in the ancient commonwealths turned primarily on the right of election of magistrates; or on the balance among the several orders of the state. The question of money was not with them so immediate. But in England it was otherwise. On this point of taxes the ablest pens and most eloquent tongues have been exercised; the greatest spirits have acted and suffered. In order to give the fullest satisfaction concerning the importance of this point, it was not only necessary for those who in argument defended the excellence of the English constitution to insist on this privilege of granting money as a dry point of fact, and to prove that the right had been acknowledged in ancient parchments and blind usage to reside in a certain body called a House of Commons. They went much farther; they attempted to prove, and they succeeded, that in theory it ought to be so, from the particular nature of a House of Commons as an immediate representative of the people, whether the old records had delivered this oracle or not. They took infinite pains to inculcate, as a fundamental principle, that in all monarchies the people must in effect themselves, mediately or immediately, possess the power of granting their own money, or no shadow of liberty could subsist. The colonies draw from you, as with their life-blood, these ideas and principles. Their love of liberty, as with you, fixed and attached on this specific point of taxing. Liberty might be safe, or might be endangered, in twenty other particulars, without their being much pleased or alarmed. Here they felt its pulse; and as they found that beat, they thought themselves sick or sound. I do not say whether they were right or wrong in applying your general arguments to their own cause. It is not easy indeed to make a monopoly of theorems and corollaries. The fact is, that they did thus apply those general arguments; and your mode of governing them, whether through lenity or indolence, through wisdom or mistake, confirmed them in the imagination, that they, as well as you, had an interest in these common principles.

They were further confirmed in this pleasing error by the form of their provincial legislative assemblies. The governments are popular in a high degree; some are merely popular; in all, the popular representative is the most weighty; and this share of the people in their ordinary government never fails to inspire them with lofty sentiments, and with a strong aversion from whatever tends to deprive them of their chief importance.

If anything were wanting to this necessary operation of the form of government, religion would have given it a complete effect. Religion, always a principle of energy, in this new people is no way worn out or impaired; and their mode of professing it is also one main cause of this free spirit. The people are Protestants; and of that kind which is the most adverse to all implicit submission of mind and opinion. This is a persuasion not only favorable to liberty, but built upon it. I do not think, sir, that the reason of this averseness in the dissenting churches, from all that looks like absolute government, is so much to be sought in their religious tenets as in their history. Every one knows that the Roman Catholic religion is at least coeval with most of the governments where it prevails; that it has generally gone hand in hand with them, and received great favor and every kind of support from authority. The Church of England too was formed from her cradle under the nursing care of regular government. But the dissenting interests have sprung up in direct opposition to all the ordinary powers of the world; and could justify that opposition

only on a strong claim to natural liberty. Their very existence depended on the powerful and unremitted assertion of that claim. All Protestantism, even the most cold and passive, is a sort of dissent. But the religion most prevalent in our northern colonies is a refinement on the principle of resistance; it is the dissidence of dissent, and the Protestantism of the Protestant religion. This religion, under a variety of denominations agreeing in nothing but in the communion of the spirit of liberty, is predominant in most of the northern provinces, where the Church of England, notwithstanding its legal rights, is in reality no more than a sort of private sect, not composing most probably the tenth of the people. The colonists left England when this spirit was high, and in the emigrants was the highest of all, and even that stream of foreigners, which has been constantly flowing into these colonies, has, for the greatest part, been composed of dissenters from the establishments of their several countries, and have brought with them a temper and character far from alien to that of the people with whom they mixed.

Sir, I can perceive by their manner, that some gentlemen object to the latitude of this description, because in the southern colonies the Church of England forms a large body, and has a regular establishment. It is certainly true. There is, however, a circumstance attending these colonies, which, in my opinion, fully counterbalances this difference, and makes the spirit of liberty still more high and haughty than in those to the northward. It is, that in Virginia and the Carolinas they have a vast multitude of slaves. Where this is the case in any part of the world, those who are free are by far the most proud and jealous of their freedom. Freedom is to them not only an enjoyment, but a kind of rank and privilege. Not seeing there, that freedom, as in countries where it is a common blessing, and as broad and general as the air, may be united with much abject toil, with great misery, with all the exterior of servitude, liberty looks, amongst them, like something that is more noble and liberal. I do not mean, sir, to commend the superior morality of this sentiment, which has at least as much pride as virtue in it: but I cannot alter the nature of man. The fact is so; and these people of the southern colonies are much more strongly, and with a higher and more stubborn spirit, attached to liberty, than those to the northward. Such were all the ancient commonwealths; such were our Gothic ancestors; such in our days were the Poles; and such will be all masters of slaves who are not slaves themselves. In such a people, the haughtiness of domination combines with the spirit of freedom, fortifies it, and renders it invincible.

Permit me, sir, to add another circumstance in our colonies, which contributes no mean part towards the growth and effect of this untractable spirit. I mean their education. In no country perhaps in the world is the law so general a study. The profession itself is numerous and powerful; and in most provinces it takes the lead. The greater number of the deputies sent to the Congress were lawyers. But all who read (and most do read), endeavor to obtain some smattering in that science. I have been told by an eminent bookseller, that in no branch of his business, after tracts of popular devotion, were so many books as those on the law exported to the plantations. The colonists have now fallen into the way of printing them for their own use. I hear that they have sold nearly as many of Blackstone's Commentaries in America as in England. General Gage marks out this disposition very particularly in a letter on your table. He states that all the people in his government are lawyers, or smatterers in law; and that in Boston they have been enabled, by successful chicane, wholly to evade many parts of one of your capital penal constitutions. The smartness of debate will say that this knowledge ought to teach them more clearly the rights of legislature, their obligations to obedience, and the penalties of rebellion. All this is mighty well. But my honorable and learned friend on the floor, who condescends to mark what I say for animadversion, will disdain that ground. He has heard, as well as I, that when great honors and great emoluments do not win over this knowledge to the service of the state, it is a formidable adversary to government. If the spirit be not tamed and broken by these happy methods, it is stubborn and litigious.

Abeunt studia in mores [studies develop into habits]. This study renders men acute, inquisitive, dexterous, prompt in attack, ready in defense, full of resources. In other countries, the people, more simple, and of a less mercurial cast, judge of an ill principle in government only by an actual grievance; here they anticipate the evil, and judge of the pressure of the grievance by the badness of the principle. They augur misgovernment at a distance; and snuff the approach of tyranny in every tainted breeze.

The last cause of this disobedient spirit in the colonies is hardly less powerful than the rest, as it is not merely moral, but laid deep in the natural constitution of things. Three thousand miles of ocean lie between you and them. No contrivance can prevent the effect of this distance in weakening government. Seas roll, and months pass, between the order and the execution; and the want of a speedy explanation of a single point is enough to defeat a whole system. You have, indeed, 'winged ministers of vengeance,' who carry your bolts in their pounces to the remotest verge of the sea. But there a power steps in, that limits the arrogance of raging passions and furious elements, and says, 'So far shalt thou go, and no farther.' Who are you, that you should fret and rage, and bite the chains of Nature? — nothing worse happens to you than does to all nations who have extensive empire; and it happens in all the forms into which empire can be thrown. In large bodies, the circulation of power must be less vigorous at the extremities. Nature has said it. The Turk cannot govern Egypt, and Arabia, and Kurdistan, as he governs Thrace; nor has he the same dominion in Crimea and Algiers which he has at Brusa and Smyrna. Despotism itself is obliged to truck and huckster. The Sultan gets such obedience as he can. He governs with a loose rein, that he may govern at all; and the whole of the force and vigor of his authority in his center is derived from a prudent relaxation in all his borders. Spain, in her provinces, is perhaps not so well obeyed as you are in yours. She complies too; she submits; she watches times. This is the immutable condition, the eternal law, of extensive and detached empire.

Then, sir, from these six capital sources; of descent; of form of government; of religion in the northern provinces; of manners in the southern; of education; of the remoteness of situation from the first mover of government; from all these causes a fierce spirit of liberty has grown up. It has grown with the growth of the people in your colonies, and increased with the increase of their wealth; a spirit, that unhappily meeting with an exercise of power in England, which, however lawful, is not reconcilable to any ideas of liberty, much less with theirs, has kindled this flame that is ready to consume us.

I do not mean to commend either the spirit in this excess, or the moral causes which produce it. Perhaps a more smooth and accommodating spirit of freedom in them would be more acceptable to us. Perhaps ideas of liberty might be desired more reconcilable with an arbitrary and boundless authority. Perhaps we might wish the colonists to be persuaded that their liberty is more secure when held in trust for them by us (as their guardians during a perpetual minority) than with any part of it in their own hands. The question is, not whether their spirit deserves praise or blame, but what, in the name of God, shall we do with it? You have before you the object, such as it is, with all its glories with all its imperfections, on its head. You see the magnitude, the importance, the temper, the habits, the disorders. By all these considerations we are strongly urged to determine something concerning it. We are called upon to fix some rule and line for our future conduct, which may give a little stability to our politics, and prevent the return of such unhappy deliberations as the present. Every such return will bring the matter before us in a still more untractable form. For, what astonishing and incredible things have we not seen already! What monsters have not been generated from this unnatural contention! Whilst every principle of authority and resistance has been pushed, upon both sides, as far as it would go, there is nothing so solid and certain, either in reasoning or in practice, that has not been shaken. Until very lately, all authority in America seemed to be nothing but an emanation

from yours. Even the popular part of the colony constitution derived all its activity, and its first vital movement, from the pleasure of the crown. We thought, sir, that the utmost which the discontented colonists could do was to disturb authority; we never dreamt they could of themselves supply it; knowing in general what an operose business it is to establish a government absolutely new. But having, for our purposes in this contention, resolved that none but an obedient assembly should sit; the humors of the people there finding all passage through the legal channel stopped, with great violence broke out another way. Some provinces have tried their experiment, as we have tried ours; and theirs has succeeded. They have formed a government sufficient for its purposes, without the bustle of a revolution, or the troublesome formality of an election. Evident necessity and tacit consent have done the business in an instant. So well they have done it, that Lord Dunmore — the account is among the fragments on your table — tells you that the new institution is infinitely better obeyed than the ancient government ever was in its most fortunate periods. Obedience is what makes government, and not the names by which it is called; not the name of Governor, as formerly, or Committee, as at present. This new government has originated directly from the people; and was not transmitted through any of the ordinary artificial media of a positive constitution. It was not a manufacture ready formed, and transmitted to them in that condition from England. The evil arising from hence is this, that the colonists having once found the possibility of enjoying the advantages of order in the midst of a struggle for liberty, such struggles will not henceforward seem so terrible to the settled and sober part of mankind as they had appeared before the trial.

Pursuing the same plan of punishing by the denial of the exercise of government to still greater lengths, we wholly abrogated the ancient government of Massachusetts. We were confident that the first feeling, if not the very prospect of anarchy, would instantly enforce a complete submission. The experiment was tried. A new, strange, unexpected phase of things appeared. Anarchy is found tolerable. A vast province has now subsisted, and subsisted in a considerable degree of health and vigor, for near a twelvemonth, without Governor, without public council, without judges, without executive magistrates. How long it will continue in this state, or what may rise out of this unheard-of situation, how can the wisest of us conjecture? Our late experience has taught us that many of those fundamental principles formerly believed infallible, are either not of the importance they were imagined to be; or that we have not at all adverted to some other far more important and far more powerful principles, which entirely overrule those we had considered as omnipotent. I am much against any further experiments, which tend to put to the proof any more of these allowed opinions, which contribute o much to the public tranquillity. In effect, we suffer as much at home by this loosening of all ties, and this concussion of all established opinions, as we do abroad. For, in order to prove that the Americans have no right to their liberties, we are every day endeavoring to subvert the maxims which preserve the whole spirit of our own. To prove that the Americans ought not to be free, we are obliged to depreciate the value of freedom itself; and we never seem to gain a paltry advantage over them in debate, without attacking some of those principles, or deriding some of those feelings, for which our ancestors have shed their blood.

But, sir, in wishing to put an end to pernicious experiments, I do not mean to preclude the fullest inquiry. Far from it. Far from deciding on a sudden or partial view, I would patiently go round and round the subject, and survey it minutely in every possible aspect. Sir, if I were capable of engaging you to an equal attention, I would state that, as far as I am capable of discerning, there are but three ways of proceeding relative to this stubborn spirit, which prevails in your colonies, and disturbs your government. These are: to change that spirit, as inconvenient, by removing the causes; to prosecute it as criminal; or, to comply with it as necessary. I would not be guilty of an imperfect enumeration; I can think of but these three. Another has indeed been started, that of giving up the

colonies; but it met so slight a reception, that I do not think myself obliged to dwell a great while upon it. It is nothing but a little sally of anger, like the frowardness of peevish children, who, when they cannot get all they would have, are resolved to take nothing.

The first of these plans, to change the spirit as inconvenient, by removing the causes, I think is the most like a systematic proceeding. It is radical in its principle; but it is attended with great difficulties, some of them little short, as I conceive, of impossibilities. This will appear by examining into the plans which have been proposed.

As the growing population in the colonies is evidently one cause of their resistance, it was last session mentioned in both Houses, by men of weight, and received not without applause, that in order to check this evil, it would be proper for the crown to make no further grants of land. But to this scheme there are two objections. The first, that there is already so much unsettled land in private hands as to afford room for an immense future population, although the crown not only withheld its grants, but annihilated its soil. If this be the case, then the only effect of this avarice of desolation, this hoarding of a royal wilderness, would be to raise the value of the possessions in the hands of the great private monopolists, without any adequate check to the growing and alarming mischief of population.

But if you stopped your grants, what would be the consequence? The people would occupy without grants. They have already so occupied in many places. You cannot station garrisons in every part of these deserts. If you drive the people from one place, they will carry on their annual tillage, and remove with their flocks and herds to another. Many of the people in the back settlements are already little attached to particular situations. Already they have topped the Appalachian mountains. From thence they behold before them an immense plain, one vast, rich, level meadow; a square of five hundred miles. Over this they would wander without a possibility of restraint; they would change their manners with the habits of their life; would soon forget a government by which they were disowned; would become hordes of English Tartars; and pouring down upon your unfortified frontiers a fierce and irresistible cavalry, become masters of your governors and your counsellors, your collectors and comptrollers, and of all the slaves that adhered to them. Such would, and in no long time must, be the effect of attempting to forbid as a crime, and to suppress as an evil, the command and blessing of Providence, 'Increase and multiply.' Such would be the happy result of an endeavor to keep, as a lair of wild beasts, that earth which God, by an express charter, has *given to the children of men*. Far different, and surely much wiser, has been our policy hitherto. Hitherto we have invited our people, by every kind of bounty, to fixed establishments. We have invited the husbandman to look to authority for his title. We have taught him piously to believe in the mysterious virtue of wax and parchment. We have thrown each tract of land, as it was peopled, into districts, that the ruling power should never be wholly out of sight. We have settled all we could; and we have carefully attended every settlement with government.

Adhering sir, as I do, to this policy, as well as for the reasons I have just given, I think this new project of hedging-in population to be neither prudent nor practicable.

To impoverish the colonies in general, and in particular to arrest the noble course of their marine enterprises, would be a more easy task. I freely confess it. We have shown a disposition to a system of this kind; a disposition even to continue the restraint after the offence; looking on ourselves as rivals to our colonies, and persuaded that of course we must gain all that they shall lose. Much mischief we may certainly do. The power inadequate to all other things is often more than sufficient for this. I do not look on the direct and immediate power of the colonies to resist our violence as very formidable. In this, however, I may be mistaken. But when I consider that we have colonies for no purpose but to be serviceable to us, it seems to my poor understanding a little preposterous to make them unserviceable, in order to keep them obedient. It is, in truth, nothing more than the old, and, as I thought, exploded problem of tyranny,

which proposes to beggar its subjects into submission. But remember, when you have completed your system of impoverishment, that Nature still proceeds in her ordinary course; that discontent will increase with misery; and that there are critical moments in the fortune of all states, when they who are too weak to contribute to your prosperity may be strong enough to complete your ruin. *Spoliatis arma supersunt* [Arms remain to the despoiled].

The temper and character which prevail in our colonies, are, I am afraid, unalterable by any human art. We cannot, I fear, falsify the pedigree of this fierce people, and persuade them that they are not sprung from a nation in whose veins the blood of freedom circulates. The language in which they would hear you tell them this tale would detect the imposition: your speech would betray you. An Englishman is the unfittest person on earth to argue another Englishman into slavery.

I think it is nearly as little in our power to change their republican religion as their free descent; or to substitute the Roman Catholic, as a penalty; or the Church of England, as an improvement. The mode of inquisition and dragooning is going out of fashion in the Old World, and I should not confide much to their efficacy in the New. The education of the Americans is also on the same unalterable bottom with their religion. You cannot persuade them to burn their books of curious science; to banish their lawyers from their courts of laws; or to quench the lights of their assemblies, by refusing to choose those persons who are best read in their privileges. It would be no less impracticable to think of wholly annihilating the popular assemblies, in which these lawyers sit. The army, by which we must govern in their place, would be far more chargeable to us; not quite so effectual; and perhaps, in the end, full as difficult to be kept in obedience.

With regard to the high aristocratic spirit of Virginia and the southern colonies, it has been proposed, I know, to reduce it, by declaring a general enfranchisement of their slaves. This project has had its advocates and panegyrists; yet I never could argue myself into any opinion of it. Slaves are often much attached to their masters. A general wild offer of liberty would not always be accepted. History furnishes few instances of it. It is sometimes as hard to persuade slaves to be free, as it is to compel freemen to be slaves; and in this auspicious scheme we should have both these pleasing tasks on our hands at once. But when we talk of enfranchisement, do we not perceive that the American master may enfranchise too, and arm servile hands in defence of freedom? A measure to which other people have had recourse more than once, and not without success, in a desperate situation of their affairs.

Slaves as these unfortunate black people are, and dull as all men are from slavery, must they not a little suspect the offer of freedom from that very nation which has sold them to their present masters? from that nation, one of whose causes of quarrel with those masters is their refusal to deal any more in that inhuman traffic? An offer of freedom from England would come rather oddly, shipped to them in an African vessel, which is refused an entry into the ports of Virginia or Carolina, with a cargo of three hundred Angola negroes. It would be curious to see the Guinea captain attempting at the same instant to publish his proclamation of liberty, and to advertise his sale of slaves.

But let us suppose all these moral difficulties got over. The ocean remains. You cannot pump this dry; and as long as it continues in its present bed, so long all the causes which weaken authority by distance will continue. 'Ye gods, annihilate but space and time, and make two lovers happy!' was a pious and passionate prayer; but just as reasonable as many of the serious wishes of very grave and solemn politicians.

If then, sir, it seems almost desperate to think of any alternative course for changing the moral causes, and not quite easy to remove the natural, which produce prejudices irreconcilable to the late exercise of our authority, but that the spirit infallibly will continue, and, continuing, will produce such effects as now embarrass us; the second mode under consideration is to prosecute that spirit in its overt acts as criminal.

At this proposition I must pause a moment. The thing seems a great deal

too big for my ideas of jurisprudence. It should seem to my way of conceiving such matters, that there is a very wide difference in reason and policy between the mode of proceeding on the irregular conduct of scattered individuals, or even of bands of men, who disturb order within the state, and the civil dissensions which may, from time to time, on great questions, agitate the several communities which compose a great empire. It looks to me to be narrow and pedantic to apply the ordinary ideas of criminal justice to this great public contest. I do not know the method of drawing up an indictment against a whole people. I cannot insult and ridicule the feelings of millions of my fellow-creatures, as Sir Edward Coke insulted one excellent individual (Sir Walter Raleigh) at the bar. I hope I am not ripe to pass sentence on the gravest public bodies, entrusted with magistracies of great authority and dignity, and charged with the safety of their fellow-citizens, upon the very same title that I am. I really think that, for wise men, this is not judicious; for sober men, not decent; for minds tinctured with humanity, not mild and merciful.

Perhaps, sir, I am mistaken in my idea of an empire, as distinguished from a single state or kingdom. But my idea of it is this: that an empire is the aggregate of many states under one common head; whether this head be a monarch, or a presiding republic. It does, in such constitutions, frequently happen (and nothing but the dismal, cold, dead uniformity of servitude can prevent its happening) that the subordinate parts have many local privileges and immunities. Between these privileges and the supreme common authority the line may be extremely nice. Of course, disputes, often, too, very bitter disputes, and much ill blood, will arise. But though every privilege is an exemption (in the case) from the ordinary exercise of the supreme authority, it is no denial of it. The claim of the privilege seems rather, *ex vi termini* [by the meaning of the term], to imply a superior power. For to talk of the privileges of a state, or of a person, who has no superior, is hardly any better than speaking nonsense. Now, in such unfortunate quarrels among the component parts of a great political union of communities, I can scarcely conceive anything more completely imprudent than for the head of the empire to insist that, if any privilege is pleaded against his will, or his acts, his whole authority is denied; instantly to proclaim rebellion, to beat to arms, and to put the offending provinces under the ban. Will not this, sir, very soon teach the provinces to make no distinctions on their part? Will it not teach them that the government, against which a claim of liberty is tantamount to high treason, is a government to which submission is equivalent to slavery? It may not always be quite convenient to impress dependent communities with such an idea.

We are indeed, in all disputes with the colonies, by the necessity of things, the judge. It is true, sir. But I confess that the character of judge in my own cause is a thing that frightens me. Instead of filling me with pride, I am exceedingly humbled by it. I cannot proceed with a stern, assured, judicial confidence, until I find myself in something more like a judicial character. I must have these hesitations as long as I am compelled to recollect that, in my little reading upon such contests as these, the sense of mankind has, at least, as often decided against the superior as the subordinate power. Sir, let me add too, that the opinion of my having some abstract right in my favor would not put me much at my ease in passing sentence, unless I could be sure that there were no rights which, in their exercise under certain circumstances, were not the most odious of all wrongs, and the most vexatious of all injustice. Sir, these considerations have great weight with me, when I find things so circumstanced, that I see the same party at once a civil litigant against me in point of right; and a culprit before me, while I sit as a criminal judge on acts of his, whose moral quality is to be decided upon the merits of that very litigation. Men are every now and then put, by the complexity of human affairs, into strange situations; but justice is the same, let the judge be in what situation he will.

There is, sir, also a circumstance which convinces me that this mode of criminal proceeding is not (at least in the present stage of our contest) altogether expedient; which is nothing less than the con-

duct of those very persons who have seemed to adopt that mode, by lately declaring a rebellion in Massachusetts Bay, as they had formerly addressed to have traitors brought hither, under an Act of Henry the Eighth, for trial. For though rebellion is declared, it is not proceeded against as such; nor have any steps been taken towards the apprehension or conviction of any individual offender, either on our late or our former Address; but modes of public coercion have been adopted, and such as have much more resemblance to a sort of qualified hostility toward an independent power than the punishment of rebellious subjects. All this seems rather inconsistent; but it shows how difficult it is to apply these juridical ideas to our present case.

In this situation, let us seriously and coolly ponder. What is it we have got by all our menaces, which have been many and ferocious? What advantage have we derived from the penal laws we have rightly passed, and which, for the time, have been severe and numerous? What advances have we made towards our object, by the sending of a force which, by land and sea, is no contemptible strength? Has the disorder abated? Nothing less. When I see things in this situation, after such confident hopes, bold promises, and active exertions, I cannot for my life avoid a suspicion that the plan itself is not correctly right.

If then the removal of the causes of this spirit of American liberty be, for the greater part, or rather entirely, impracticable; if the ideas of criminal process be inapplicable, or if applicable, are in the highest degree inexpedient; what way yet remains? No way is open but the third and last — to comply with the American spirit as necessary; or, if you please, to submit to it as a necessary evil.

If we adopt this mode; if we mean to conciliate and concede; let us see of what nature the concession ought to be: to ascertain the nature of our concession we must look at their complaint. The colonies complain that they have not the characteristic mark and seal of British freedom. They complain that they are taxed in a parliament in which they are not represented. If you mean to satisfy them at all, you must satisfy them with regard to this complaint. If you mean to please any people, you must give them the boon which they ask; not what you may think better for them, but of a kind totally different. Such an act may be a wise regulation, but it is no concession; whereas our present theme is the mode of giving satisfaction.

Sir, I think you must perceive that I am resolved this day to have nothing at all to do with the question of the right of taxation. Some gentlemen startle — but it is true; I put it totally out of the question. It is less than nothing in my consideration. I do not indeed wonder, nor will you, sir, that gentlemen of profound learning are fond of displaying it on this profound subject. But my consideration is narrow, confined, and wholly limited to the policy of the question. I do not examine whether the giving away a man's money be a power excepted and reserved out of the general trust of government; and how far all mankind, in all forms of polity, are entitled to an exercise of that right by the charter of Nature. Or whether, on the contrary, a right of taxation is necessarily involved in the general principle of legislation, and inseparable from the ordinary supreme power. These are deep questions, where great names militate against each other; where reason is perplexed; and an appeal to authorities only thickens the confusion. For high and reverend authorities lift up their heads on both sides; and there is no sure footing in the middle. This point 'is the great Serbonian bog. Betwixt Damiata and Mount Casius old, Where armies whole have sunk.' I do not intend to be overwhelmed in that bog, though in such respectable company. The question with me is, not whether you have a right to render your people miserable, but whether it is not your interest to make them happy. It is not what a lawyer tells me I may do, but what humanity, reason, and justice tell me I ought to do. Is a politic act the worse for being a generous one? Is no concession proper, but that which is made from your want of right to keep what you grant? Or does it lessen the grace or dignity of relaxing in the exercise of an odious claim, because you have your evidence-room full of titles, and your magazines stuffed with arms to enforce them? What signify all those titles and all those arms? Of what avail

are they, when the reason of the thing tells me that the assertion of my title is the loss of my suit; and that I could do nothing but wound myself by the use of my own weapons?

Such is steadfastly my opinion of the absolute necessity of keeping up the concord of this empire by a unity of spirit, though in a diversity of operations, that, if I were sure the colonists had, at their leaving this country, sealed a regular compact of servitude; that they had solemnly abjured all the rights of citizens; that they had made a vow to renounce all ideas of liberty for them and their posterity to all generations; yet I should hold myself obliged to conform to the temper I found universally prevalent in my own day, and to govern two million of men, impatient of servitude, on the principles of freedom. I am not determining a point of law; I am restoring tranquillity; and the general character and situation of a people must determine what sort of government is fitted for them. That point nothing else can or ought to determine.

My idea, therefore, without considering whether we yield as matter of right, or grant as matter of favor, is to *admit the people of our colonies into an interest in the Constitution;* and, by recording that admission in the journals of parliament, to give them as strong an assurance as the nature of the thing will admit, that we mean for ever to adhere to that solemn declaration of systematic indulgence.

Some years ago, the repeal of a Revenue Act, upon its understood principle, might have served to show that we intended an unconditional abatement of the exercise of a taxing power. Such a measure was then sufficient to remove all suspicion, and to give perfect content. But unfortunate events, since that time, may make something further necessary; and not more necessary for the satisfaction of the colonies, than for the dignity and consistency of our own future proceedings.

* * *

(1775)

EDWARD GIBBON (1737–1794)

The greatest of English historians was born not far from London, at Putney in Surrey, where his father lived the easy life of a country gentleman. Gibbon ascribed the success of his later years to the 'golden mediocrity' of his fortunes, which preserved him on the one hand from the seductions of pleasure and, on the other, from the need of earning a living. His childhood was sickly, his education was intermittent, and he was indulged in his bent for reading which soon settled to a passion for history. At an early age he had devoured everything in that department which was accessible in English and had begun to annex other languages in order that he might gratify his hunger for original documents. He was sent at fifteen to Magdalen College, Oxford, and has left a withering indictment of the neglect and incompetence which he encountered at that seat of learning. Left to himself, he fell under the influence of a Jesuit and was converted to Roman Catholicism; whereupon his father promptly deported him to Switzerland and placed him under the care of a Calvinist minister at Lausanne. Through constant practice in the defense of his faith he became familiar with its assailable points, and soon passed to the position of scepticism which he permanently occupied. He mastered the French language and the French method of study and became deeply imbued with the French rationalistic ideas of the period. By five years of great diligence under able direction he laid the foundation of his superb equipment for the task of his life. Returning to England, he published in the French language his first book, *Essai sur l'Etude de la Litterature* [Essay on the Study of Literature] (1761). To please his father he served for two years and a half as a captain of militia. The singleness of his ambition is well illustrated by his summary of these lost years: 'The discipline and evolutions of a modern battalion gave me a clearer notion of the phalanx and the legions, and the captain of the Hampshire grenadiers — the reader may smile — has not been useless to the historian of the Roman empire.' But of this and of his later career in Parliament he was impatient as of anything which did not contribute directly to his one ambition. From his early youth he had 'aspired to the character of a historian,' but he remained unsettled as to the field he should occupy until he found himself at Rome. 'In my journal, the place and the moment of the conception are recorded,' he tells us in his *Memoirs*, 'the fifteenth of October, 1764, in the close of the evening, as I sat musing in the church of the Zoccolanti or Franciscan friars, while they were singing vespers in the temple of Jupiter on the ruins of the Capitol.' Two years elapsed before he was able to set to work, twelve before the first volume was published in London, and another twelve before he laid down his pen at Lausanne. His *History of the Decline and Fall* had been his life, the one object toward which all his reading and experience were made to converge, and is the one subject of his *Memoirs*. He quietly finished his days at Lausanne, undoubtedly justified in his feeling that this achievement had been enough for one life. The substance of Gibbon's 'candid and rational inquiry into the human causes' of the religious growth which undermined the civilization of the ancient world, has not remained totally unassailed by the modern historian; nor is Gibbon's style perfect; but it is safe to say that no other Englishman has united in an equal degree abundance and accuracy of information, sense of historical perspective and proportion, vigor of narrative, and splendor of style.

From THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE

Of the triangle which composes the figure of Constantinople, the two sides along the sea were made inaccessible to an enemy: the Propontis by nature and the harbor by art. Between the two waters, the basis of the triangle, the land side was protected by a double wall and a deep ditch of the depth of one hundred feet. Against this line of fortification, which Phranza, an eye-witness, prolongs to the measure of six miles, the Ottomans directed their principal attack; and the emperor, after distributing the service and command of the most perilous stations, undertook the defence of the external wall. In the first days of the siege, the Greek soldiers descended into the

ditch, or sallied into the field; but they soon discovered that, in the proportion of their numbers, one christian was of more value than twenty Turks; and, after these bold preludes, they were prudently content to maintain the rampart with their missile weapons. Nor should this prudence be accused of pusillanimity. The nation was indeed pusillanimous and base; but the last Constantine deserves the name of an hero: his noble band of volunteers was inspired with Roman virtue; and the foreign auxiliaries supported the honor of the Western chivalry. The incessant volleys of lances and arrows were accompanied with the smoke, the sound, and the fire of their musketry and cannon. Their small arms discharged at the same time either five or even ten balls of lead of the size of a walnut; and, according to the closeness of the ranks and the force of the powder, several breastplates and bodies were transpierced by the same shot. But the Turkish approaches were soon sunk in trenches or covered with ruins. Each day added to the science of the christians; but their inadequate stock of gunpowder was wasted in the operations of each day. Their ordnance was not powerful either in size or number; and, if they possessed some heavy cannon, they feared to plant them on the walls, lest the aged structure should be shaken and overthrown by the explosion. The same destructive secret had been revealed to the Moslems; by whom it was employed with the superior energy of zeal, riches, and despotism. The great cannon of Mahomet has been separately noticed; an important and visible object in the history of the times: but that enormous engine was flanked by two fellows almost of equal magnitude; the long order of the Turkish artillery was pointed against the walls; fourteen batteries thundered at once on the most accessible places; and of one of these it is ambiguously expressed that it was mounted with one hundred and thirty guns, or that it discharged one hundred and thirty bullets. Yet, in the power and activity of the sultan, we may discern the infancy of the new science. Under a master who counted the moments, the great cannon could be loaded and fired no more than seven times in one day. The heated metal unfortunately burst; several workmen were destroyed; and the skill of an artist was admired, who bethought himself of preventing the danger and the accident, by pouring oil, after each explosion, into the mouth of the cannon.

The first random shots were productive of more sound than effect; and it was by the advice of a christian that the engineers were taught to level their aim against the two opposite sides of the salient angles of a bastion. However imperfect, the weight and repetition of the fire made some impression on the walls; and the Turks, pushing their approaches to the edge of the ditch, attempted to fill the enormous chasm and to build a road to the assault. Innumerable fascines and hogsheads and trunks of trees were heaped on each other; and such was the impetuosity of the throng that the foremost and the weakest were pushed headlong down the precipice and instantly buried under the accumulated mass. To fill the ditch was the toil of the besiegers; to clear away the rubbish was the safety of the besieged; and, after a long and bloody conflict, the web that had been woven in the day was still unraveled in the night. The next resource of Mahomet was the practice of mines; but the soil was rocky; in every attempt he was stopped and undermined by the christian engineers; nor had the art been yet invented of replenishing those subterraneous passages with gunpowder and blowing whole towers and cities into the air. A circumstance that distinguishes the siege of Constantinople is the reunion of the ancient and modern artillery. The cannon were intermingled with the mechanical engines for casting stones and darts; the bullet and the battering-ram were directed against the same walls; nor had the discovery of gunpowder superseded the use of the liquid and unextinguishable fire. A wooden turret of the largest size was advanced on rollers: this portable magazine of ammunition and fascines was protected by a threefold covering of bulls' hides; incessant volleys were securely discharged from the loop-holes; in the front, three doors were contrived for the alternate sally and retreat of the soldiers and workmen. They ascended by a staircase to the upper platform, and, as high as the level of that platform, a scaling-ladder could be raised by pulleys

to form a bridge and grapple with the adverse rampart. By these various arts of annoyance, some as new as they were pernicious to the Greeks, the tower of St. Romanus was at length overturned: after a severe struggle, the Turks were repulsed from the breach and interrupted by darkness; but they trusted that with the return of light they should renew the attack with fresh vigor and decisive success. Of this pause of action, this interval of hope, each moment was improved by the activity of the emperor and Justiniani, who passed the night on the spot, and urged the labors which involved the safety of the church and city. At the dawn of day, the impatient sultan perceived, with astonishment and grief, that his wooden turret had been reduced to ashes: the ditch was cleared and restored; and the tower of St. Romanus was again strong and entire. He deplored the failure of his design; and uttered a profane exclamation that the word of the thirty-seven thousand prophets should not have compelled him to believe that such a work, in so short a time, should have been accomplished by the infidels.

The generosity of the christian princes was cold and tardy; but, in the first apprehension of a siege, Constantine had negotiated, in the isles of the Archipelago, the Morea, and Sicily, the most indispensable supplies. As early as the beginning of April, five great ships, equipped for merchandise and war, would have sailed from the harbor of Chios, had not the wind blown obstinately from the north. One of these ships bore the Imperial flag; the remaining four belonged to the Genoese; and they were laden with wheat and barley, with wine, oil, and vegetables, and, above all, with soldiers and mariners, for the service of the capital. After a tedious delay, a gentle breeze, and, on the second day, a strong gale from the south, carried them through the Hellespont and the Propontis; but the city was already invested by sea and land; and the Turkish fleet, at the entrance of the Bosphorus, was stretched from shore to shore, in the form of a crescent, to intercept, or at least to repel, these bold auxiliaries. The reader who has present to his mind the geographical picture of Constantinople, will conceive and admire the greatness of the spectacle. The five christian ships continued to advance with joyful shouts, and a full press both of sails and oars, against an hostile fleet of three hundred vessels; and the rampart, the camp, the coasts of Europe and Asia, were lined with innumerable spectators, who anxiously awaited the event of this momentous succor. At the first view that event could not appear doubtful: the superiority of the Moslems was beyond all measure or account; and, in a calm, their numbers and valor must inevitably have prevailed. But their hasty and imperfect navy had been created, not by the genius of the people, but by the will of the sultan: in the height of their prosperity, the Turks have acknowledged that, if God had given them the earth, he had left the sea to the infidels; and a series of defeats, a rapid progress of decay, has established the truth of their modest confession. Except eighteen galleys of some force, the rest of their fleet consisted of open boats, rudely constructed and awkwardly managed, crowded with troops and destitute of cannon; and, since courage arises in a great measure from the consciousness of strength, the bravest of the Janizaries might tremble on a new element. In the christian squadron, five stout and lofty ships were guided by skilful pilots, and manned with the veterans of Italy and Greece, long practised in the arts and perils of the sea. Their weight was directed to sink or scatter the weak obstacles that impeded their passage: their artillery swept the waters; their liquid fire was poured on the heads of the adversaries who, with the design of boarding, presumed to approach them; and the winds and waves are always on the side of the ablest navigators. In this conflict, the Imperial vessel, which had been almost overpowered, was rescued by the Genoese; but the Turks, in a distant and closer attack, were twice repulsed with considerable loss. Mahomet himself sat on horseback on the beach, to encourage their valor by his voice and presence, by the promise of reward, and by fear more potent than the fear of the enemy. The passions of his soul, and even the gestures of his body, seemed to imitate the actions of the combatants; and, as if he had been the lord of nature, he spurred his horse with a fearless and

impotent effort into the sea. His loud reproaches, and the clamors of the camp, urged the Ottomans to a third attack, more fatal and bloody than the two former; and I must repeat, though I cannot credit, the evidence of Phranza, who affirms, from their own mouth, that they lost above twelve thousand men in the slaughter of the day. They fled in disorder to the shores of Europe and Asia, while the christian squadron, triumphant and unhurt, steered along the Bosphorus and securely anchored within the chain of the harbor. In the confidence of victory, they boasted that the whole Turkish power must have yielded to their arms; but the admiral, or captain bashaw, found some consolation for a painful wound in his eye, by representing that accident as the cause of his defeat. Baltha Ogli was a renegade of the race of the Bulgarian princes; his military character was tainted with the unpopular vice of avarice; and, under the despotism of the prince or people, misfortune is a sufficient evidence of guilt. His rank and services were annihilated by the displeasure of Mahomet. In the royal presence, the captain bashaw was extended on the ground by four slaves, and received one hundred strokes with a golden rod; his death had been pronounced; and he adored the clemency of the sultan, who was satisfied with the milder punishment of confiscation and exile. The introduction of this supply revived the hopes of the Greeks, and accused the supineness of their Western allies. Amidst the deserts of Anatolia and the rocks of Palestine, the millions of the crusades had buried themselves in a voluntary and inevitable grave; but the situation of the Imperial city was strong against her enemies, and accessible to her friends; and a rational and moderate armament of the maritime states might have saved the relics of the Roman name, and maintained a christian fortress in the heart of the Ottoman empire. Yet this was the sole and feeble attempt for the deliverance of Constantinople; the more distant powers were insensible of its danger; and the ambassador of Hungary, or at least of Huniades, resided in the Turkish camp, to remove the fears, and to direct the operations, of the sultan.

It was difficult for the Greeks to penetrate the secret of the divan; yet the Greeks are persuaded that a resistance, so obstinate and surprising, had fatigued the perseverance of Mahomet. He began to meditate a retreat, and the siege would have been speedily raised, if the ambition and jealousy of the second vizir had not opposed the perfidious advice of Calil Bashaw, who still maintained a secret correspondence with the Byzantine court. The reduction of the city appeared to be hopeless, unless a double attack could be made from the harbor as well as from the land; but the harbor was inaccessible: an impenetrable chain was now defended by eight large ships, more than twenty of a smaller size, with several galleys and sloops; and instead of forcing this barrier, the Turks might apprehend a naval sally and a second encounter in the open sea. In this perplexity, the genius of Mahomet conceived and executed a plan of a bold and marvelous cast, of transporting by land his lighter vessels and military stores from the Bosphorus into the higher part of the harbor. The distance is about ten miles; the ground is uneven, and was overspread with thickets; and, as the road must be opened behind the suburb of Galata, their free passage or total destruction must depend on the option of the Genoese. But these selfish merchants were ambitious of the favor of being the last devoured; and the deficiency of art was supplied by the strength of obedient myriads. A level way was covered with a broad platform of strong and solid planks; and to render them more slippery and smooth, they were anointed with the fat of sheep and oxen. Fourscore light galleys and brigantines of fifty and thirty oars were disembarked on the Bosphorus shore, arranged successively on rollers, and drawn forwards by the power of men and pulleys. Two guides or pilots were stationed at the helm and the prow of each vessel: the sails were unfurled to the winds; and the labor was cheered by song and acclamation. In the course of a single night, this Turkish fleet painfully climbed the hill, steered over the plain, and was launched from the declivity into the shallow waters of the harbor, far above the molestation of the deeper vessels of the Greeks. The real importance of this operation was magnified by the consternation and confidence

which it inspired; but the notorious, unquestionable fact was displayed before the eyes, and is recorded by the pens, of the two nations. A similar stratagem had been repeatedly practised by the ancients; the Ottoman galleys, I must again repeat, should be considered as large boats; and, if we compare the magnitude and the distance, the obstacles and the means, the boasted miracle has perhaps been equaled by the industry of our own times. As soon as Mahomet had occupied the upper harbor with a fleet and army, he constructed, in the narrowest part, a bridge, or rather mole, of fifty cubits in breadth and one hundred in length; it was formed of casks and hogsheads, joined with rafters linked with iron, and covered with a solid floor. On this floating battery he planted one of his largest cannon, while the fourscore galleys, with troops and scaling-ladders, approached the most accessible side, which had formerly been stormed by the Latin conquerors. The indolence of the christians has been accused for not destroying these unfinished works; but their fire, by a superior fire, was controlled and silenced; nor were they wanting in a nocturnal attempt to burn the vessels as well as the bridge of the sultan. His vigilance prevented their approach; their foremost galliots were sunk or taken; forty youths, the bravest of Italy and Greece were inhumanly massacred at his command; nor could the emperor's grief be assuaged by the just though cruel retaliation of exposing from the walls the heads of two hundred and sixty Mussulman captives. After a siege of forty days, the fate of Constantinople could no longer be averted. The diminutive garrison was exhausted by a double attack; the fortifications, which had stood for ages against hostile violence, were dismantled on all sides by the Ottoman cannon; many breaches were opened; and near the gate of St. Romanus four towers had been leveled with the ground. For the payment of his feeble and mutinous troops, Constantine was compelled to despoil the churches, with the promise of a fourfold restitution; and his sacrilege offered a new reproach to the enemies of the union. A spirit of discord impaired the remnant of the christian strength: the Genoese and Venetian auxiliaries asserted the pre-eminence of their respective service; and Justiniani and the Great Duke, whose ambition was not extinguished by the common danger, accused each other of treachery and cowardice.

During the siege of Constantinople, the words of peace and capitulation had been sometimes pronounced; and several embassies had passed between the camp and the city. The Greek emperor was humbled by adversity; and would have yielded to any terms compatible with religion and royalty. The Turkish sultan was desirous of sparing the blood of his soldiers; still more desirous of securing for his own use the Byzantine treasures; and he accomplished a sacred duty in presenting to the *Gabours* the choice of circumcision, of tribute, or of death. The avarice of Mahomet might have been satisfied with an annual sum of one hundred thousand ducats; but his ambition grasped the capital of the East; to the prince he offered a rich equivalent, to the people a free toleration or a safe departure: but, after some fruitless treaty, he declared his resolution of finding either a throne or a grave under the walls of Constantinople. A sense of honor and the fear of universal reproach forbade Palæologus to resign the city into the hands of the Ottomans; and he determined to abide the last extremities of war. Several days were employed by the sultan in the preparations of the assault; and a respite was granted by his favorite science of astrology, which had fixed on the twenty-ninth of May as the fortunate and fatal hour. On the evening of the twenty-seventh, he issued his final orders; assembled in his presence the military chiefs; and dispersed his heralds through the camp to proclaim the duty and the motives of the perilous enterprise. Fear is the first principle of a despotic government; and his menaces were expressed in the Oriental style, that the fugitives and deserters, had they the wings of a bird, should not escape from his inexorable justice. The greatest part of his bashaws and Janizaries were the offspring of christian parents; but the glories of the Turkish name were perpetuated by successive adoption; and, in the gradual change of individuals, the spirit of a legion, a regiment, or an *oda* is kept alive by imitation and discipline. In this holy warfare,

the Moslems were exhorted to purify their minds with prayer, their bodies with seven ablutions; and to abstain from food till the close of the ensuing day. A crowd of dervishes visited the tents, to instil the desire of martyrdom, and the assurance of spending an immortal youth amidst the rivers and gardens of paradise and in the embraces of the black-eyed virgins. Yet Mahomet principally trusted to the efficacy of temporal and visible rewards. A double pay was promised to the victorious troops: 'The city and the buildings,' said Mahomet, 'are mine; but I resign to your valor the captives and the spoil, the treasures of gold and beauty; be rich and be happy. Many are the provinces of my empire: the intrepid soldier who first ascends the walls of Constantinople shall be rewarded with the government of the fairest and most wealthy; and my gratitude shall accumulate his honors and fortunes above the measure of his own hopes.' Such various and potent motives diffused among the Turks a general ardor, regardless of life and impatient for action: the camp re-echoed with the Moslem shouts of 'God is God, there is but one God, and Mahomet is the apostle of God'; and the sea and land, from Galata to the seven towers, were illuminated by the blaze of their nocturnal fires.

Far different was the state of the christians; who with loud and impotent complaints, deplored the guilt, or the punishment, of their sins. The celestial image of the Virgin had been exposed in solemn procession; but their divine patroness was deaf to their entreaties: they accused the obstinacy of the emperor for refusing a timely surrender; anticipated the horrors of their fate; and sighed for the repose and security of Turkish servitude. The noblest of the Greeks, and the bravest of the allies, were summoned to the palace, to prepare them, on the evening of the twenty-eighth, for the duties and dangers of the general assault. The last speech of Palæologus was the funeral oration of the Roman Empire: he promised, he conjured, and he vainly attempted to infuse the hope which was extinguished in his own mind. In this world all was comfortless and gloomy; and neither the gospel nor the church have proposed any conspicuous recompense to the heroes who fall in the service of their country. But the example of their prince and the confinement of a siege had armed these warriors with the courage of despair; and the pathetic scene is described by the feelings of the historian Phranza, who was himself present at this mournful assembly. They wept, they embraced; regardless of their families and fortunes, they devoted their lives; and each commander, departing to his station, maintained all night a vigilant and anxious watch on the rampart. The emperor, and some faithful companions, entered the dome of St. Sophia, which in a few hours was to be converted into a mosque; and devoutly received, with tears and prayers, the sacrament of the holy communion. He reposed some moments in the palace, which resounded with cries and lamentations; solicited the pardon of all whom he might have injured; and mounted on horseback to visit the guards and explore the motions of the enemy. The distress and fall of the last Constantine are more glorious than the long prosperity of the Byzantine Cæsars.

In the confusion of darkness an assailant may sometimes succeed; but, in this great and general attack, the military judgment and astrological knowledge of Mahomet advised him to expect the morning, the memorable twenty-ninth of May, in the fourteen hundred and fifty-third year of the christian æra. The preceding night had been strenuously employed: the troops, the cannon, and the fascines were advanced to the edge of the ditch, which, in many parts, presented a smooth and level passage to the breach; and his fourscore galleys almost touched, with the prows and their scaling-ladders, the less defensible walls of the harbor. Under pain of death, silence was enjoined; but the physical laws of motion and sound are not obedient to discipline or fear; each individual might suppress his voice and measure his footsteps; but the march and labor of thousands must inevitably produce a strange confusion of dissonant clamors, which reached the ears of the watchmen of the towers. At daybreak, without the customary signal of the morning-gun, the Turks assaulted the city by sea and land; and the similitude of a twined or twisted

thread has been applied to the closeness and continuity of their line of attack. The foremost ranks consisted of the refuse of the host, a voluntary crowd, who fought without order or command; of the feebleness of age or childhood, of peasants and vagrants, and of all who had joined the camp in the blind hope of plunder and martyrdom. The common impulse drove them onwards to the wall; the most audacious to climb were instantly precipitated; and not a dart, not a bullet of the christians was idly wasted on the accumulated throng. But their strength and ammunition were exhausted in this laborious defence; the ditch was filled with the bodies of the slain; they supported the footsteps of their companions; and of this devoted vanguard the death was more serviceable than the life. Under their respective bashaws and sanjaks, the troops of Anatolia and Romania were successively led to the charge: their progress was various and doubtful; but, after a conflict of two hours, the Greeks still maintained and improved their advantage; and the voice of the emperor was heard, encouraging his soldiers to achieve, by a last effort, the deliverance of their country. In that fatal moment, the Janizaries arose, fresh, vigorous, and invincible. The sultan himself on horseback, with an iron mace in his hand, was the spectator and judge of their valor; he was surrounded by ten thousand of his domestic troops, whom he reserved for the decisive occasion; and the tide of battle was directed and impelled by his voice and eye. His numerous ministers of justice were posted behind the line, to urge, to restrain, and to punish; and, if danger was in the front, shame and inevitable death were in the rear of the fugitives. The cries of fear and of pain were drowned in the martial music of drums, trumpets, and attaballs; and experience has proved that the mechanical operation of sounds, by quickening the circulation of the blood and spirits, will act on the human machine more forcibly than the eloquence of reason and honor. From the lines, the galleys, and the bridge, the Ottoman artillery thundered on all sides; and the camp and city, the Greeks and the Turks, were involved in a cloud of smoke, which could only be dispelled by the final deliverance or destruction of the Roman empire. The single combats of the heroes of history or fable amuse our fancy and engage our affections: the skilful evolutions of war may inform the mind, and improve a necessary though pernicious science. But, in the uniform and odious pictures of a general assault, all is blood, and horror, and confusion; nor shall I strive, at the distance of three centuries and a thousand miles, to delineate a scene of which there could be no spectators, and of which the actors themselves were incapable of forming any just or adequate idea.

The immediate loss of Constantinople may be ascribed to the bullet, or arrow, which pierced the gauntlet of John Justiniani. The sight of his blood, and the exquisite pain, appalled the courage of the chief, whose arms and counsel were the firmest rampart of the city. As he withdrew from his station in quest of a surgeon, his flight was perceived and stopped by the indefatigable emperor. 'Your wound,' exclaimed Palæologus, 'is slight; the danger is pressing; your presence is necessary; and whither will you retire?' 'I will retire,' said the trembling Genoese, 'by the same road which God has opened to the Turks;' and at these words he hastily passed through one of the breaches of the inner wall. By this pusillanimous act, he stained the honors of a military life; and the few days which he survived in Galata, or the isle of Chios, were embittered by his own and the public reproach. His example was imitated by the greatest part of the Latin auxiliaries, and the defence began to slacken when the attack was pressed with redoubled vigor. The number of Ottomans was fifty, perhaps an hundred, times superior to that of the christians; the double walls were reduced by the cannon to an heap of ruins; in a circuit of several miles, some places must be found more easy of access or more feebly guarded; and, if the besiegers could penetrate in a single point, the whole city was irrecoverably lost. The first who deserved the sultan's reward was Hassan, the Janizary, of gigantic stature and strength. With his scimitar in one hand and his buckler in the other, he ascended the outward forti-

fication: of the thirty Janizaries, who were emulous of his valor, eighteen perished in the bold adventure. Hassan and his twelve companions had reached the summit: the giant was precipitated from the rampart; he rose on one knee, and was again oppressed by a shower of darts and stones. But his success had proved that the achievement was possible: the walls and towers were instantly covered with a swarm of Turks; and the Greeks, now driven from the vantage-ground, were overwhelmed by increasing multitudes. Amidst these multitudes, the emperor, who accomplished all the duties of a general and a soldier, was long seen, and finally lost. The nobles who fought round his person sustained, till their last breath, the honorable names of Palæologus and Cantacuzene: his mournful exclamation was heard, 'Cannot there be found a christian to cut off my head?' and his last fear was that of falling alive into the hands of the infidels. The prudent despair of Constantine cast away purple; amidst the tumult, he fell by an unknown hand, and his body was buried under a mountain of the slain. After his death, resistance and order were no more; the Greeks fled towards the city; and many were pressed and stifled in the narrow pass of the gate of St. Romanus. The victorious Turks rushed through the breaches of the inner wall; and, as they advanced into the streets, they were soon joined by their brethren, who had forced the gate Phenar on the side of the harbor. In the first heat of the pursuit, about two thousand christians were put to the sword; but avarice soon prevailed over cruelty; and the victors acknowledged that they should immediately have given quarter, if the valor of the emperor and his chosen bands had not prepared them for a similar opposition in every part of the capital. It was thus, after a siege of fifty-three days, that Constantinople, which had defied the power of Chosroes, the Chagan, and the caliphs, was irretrievably subdued by the arms of Mahomet the Second. Her empire only had been subverted by the Latins: her religion was trampled in the dust by the Moslem conquerors.

The tidings of misfortune fly with a rapid wing; yet such was the extent of Constantinople that the more distant quarters might prolong, some moments, the happy ignorance of their ruin. But in the general consternation, in the feelings of selfish or social anxiety, in the tumult and thunder of the assault, a *sleepless* night and morning must have elapsed; nor can I believe that many Grecian ladies were awakened by the Janizaries from a sound and tranquil slumber. On the assurance of the public calamity, the houses and convents were instantly deserted; and the trembling inhabitants flocked together in the streets, like an herd of timid animals, as if accumulated weakness could be productive of strength, or in the vain hope that amid the crowd each individual might be safe and invisible. From every part of the capital, they flowed into the church of St. Sophia: in the space of an hour, the sanctuary, the choir, the nave, the upper and lower galleries, were filled with the multitudes of fathers and husbands, of women and children, of priests, monks, and religious virgins: the doors were barred on the inside, and they sought protection from the sacred dome which they had so lately abhorred as a profane and polluted edifice. Their confidence was founded on the prophecy of an enthusiast or impostor, that one day the Turks would enter Constantinople, and pursue the Romans as far as the column of Constantine in the square before St. Sophia; but that this would be the term of their calamities; that an angel would descend from heaven, with a sword in his hand, and would deliver the empire, with that celestial weapon, to a poor man seated at the foot of the column. 'Take this sword,' would he say, 'and avenge the people of the Lord.' At these animating words, the Turks would instantly fly, and the victorious Romans would drive them from the West, and from all Anatolia, as far as the frontiers of Persia. It is on this occasion that Ducas, with some fancy and much truth, upbraids the discord and obstinacy of the Greeks. 'Had that angel appeared,' exclaims the historian, 'had he offered to exterminate your foes if you would consent to the union of the church, even then, in that fatal moment, you would have rejected your safety or have deceived your God.'

While they expected the descent of the

tardy angel, the doors were broken with axes; and, as the Turks encountered no resistance, their bloodless hands were employed in selecting and securing the multitude of their prisoners. Youth, beauty, and the appearance of wealth attracted their choice; and the right of property was decided among themselves by a prior seizure, by personal strength, and by the authority of command. In the space of an hour, the male captives were bounds with cords, the females with their veils and girdles. The senators were linked with their slaves; the prelates with the porters of the church; and young men of a plebeian class with noble maids, whose faces had been invisible to the sun and their nearest kindred. In this common captivity, the ranks of society were confounded; the ties of nature were cut asunder; and the inexorable soldier was careless of the father's groans, the tears of the mother, and the lamentations of the children. The loudest in their wailings were the nuns, who were torn from the altar with naked bosoms, outstretched hands, and disheveled hair; and we should piously believe that few could be tempted to prefer the vigils of the haram to those of the monastery. Of these unfortunate Greeks, of these domestic animals, whole strings were rudely driven through the streets; and, as the conquerors were eager to return for more prey, their trembling pace was quickened with menaces and blows. At the same hour, a similar rapine was exercised in all the churches and monasteries, in all the palaces and habitations of the capital; nor could any palace, however sacred or sequestered, protect the persons or the property of the Greeks. Above sixty thousand of this devoted people were transported from the city to the camp and fleet; exchanged or sold according to the caprice or interest of their masters, and dispersed in remote servitude through the provinces of the Ottoman empire.

* * *

The chain and entrance of the outward harbor was still occupied by the Italian ships of merchandise and war. They had signalized their valor in the siege: they embraced the moment of retreat, while the Turkish mariners were dissipated in the pillage of the city. When they hoisted sail the beach was covered with a suppliant and lamentable crowd; but the means of transportation were scanty; the Venetians and Genoese selected their countrymen; and, notwithstanding the fairest promises of the sultan, the inhabitants of Galata evacuated their houses and embarked with their most precious effects.

In the fall and the sack of great cities, an historian is condemned to repeat the tale of uniform calamity: the same effects must be produced by the same passions; and, when those passions may be indulged without control, small, alas! is the difference between civilised and savage man. Amidst the vague exclamations of bigotry and hatred, the Turks are not accused of a wanton or immoderate effusion of christian blood; but, according to their maxims (the maxims of antiquity), the lives of the vanquished were forfeited; and the legitimate reward of the conqueror was derived from the service, the sale, or the ransom, of his captives of both sexes. The wealth of Constantinople had been granted by the sultan to his victorious troops; and the rapine of an hour is more productive than the industry of years. But, as no regular division was attempted of the spoil, the respective shares were not determined by merit; and the rewards of valor were stolen away by the followers of the camp, who had declined the toil and the danger of the battle. The narrative of their depredations could not afford either amusement or instruction: the total amount, in the last poverty of the empire, has been valued at four millions of ducats; and of this sum a small part was the property of the Venetians, the Genoese, the Florentines, and the merchants of Ancona. Of these foreigners, the stock was improved in quick and perpetual circulation; but the riches of the Greeks were displayed in the idle ostentation of palaces and wardrobes, or deeply buried in treasures of ingots and old coin, lest it should be demanded at their hands for the defence of their country. The profanation and plunder of the monasteries and churches excited the most tragic complaints. The dome of St. Sophia itself, the earthly heaven, the second firmament, the vehicle of the cherubim, the throne of the glory of God, was despoiled of the oblations of ages;

and the gold and silver, the pearls and jewels, the vases and sacerdotal ornaments, were most wickedly converted to the service of mankind. After the divine images had been stripped of all that could be valuable to a profane eye, the canvas, or the wood, was torn, or broken, or burnt, or trod under foot, or applied, in the stables or the kitchen, to the vilest uses. The example of sacrilege was imitated, however, from the Latin conquerors of Constantinople; and the treatment which Christ, the Virgin, and the saints had sustained from the guilty Catholic might be inflicted by the zealous Mussulman on the monuments of idolatry. Perhaps, instead of joining the public clamor, a philosopher will observe that in the decline of the arts the workmanship could not be more valuable than the work, and that a fresh supply of visions and miracles would speedily be renewed by the craft of the priest and the credulity of the people. He will more seriously deplore the loss of the Byzantine libraries, which were destroyed or scattered in the general confusion: one hundred and twenty thousand manuscripts are said to have disappeared; ten volumes might be purchased for a single ducat; and the same ignominous price, too high perhaps for a shelf of theology, included the whole works of Aristotle and Homer, the noblest productions of the science and literature of ancient Greece. We may reflect with pleasure that an inestimable portion of our classic treasures was safely deposited in Italy; and that the mechanics of a German town had invented an art which derides the havoc of time and barbarism.

From the first hour of the memorable twenty-ninth of May, disorder and rapine prevailed in Constantinople till the eighth hour of the same day; when the sultan himself passed in triumph through the gate of St. Romanus. He was attended by his vizirs, bashaws, and guards, each of whom (says a Byzantine historian) was robust as Hercules, dexterous as Apollo, and equal in battle to any ten of the race of ordinary mortals. The conqueror gazed with satisfaction and wonder on the strange though splendid appearance of the domes and palaces, so dissimilar from the style of Oriental architecture. In the hippodrome, or *atmeidan,* his eye was attracted by the twisted column of the three serpents; and, as a trial of his strength, he shattered with his iron mace or battle-axe the under-jaw of one of these monsters, which in the eye of the Turks were the idols or talismans of the city. At the principal door of St. Sophia, he alighted from his horse and entered the dome; and such was his jealous regard for that monument of his glory that, on observing a zealous Mussulman in the act of breaking the marble pavement, he admonished him with his scimitar that, if the spoil and captives were granted to the soldiers, the public and private buildings had been reserved for the prince. By his command the metropolis of the Eastern church was transformed into a mosque: the rich and portable instruments of superstition had been removed; the crosses were thrown down; and the walls, which were covered with images and mosaics, were washed and purified and restored to a state of naked simplicity. On the same day, or on the ensuing Friday, the *muezin* or crier ascended the most lofty turret, and proclaimed the *ezan,* or public invitation, in the name of God and his prophet; the imam preached; and Mahomet the Second performed the *namaz* of prayer and thanksgiving on the great altar, where the christian mysteries had so lately been celebrated before the last of the Cæsars. From St. Sophia he proceeded to the august but desolate mansion of an hundred successors of the great Constantine; but which, in a few hours, had been stripped of the pomp of royalty. A melancholy reflection on the vicissitudes of human greatness forced itself on his mind; and he repeated an elegant distich of Persian poetry, 'The spider has wove his web in the imperial palace; and the owl hath sung her watch-song on the towers of Afrasiab.'

* * *

(1788)

OLIVER GOLDSMITH (1728–1774)

The author of *The Vicar of Wakefield* was the sixth of nine children of an Irish parson farmer and passed most of his boyhood in the little hamlet of Lissoy, which he afterward idealized in *The Deserted Village*. He was regarded as 'a stupid blockhead' in the village school and when, in 1749, he succeeded in taking a degree at Trinity College, Dublin, he was lowest on the list. For a number of years he showed little ability and still less inclination to fit himself to practical life. Rejected for holy orders, he taught school for a time and, soon disgusted, tried the law with the same result. He then spent several years in the nominal study of medicine, in the course of which, he made the grand tour of Europe, setting off it is said, 'with a guinea in his pocket, one shirt to his back, and a flute in his hand.' Finding his way to London, in 1756, he existed for a couple of years in a most haphazard manner, as 'chemist's' assistant, corrector of the press, struggling physician, usher in a school, and hack writer for the *Monthly Review*. The culmination of this period arrived when he borrowed a suit of clothes to present himself for examination as a hospital mate, failed in the examination. and pawned the clothes. Soon after this, his literary successes began. It was in 1764, that Johnson following close after a guinea with which he had responded to a message of distress, 'put the cork into the bottle' for which Goldsmith had promptly changed the guinea, carried off the manuscript of *The Vicar of Wakefield* to a bookseller, and relieved the author from arrest. *The Traveler* (1764) was now published and *The Deserted Village* (1770) confirmed the reputation which this had established. His two plays, *The Good Natured Man* (1768) and *She Stoops to Conquer* (1773) brought him five hundred pounds apiece; his *History of Animated Nature*, for which he had no qualification except the ability to write, secured him eight hundred pounds; and similar hack work was similarly paid; but such was his indiscretion that he was seldom long out of difficulty. He had in a high measure the prodigality, not uncommon among clever writers, of bestowing his entire stock of wisdom on the reader and reserving none for the conduct of life. Yet his follies, like those of Steele, were the indexes of a liberal and lovable nature. When he died, at the age of forty-six, leaving debts of two thousand pounds, there was as much tenderness as humor in Johnson's deep ejaculation: 'Was ever poet so trusted?'

SONG

When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can soothe her melancholy?
What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom, is — to die.

(1766)

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain;
Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed:
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene!
How often have I paused on every charm,
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topped the neighboring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made!
How often have I blest the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labor free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old surveyed;

And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round.
And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired;
The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
By holding out to tire each other down;
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter tittered round the place;
The bashful virgin's side-long looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove:
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught even toil to please:
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed:
These were thy charms — but all these charms are fled.
Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green:
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain.
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But, choked with sedges, works its weedy way;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries;
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the moldering wall;
And trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.
Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay:
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made:
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.
A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintained its man;
For him light labor spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life required, but gave no more:
His best companions, innocence and health;
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.
But times are altered; trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land and dispossess the swain;
Along the lawn, where scattered hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose,
And every want to opulence allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
These gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that asked but little room,
Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,
Lived in each look, and brightened all the green;
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.
Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruined grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.
In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs — and God has given my share —
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose:
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
And, as an hare whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew.
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return — and die at home at last.

O, blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care, that never must be mine,
How happy he who crowns in shades like these,
A youth of labor with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 't is hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep;
No surly porter stands in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending Virtue's friend;
Bends to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past!
Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose.
There, as I passed with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came softened from below;
The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young,
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school,
The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;—
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown foot-way tread,
For all the bloomy flush of life is fled.
All but yon widowed, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring:
She, wretched matron, forced in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn;
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.
Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grow wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his place;
Unpracticed he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train;
He chid their wanderings but relieved their pain:
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by the fire, and talked the night away,
Wept o'er his wounds or, tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch and showed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan
His pity gave ere charity began.
Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings leaned to Virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all;
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.
Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain by turns dismayed,

The reverend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.
At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;
Even children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest;
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distrest:
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.
Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school.
A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew;
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper circling round
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned.
Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declared how much he knew:
'T was certain he could write, and cipher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And even the story ran that he could gauge;
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
For, even though vanquished, he could argue still;
While words of learned length and thundering sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.
But past is all his fame. The very spot
Where many a time he triumphed, is forgot.
Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired,
Where graybeard mirth and smiling toil retired,
Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlor splendors of that festive place:
The white-washed wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnished clock that clicked behind the door;
The chest contrived a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
The pictures placed for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
The hearth, except when winter chilled the day,
With aspen boughs and flowers and fennel gay;
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.
Vain transitory splendors! could not all
Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall?
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart.
Thither no more the peasant shall repair
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,

Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.
Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art.
Spontaneous joys, where Nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first born sway;
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined.
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth arrayed —
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;
And, even while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart distrusting asks if this be joy.
Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey
The rich man's joy increase, the poor's decay,
'T is yours to judge, how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and an happy land.
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting Folly hails them from her shore;
Hoards even beyond the miser's wish abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet count our gains! This wealth is but a name
That leaves our useful products still the same.
Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supplied;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds:
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth
Has robbed the neighboring fields of half their growth;
His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green:
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies;
While thus the land adorned for pleasure all
In barren splendor feebly waits the fall.
As some fair female unadorned and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
Slights every borrowed charm that dress supplies,
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes;
But when those charms are past, for charms are frail,
When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress.
Thus fares the land by luxury betrayed:
In nature's simplest charms at first arrayed,
But verging to decline, its splendors rise,
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;
While, scourged by famine from the smiling land
The mournful peasant leads his humble band,
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms — a garden and a grave.
Where then, ah! where, shall poverty reside,
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?
If to some common's fenceless limits strayed,
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And even the bare-worn common is denied.
If to the city sped — what waits him there?
To see profusion that he must not share;
To see ten thousand baneful arts combined
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;
To see those joys the sons of pleasure know
Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.
Here while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade;
Here while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,
There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.
The dome where pleasure holds her midnight reign,
Here, richly decked, admits the gorgeous train:
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy!
Sure these denote one universal joy!
Are these thy serious thoughts? — Ah, turn thine eyes
Where the poor houseless shivering female lies.

She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,
Has wept at tales of innocence distrest;
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn;
Now lost to all; her friends, her virtue fled,
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,
And, pinched with cold, and shrinking from the shower,
With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,
When idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel and robes of country brown.
Do thine, sweet Auburn, thine, the loveliest train,
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
Even now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread!
Ah, no! To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far different there from all that charmed before
The various terrors of that horrid shore;
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day;
Those matted woods, where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;
Those poisonous fields with rank luxuriance crowned,
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around;
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
And savage men more murderous still than they;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravaged landscape with the skies.
Far different these from every former scene,
The cooling brook, the grassy vested green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only sheltered thefts of harmless love.
Good Heaven! what sorrows gloomed that parting day,
That called them from their native walks away;
When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
Hung round the bowers, and fondly looked their last,
And took a long farewell, and wished in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main,
And shuddering still to face the distant deep,
Returned and wept, and still returned to weep.
The good old sire, the first prepared to go
To new found worlds, and wept for others' woe;
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wished for worlds beyond the grave.
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for a father's arms.
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And blest the cot where every pleasure rose,
And kist her thoughtless babes with many a tear
And clasped them close, in sorrow doubly dear,
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief,
In all the silent manliness of grief.
O luxury! thou curst by Heaven's decree,
How ill exchanged are things like these for thee!
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasure only to destroy!
Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigor not their own.
At every draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank, unwieldy woe;
Till sapped their strength, and every part unsound,
Down, down, they sink, and spread a ruin round.
Even now the devastation is begun,
And half the business of destruction done;
Even now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,
I see the rural virtues leave the land.
Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail,
That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.

Contented toil, and hospitable care,
And kind connubial tenderness, are there;
And piety with wishes placed above,
And steady loyalty, and faithful love.
And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade;
Unfit in these degenerate times of shame
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame;
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride;
Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so;
Thou guide by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well!
Farewell, and oh! where'er thy voice be tried,
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
Whether where equinoctial fervors glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigors of the inclement clime;
Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive strain;
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
Teach him, that states of native strength possest,
Though very poor, may still be very blest;
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the labored mole away;
While self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

(1770)

From THE RETALIATION

Here lies our good Edmund, whose genius was such,
We scarcely can praise it, or blame it too much;
Who, born for the universe, narrowed his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind:
Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his throat
To persuade Tommy Townshend to lend him a vote;
Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining;
Though equal to all things, for all things unfit;
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit;
For a patriot too cool; for a drudge disobedient;
And too fond of the right to pursue the expedient.
In short, 't was his fate, unemployed or in place, sir,
To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.

* * *

Here lies David Garrick, describe me who can,
An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man;
As an actor, confest without rival to shine;
As a wit, if not first, in the very first line;
Yet with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
The man had his failings, a dupe to his art;
Like an ill-judging beauty his colors he spread,
And beplastered with rouge his own natural red.
On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting,
'T was only that when he was off he was acting;
With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
He turn'd and he varied full ten times a day:
Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick
If they were not his own by finessing and trick;
He cast off his friends as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew when he pleased he could whistle them back.
Of praise a mere glutton, he swallowed what came,
And the puff of a dunce he mistook it for fame;
Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
Who peppered the highest was surest to please.
But let us be candid, and speak out our mind:
If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.

* * *

(1774)

WILLIAM COWPER (1731–1800)

The son of a chaplain of George II, Cowper was derived on both sides from illustrious families and it is not unnatural to ascribe to race a certain touch of gentility in all he did or wrote. After seven years at Westminster School he was 'articled,' at eighteen, to a London attorney, with whom he spent three years, afterward going into residence in the Temple, and in 1754, he was called to the bar. His experiments in versification at this time, some of them addressed to his cousin Theodora, with whom he was in love, show few symptoms of the poetic originality which he long afterward evinced. Some of his early associates, too, Warren Hastings at Westminster, Thurlow, the fellow-clerk of his apprentice days, and the raucous and none too moral wits of the Nonsense Club, seem in their several ways incongruous associates for the shrinking and self-searching pietist whom we know in his later years. Cowper was too timid for the business of a lawyer and, in 1763, when he was thirty-two years of age, the dread of qualifying for a clerkship so preyed upon his mind that he became violently insane and attempted suicide. When he recovered, he determined to retire from the excitements of the world and found a retreat at Huntington, near Cambridge, where he entered the home of the Reverend Unwin and his wife and was converted to Methodism. On the death of Unwin, in 1767, Cowper removed with Mrs. Unwin to Olney, and here came under the influence of John Newton, with whom he joined in the writing of the *Olney Hymns*. Newton's strenuous fanaticism aggravated his religious mania and, in 1773, he again became mad and so remained for two years. On his recovery, along with other worldly diversions, such as gardening, cheerful conversation and the keeping of pet hares, which were discountenanced by his spiritual comforter, Cowper began to amuse himself by writing verses and found increasing satisfaction in the exercise. His first volume, containing *Table Talk* and other poems, was published in 1782. The liveliness of this period was increased by his acquaintance with Lady Austen, a bright young widow, who suggested the subjects of *The Task* and *The Diverting Ride of John Gilpin*. These poems, published in 1785, made his reputation national. The most exacting of his tasks, the translation of Homer, was brought to completion in 1791. He now began to sink, for the last time, under the cloud of despondency, suffering almost constantly from the conviction that he was a lost soul. Some of the darker and more intense of his short poems, such as *The Castaway*, belong to these unhappy years and were printed after his death. Cowper had a rare and intense, though not a rich nature. His gift of humor appears most conspicuously in his Letters, which some critics have not hesitated to pronounce the best in the language. Fidelity to nature and religious earnestness are the prevailing characteristics of his poetry. Byron's phrase, 'the quiet of a loving eye,' precisely fits Cowper's manner of looking about him, except in his most heightened moments.

From OLNEY HYMNS

WALKING WITH GOD. Gen. v. 24

Oh! for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

Return, O holy Dove, return
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn
And drove thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

(1779)

From TABLE TALK

Pity religion has so seldom found
A skilful guide into poetic ground!
The flowers would spring where'er she deigned to stray,
And every Muse attend her in her way.
Virtue indeed meets many a rhyming friend,
And many a compliment politely penned;
But, unattired in that becoming vest
Religion weaves for her, and half undressed,
Stands in the desert, shivering and forlorn,
A wintry figure, like a withered thorn.
The shelves are full, all other themes are sped,
Hackneyed and worn to the last flimsy thread:
Satire has long since done his best, and cursed
And loathsome ribaldry has done his worst;
Fancy has sported all her powers away
In tales, in trifles, and in children's play;
And 't is the sad complaint, and almost true,
Whate'er we write, we bring forth nothing new.
'T were new indeed, to see a bard all fire,
Touched with a coal from Heaven, assume the lyre
And tell the world, still kindling as he sung,
With more than mortal music on his tongue,
That he, who dies below, and reigns above,
Inspires the song, and that his name is Love.

(1782)

THE TASK, Book IV

Hark! 't is the twanging horn o'er yonder bridge,
That with its wearisome but needful length
Bestrides the wintry flood, in which the moon
Sees her unwrinkled face reflected bright;—
He comes, the herald of a noisy world,
With spattered boots, strapped waist, and frozen locks;
News from all nations lumbering at his back.
True to his charge, the close-packed load behind,
Yet careless what he brings, his one concern
Is to conduct it to the destined inn:
And, having dropt the expected bag, pass on.
He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch,
Cold and yet cheerful: messenger of grief
Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some;
To him indifferent whether grief or joy.
Houses in ashes, and the fall of stocks,
Births, deaths, and marriages, epistles wet
With tears, that trickled down the writer's cheeks
Fast as the periods from his fluent quill,
Or charged with amorous sighs of absent swains,
Or nymphs responsive, equally affect
His horse and him, unconscious of them all.
But oh, the important budget! ushered in
With such heart-shaking music, who can say
What are its tidings? have our troops awaked?
Or do they still, as if with opium drugged,
Snore to the murmurs of the Atlantic wave?
Is India free? and does she wear her plumed
And jeweled turban with a smile of peace,
Or do we grind her still? The grand debate,
The popular harangue, the tart reply,
The logic, and the wisdom, and the wit,
And the loud laugh — I long to know them all;
I burn to set the imprisoned wranglers free,
And give them voice and utterance once again.

Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in.

* * *

Oh, Winter, ruler of the inverted year,
Thy scattered hair with sleet-like ashes filled,
Thy breath congealed upon thy lips, thy cheeks
Fringed with a beard made white with other snows
Than those of age, thy forehead wrapped in clouds,
A leafless branch thy scepter and thy throne
A sliding car indebted to no wheels,
But urged by storms along its slippery way,
I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
And dreaded as thou art. Thou hold'st the sun

A prisoner in the yet undawning East,
Shortening his journey between morn and noon,
And hurrying him, impatient of his stay,
Down to the rosy west; but kindly still
Compensating his loss with added hours
Of social converse and instructive ease,
And gathering at short notice in one group
The family dispersed, and fixing thought
Not less dispersed by daylight and its cares.
I crown the king of intimate delights,
Fire-side enjoyments, home-born happiness,
And all the comforts that the lowly roof
Of undisturbed retirement, and the hours
Of long uninterrupted evening know.
No rattling wheels stop short before these gates;
No powdered, pert proficients in the art
Of sounding an alarm, assault these doors
Till the street rings; no stationary steeds
Cough their own knell, while heedless of the sound
The silent circle fan themselves, and quake:
But here the needle plies its busy task,
The pattern grows, the well-depicted flower,
Wrought patiently into the snowy lawn,
Unfolds its bosom; buds and leaves and sprigs
And curly tendrils, gracefully disposed,
Follow the nimble finger of the fair;
A wreath that cannot fade, of flowers that blow
With most success when all besides decay.
The poet's or historian's page, by one
Made vocal for the amusement of the rest;
The sprightly lyre, whose treasure of sweet sounds
The touch from many a trembling chord shakes out;
And the clear voice symphonious, yet distinct,
And in the charming strife triumphant still;
Beguile the night, and set a keener edge
On female industry; the threaded steel
Flies swiftly, and unfelt the task proceeds.
The volume closed, the customary rites
Of the last meal commence: a Roman meal,
Such as the mistress of the world once found
Delicious, when her patriots of high note,
Perhaps by moonlight, at their humble doors,
And under an old oak's domestic shade,
Enjoyed — spare feast! — a radish and an egg.
Discourse ensues, not trivial, yet not dull,
Nor such as with a frown forbids the play
Of fancy, or prescribes the sound of mirth;
Nor do we madly, like an impious world,
Who deem religion frenzy, and the God
That made them an intruder on their joys,
Start at his awful name, or deem his praise
A jarring note; themes of a graver tone
Exciting oft our gratitude and love,
While we retrace with memory's pointing wand
That calls the past to our exact review,
The dangers we have scaped, the broken snare,
The disappointed foe, deliverance found
Unlooked for, life preserved and peace restored,
Fruits of omnipotent eternal love: —
Oh, evenings worthy of the gods! exclaimed
The Sabine bard. Oh, evenings, I reply,
More to be prized and coveted than yours,
As more illumined and with nobler truths,
That I, and mine, and those we love, enjoy.

Is Winter hideous in a garb like this?
Needs he the tragic fur, the smoke of lamps,
The pent-up breath of an unsavory throng
To thaw him into feeling, or the smart
And snappish dialogue that flippant wits
Call comedy, to prompt him with a smile?
The self-complacent actor, when he views
(Stealing a sidelong glance at a full house)
The slope of faces from the floor to the roof,
As if one master-spring controlled them all,
Relaxed into an universal grin,
Sees not a countenance there that speaks a joy
Half so refined or so sincere as ours.
Cards were superfluous here, with all the tricks
That idleness has ever yet contrived
To fill the void of an unfurnished brain,
To palliate dulness and give time a shove.
Time, as he passes us, has a dove's wing,
Unsoiled and swift and of a silken sound.
But the world's time is time in masquerade.
Theirs, should I paint him, has his pinions fledged
With motley plumes, and, where the peacock shows
His azure eyes, is tinctured black and red
With spots quadrangular of diamond form,
Ensanguined hearts, clubs typical of strife,
And spades, the emblem of untimely graves.
What should be, and what was an hour-glass once,
Becomes a dice-box, and a billiard mast

Well does the work of his destructive scythe.
Thus decked he charms a world whom fashion blinds
To his true worth, most pleased when idle most,
Whose only happy are their wasted hours.
Even misses, at whose age their mothers wore
The back-string and the bib, assume the dress
Of womanhood, sit pupils in the school
Of card-devoted time, and night by night,
Placed at some vacant corner of the board,
Learn every trick, and soon play all the game.
But truce with censure. Roving as I rove,
Where shall I find an end, or how proceed?
As he that travels far, oft turns aside
To view some rugged rock, or moldering tower,
Which seen delights him not; then coming home,
Describes and prints it, that the world may know
How far he went for what was nothing worth;
So I, with brush in hand and pallet spread
With colors mixed for a far different use,
Paint cards and dolls, and every idle thing
That fancy finds in her excursive flights.

Come, Evening, once again, season of peace,
Return, sweet Evening, and continue long!
Methinks I see thee in the streaky west,
With matron-step slow moving, while the night
Treads on thy sweeping train; one hand employed
In letting fall the curtain of repose
On bird and beast, the other charged for man
With sweet oblivion of the cares of day;
Not sumptuously adorned, nor needing aid,
Like homely-featured night, of clustering gems,
A star or two just twinkling on thy brow
Suffices thee; save that the moon is thine
No less than hers, not worn indeed on high
With ostentatious pageantry, but set
With modest grandeur in thy purple zone,
Resplendent less, but of an ampler round.
Come, then, and thou shalt find thy votary calm,
Or make me so. Composure is thy gift;
And whether I devote thy gentle hours
To books, to music, or to poet's toil,
To weaving nets for bird-alluring fruit,
Or twining silken threads round ivory reels
When they command whom man was born to please,
I slight thee not, but make thee welcome still.

* * *

How calm is my recess! and how the frost
Raging abroad, and the rough wind, endear
The silence and the warmth enjoyed within!
I saw the woods and fields at close of day
A variegated show; the meadows green
Though faded, and the lands, where lately waved
The golden harvest, of a mellow brown,
Upturned so lately by the forceful share;
I saw far off the weedy fallows smile
With verdure not unprofitable, grazed
By flocks fast feeding, and selecting each
His favorite herb; while all the leafless groves
That skirt the horizon wore a sable hue,
Scarce noticed in the kindred dusk of eve.
To-morrow brings a change, a total change,
Which even now, though silently performed
And slowly, and by most unfelt, the face
Of universal nature undergoes.
Fast falls a fleecy shower; the downy flakes,
Descending and with never-ceasing lapse
Softly alighting upon all below,
Assimilate all objects. Earth receives
Gladly the thickening mantle, and the green
And tender blade, that feared the chilling blast,
Escapes unhurt beneath so warm a veil.

In such a world, so thorny, and where none
Finds happiness unblighted, or if found,
Without some thistly sorrow at its side,
It seems the part of wisdom, and no sin
Against the law of love, to measure lots
With less distinguished than ourselves, that thus
We may with patience bear our moderate ills,
And sympathize with others, suffering more.
Ill fares the traveler now, and he that stalks
In ponderous boots beside his reeking team;
The wain goes heavily, impeded sore
By congregating loads adhering close
To the clogged wheels, and, in its sluggish pace,
Noiseless appears a moving hill of snow.
The toiling steeds expand the nostril wide,
While every breath, by respiration strong

Forced downward, is consolidated soon
Upon their jutting chests. He, formed to bear
The pelting brunt of the tempestuous night,
With half-shut eyes, and puckered cheeks, and teeth
Presented bare against the storm, plods on;
One hand secures his hat, save when with both
He brandishes his pliant length of whip,
Resounding oft, and never heard in vain.
Oh, happy, and, in my account, denied
That sensibility of pain with which
Refinement is endued, thrice happy thou!
Thy frame, robust and hardy, feels indeed
The piercing cold, but feels it unimpaired;
The learned finger never need explore
Thy vigorous pulse, and the unhealthful East,
That breathes the spleen, and searches every bone
Of the infirm, is wholesome air to thee.
Thy days roll on exempt from household care,
Thy wagon is thy wife; and the poor beasts,
That drag the dull companion to and fro,
Thine helpless charge, dependent on thy care.
Ah, treat them kindly! rude as thou appearest,
Yet show that thou hast mercy, which the great,
With needless hurry whirled from place to place,
Humane as they would seem, not always show.

Poor, yet industrious, modest, quiet, neat,
Such claim compassion in a night like this,
And have a friend in every feeling heart.
Warmed while it lasts, by labor, all day long
They brave the season, and yet find at eve,
Ill clad and fed but sparely, time to cool.
The frugal housewife trembles when she lights
Her scanty stock of brushwood, blazing clear,
But dying soon, like all terrestrial joys;
The few small embers left she nurses well.
And while her infant race with outspread hands
And crowded knees sit cowering o'er the sparks,
Retires, content to quake, so they be warmed.
The man feels least, as more inured than she
To winter, and the current in his veins
More briskly moved by his severer toil;
Yet he, too, finds his own distress in theirs.
The taper soon extinguished, which I saw
Dangled along at the cold finger's end
Just when the day declined, and the brown loaf
Lodged on the shelf, half-eaten, without sauce
Of sav'ry cheese, or butter costlier still,
Sleep seems their only refuge. For alas,
Where penury is felt the thought is chained,
And sweet colloquial pleasures are but few.
With all this thrift they thrive not. All the care
Ingenious parsimony takes, but just
Saves the small inventory, bed and stool,
Skillet and old carved chest, from public sale.
They live, and live without extorted alms
From grudging hands, but other boast have none
To soothe their honest pride that scorns to beg,
Nor comfort else, but in their mutual love.
I praise you much, ye meek and patient pair,
For ye are worthy; choosing rather far
A dry but independent crust, hard-earned
And eaten with a sigh, than to endure
The rugged frowns and insolent rebuffs
Of knaves in office, partial in their work
Of distribution; liberal of their aid
To clamorous importunity in rags,
But ofttimes deaf to suppliants who would blush
To wear a tattered garb however coarse,
Whom famine cannot reconcile to filth;
These ask with painful shyness, and, refused
Because deserving, silently retire.
But be ye of good courage! Time itself
Shall much befriend you. Time shall give increase,
And all your numerous progeny, well trained,
But helpless, in few years shall find their hands,
And labor too. Meanwhile ye shall not want
What, conscious of your virtues, we can spare,
Nor what a wealthier than ourselves may send.
I mean the man, who when the distant poor

Need help, denies them nothing but his name.

But poverty with most, who whimper forth
Their long complaints, is self-inflicted woe,
The effect of laziness or sottish waste.
Now goes the nightly thief prowling abroad
For plunder; much solicitous how best
He may compensate for a day of sloth,
By works of darkness and nocturnal wrong,
Woe to the gardener's pale, the farmer's hedge
Plashed neatly and secured with driven stakes
Deep in the loamy bank. Uptorn by strength
Resistless in so bad a cause, but lame
To better deeds, he bundles up the spoil —
An ass's burden — and when laden most
And heaviest, light of foot steals fast away.
Nor does the boarded hovel better guard
The well-stacked pile of riven logs and roots
From his pernicious force. Nor will he leave
Unwrenched the door, however well secured,
Where chanticleer amidst his harem sleeps
In unsuspecting pomp; twitched from the perch
He gives the princely bird with all his wives
To his voracious bag, struggling in vain,
And loudly wondering at the sudden change.
Nor this to feed his own. 'T were some excuse
Did pity of their sufferings warp aside
His principle, and tempt him into sin
For their support, so destitute; but they
Neglected pine at home, themselves, as more
Exposed than others, with less scruple made
His victims, robbed of their defenceless all.
Cruel is all he does. 'T is quenchless thirst
Of ruinous ebriety that prompts
His every action, and imbrutes the man.
Oh, for a law to noose the villain's neck
Who starves his own; who persecutes the blood
He gave them in his children's veins, and hates
And wrongs the woman he has sworn to love.

Pass where we may, through city, or through town,
Village or hamlet of this merry land,
Though lean and beggared, every twentieth pace
Conducts the unguarded nose to such a whiff
Of stale debauch, forth-issuing from the styes
That law has licensed, as makes temperance reel.
There sit involved and lost in curling clouds
Of Indian fume, and guzzling deep, the boor,
The lackey, and the groom. The craftsman there
Takes a Lethean leave of all his toil.
Smith, cobbler, joiner, he that plies the shears,
And he that kneads the dough: all loud alike,
All learned, and all drunk. The fiddle screams
Plaintive and piteous, as it wept and wailed
Its wasted tones and harmony unheard;
Fierce the dispute, whate'er the theme; while she,
Fell Discord, arbitress of such debate,
Perched on the sign-post, holds with even hand
Her undecisive scales. In this she lays
A weight of ignorance, in that, of pride,
And smiles delighted with the eternal poise.
Dire is the frequent curse and its twin sound
The cheek-distending oath, not to be praised
As ornamental, musical, polite,
Like those which modern senators employ,
Whose oath is rhetoric, and who swear for fame.
Behold the schools in which plebeian minds,
Once simple, are initiated in arts
Which some may practise with politer grace,
But none with readier skill! 'T is here they learn
The road that leads from competence and peace
To indigence and rapine; till at last
Society, grown weary of the load,
Shakes her encumbered lap, and casts them out.
But censure profits little. Vain the attempt
To advertise in verse a public pest,
That, like the filth with which the peasant feeds
His hungry acres, stinks and is of use.
The excise is fattened with the rich result
Of all this riot; and ten thousand casks,
For ever dribbling out their base contents,
Touched by the Midas finger of the state,
Bleed gold for Ministers to sport away.

Drink and be mad then; 't is your country bids!
Gloriously drunk, obey the important call,
Her cause demands the assistance of your throats; —
Ye all can swallow, and she asks no more.

Would I had fallen upon those happier days
That poets celebrate; those golden times
And those Arcadian scenes that Maro sings,
And Sidney, warbler of poetic prose.
Nymphs were Dianas then, and swains had hearts
That felt their virtues. Innocence, it seems,
From courts dismissed, found shelter in the groves;
The footsteps of simplicity, impressed
Upon the yielding herbage (so they sing),
Then were not all effaced. Then speech profane
And manners profligate were rarely found
Observed as prodigies, and soon reclaimed.
Vain wish! those days were never: airy dreams
Sat for the picture; and the poet's hand,
Imparting substance to an empty shade,
Imposed a gay delirium for a truth.
Grant it: I still must envy them an age
That favored such a dream, in days like these
Impossible, when virtue is so scarce
That to suppose a scene where she presides
Is tramontane, and stumbles all belief.
No. We are polished now. The rural lass,
Whom once her virgin modesty and grace,
Her artless manners and her neat attire,
So dignified, that she was hardly less
Than the fair shepherdess of old romance,
Is seen no more. The character is lost.
Her head adorned with lappets pinned aloft
And ribbons streaming gay, superbly raised
And magnified beyond all human size,
Indebted to some smart wig-weaver's hand
For more than half the tresses it sustains;
Her elbows ruffled, and her tottering form
Ill propped upon French heels; she might be deemed
(But that the basket dangling on her arm
Interprets her more truly) of a rank
Too proud for dairy-work, or sale of eggs;
Expect her soon with foot-boy at her heels,
No longer blushing for her awkward load,
Her train and her umbrella all her care.

The town has tinged the country; and the stain
Appears a spot upon the vestal's robe,
The worse for what it soils.

* * *

But slighted as it is, and by the great
Abandoned, and, which still I more regret,
Infected with the manners and the modes
It knew not once, the country wins me still.
I never framed a wish or formed a plan
That flattered me with hopes of earthly bliss,
But there I laid the scene. There early strayed
My fancy, ere yet liberty of choice
Had found me, or the hope of being free.
My very dreams were rural, rural too
The first-born efforts of my youthful muse,
Sportive, and jingling her poetic bells
Ere yet her ear was mistress of their powers.
No bard could please me but whose lyre was tuned
To Nature's praises. Heroes and their feats
Fatigued me, never weary of the pipe
Of Tityrus, assembling as he sang
The rustic throng beneath his favorite beech.
Then Milton had indeed a poet's charms:
New to my taste, his Paradise surpassed
The struggling efforts of my boyish tongue
To speak its excellence; I danced for joy.
I marveled much that, at so ripe an age
As twice seven years, his beauties had then first
Engaged my wonder, and admiring still,
And still admiring, with regret supposed
The joy half lost because not sooner found.
Thee, too, enamored of the life I loved,
Pathetic in its praise, in its pursuit
Determined, and possessing it at last
With transports such as favored lovers feel,
I studied, prized, and wished that I had known
Ingenious Cowley: and though now, reclaimed
By modern lights from an erroneous taste,
I cannot but lament thy splendid wit
Entangled in the cobwebs of the schools.
I still revere thee, courtly though retired,
Though stretched at ease in Chertsey's silent bowers,
Not unemployed, and finding rich amends
For a lost world in solitude and verse.
'T is born with all. The love of Nature's works
Is an ingredient in the compound, man,
Infused at the creation of the kind.
And though the Almighty Maker has throughout

Discriminated each from each, by strokes
And touches of His hand, with so much art
Diversified, that two were never found
Twins at all points — yet this obtains in all,
That all discern a beauty in his works,
And all can taste them: minds that have been formed
And tutored, with a relish more exact,
But none without some relish, none unmoved.
It is a flame that dies not even there,
Where nothing feeds it. Neither business, crowds,
Nor habits of luxurious city life,
Whatever else they smother of true worth
In human bosoms, quench it or abate.
The villas, with which London stands begirt
Like a swarth Indian with his belt of beads,
Prove it. A breath of unadulterate air,
The glimpse of a green pasture, how they cheer
The citizen and brace his languid frame!
Even in the stifling bosom of the town,
A garden in which nothing thrives, has charms
That soothe the rich possessor; much consoled
That here and there some sprigs of mournful mint,
Of nightshade, or valerian, grace the well
He cultivates. These serve him with a hint
That Nature lives; that sight-refreshing green
Is still the livery she delights to wear,
Though sickly samples of the exuberant whole.
What are the casements lined with creeping herbs
The prouder sashes fronted with a range
Of orange, myrtle, or the fragrant weed,
The Frenchman's darling? are they not all proofs
That man, immured in cities, still retains
His inborn, inextinguishable thirst
Of rural scenes, compensating his loss
By supplemental shifts, the best he may?
The most unfurnished with the means of life,
And they that never pass their brick-wall bounds
To range the fields, and treat their lungs with air,
Yet feel the burning instinct: over-head
Suspend their crazy boxes planted thick
And watered duly. There the pitcher stands
A fragment, and the spoutless tea-pot there:
Sad witnesses how close-pent man regrets
The country, with what ardor he contrives
A peep at nature, when he can no more.

Hail, therefore, patroness of health and ease
And contemplation, heart-consoling joys
And harmless pleasures, in the thronged abode
Of multitudes unknown, hail rural life!
Address himself who will to the pursuit
Of honors, or emolument, or fame,
I shall not add myself to such a chase,
Thwart his attempts, or envy his success.
Some must be great. Great offices will have
Great talents. And God gives to every man
The virtue, temper, understanding, taste,
That lifts him into life, and lets him fall
Just in the niche he was ordained to fill.
To the deliverer of an injured land
He gives a tongue to enlarge upon, a heart
To feel, and courage to redress her wrongs;
To monarchs dignity, to judges sense;
To artists ingenuity and skill;
To me an unambitious mind, content
In the low vale of life, that early felt
A wish for ease and leisure, and ere long
Found here that leisure and that ease I wished.

(1785)

ON THE RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S PICTURE

Oh, that those lips had language! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine — thy own sweet smile I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced me;
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
'Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away!'
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blessed be the art that can immortalize,
The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
To quench it) here shines on me still the same.
Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
O welcome guest, though unexpected here!
Who bidst me honor with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long,
I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own:
And, while that face renews my filial grief,

Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream that thou art she.
My mother! when I learnt that thou wast dead
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt, a kiss:
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
Ah, that maternal smile! It answers—Yes.
I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such?—It was.—Where thou art gone
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more!
Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.
What ardently I wished I long believed,
And, disappointed still, was still deceived.
By expectation every day beguiled,
Dupe of *to-morrow* even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
I learned at last submission to my lot;
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.
Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor;
And where the gardener Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapped
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet capped,
'T is now become a history little known,
That once we called the pastoral house our own.
Short-lived possession! but the record fair
That memory keeps, of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm that has effaced
A thousand other themes less deeply traced.
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou mightst know me safe and warmly laid;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit, or confectionary plum;
The fragrant waters on my cheek bestowed
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glowed;
All this, and more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and brakes
That humor interposed too often makes;
All this still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honors to thee as my numbers may;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorned in heaven, though little noticed here.
Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours,
When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,
The violet, the pink, and jassamine,
I pricked them into paper with a pin
(And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head and smile),
Could those few pleasant days again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?
I would not trust my heart—the dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.—
But no—what here we call our life is such,
So little to be loved, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.
Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast
(The storms all weathered and the ocean crossed)
Shoots into port at some well-havened isle,
Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile,
There sits quiescent on the floods that show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay;
So thou, with sails how swift! hast reached the shore,
'Where tempests never beat nor billows roar.'
And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
Of life long since has anchored by thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,

Always from port withheld, always distressed —
Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest tost,
Sails ripped, seams opening wide, and compass lost,
And day by day some current's thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.
Yet, oh, the thought that thou art safe, and he!
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
My boast is not, that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned and rulers of the earth;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise —
The son of parents passed into the skies!
And now, farewell — Time unrevoked has run
His wonted course, yet what I wished is done.
By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again;
To have renewed the joys that once were mine,
Without the sin of violating thine:
And, while the wings of Fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft —
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

(1798)

SONNET TO MRS. UNWIN

Mary! I want a lyre with other strings;
Such aid from Heaven as some have feigned they drew!
An eloquence scarce given to mortals, new,
And undebased by praise of meaner things!
That, ere through age or woe I shed my wings,
I may record thy worth, with honor due,
In verse as musical as thou art true,—
Verse, that immortalizes whom it sings!
But thou hast little need: there is a book,
By seraphs writ with beams of heavenly light,
On which the eyes of God not rarely look;
A chronicle of actions just and bright!
There all thy deeds, my faithful Mary, shine,
And since thou own'st that praise, I spare thee mine.

(1803)

ON THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE

Toll for the brave!
The brave that are no more!
All sunk beneath the wave,
Fast by their native shore!

Eight hundred of the brave,
Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel,
And laid her on her side.

A land-breeze shook the shrouds,
And she was overset;
Down went the Royal George,
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave!
Brave Kempenfelt is gone;
His last sea-fight is fought;
His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle;
No tempest gave the shock;
She sprang no fatal leak;
She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath;
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down
With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,
Once dreaded by our foes!
And mingle with our cup
The tears that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
And she may float again
Full charged with England's thunder,
And plough the distant main.

But Kempenfelt is gone,
His victories are o'er;
And he and his eight hundred
Shall plough the wave no more.

(1803)

GEORGE CRABBE (1754–1832)

When Goldsmith sat down to sketch for all time the picture of his native village, it was after an absence of eighteen years and he saw it through a tinted haze of retrospect and soft sentimental reflection. Crabbe came to his task fresh from the hardships of his youth; he wrote 'with his eye on the object'; and he painted the cot 'as Truth will paint it and as Bards will not,' in all the reality of its hard and sordid detail. The *Village* was Aldborough, a rude fishing port on the 'frowning coast' of Suffolk. Here Crabbe was born, the eldest child of a collector of salt-duties. After a scattered education which consisted partly in loading butter and cheese in the neighboring port, he was apprenticed, at fourteen, to a surgeon near Bury St. Edmunds, who employed him in 'hoeing turnips.' After some years of study he set up as a surgeon in his native village; but his rewards were meager and he desired to marry. In the meantime, he had begun to cultivate the Muses and he resolved to try his lot in London. On the verge of starvation, he was taken up by Burke, who introduced him to his distinguished friends, aided the publication of his first successful poem, *The Library* (1781), and induced him to exchange the knife for the prayer-book. Returning to Aldborough as a curate, he became, shortly after, through Burke's introduction, a protégé of the Duke of Rutland, and was never again in want. His literary fame, during most of his life, was based on *The Village*, which he published in 1783 and followed with a silence of twenty-four years, broken only by the publication of a trifling poem, *The Newspaper* (1785). During these years he wrote and destroyed large quantities of verse and a treatise on botany and busied himself with domestic life, but was especially occupied in healing both the minds and bodies of the poor of his various parishes. His second period of publication, beginning with *The Parish Register* (1807), including *The Borough* (1810) and *Tales in Verse* (1812), and concluding with *Tales of the Hall* (1819), brought him into the world of Wordsworth, Byron, and Scott. He outlived the second and died in the same year with the last.

Crabbe's powerful realism has been greatly admired by the men of his own craft. He has, as Tennyson said, 'a world of his own.' It is a far more populous world than that of Cowper or even of Wordsworth and it is not more unlovely than that of Burns; but he brought to its interpretation little of the tenderness of the first, the 'internal brightness' of the second, or the human tears and laughter of the third. We may be stunned or impressed by Crabbe's world, but we will never love it.

THE VILLAGE, Book I

The Village Life, and every care that reigns
O'er youthful peasants and declining swains;
What labor yields, and what, that labor past,
Age, in its hour of languor, finds at last;
What form the real Picture of the Poor,
Demand a song — the Muse can give no more.
Fled are those times, when, in harmonious strains,
The rustic poet praised his native plains:
No shepherds now, in smooth alternate verse,
Their country's beauty or their nymphs rehearse;
Yet still for these we frame the tender strain,
Still in our lays fond Corydons complain,
And shepherds' boys their amorous pains reveal,
The only pains, alas! they never feel.
On Mincio's banks, in Cæsar's bounteous reign,
If Tityrus found the Golden Age again,
Must sleepy bards the flattering dream prolong,
Mechanic echoes of the Mantuan song?
From Truth and Nature shall we widely stray,
Where Virgil, not where Fancy, leads the way?
Yes, thus the Muses sing of happy swains,
Because the Muses never knew their pains;

They boast their peasant's pipes; but peasants now
Resign their pipes and plod behind the plough;
And few, amid the rural tribe, have time
To number syllables, and play with rime;
Save honest Duck, what son of verse could share
The poet's rapture and the peasant's care?
Or the great labors of the field degrade,
With the new peril of a poorer trade?
From this chief cause these idle praises spring,
That themes so easy few forbear to sing;
For no deep thought the trifling subjects ask;
To sing of shepherds is an easy task;
The happy youth assumes the common strain,
A nymph his mistress, and himself a swain;
With no sad scenes he clouds his tuneful prayer,
But all, to look like her, is painted fair.
I grant indeed that fields and flocks have charms
For him that grazes or for him that farms;
But when amid such pleasing scenes I trace
The poor laborious natives of the place,
And see the mid-day sun, with fervid ray,
On their bare heads and dewy temples play;
While some, with feebler heads, and fainter hearts
Deplore their fortune, yet sustain their parts —
Then shall I dare these real ills to hide,
In tinsel trappings of poetic pride?
No; cast by Fortune on a frowning coast,
Which neither groves nor happy valleys boast;
Where other cares than those the Muse relates,
And other shepherds dwell with other mates;
By such examples taught, I paint the Cot,
As Truth will paint it, and as Bards will not:
Nor you, ye poor, of lettered scorn complain,
To you the smoothest song is smooth in vain;
O'ercome by labor, and bowed down by time,
Feel you the barren flattery of a rime?
Can poets soothe you, when you pine for bread,
By winding myrtles round your ruined shed?
Can their light tales your weighty griefs o'erpower,
Or glad with airy mirth the toilsome hour?
Lo! where the heath, with withering brake grown o'er,
Lends the light turf that warms the neighboring poor
From thence a length of burning sand appears,
Where the thin harvest waves its withered ears.
Rank weeds, that every art and care defy,
Reign o'er the land, and rob the blighted rye;
There thistles stretch their prickly arms afar,
And to the ragged infant threaten war;
There poppies, nodding, mock the hope of toil,
There the blue bugloss paints the sterile soil;
Hardy and high, above the slender sheaf,
The slimy mallow waves her silky leaf;
O'er the young shoot the charlock throws a shade,
And clasping tares cling round the sickly blade;
With mingled tints the rocky coasts abound,
And a sad splendor vainly shines around.
So looks the nymph whom wretched arts adorn,
Betrayed by man, then left for man to scorn;
Whose cheek in vain assumes the mimic rose,
While her sad eyes the troubled breast disclose:
Whose outward splendor is but folly's dress,
Exposing most when most it gilds distress.
Here joyless roam a wild amphibious race,
With sullen woe displayed in every face;
Who, far from civil arts and social fly,
And scowl at strangers with suspicious eye.
Here too the lawless merchant of the main
Draws from his plough the intoxicated swain;
Want only claimed the labor of the day,
But vice now steals his nightly rest away.
Where are the swains, who, daily labor done,
With rural games played down the setting sun;
Who struck with matchless force the bounding ball,
Or made the ponderous quoit obliquely fall;
While some huge Ajax, terrible and strong,

Engaged some artful stripling of the throng.
And fell beneath him, foiled, while far around.
Hoarse triumph rose, and rocks returned the sound?
Where now are these? — Beneath yon cliff they stand,
To show the freighted pinnace where to land;
To load the ready steed with guilty haste,
To fly in terror o'er the pathless waste,
Or, when detected, in their straggling course,
To foil their foes by cunning or by force;
Or, yielding part (which equal knaves demand),
To gain a lawless passport through the land.
Here, wandering long, amid these frowning fields,
I sought the simple life that Nature yields;
Rapine and Wrong and Fear usurped her place,
And a bold, artful, surly, savage race;
Who, only skilled to take the finny tribe,
The yearly dinner, or septennial bribe,
Wait on the shore, and, as the waves run high,
On the tossed vessel bend their eager eye,
Which to their coast directs its vent'rous way;
Theirs or the ocean's miserable prey.
As on their neighboring beach yon swallows stand,
And wait for favoring winds to leave the land;
While still for flight the ready wing is spread:
So waited I the favoring hour, and fled;
Fled from these shores where guilt and famine reign,
And cried, Ah! hapless they who still remain:
Who still remain to hear the ocean roar,
Whose greedy waves devour the lessening shore;
Till some fierce tide, with more imperious sway
Sweeps the low hut and all it holds away;
When the sad tenant weeps from door to door,
And begs a poor protection from the poor!
But these are scenes where Nature's niggard hand
Gave a spare portion to the famished land;
Hers is the fault, if here mankind complain
Of fruitless toil and labor spent in vain;
But yet in other scenes more fair in view,
When Plenty smiles — alas! she smiles for few —
And those who taste not, yet behold her store,
Are as the slaves that dig the golden ore —
The wealth around them makes them doubly poor.
Or will you deem them amply paid in health,
Labor's fair child, that languishes with wealth?
Go, then! and see them rising with the sun,
Through a long course of daily toil to run;
See them beneath the Dog-star's raging heat,
When the knees tremble and the temples beat;
Behold them, leaning on their scythes, look o'er
The labor past, and toils to come explore;
See them alternate suns and showers engage,
And hoard up aches and anguish for their age;
Through fens and marshy moors their steps pursue,
When their warm pores imbibe the evening dew;
Then own that labor may as fatal be
To these thy slaves, as thine excess to thee.
Amid this tribe too oft a manly pride
Strives in strong toil the fainting heart to hide;
There may you see the youth of slender frame
Contend with weakness, weariness, and shame:
Yet, urged along, and proudly loth to yield,
He strives to join his fellows of the field;
Till long-contending nature droops at last,
Declining health rejects his poor repast,
His cheerless spouse the coming danger sees,
And mutual murmurs urge the slow disease.
Yet grant them health, 't is not for us to tell,
Though the head droops not, that the heart is well;
Or will you praise that homely, healthy fare,
Plenteous and plain, that happy peasants share!
Oh! trifle not with wants you cannot feel,
Nor mock the misery of a stinted meal;
Homely, not wholesome, plain, not plenteous, such
As you who praise, would never deign to touch.

Ye gentle souls, who dream of rural ease,
Whom the smooth stream and smoother sonnet please;
Go! if the peaceful cot your praises share,
Go look within, and ask if peace be there;
If peace be his, that drooping weary sire;
Or theirs, that offspring round their feeble fire;
Or hers, that matron pale, whose trembling hand
Turns on the wretched hearth the expiring brand.

Nor yet can Time itself obtain for these
Life's latest comforts, due respect and ease;
For yonder see that hoary swain, whose age
Can with no cares except its own engage;
Who, propped on that rude staff, looks up to see
The bare arms broken from the withering tree,
On which, a boy, he climbed the loftiest bough,
Then his first joy, but his sad emblem now.

He once was chief in all the rustic trade;
His steady hand the straightest furrow made;
Full many a prize he won, and still is proud
To find the triumphs of his youth allowed;
A transient pleasure sparkles in his eyes,
He hears and smiles, then thinks again and sighs:
For now he journeys to his grave in pain;
The rich disdain him; nay, the poor disdain:
Alternate masters now their slave command,
Urge the weak efforts of his feeble hand,
And, when his age attempts its task in vain,
With ruthless taunts, of lazy poor complain.

Oft may you see him, when he tends the sheep,
His winter charge, beneath the hillock weep;
Oft hear him murmur to the winds that blow
O'er his white locks and bury them in snow,
When, roused by rage and muttering in the morn,
He mends the broken edge with icy thorn:—
'Why do I live, when I desire to be
At once from life and life's long labor free?
Like leaves in spring, the young are blown away,
Without the sorrows of a slow decay;
I, like yon withered leaf, remain behind,
Nipped by the frost, and shivering in the wind;
There it abides till younger buds come on
As I, now all my fellow-swains are gone;
Then from the rising generation thrust,
It falls, like me, unnoticed to the dust.

'These fruitful fields, these numerous flocks I see,
Are others' gain, but killing cares to me;
To me the children of my youth are lords,
Cool in their looks, but hasty in their words:
Wants of their own demand their care; and who
Feels his own want and succors others too?
A lonely, wretched man, in pain I go,
None need my help, and none relieve my woe;
Then let my bones beneath the turf be laid,
And men forget the wretch they would not aid.'

Thus groan the old, till by disease oppressed,
They taste a final woe, and then they rest.

Theirs is yon House that holds the parish poor,
Whose walls of mud scarce bear the broken door;
There, where the putrid vapors, flagging, play,
And the dull wheel hums doleful through the day;
There children dwell who know no parents' care;
Parents, who know no children's love, dwell there!
Heart-broken matrons on their joyless bed,
Forsaken wives, and mothers never wed;
Dejected widows with unheeded tears,
And crippled age with more than childhood fears;
The lame, the blind, and, far the happiest they!
The moping idiot, and the madman gay.

Here too the sick their final doom receive,
Here brought, amid the scenes of grief, to grieve,
Where the loud groans from some sad chamber flow,
Mixed with the clamors of the crowd below;
Here, sorrowing, they each kindred sorrow scan.
And the cold charities of man to man:
Whose laws indeed for ruined age provide,
And strong compulsion plucks the scrap from pride;
But still that scrap is bought with many a sigh,
And pride embitters what it can't deny.

Say, ye, oppressed by some fantastic woes,
Some jarring nerve that baffles your repose;
Who press the downy couch, while slaves advance
With timid eye to read the distant glance;

Who with sad prayers the weary doctor tease,
To name the nameless ever new disease;
Who with mock patience dire complaints endure,
Which real pain and that alone can cure;
How would ye bear in real pain to lie,
Despised, neglected, left alone to die?
How would ye bear to draw your latest breath
Where all that 's wretched paves the way for death?
Such is that room which one rude beam divides,
And naked rafters form the sloping sides;
Where the vile bands that bind the thatch are seen,
And lath and mud are all that lie between;
Save one dull pane, that, coarsely patched, gives way
To the rude tempest, yet excludes the day:
Here, on a matted flock, with dust o'erspread,
The drooping wretch reclines his languid head;
For him no hand the cordial cup applies,
Or wipes the tear that stagnates in his eyes;
No friends with soft discourse his pain beguile,
Or promise hope, till sickness wears a smile.
But soon a loud and hasty summons calls,
Shakes the thin roof, and echoes round the walls;
Anon, a figure enters, quaintly neat,
All pride and business, bustle and conceit;
With looks unaltered by these scenes of woe,
With speed that, entering, speaks his haste to go,
He bids the gazing throng around him fly,
And carries fate and physic in his eye:
A potent quack, long versed in human ills,
Who first insults the victim whom he kills;
Whose murd'rous hand a drowsy Bench protect,
And whose most tender mercy is neglect.
Paid by the parish for attendance here,
He wears contempt upon his sapient sneer;
In haste he seeks the bed where Misery lies,
Impatience marked in his averted eyes;
And, some habitual queries hurried o'er,
Without reply, he rushes on the door:
His drooping patient, long inured to pain,
And long unheeded, knows remonstrance vain;
He ceases now the feeble help to crave
Of man; and silent sinks into the grave.

But ere his death some pious doubts arise,
Some simple fears, which 'bold bad' men despise;
Fain would he ask the parish priest to prove
His title certain to the joys above:
For this he sends the murmuring nurse, who calls
The holy stranger to these dismal walls:
And doth not he, the pious man, appear,
He, 'passing rich, with forty pounds a year?'
Ah! no; a shepherd of a different stock:
And far unlike him, feeds this little flock:
A jovial youth, who thinks his Sunday's task
As much as God or man can fairly ask;
The rest he gives to loves and labors light,
To fields the morning, and to feasts the night;
None better skilled the noisy pack to guide,
To urge their chase, to cheer them or to chide;
A sportsman keen, he shoots through half the day,
And, skilled at whist, devotes the night to play:
Then, while such honors bloom around his head,
Shall he sit sadly by the sick man's bed,
To raise the hope he feels not, or with zeal
To combat fears that e'en the pious feel?

* * *

Now to the church behold the mourners come,
Sedately torpid and devoutly dumb;
The village children now their games suspend,
To see the bier that bears their ancient friend:
For he was one in all their idle sport,
And like a monarch ruled their little court;
The pliant bow he formed, the flying ball,
The bat, the wicket, were his labors all;
Him now they follow to his grave, and stand,
Silent and sad, and gazing hand in hand;
While bending low, their eager eyes explore
The mingled relics of the parish poor.
The bell tolls late, the moping owl flies round,
Fear marks the flight and magnifies the sound.
The busy priest, detained by weightier care,
Defers his duty till the day of prayer;
And, waiting long, the crowd retire distressed,
To think a poor man's bones should lie unblessed.

(1783)

WILLIAM BLAKE (1757–1827)

'I walked the other evening to the end of the heath and touched the sky with my finger.' Was the man inspired or mad who made this statement in fierce literalness, when bored by some scientific cant about 'the vastness of space'? One's answer to this question will determine one's attitude toward Blake. The ordinary biographical summary hardly seems to apply to him; yet undeniably, like the hero in the old song, 'This man was born, lived, drank, and died.' He was born in London, he spent his life there, he did not drink much and frequently had none too much to eat and wear, and in London he died, 'leaving the delusive Goddess Nature to her laws, to get into freedom from all law of the numbers, into the mind, in which every one is king and priest in his own house.' Yet this man who denied the validity of positive science and repudiated the reality of physical nature was a twofold artist, draughtsman and poet. After the bare rudiments of an education, he began at ten the study of drawing and almost as early the writing of verses. At the age of fourteen he was apprenticed to the well-known engraver, Basire. About the same time he wrote some of his published poems. He first exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1780, and three years later brought out his first volume, *Poetical Sketches*, the only one of his publications which was printed in the ordinary manner. *Songs of Innocence* (1789), *Songs of Experience* (1794), and the series of enormous, crazed, difficult, or unintelligible Prophetic Books were all engraved upon plates and embellished with designs by himself. Other published designs and engravings of importance were those for Young's *Night Thoughts* (1797), Hayley's *Life of Cowper* (1803), Blair's *The Grave* (1808), the Book of Job (1825), and Dante (1824–27).

None of his accomplishments, whether in literature or design, brought him any considerable return in money or immediate fame. He lived most of his life in almost squalid poverty which he did not seem to mind and, when he had means, bestowed them with unstinted charity and without concern for the future. His conduct was fairly within the law of conventional society and government; his doctrines were revolutionary and extreme even for the age of revolution in which he lived. With all their wildness they are sometimes startlingly modern, and it is not unlikely that the world is yet to ring with some of his ideas. As a workman in lines he was strangely original and powerful, and has been compared with the greatest artists of design that ever lived; though often crudely careless or perverse he could draw with propriety and beauty when he chose, and with tremendous energy and suggestiveness. It would be hard to conceive of finer illustrations than his 'Winter' and 'Evening' for Cowper's *Task*. His poetry speaks for itself. Like his design it is often absurdly crude and at other times his speech is something more than mortal.

'When the stars threw down their spears'—

We happen upon a line like this and we seem to have heard a voice of other worlds.

TO SPRING

O thou with dewy locks, who lookest down
Through the clear windows of the morning, turn
Thine angel eyes upon our western isle,
Which in full choir hails thy approach, O Spring!

The hills tell each other, and the listening
Valleys hear; all our longing eyes are turned
Up to thy bright pavilions: issue forth,
And let thy holy feet visit our clime.

Come o'er the eastern hills, and let our winds
Kiss thy perfumèd garments; let us taste
Thy morn and evening breath; scatter thy pearls
Upon our love-sick land that mourns for thee.

O deck her forth with thy fair fingers; pour
Thy soft kisses on her bosom; and put
Thy golden crown upon her languished head,
Whose modest tresses were bound up for thee. (1783)

TO THE MUSES

Whether on Ida's shady brow,
Or in the chambers of the East,
The chambers of the sun, that now
From ancient melody have ceased;

Whether in Heaven ye wander fair,
Or the green corners of the earth,
Or the blue regions of the air
Where the melodious winds have birth;

Whether on crystal rocks ye rove,
Beneath the bosom of the sea
Wandering in many a coral grove,
Fair Nine, forsaking Poetry!

How have you left the ancient love
That bards of old enjoyed in you!
The languid strings do scarcely move!
The sound is forced, the notes are few!

(1783)

MAD SONG

The wild winds weep,
And the night is a-cold;
Come hither, Sleep;
And my griefs enfold! . . .
But lo! the morning peeps
Over the eastern steeps,
And the rustling [birds] of dawn
The earth do scorn.

Lo! to the vault
Of pavèd heaven,
With sorrow fraught,
My notes are driven:
They strike the ear of night,
Make weep the eyes of day;
They make mad the roaring winds,
And with tempests play.

Like a fiend in a cloud,
With howling woe
After night I do crowd
And with night will go;
I turn my back to the east
From whence comforts have increased;
For light doth seize my brain
With frantic pain.

(1783)

THE PIPER

Piping down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
And he laughing said to me:

'Pipe a song about a Lamb!'
So I piped with merry cheer.
'Piper, pipe that song again;'
So I piped: he wept to hear.

'Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe;
Sing thy songs of happy cheer:'
So I sang the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear.

'Piper, sit thee down and write
In a book, that all may read.'
So he vanished from my sight,
And I plucked a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen,
And I stained the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs
Every child may joy to hear.

(1789)

THE SHEPHERD

How sweet is the shepherd's sweet lot!
From the morn to the evening he strays;
He shall follow his sheep all the day,
And his tongue shall be fillèd with praise.

For he hears the lamb's innocent call,
And he hears the ewe's tender reply;
He is watchful while they are in peace,
For they know when their shepherd is nigh.

(1789)

THE LITTLE BLACK BOY

My mother bore me in the southern wild,
And I am black, but O my soul is white;
White as an angel is the English child,
But I am black, as if bereaved of light.

My mother taught me underneath a tree,
And, sitting down before the heat of day,
She took me on her lap and kissèd me,
And, pointing to the east, began to say:

'Look on the rising sun,—there God does live,
And gives his light, and gives his heat away;
And flowers and trees and beasts and men receive
Comfort in morning, joy in the noonday.

'And we are put on earth a little space,
That we may learn to bear the beams of love;

And these black bodies and this sunburnt face
Is but a cloud, and like a shady grove.

'For when our souls have learned the heat to bear,
The cloud will vanish, we shall hear his voice,
Saying: "Come out from the grove, my love and care,
And round my golden tent like lambs rejoice."'

Thus did my mother say, and kissèd me;
And thus I say to little English boy.
When I from black, and he from white cloud free,
And round the tent of God like lambs we joy,

I'll shade him from the heat, till he can bear
To lean in joy upon our father's knee;
And then I'll stand and stroke his silver hair,
And be like him, and he will then love me.

(1789)

CRADLE SONG

FROM SONGS OF INNOCENCE

Sweet dreams, form a shade
O'er my lovely infant's head;
Sweet dreams of pleasant streams
By happy, silent, moony beams.

Sweet sleep, with soft down
Weave thy brows an infant crown.
Sweet sleep, Angel mild,
Hover o'er my happy child.

Sweet smiles, in the night
Hover over my delight;
Sweet smiles, mother's smiles,
All the livelong night beguiles.

Sweet moans, dovelike sighs,
Chase not slumber from thy eyes.
Sweet moans, sweeter smiles,
All the dovelike moans beguiles.

Sleep, sleep, happy child,
All creation slept and smil'd;
Sleep, sleep, happy sleep,
While o'er thee thy mother weep.

Sweet babe, in thy face
Holy image I can trace.
Sweet babe, once like thee,
Thy Maker lay and wept for me.

Wept for me, for thee, for all,
When he was an infant small.
Thou his image ever see,
Heavenly face that smiles on thee,

Smiles on thee, on me, on all;
Who became an infant small.
Infant smiles are His own smiles;
Heaven and earth to peace beguiles.

(1789)

CRADLE SONG

FROM SONGS OF EXPERIENCE

Sleep! sleep! beauty bright,
Dreaming o'er the joys of night;
Sleep! sleep! in thy sleep
Little sorrows sit and weep.

Sweet Babe, in thy face
Soft desires I can trace,
Secret joys and secret smiles,
Little pretty infant wiles.

As thy softest limbs I feel,
Smiles as of the morning steal
O'er thy cheek, and o'er thy breast
Where thy little heart does rest.

O! the cunning wiles that creep
In thy little heart asleep.
When thy little heart does wake
Then the dreadful lightnings break,

From thy cheek and from thy eye,
O'er the youthful harvests nigh.
Infant wiles and infant smiles
Heaven and Earth of peace beguiles.

(1794)

A DREAM

Once a dream did weave a shade
O'er my Angel-guarded bed,
That an emmet lost its way
Where on grass methought I lay.

Troubled, 'wildered, and forlorn,
Dark, benighted, travel-worn,
Over many a tangled spray,
All heart-broke I heard her say:

'O, my children! do they cry?
Do they hear their father sigh?

Now they look abroad to see:
Now return and weep for me.'

Pitying, I dropped a tear;
But I saw a glow-worm near,
Who replied: 'What wailing wight
Calls the watchman of the night?

'I am set to light the ground,
While the beetle goes his round:
Follow now the beetle's hum;
Little wanderer, hie thee home.'

(1789)

THE DIVINE IMAGE

To Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love,
All pray in their distress,
And to these virtues of delight
Return their thankfulness.

For Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love,
Is God our Father dear;
And Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love,
Is man, his child and care.

For Mercy has a human heart;
Pity, a human face;
And Love, the human form divine:
And Peace, the human dress.

Then every man, of every clime,
That prays in his distress,
Prays to the human form divine:
Love, Mercy, Pity, Peace.

And all must love the human form,
In heathen, Turk, or Jew.
Where Mercy, Love, and Pity dwell,
There God is dwelling too.

(1789)

THE CHIMNEY SWEEPER

A little black thing among the snow,
Crying 'weep! weep!' in notes of woe!
'Where are thy father and mother, say?'—
'They are both gone up to the church to pray.

'Because I was happy upon the heath,
And smiled among the winter's snow,
They clothèd me in the clothes of death,
And taught me to sing the notes of woe.

'And because I am happy and dance and sing,
They think they have done me no injury,
And are gone to praise God and his priest and king,
Who make up a heaven of our misery.'

(1794)

THE CLOD AND THE PEBBLE

'Love seeketh not itself to please,
Nor for itself hath any care,
But for another gives its ease,
And builds a Heaven in Hell's despair.'

So sung a little clod of clay,
Trodden with the cattle's feet,
But a pebble of the brook
Warbled out these meters meet:

'Love seeketh only self to please,
To bind another to its delight,
Joys in another's loss of ease,
And builds a Hell in Heaven's despite.'

(1794)

THE TIGER

Tiger! Tiger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand? and what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

Tiger! Tiger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

(1794)

AH SUNFLOWER

Ah Sunflower, weary of time,
Who countest the steps of the sun,
Seeking after that sweet golden clime
Where the traveler's journey is done—

Where the youth pined away with desire,
And the pale virgin, shrouded in snow,
Arise from their graves, and aspire
Where my sunflower wishes to go!

(1794)

NURSE'S SONG

When the voices of children are heard on the green
And whisperings are in the dale,
The days of my youth rise fresh in my mind,
My face turns green and pale.

Then come home, my children, the sun is gone down,
And the dews of night arise;
Your spring and your day are wasted in play,
And your winter and night in disguise.

(1794)

A LITTLE BOY LOST.

'Nought loves another as itself,
Nor venerates another so,
Nor is it possible to thought
A greater than itself to know.

'And, father, how can I love you
Or any of my brothers more?
I love you like the little bird
That picks up crumbs around the door.'

The priest sat by and heard the child;
In trembling zeal he seized his hair,
He led him by his little coat,
And all admired the priestly care.

And standing on the altar high,
'Lo, what a fiend is here!' said he:
'One who sets reason up for judge
Of our most holy mystery.'

The weeping child could not be heard,
The weeping parents wept in vain:
They stripped him to his little shirt,
And bound him in an iron chain,

And burned him in a holy place
Where many had been burned before;
The weeping parents wept in vain.
Are such things done on Albion's shore?

(1794)

FROM MILTON

And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountains green?
And was the holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen?

And did the Countenance Divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among these dark Satanic Mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold!
Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear! O clouds, unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire!

I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

(1804)

ROBERT BURNS (1759–1796)

Burns was born near 'Alloway's auld haunted kirk' on the banks of the Doon, in a two-roomed cottage which his father had built with his own hands out of rough stone and clay. A storm blew down the gable a few days after his birth, and 'A blast o' Janwar' win' Blew hansel in on Robin.' 'No wonder that one ushered into the world amid such a tempest should be the victim of stormy passions,' Burns would afterward say. His father was a poor 'renter' who moved from one farm to another while Burns was growing up. Amid 'the unceasing moil of a galley slave,' he found time for the ordinary education of a Scotch peasant lad and added considerable reading in history and English poetry; but he had known many a weary day at the plow-tail and in harvest by the time he was fifteen. It was at this age, as he has told us, that he found himself partner in the harvest-field with 'a bonnie sweet sonsie lassie.' 'Among her love-inspiring qualities, she sung sweetly; and it was her favorite reel to which I attempted giving an embodied vehicle in rime. . . . Thus with me began love and poetry.'

Farming, love, and poetry were the staples of Burns's life from now on. He tried flax-dressing at Irvine, a town of some size near-by, but succeeded only in acquiring the bad habits of the place and soon returned to the farm and to poetry. After his father's death in 1784, he and his brother Gilbert moved to the farm of Mossgiel and a little later he met Jean Armour, who after a long and irregular courtship became his wife. His first collection of poems was issued at Kilmarnock in 1786, and such was their immediate success that he went to Edinburgh and brought out a new edition the following winter. He was lionized for a season, but had bitterly to learn the difference between curiosity and social acceptance. From this publication he realized enough money to pay for a tour of the Highlands, contribute two hundred pounds to the needs of his brother, and stock a farm at Ellisland. Here he settled with his wife Jean, now regularly married, in December, 1788. But he had chosen his farm with a poet's rather than a farmer's eye, and shortly undertook to add to his earnings by securing a post in the excise at Dumfries,—'gauging auld wives' barrels,' he called it. His next course was to give up the farm and remove his family to town. It was a perilous position for one of his temperament. Too many 'trusty drouthy cronies' clustered around him; the 'social glass' became too frequent; 'thoughtless follies laid him low, and stained his name.'

Yet even during these years of decline in health and respectability his genius burned brightly. Many of the 'old Scots songs' with which his name is inseparably connected were given to the world at this time; many equally fine were not printed until after his death. Though it is totally uncritical to think of him as merely an unlettered natural singer, Burns never had the leisure or opportunity to become a highly cultivated poet in the English language or on the grand scale. He constantly falls back upon his native dialect for his most telling phrases and his most magical bursts; and he is at his best in those brief snatches, perfect in pitch and infinite in variety, for which—and for the passionate, imperfect, human bounty of his nature—the world so deeply loves him.

SONG: MARY MORISON

O Mary, at thy window be,
It is the wish'd, the trysted hour!
Those smiles and glances let me see,
That make the miser's treasure poor:
How blythely wad I bide the stoure,
A weary slave frae sun to sun,
Could I the rich reward secure,
The lovely Mary Morison.

Yestreen when to the trembling string
The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',
To thee my fancy took its wing,
I sat, but neither heard nor saw:
Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,
And yon the toast of a' the town,
I sigh'd, and said amang them a',
'Ye are na Mary Morison.'

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,
Wha for thy sake wad gladly die?
Or canst thou break that heart of his,
Whase only faut is loving thee?
If love for love thou wilt na gie
At least be pity to me shown:
A thought ungentle canna be
The thought o' Mary Morison.

(1800)

SONG: MY NANIE, O

Behind yon hills where Lugar flows,
'Mang moors an' mosses many, O,
The wintry sun the day has clos'd,
An' I 'll awa to Nanie, O.

The westlin wind blaws loud an' shill:
The night 's baith mirk an' rainy, O;
But I 'll get my plaid an' out I 'll steal,
An' owre the hill to Nanie, O.

My Nanie 's charming, sweet, an' young;
Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O:
May ill befa' the flattering tongue
That wad beguile my Nanie, O.

Her face is fair, her heart is true,
As spotless as she 's bonie, O:
The op'ning gowan, wat wi' dew,
Nae purer is than Nanie, O.

A country lad is my degree,
An' few there be that ken me, O;
But what care I how few they be?
I 'm welcome aye to Nanie, O.

My riches a's my penny-fee,
An' I maun guide it cannie, O;
But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,
My thoughts are a' my Nanie, O.

Our auld guidman delights to view
His sheep an' kye thrive bonie, O;
But I 'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh,
And has nae care but Nanie, O.

Come weel, come woe, I care na by,
I 'll tak what Heav'n will sen' me, O;
Nae ither care in life hae I,
But live, an' love my Nanie, O.

(1787)

SONG: GREEN GROW THE RASHES

Chorus.— Green grow the rashes, O!
Green grow the rashes, O!
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend
Are spent amang the lasses, O.

There 's nought but care on ev'ry han',
In every hour that passes, O:
What signifies the life o' man,
An 't were na for the lasses, O?

The war'ly race may riches chase,
An' riches still may fly them, O;
An' tho' at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.

But gie me a cannie hour at e'en,
My arms about my dearie, O;
An' war'ly cares, an' war'ly men,
May a' gae tapsalteerie, O.

For you sae douce, ye sneer at this;
Ye 're nought but senseless asses, O:
The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,
He dearly lov'd the lasses, O.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O:
Her prentice han' she try'd on man,
An' then she made the lasses, O.

(1803)

From LINES TO JOHN LAPRAIK

I am nae Poet, in a sense,
But just a Rhymer like by chance,
An' hae to learning nae pretence;
Yet what the matter?
Whene'er my Muse does on me glance,
I jingle at her.

Your critic-folk may cock their nose,
And say, 'How can you e'er propose,
You wha ken hardly verse frae prose,
To mak a sang?'
But, by your leave, my learned foes,
Ye 're maybe wrang.

What 's a' your jargon o' your schools,
Your Latin names for horns an' stools?
If honest nature made you fools,
What sairs your grammars?
Ye 'd better taen up spades and shools,
Or knappin-hammers.

A set o' dull, conceited hashes
Confuse their brains in college classes!
They gang in stirks and come out asses,
Plain truth to speak;
An' syne they think to climb Parnassus
By dint o' Greek!

Gie me ae spark o' Nature's fire,
That 's a' the learnin I desire;
Then, tho' I drudge thro' dub an' mire
At pleugh or cart,
My Muse, though hamely in attire,
May touch the heart.

* *

(1786)

TO A MOUSE

ON TURNING UP HER NEST WITH THE PLOUGH, NOVEMBER, 1785

Wee, sleekit, cowrin, tim'rous beastie,
Oh, what a panic 's in thy breastie!
Thou need na start awa sae hasty
Wi' bickerin brattle!
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee
Wi' murd'rin pattle!

I 'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion
Which makes thee startle
At me, thy poor earth-born companion,
An' fellow-mortal!

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve:
What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!
A daimen icker in a thrave
'S a sma' request;
I 'll get a blessin wi' the lave,
An' never miss 't!

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin!
Its silly wa's the win's are strewin
An' naething, now, to big a new ane,
O' foggage green!
An' bleak December's winds ensuin
Baith snell an' keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare and waste,
An' weary winter comin fast,
An' cozie here beneath the blast
Thou thought to dwell,
Till crash! the cruel coulter past
Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble
Has cost thee mony a weary nibble!
Now thou 's turn'd out for a' thy trouble,
But house or hald,
To thole the winter's sleety dribble
An' cranreuch cauld!

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane
In proving foresight may be vain:
The best laid schemes o' mice an' men
Gang aft a-gley,
An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain
For promis'd joy.

Still thou art blest, compar'd wi' me!
The present only toucheth thee:
But, och! I backward cast my ee
On prospects drear!
An' forward, tho' I canna see,
I guess an' fear!

(1786)

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT

INSCRIBED TO ROBERT AIKEN, ESQ.

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor,
— GRAY.

My lov'd, my honored, much respected friend!
No mercenary bard his homage pays;
With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end:
My dearest meed a friend's esteem and praise.
To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene;
The native feelings strong, the guileless ways;
What Aiken in a cottage would have been;
Ah! tho' his worth unknown, far happier there, I ween!

November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh,
The short'ning winter day is near a close;
The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh,
The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose;
The toil-worn Cotter frae his labor goes,—
This night his weekly moil is at an end,—
Collects his spades, his mattocks and his hoes,
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
And weary o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
Th' expectant wee-things, toddlin, stacher through
To meet their dad, wi' flichterin noise an' glee.
His wee bit ingle, blinkin bonilie,
His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty wifie's smile,
The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary kiaugh and care beguile,
An' makes him quite forget his labor an' his toil.

Belyve, the elder bairns come drappin in,
At service out amang the farmers roun';
Some ca the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
A cannie errand to a neibor toun:
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman-grown,

In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her ee,
Comes hame, perhaps to shew a braw new gown,
Or deposite her sair-won penny-fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

With joy unfeign'd brothers and sisters meet,
An' each for other's weelfare kindly spiers:
The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnotic'd fleet;
Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears.
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;
Anticipation forward points the view;
The mother, wi' her needle an' her sheers,
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel 's the new;
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their master's an' their mistress's command
The younkers a' are warnèd to obey;
An' mind their labors wi' an eydent hand,
An' ne'er tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play:
'An' O! be sure to fear the Lord alway,
An' mind your duty, duly, morn an' night!
Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
Implore his counsel and assisting might:
They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright!'

But hark! a rap comes gently to the door.
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
Tells how a neibor lad cam o'er the moor,
To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
The wily mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in Jenny's ee, and flush her cheek;
Wi' heart-struck, anxious care, inquires his name,
While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak;
Weel pleas'd the mother hears it 's nae wild worthless rake.

Wi' kindly welcome Jenny brings him ben,
A strappin youth; he takes the mother's eye;
Blythe Jenny sees the visit 's no ill taen;
The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kye.
The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
But, blate and laithfu', scarce can weel behave;
The mother wi' a woman's wiles can spy
What maks the youth sae bashfu' an' sae grave,
Weel-pleas'd to think her bairn 's respected like the lave.

O happy love! where love like this is found!
O heart-felt raptures! bliss beyond compare!
I 've pacèd much this weary, mortal round,
And sage experience bids me this declare —
'If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'T is when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the ev'ning gale.'

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart,
A wretch! a villain! lost to love and truth!
That can with studied, sly, ensnaring art
Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?
Curse on his perjur'd arts! dissembling smooth!
Are honor, virtue, conscience, all exil'd?
Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
Points to the parents fondling o'er their child,
Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their distraction wild?

But now the supper crowns their simple board,
The halesome parritch, chief of Scotia's food;
The sowpe their only hawkie does afford,
That yont the hallan' snugly chows her cud.
The dame brings forth, in complimental mood,
To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck fell,

And aft he's prest, an' aft he ca's it guid;
The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell,
How 't was a towmond auld, sin' lint was i' the bell.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They round the ingle form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er with patriarchal grace
The big ha'-bible, ance his father's pride;
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales a portion with judicious care;
And, 'Let us worship God,' he says with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim:
Perhaps *Dundee's* wild-warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive *Martyrs,* worthy of the name,
Or noble *Elgin* beats the heaven-ward flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays.
Compar'd with these, Italian trills are tame;
The tickl'd ear no heart-felt raptures raise;
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,—
How Abram was the friend of God on high;
Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
Or how the royal bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of heaven's avenging ire;
Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,—
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
How he, who bore in heav'n the second name,
Had not on earth whereon to lay his head:
How his first followers and servants sped;
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land
How he, who lone in Patmos banishèd,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand,
And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounced by Heav'n's command.

Then kneeling down to Heaven's Eternal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays:
Hope 'springs exulting on triumphant wing,'
That thus they all shall meet in future days:
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear,
While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compar'd with this, how poor Religion's pride
In all the pomp of method and of art,
When men display to congregations wide
Devotion's ev'ry grace except the heart!
The Pow'r, incens'd, the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
But haply in some cottage far apart
May hear, well pleased, the language of the soul,
And in his book of life the inmates poor enrol.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way;
The youngling cottagers retire to rest;
The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to Heav'n the warm request,
That he, who stills the raven's clam'rous nest
And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
Would, in the way his wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide;
But chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad:

Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
'An honest man's the noblest work of God':
And certes, in fair Virtue's heavenly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind:
What is a lordling's pomp? a cumbrous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refin'd!

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent!
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!
And, oh! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From luxury's contagion, weak and vile!
Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd isle.

O thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide
That stream'd thro' Wallace's undaunted heart,
Who dar'd to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part,—
(The patriot's God peculiarly thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)
O never, never Scotia's realm desert,
But still the patriot, and the patriot-bard,
In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard!

(1786)

ADDRESS TO THE DEIL

O thou! whatever title suit thee,—
Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie!
Wha in yon cavern, grim an' sootie,
Clos'd under hatches,
Spairges about the brunstane cootie
To scaud poor wretches!

Hear me, auld Hangie, for a wee,
An' let poor damnèd bodies be;
I 'm sure sma' pleasure it can gie,
E'en to a deil,
To skelp an' scaud poor dogs like me,
An' hear us squeel!

Great is thy pow'r, an' great thy fame;
Far ken'd an' noted is thy name;
An tho' yon lowin heugh's thy hame,
Thou travels far;
An' faith! thou 's neither lag nor lame,
Nor blate nor scaur.

Whyles, rangin like a roarin lion,
For prey a' holes an' corners tryin;
Whyles, on the strong-wing'd tempest flyin,
Tirlin' the kirks;
Whyles, in the human bosom pryin,
Unseen thou lurks.

I 've heard my rev'rend grannie say,
In lanely glens ye like to stray;
Or whare auld ruin'd castles gray
Nod to the moon,
Ye fright the nightly wand'rer's way
Wi' eldritch croon.

When twilight did my grannie summon
To say her pray'rs, douce honest woman!
Aft yont the dike she 's heard you bummin,
Wi eerie drone;
Or, rustlin, thro' the boortrees comin,
Wi' heavy groan.

Ae dreary, windy, winter night,
The stars shot down wi' sklentin light,
Wi' you mysel I gat a fright
Ayont the lough;
Ye like a rash-buss stood in sight
Wi' waving sough.

The cudgel in my nieve did shake,
Each bristl'd hair stood like a stake,
When wi' an eldritch, stoor 'Quaick, quaick,'
Amang the springs,
Awa ye squatter'd like a drake,
On whistlin wings.

Let warlocks grim an' wither'd hags
Tell how wi' you on ragweed nags
They skim the muirs an' dizzy crags
Wi' wicked speed;
And in kirk-yards renew their leagues,
Owre howket dead.

Thence, countra wives wi' toil an' pain
May plunge an' plunge the kirn in vain;
For oh! the yellow treasure's taen
By witchin skill;
An' dawtet, twal-pint hawkie's gaen
As yell's the bill.

Thence, mystic knots mak great abuse,
On young guidmen, fond, keen, an' crouse;
When the best wark-lume i' the house,
By cantrip wit,
Is instant made no worth a louse,
Just at the bit.

When thowes dissolve the snawy hoord,
An' float the jinglin icy-boord
Then water-kelpies haunt the foord
By your direction,
An' nighted trav'lers are allur'd
To their destruction.

And aft your moss-traversing spunkies
Decoy the wight that late and drunk is:
The bleezin, curst, mischievous monkeys
Delude his eyes,
Till in some miry slough he sunk is,
Ne'er mair to rise.

When masons' mystic word and grip
In storms an' tempests raise you up,
Some cock or cat your rage maun stop,
Or, strange to tell,
The youngest brither ye wad whip
Aff straught to hell!

Lang syne, in Eden's bonie yard,
When youthfu' lovers first were pair'd,
And all the soul of love they shar'd,
The raptur'd hour,
Sweet on the fragrant flow'ry swaird,
In shady bow'r;

Then you, ye auld sneck-drawin dog!
Ye cam to Paradise incog,
And play'd on man a cursed brogue,
(Black be your fa'!)
And gied the infant warld a shog,
Maist ruin'd a'.

D'ye mind that day, when in a bizz,
Wi' reeket duds and reestet gizz,
Ye did present your smoutie phiz
Mang better folk,
An' sklented on the man of Uz
Your spitefu' joke?

An' how ye gat him i' your thrall,
An' brak' him out o' house and hal',
While scabs and blotches did him gall,
Wi' bitter claw,
An' lows'd his ill-tongued, wicked scaul,
Was warst ava?

But a' your doings to rehearse,
Your wily snares an' fechtin fierce,
Sin' that day Michael did you pierce,
Down to this time,
Wad ding a Lallan tongue, or Erse,
In prose or rhyme.

An' now, auld Cloots, I ken ye're thinkin,
A certain Bardie's rantin, drinkin,
Some luckless hour will send him linkin,
To your black pit;
But faith! he'll turn a corner jinkin,
An' cheat you yet.

But fare you weel, auld Nickie-ben!
O wad ye tak a thought an' men'!
Ye aiblins might — I dinna ken —
Still hae a stake:
I'm wae to think upo' yon den,
Ev'n for your sake!

(1786)

A BARD'S EPITAPH

Is there a whim-inspirèd fool,
Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule,
Owre blate to seek, owre proud to snool?
Let him draw near;
And owre this grassy heap sing dool,
And drap a tear.

Is there a bard of rustic song,
Who, noteless, steals the crowds among,
That weekly this area throng? —
Oh, pass not by!
But with a frater-feeling strong
Here heave a sigh.

Is there a man whose judgment clear
Can others teach the course to steer,
Yet runs himself life's mad career
Wild as the wave? —
Here pause — and thro' the starting tear
Survey this grave.

The poor inhabitant below
Was quick to learn and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow
And softer flame;
But thoughtless follies laid him low,
And stain'd his name!

Reader, attend! whether thy soul
Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,
Or darkling grubs this earthly hole
In low pursuit;
Know, prudent, cautious self-control
Is wisdom's root.

(1786)

OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIND CAN BLAW

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw
I dearly like the west,
For there the bonie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best:
There's wild woods grow an' rivers row
An' mony a hill between;
But day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flow'rs,
I see her sweet an' fair:
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
I hear her charm the air:
There's not a bonie flow'r that springs
By fountain, shaw or green;
There's not a bonie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean.

(1790)

GO FETCH TO ME A PINT O' WINE

Go fetch to me a pint o' wine,
And fill it in a silver tassie;
That I may drink, before I go,
A service to my bonie lassie:
The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith,
Fu' loud the wind blaws frae the Ferry;
The ship rides by the Berwick-law,
And I maun leave my bonie Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
The glittering spears are rankèd ready,
The shouts o' war are heard afar,
The battle closes deep and bloody;
It's not the roar o' sea or shore
Would mak me langer wish to tarry;
Nor shouts o' war that's heard afar—
It's leaving thee, my bonie Mary!

(1790)

AULD LANG SYNE

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And auld lang syne?

Cho.—For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp,
And surely I'll be mine!
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd mony a weary fit
Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn,
From mornin' sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin' auld lang syne.

And there's a hand, my trusty fier,
And gie's a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak a right guid-willie waught
For auld lang syne.

(1796)

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO

John Anderson my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonie brow was brent;
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snaw;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And monie a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither:
Now we maun totter down, John,
And hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson my jo.

(1790)

TAM GLEN

My heart is a-breaking, dear tittie,
Some counsel unto me come len';
To anger them a' is a pity,
But what will I do wi' Tam Glen?

I'm thinking, wi' sic a braw fellow,
In poortith I might mak a fen':
What care I in riches to wallow,
If I maunna marry Tam Glen?

There's Lowrie, the laird o' Dumeller,
'Guid-day to you'—brute! he comes ben:
He brags and he blaws o' his siller,
But when will he dance like Tam Glen?

My minnie does constantly deave me,
And bids me beware o' young men;
They flatter, she says, to deceive me;
But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen?

My daddie says, gin I 'll forsake him,
He 'll gie me guid hunder marks ten:
But, if it 's ordain'd I maun tak him,
O, wha will I get but Tam Glen?

Yestreen at the valentines' dealing,
My heart to my mou gied a sten:
For thrice I drew ane without failing,
And thrice it was written, 'Tam Glen'!

The last Halloween I was waukin
My droukit sark-sleeve, as ye ken:
His likeness cam up the house staukin,
And the very gray breeks o' Tam Glen!

Come counsel, dear tittie, don't tarry;
I 'll gie ye my bonie black hen,
Gif ye will advise me to marry
The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

(1790)

TO MARY IN HEAVEN

Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,
Can I forget the hallowed grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met
To live one day of parting love?
Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past,
Thy image at our last embrace—
Ah! little thought we 't was our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbl'd shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning green;
The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar
Twin'd amorous round the raptur'd scene:
The flow'rs sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray,
Till too, too soon the glowing west
Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care!
Time but th' impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary, dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

(1790)

TAM O' SHANTER

A TALE

Of Brownyis and of Bogillis full is this buke.
— Gawin Douglas.

When chapman billies leave the street,
And drouthy neibors, neibors meet,
As market-days are wearing late,
And folk begin to tak the gate;
While we sit bousin at the nappy
And gettin fou and unco happy,
We think na on the lang Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps, and stiles,
That lie between us and our hame,
Whare sits our sulky, sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter,
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter:
(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,
For honest men and bonie lasses.)

O Tam! had'st thou but been sae wise
As taen thy ain wife Kate's advice!
She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,
A bletherin, blusterin, drunken blellum;
That frae November till October,
Ae market-day thou was na sober;
That ilka melder wi' the miller,
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;
That ev'ry naig was ca'd a shoe on,
The smith and thee gat roarin fou on;
That at the Lord's house, ev'n on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday.
She prophesied, that, late or soon,
Thou would be found deep drown'd in Doon;
Or catch't wi' warlocks in the mirk,
By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet,
To think how mony counsels sweet,
How mony lengthened sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises!

But to our tale: — Ae market night,
Tam had got planted unco right,
Fast by an ingle, bleezin finely,
Wi' reamin swats that drank divinely;
And at his elbow, Souter Johnie,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony:
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither;
They had been fou for weeks thegither.
The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter;
And ay the ale was growing better:
The landlady and Tam grew gracious
Wi' secret favors, sweet, and precious:
The souter tauld his queerest stories;
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus:
The storm without might rair and rustle
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drown'd himsel amang the nappy:
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure;
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious!

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow falls in the river,
A moment white — then melts forever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm.
Nae man can tether time or tide:
The hour approaches Tam maun ride,—
That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in;
And sic a night he taks the road in,
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 't wad blawn its last;
The rattling show'rs rose on the blast;
The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd;
Loud, deep, and lang the thunder bellow'd:
That night, a child might understand,
The Deil had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his grey mear, Meg,—
A better never lifted leg,—
Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire,
Despising wind and rain and fire;
Whiles holding fast his guid blue bonnet,
Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet,
Whiles glowrin round wi' prudent cares,
Lest bogles catch him unawares.
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry.

By this time he was cross the ford,
Whare in the snaw the chapman smoor'd;
And past the birks and meikle stane,
Whare drucken Charlie brak 's neck-bane;
And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,
Whare hunters fand the murder'd bairn;
And near the thorn, aboon the well,
Whare Mungo's mither hang'd hersel.
Before him Doon pours all his floods;
The doubling storm roars thro' the woods;
The lightnings flash from pole to pole,
Near and more near the thunders roll;
When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees,
Kirk-Alloway seemed in a bleeze:
Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing,
And loud resounded mirth and dancing.

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!
What dangers thou can'st make us scorn!
Wi' tippenny we fear nae evil;
Wi' usquebae we 'll face the devil!
The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle,
Fair play, he car'd na deils a boddle.
But Maggie stood right sair astonish'd,
Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,
She ventur'd forward on the light;
And, wow! Tam saw an unco sight!

Warlocks and witches in a dance;
Nae cotillon brent-new frae France,
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels
Put life and mettle in their heels:
A winnock bunker in the east,
There sat Auld Nick in shape o' beast;
A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,
To gie them music was his charge;
He screw'd the pipes and gart them skirl,
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.—
Coffins stood round like open presses,
That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses;
And by some devilish cantraip sleight
Each in its cauld hand held a light,
By which heroic Tam was able
To note upon the haly table
A murderer's banes in gibbet airns;
Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns;
A thief, new-cutted frae the rape —
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;
Five tomahawks, wi' blude red-rusted;
Five scymitars, wi' murder crusted;
A garter, which a babe had strangled;
A knife, a father's throat had mangled;
Whom his ain son o' life bereft —
The grey hairs yet stack to the heft;
Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',
Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glowr'd, amaz'd and curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious:

The piper loud and louder blew,
The dancers quick and quicker flew;
They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,
Till ilka carlin swat and reekit
And coost her duddies to the wark
And linket at it in her sark!

Now Tam, O Tam! had thae been queans,
A' plump and strapping in their teens!
Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,
Been snaw-white seventeen hunder linen!—
Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
That ance were plush, o' gude blue hair,
I wad hae gien them aff my hurdies,
For ae blink o' the bonie burdies!

* * *

But Tam ken'd what was what fu' brawlie;
There was ae winsom wench and walie,
That night enlisted in the core
(Lang after ken'd on Carrick shore:
For mony a beast to dead she shot,
And perish'd mony a bonie boat,
And shook baith meikle corn and bear,
And kept the country-side in fear);
Her cutty sark o' Paisley harn,
That while a lassie she had worn,
In longitude tho' sorely scanty,
It was her best, and she was vauntie.
Ah! little kent thy reverend grannie,
That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,
Wi' twa pund Scots ('t was a' her riches),
Wad ever graced a dance o' witches!

But here my Muse her wing maun cow'r,
Sic flights are far beyond her pow'r;
To sing how Nannie lap and flang,
(A souple jad she was and strang,)
And how Tam stood like ane bewitch'd,
And thought his very een enrich'd;
Even Satan glowr'd and fidg'd fu' fain,
And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main:
Till first ae caper, syne anither,
Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
And roars out, 'Weel done, Cutty-sark!'
And in an instant all was dark:
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied.
As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
When plundering herds assail their byke;
As open pussie's mortal foes,
When pop! she starts before their nose;
As eager runs the market-crowd,
When 'Catch the thief!' resounds aloud;
So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
Wi' mony an eldritch skriech and hollo.

Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou 'll get thy fairin!
In hell they 'll roast thee like a herrin!
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin!
Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!
Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
And win the key-stane of the brig:
There at them thou thy tail may toss,
A running stream they dare na cross.
But ere the key-stane she could make,
The fient a tail she had to shake!
For Nannie, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;
But little wist she Maggie's mettle—
Ae spring brought aff her master hale,
But left behind her ain grey tail.

* * *

(1793)

WILLIE BREWED A PECK O' MAUT

O, Willie brew'd a peck o' maut,
An' Rob an' Allan cam to see:
Three blyther hearts that lee-lang night
Ye wad na found in Christendie.

CHORUS.—We are na fou, we 're nae that fou,
But just a drappie in our ee;
The cock may craw, the day may daw,
And aye we 'll taste the barley bree.

Here are we met, three merry boys,
Three merry boys, I trow, are we;
An' mony a night we 've merry been,
And mony mae we hope to be!

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
That 's blinkin in the lift sae hie;
She shines sae bright to wile us hame,
But, by my sooth, she 'll wait a wee!

Wha first shall rise to gang awa',
A cuckold, coward loon is he!
Wha first beside his chair shall fa',
He is the king amang us three!

(1790)

A WINTER NIGHT

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm!
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your looped and windowed raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these?

— SHAKSPERE.

When biting Boreas, fell and doure,
Sharp shivers thro' the leafless bow'r;

When Phoebus gies a short lived glow'r
Far south the lift,
Dim-darkening thro' the flaky show'r
Or whirling drift;

Ae night the storm the steeples rocked,
Poor Labor sweet in sleep was locked,
While burns, wi' snawy wreaths up-choked,
Wild-eddying swirl,
Or, thro' the mining outlet bocked,
Down headlong hurl:

Listening the doors and winnocks rattle,
I thought me on the ourie cattle,
Or silly sheep, wha bide this brattle
O' winter war,
An' through the drift, deep-lairing, sprattle
Beneath a scaur.

Ilk happin bird — wee, helpless thing!—
That in the merry months o' spring
Delighted me to hear thee sing,
What comes o' thee?
Whare wilt thou cow'r thy chittering wing
An' close thy ee?

Ev'n you on murd'ring errands toil'd,
Lone from your savage homes exil'd,—
The blood-stain'd roost an' sheep-cot spoil'd
My heart forgets,
While pitiless the tempest wild
Sore on you beats.

* * *

(1787)

HIGHLAND MARY

Ye banks, and braes, and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie!
There simmer first unfauld her robes,
And there the langest tarry;
For there I took the last fareweel,
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade
I clasp'd her to my bosom!
The golden hours, on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me as light and life,
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' monie a vow and lock'd embrace
Our parting was fu' tender;
And, pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursels asunder;
But O! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early!
Now green 's the sod, and cauld 's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary!

O, pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly!
And closed for aye the sparkling glance,
That dwelt on me sae kindly!
And mould'ring now in silent dust,
That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

(1799)

BONIE DOON

Ye flowery banks o' bonie Doon,
How can ye blume sae fair?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae fu' o' care?

Thou 'll break my heart, thou bonie bird,
That sings upon the bough;
Thou minds me o' the happy days,
When my fause luve was true.

Thou 'll break my heart, thou bonie bird,
That sings beside thy mate;
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
And wist na o' my fate.

Aft hae I rov'd by bonie Doon
To see the wood-bine twine,
And ilka bird sang o' its luve,
And sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose
Frae aff its thorny tree;
And my fause luver staw my rose
But left the thorn wi' me.

(1808)

DUNCAN GRAY

Duncan Gray came here to woo,
Ha, ha, the wooin o't!
On blythe Yule night when we were fou,
Ha, ha, the wooin o't!
Maggie coost her head fu hiegh,
Look'd asklent and unco skiegh,
Gart poor Duncan stand abiegh;
Ha, ha, the wooin o't!

Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan pray'd;
Ha, ha, the wooin o't!
Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,
Ha, ha, the wooin o't!

Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,
Grat his een baith bleer't and blin'.
Spak o' lowpin owre a linn;
Ha, ha, the wooin o't!

Time and chance are but a tide,
Ha, ha, the wooin o't!
Slighted love is sair to bide,
Ha, ha, the wooin o't!
'Shall I, like a fool,' quoth he,
'For a haughty hizzie die?
She may gae to — France for me!'
Ha, ha, the wooin o't!

How it comes let doctors tell,
Ha, ha, the wooin o't!
Meg grew sick as he grew hale,
Ha, ha, the wooin o't!
Something in her bosom wrings,
For relief a sigh she brings;
And O! her een, they spak sic things!
Ha, ha, the wooin o't!

Duncan was a lad o' grace,
Ha, ha, the wooin o't!
Maggie's was a piteous case,
Ha, ha, the wooin o't!
Duncan could na be her death,
Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath;
Now they 're crouse and cantie baith;
Ha, ha, the wooin o't!

(1798)

SCOTS WHA HAE

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory!
Now 's the day, and now 's the hour;
See the front o' battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's power —
Chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!
Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or Freeman fa',
Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!
Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty 's in every blow! —
Let us do or die!

(1794)

A MAN 'S A MAN FOR A' THAT

Is there, for honest poverty,
That hings his head, an' a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, an' a' that,
Our toils obscure, an' a' that;
The rank is but the guinea's stamp;
The man 's the gowd for a' that.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden-gray, an' a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man 's a man for a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
Their tinsel show, an' a' that;
The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, an' stares, an' a' that;
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He 's but a coof for a' that:
For a' that, an' a' that,
His riband, star, an' a' that,
The man o' independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, an' a' that;
But an honest man 's aboon his might,
Guid faith he mauna fa' that!
For a' that, an' a' that,
Their dignities, an' a' that,
The pith o' sense, an' pride o' worth,
Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, an' a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
It 's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

(1800)

APPENDIX

APPENDIX

BEOWULF

It is supposed that Beowulf, the hero of this poem, was a real person. Although Beowulf himself does not appear in sober history, his uncle, Hygelac of the poem, is identified with a historical Scandinavian hero who invaded the land of enemies on the Lower Rhine about 512 A. D. (See Section XL of the text below.) Even though the uncle was disastrously defeated in this foray, the nephew Beowulf seems to have distinguished himself for bravery and for astounding feats of endurance. We infer that, as a result of his prowess, Beowulf was celebrated in song and story, and that one generation of narrators after another enhanced his achievements, the enhancement consisting largely, no doubt, in the attachment to our hero of exploits originally associated with other personages,— heroes or gods. Such a natural process of story growth seems to account for the presence in our poem of some four separate stories: (1) a fight with Grendel, (2) a fight with Grendel's mother, (3) the victorious return of the hero to his home, and (4) a fight with a dragon. These four stories, originally, no doubt, told or sung separately, were probably combined into a form approaching that of the present poem, in the course of the seventh century. The events of the poem take place in Denmark and southern Sweden, and since England is nowhere mentioned, it seems likely that the main elements of the story had been gathered together before the last migration of the Angles to the island. The present form of the poem, however, with its unfortunate admixture of Christian elements, is due to a final recension in England.

The chief merit of *Beowulf* will hardly escape him who reads the poem as a vigorous narrative of stirring adventure, heroic endeavor, and elevated sentiments. Imagination and descriptive power are not lacking, and the charm of picturesque phrasing pervades the poem.

BEOWULF

THE FIRST PART

PROLOGUE. THE CHIVALRY OF THE DANISH EMPIRE. THE COMING OF SCYLD AND HIS GLORIOUS CAREER. THE BIRTH OF HIS YOUTH. THE PASSING OF SCYLD.

What ho! we have heard tell of the grandeur of the imperial kings of the spear-bearing Danes in former days, how those ethelings promoted bravery. Often did Scyld of the Sheaf wrest from harrying bands, from many tribes, their convivial seats; the dread of him fell upon warriors, whereas he had at the first been a lonely foundling; — of all that (humiliation) he lived to experience solace; he waxed great under the welkin, he flourished with trophies, till that every one of the neighboring peoples over the sea were constrained to obey him, and pay trewage: — that was a good king!

To him was born a son to come after him, a young (prince) in the palace, whom God sent for the people's comfort. He (God) knew the hard calamity, what they had erst endured when they were without a king for a long while; and in consideration thereof the Lord of Life, the Ruler of Glory accorded to them a time of prosperity.

Beowulf was renowned, his fame sprang wide; heir of Scyld in the Scedelands. So ought a young chief to work with his wealth, with gracious largesses, while in his father's nurture; that in his riper age willing comrades may in return stand by him at the coming of war, and that men may do his bidding. Eminence must, in every nation, be attained by deeds (worthy) of praise.

As for Scyld, he departed, at the destined hour, full of exploit, to go into the Master's keeping. They then carried him forth to the shore of the sea,

his faithful comrades, as he himself had requested, while he with his words held sway as lord of the Scyldings; dear chief of the land, he had long tenure of power.

There at hithe stood the ship with ringed prow, glistening fresh, and outward bound; convoy for a prince. Down laid they there the loved chief, dispenser of jewels, on the lap of the ship, the illustrious (dead) by the mast. There was store of precious things, ornaments from remote parts, brought together; never heard I of craft comelier fitted with slaughter weapons and campaigning harness, with bills and breast-mail: — in his keeping lay a multitude of treasures, which were to pass with him far away into the watery realm. Not at all with less gifts, less stately opulence, did they outfit him, than those had done, who at the first had sent him forth, lone over the wave, when he was an infant. Furthermore they set up by him a gold-wrought banner, high over his head; they let the holm bear him, gave him over to ocean; sad was their soul, mourning their mood. Men do not know to say of a sooth, not heads of halls, men of mark under heaven, who received that burden!

I

KING HROTHGAR. HIS POPULARITY. THE BUILDING OF HEOROT AND THE HAPPY LIFE OF THE COURT. GRENDEL.

Then was in the towers Beowulf of the Scyldings, the dear king of his people, for a long time famous among the nations — his father was gone otherwhere, patriarch from family seat — till in succession to him was born the lofty Healfdene; he governed while he lived, old and warlike, contented Scyldings. To him four children, one after another, awoke in the world: Heorogar, commander of armies, and Hrothgar, and Halga the good: I heard that Elan queen was consort of the warlike Scylding.

To Hrothgar was given martial spirit, warlike ambition; insomuch that his cousins gladly took him for leader, until the young generation grew up, a mighty regiment of clansmen. Into his mind it came, that he would give orders for men to construct a hall-building, a great mead-house, (greater) than the children of men had ever heard tell of; and that therewithin he would freely deal out to young and old what God should give him, save people's land and lives of men.

Then I heard of work widely proclaimed to many a tribe throughout this world, to make a fair gathering-place of people. His plan was in good time accomplished, with a quickness surprising to men; so that it was all ready, the greatest of hall-buildings. He gave it the name of Heorot, he who with his word had wide dominion. He belied not his announcement; — rings he distributed, treasure at the banquet. The hall towered aloft, high and with pinnacles spanning the air; awaited the scathing blasts of destructive flame. No appearance was there as yet of knife-hatred starting up between son-in-law and father-in-law in revenge of blood.

Then the outcast creature, he who dwelt in darkness, with torture for a time endured that he heard joyance day by day, loud sounding in hall; there was the swough of the harp, the ringing song of the minstrel.

Said one who was skilled to narrate from remote time the primeval condition of men; quoth he — 'The Almighty made the earth, the country radiant with beauty, all that water surroundeth, delighting in magnificence. He ordained sun and moon, luminaries for light to the dwellers on earth, and adorned the rustic regions with branches and leaves; life also he created for all the kinds that live and move.'

Thus they, the warrior-band, in joyance lived and full delight; — until that one began to work atrocity, a fiend in the hall. The grim visitant was called Grendel, the dread mark-ranger, he who haunted moors, fen and fastness: — the unblessed man had long time kept the abode of monsters, ever since the Creator had proscribed them. On Cain's posterity did the eternal Lord wreak that slaughter, for that he slew Abel. He profited not by that violence; but He banished him far away, the Maker for that crime banished him from mankind. From that origin all strange broods awoke, eotens and elves and ogres, as well as giants who warred against God long time; — He repaid them due retribution.

II

GRENDEL. HIS SUCCESSFUL RAID. THE DEJECTION OF HROTHGAR AND HIS COURT.

He set out then as soon as night was come, to explore the lofty house; how the mailed Danes had after carousal bestowed themselves in it. So he found therein a princely troop sleeping after feast; they knew not sorrow, desolation of men. The baleful wight, grim and greedy, was ready straight, fierce and furious, and in their sleep he seized thirty of the thanes; thence hied him back, yelling over his prey, to go to his home with the war-spoils, and reach his habitation. Then was in the dawning and with early day the war-craft of Grendel plain to the grooms; then was upraised after festivity the voice of weeping, a great cry in the morning. The illustrious ruler, the honored prince, sat woebegone; majestic rage he tholed, he endured sorrow for his thanes: — since they had surveyed the track of the monster, of the accursed goblin; — that contest was too severe, horrible, and prolonged. It was not a longer space, but the interval of one night, that he again perpetrated a huger carnage; and he recked not of it — outrage and atrocity; he was too fixed in those things. Then was it not hard to find some who sought a resting-place elsewhere more at large, a bed among the castle-bowers, when to them was manifested and plainly declared by conspicuous proof the malice of the hell-thane; — whoever had once escaped the fiend did from thenceforward hold himself farther aloof and closer. So domineered and nefariously warred he single against them all, until that the best of houses stood empty. The time was long; twelve winters' space did the friend of the Scyldings suffer indignity, woes of every kind, unbounded sorrows; and so in process of time it became openly known to the sons of men through ballads in lamentable wise, that Grendel warred continually against Hrothgar; he waged malignant hostilities, violence and feud, many seasons, unremitting strife; he would not have peace with any man of the Danish power, or remove the life-bale, or compound for tribute; nor could any of the senators expect worthy compensation at the hands of the destroyer; the foul ruffian, a dark shadow of death, was pursuing the venerable and the youthful alike. He prowled about and lay in wait; at nights he continually held the misty moors; — men do not know in what direction hell's agents move in their rounds.

Many were the atrocities which the foe of mankind, the grisly prowler, oft accomplished, hard indignities,— Heorot he occupied, the richly decorated hall, in dark nights — yet was he by no means able to come nigh the throne, sacred to God, nor did he share the sentiment thereof.

That was a huge affliction for the friend of the Scyldings, heart breaking. Many a time and oft did the realm sit in conclave; they meditated on a remedy, what course it were best for them, soul-burdened men, to take against these awful horrors. Sometimes they vowed at idol fanes, honors of sacrifice; with words they prayed that the goblin-queller would afford them relief against huge oppressions. Such was their custom, heathens' religion; they thought of hell in their imagination; they were not aware of the Maker, the Judge of actions, they knew not God the Governor, nor did they at all understand how to glorify the Crowned Héad of the heavens, the Ruler of glory.

It is woe for him who is impelled by headlong perversity to plunge his soul into the gulf of fire; not to believe in consolation nor in any way turn: — well is it for him who is permitted, after death-day, to visit the Lord, and claim sanctuary in the Father's arms.

III

THE VOYAGE OF THE HERO. A PARLEY.

Thus was the son of Healfdene perpetually tossed with the trouble of that time; the sapient man was unable to avert the woe. Too heavy, horrible, and protracted was the struggle which had overtaken that people; tribulation cruel, hugest of nocturnal pests.

That in his distant home learnt a thane of Hygelac's, a brave man among the Goths; he learnt the deeds of Grendel; he was of mankind strongest in might in the day of this life; he was of noble birth and of robust growth. He ordered

a wave-traveler, a good one, to be prepared for him; said he would pass over the swan-road and visit the gallant king, the illustrious ruler, inasmuch as he was in need of men. That adventure was little grudged him by sagacious men, though he was dear to them; they egged on the dareful spirit, they observed auguries. The brave man had selected champions of the leeds of the Goths, the keenest whom he could find; with fourteen in company he took to ship; — a swain for pilot, a water-skilled man, pointed out the landmarks.

Time went on; the floater was on the waves, the boat under the cliff. Warriors ready dight mounted on the prow; currents eddied, surf against the beach; lads bore into the ship's lap bright apparel, gallant harness of war; the men, the brave men on adventure, shoved off the tight-timbered craft. So the foamy-necked floater went forth over the swelling ocean urged by the wind, most like to a bird; till that in due time, on the next day, the coily-stemmed cruiser had made such way that the voyagers saw land, sea-cliffs gleaming, hills towering, headlands stretching out to sea; then was the voyage accomplished, the water-passage ended. Then lightly up the Weder Leeds and sprang ashore, they made fast the sea-wood, they shook out their sarks, their war-weeds, they thanked God for that their seafaring had been easy.

Then from his rampart did the Scyldings' warden, he who had to guard the sea-cliffs, espy men bearing over bulwark bright shields, accoutrements ready for action; — curiosity urged him with impassioned thought (to learn) who those men were. Off he set then to the shore, riding on horseback, thane of Hrothgar; powerfully he brandished a huge lance in his hands, and he demanded with authoritative words — 'Who are ye arm-bearing men, fenced with mail-coats, who have come thus with proud ship over the watery highway, hither over the billows? Long time have I been in fort, stationed on the extremity of the country; I have kept the coast-guard, that on the land of the Danes no enemy with ship-harrying might be able to do hurt: — never have shield-bearing men more openly attempted to land here; nor do ye know beforehand the pass-word of our warriors, the confidential token of kinsmen. I never saw, of eorls upon ground, a finer figure in harness than is one of yourselves; he is no mere goodman bedizened with armor, unless his look belies him, his unique aspect. Now I am bound to know your nationality, before ye on your way hence as explorers at large proceed any further into the land of the Danes. Now ye foreigners, mariners of the sea, ye hear my plain meaning; haste is best to let me know whence your comings are.'

IV

BEOWULF EXPLAINS THEIR VISIT TO THE WARDEN'S SATISFACTION. THEREUPON HE GUIDES THEIR MARCH TO HEOROT. THE WARDEN RETURNS.

To him the chiefest gave answer; the captain of the band unlocked the treasure of words: 'We are people of Gothic race, and hearth-fellows of Hygelac. My father was celebrated among the nations, a noble commander by the name of Ecgtheow; he lived to see many years, ere he departed an aged man out of his mansion; he is quickly remembered by every worshipful man all over the world. We with friendly intent have come to visit thy lord, the son of Healfdene, the guardian of his people; be thou good to us with instructions! We have for the illustrious prince of the Danes a great message; there is no need to be dark about the matter, as I suppose. Thou knowest if it is so as we have heard say for a truth, that among the Scyldings some strange depredator, a mysterious author of deeds, in the darkness of night inflicts in horrible wise monstrous atrocity, indignity, and havoc. Of this I can, in all sincerity of heart, teach Hrothgar a remedy; how he, so wise and good, shall overpower the enemy; if for him the fight of afflictions was ever destined to take a turn, better times to come again, and the seethings of anguish grow calmer; or else for ever hereafter tholeth he a time of tribulation, sore distress, so long as the best of houses resteth there upon her eminence.'

The warden addressed them, where he sat on his horse, an officer undaunted: 'Of every particular must a sharp es-

quire know the certainty as to words and works — any one who hath a sense of duty. I gather from what I hear that this is a friendly band to the lord of the Scyldings. March ye forward, bearing weapons and weeds; I will guide you: likewise I will command my kinsmen thanes honorably to keep against every foe your vessel, the newly dight, the boat on the beach: until the neck-laced craft shall bear back again over the water-streams her dear lord to Wedermark. To such a benign adventurer is it given, that he passeth unscathed through the encounter of battle.'

They proceeded then on their march; the vessel remained still, rode on her cable, the wide-bosomed ship, at anchor fast; — the boar-figures shone over the cheek-guards, pranked with gold, ornate and hard-welded; — the farrow kept guard. In fighting mood they raged along, the men pushed forward; down-hill they ran together, until they could see the hall structure, gallant and gold-adorned; that was to dwellers on earth the most celebrated of all mansions under the sky, that in which the ruler dwelt; the gleam of it shot over many lands. Then did the warrior point out to them the court of the valiant, which was now conspicuous; — that they could go straight to it. Like a man of war, he wheeled about his horse, and spake a parting word: 'It is time for me to go; may the allwielding Father graciously keep you safe in adventures! I will to the sea, to keep guard against hostile force.'

V

ARRIVAL AND ACCOST. BEOWULF SENDS IN HIS NAME.

The street was stone-paven; the path guided the banded men. The war-corslet shone, hard, hand-locked; the polished ring-iron sang in its meshes, when they in grim harness now came marching to the hall. The sea-weary men set down their broad shields, bucklers mortal hard, against the terrace of that mansion. Then they seated themselves on the bench; — their mail-coats rang, harness of warriors; — the spears stood, sea-men's artillery, stacked together, ash-timber with tip of gray; the iron troop was accoutred worthily.

Then a proud officer there questioned the martial crew as to their kindred: — 'Whence bring ye damasked shields, gray sarks, and visored helms; — a pile of war shafts? I am Hrothgar's herald and esquire. Never saw I foreigners, so many men, loftier looking. I think that ye for daring, not at all of desperate fortune, but for courageous emprise, have come to visit Hrothgar.'

To him then with gallant bearing answered the proud leed of the Wederas; words spake he back, firm under helmet: —'We are Hygelac's table-fellows; my name is Beowulf. I will expound mine errand to the son of Healfdene, to the illustrious prince, to thy lord, if he will deign us that we may approach him so good.'

Wulfgar addressed them — that was a leed of the Wendlas; his courage had been witnessed by many, his valor and wisdom: —'Thereanent will I ask the friend of the Danes, the Scyldings' lord, the ring-dispenser, according as thou dost petition, the illustrious chief (will I ask) concerning thy visit; and to thee promptly declare the answer, which the brave prince is pleased to give me.'

Thereupon he returned briskly to where Hrothgar sat, old and hoary, with his guard of warriors: he went with gallant bearing till he took his stand before the shoulders of the Danish prince; he knew the custom of nobility. Wulfgar addressed himself to his liege lord: 'Here are arrived, come from far, over the circuit of ocean, men of the Goths; the companions name their chief Beowulf. They make petition, that they, my prince, may be permitted to exchange discourse with thee: do not thou award them a refusal of thy conversation, benignant Hrothgar! They by their war-harness appear worthy of the reverence of eorls; certainly the chief is a valiant man, he who has conducted those martial comrades hither.'

VI

THE OLD KING KNOWS ALL ABOUT HIM AND ORDERS HIM TO BE ADMITTED. BEOWULF EXPLAINETH HIS VISIT AND ENTERPRISETH THE BATTLE TO FIGHT THE FOE. HE WILL REMOVE THE SCOURGE, OR DIE IN THE ATTEMPT.

Hrothgar, crown of Scyldings, uttered speech: 'I knew him when he was a

page. His good old father was Ecgtheow by name; to whose home Hrethel of the Goths gave over his only daughter; it is his offspring surely, his grown-up son, that is hither come, come to visit a loyal friend. Sure enough they did say that — the sailors who carried thither for compliment the presents to the Goths — that he hath thirty men's strength in his handgrip, a valiant campaigner. Him hath holy God of high grace sent to us, sent to the western Danes, as I hope, against Grendel's terror; I must proffer the brave man treasures for his great-heartedness. Be thou full of alacrity, request the banded friends to enter, one and all, into my presence. Say to them moreover expressly with words, that they are welcome visitors to the Danish leeds.' [Then to the door of the hall Wulfgar went] he announced his message: — 'To you I am commanded to say by my chieftain the lord of the eastern Danes, that he knoweth your noble ancestry, and ye to him are, over the sea-waves, men of hardihood, welcome hither. Now ye can go, in your warlike equipage, with helm on head, to the presence of Hrothgar; leave the war-boards, here to abide, and the wooden battle-shafts till the parley is over.' Up then arose the prince: about him many a trooper, a splendid band of thanes; some remained there, they kept the armor, as their brave captain bade. They formed all together, as the officer (Wulfgar) showed the way, under the roof of Heorot; [he went with courage high] with a firm look under his helmet, till he took his stand in the royal chamber. Beowulf uttered a speech — on him his byrnie shone, a curious net-work linked by cunning device of the artificer — 'To Hrothgar hail! I am Hygelac's kinsman and cousin-thane; I have undertaken many exploits in youngsterhood. To me on my native soil the affair of Grendel became openly known; seafaring men say that this hall do stand, fabric superb, of every trooper empty and useless, as soon as the light of evening under the cope of heaven is hidden from view. Then did my people, the best of them, sagacious fellows, O royal Hrothgar, insense me that I should visit thee; because they knew the strength of my might; they had themselves been spectators when I came off my campaign battered by foes, where I bound five monsters, humbled the eoten brood; and in the waves I slew nickers in the nighttime, I ran narrow risks, avenged the grievance of the Wederas — they had been acquainted with grief — a grinding I gave the spoilers; — and now against Grendel I am bound, against that formidable one, single-handed, to champion the quarrel against the giant. Wherefore I will now petition thee, prince of the glorious Danes, thou roof-tree of the Scyldings, one petition; that thou refuse me not, oh thou shelter of warriors, thou imperial lord of nations, now I have come from such a distance, that I may have the task alone — I and my band of eorls, this knot of hardy men — to purge Heorot. I have learnt too that the terrible one out of bravado despises weapons; I therefore will forgo the same — as I hope that Hygelac my prince may be to me of mood benignant,— that I bear not sword or broad shield, or yellow buckler, to the contest; but with handgrip I undertake to encounter the enemy, and contend for life, foe to foe; there shall he whom death taketh resign himself to the doom of the Lord.

'I suppose that he will, if he can have his way, in the hall of battle devour fearlessly the men of the Goths, just as he often did the power of the Hrethmen. Thou wilt not need to cover my head (with a mound), but he will have me all blood-besprent, if death taketh me; he will bear away the gory corpse with intent to feast upon it, the solitary ranger will eat it remorselessly, will stain the moor-swamps; no need wilt thou have to care any longer for the disposal of my body. Send to Hygelac, if Hild take me, the matchless armor that protects my breast, bravest of jackets; — that is a relic of Hrethla's, a work of Weland's. Wyrd goeth ever as she is bound.'

VII

HROTHGAR EMBRACES HIS VISITOR'S OFFER AND POURS OUT THE TALE OF HIS MISERY. THE NEWCOMERS ARE FEASTED IN THE HALL.

Hrothgar, crown of Scyldings, uttered speech: 'For pledged rescue thou, Beowulf my friend, and at honor's call, hast come to visit us. Thy father did

fight out a mighty feud; he was the banesman of Heatholaf among the Wylfings; then the nation could not keep him for dread of invasion. Therefrom he went over the yeasty waves to visit the Southron folk of the Danes, of the honorable Scyldings, at the time when I had just then become king over the Danish folk, and in my prime swayed the jewel-stored treasure-city of heroes: when Heorogar my elder brother was dead, no longer living, Healfdene's son. He was better than I! Afterwards I composed the feud for money; I sent to the Wylfings over the water's ridge ancient treasures; he swore oaths (of homage) to me.

'It is a sorrow for me in my soul to tell to any mortal men what humiliation, what horrors Grendel hath brought upon me in Heorot with his malignant stratagems. My hall-troop, my warrior band, is reduced to nothing; Wyrd hath swept them away in the hideous visitation of Grendel. God unquestionably can arrest the fell destroyer in his doings. Full oft they boasted when refreshed with beer, troop-fellows over the ale-can, that they in the beer-hall would receive Grendel's onset with clash of swords. Then was this mead-hall at morning-tide, this royal saloon bespattered with gore, at blush of dawn, all the bench-timber was reeking with blood, the hall with deadly gore; so much the less owned I of trusty lieges, of dear nobility, when death had taken those away.

'Sit now to banquet, and merrily share the feast, brave captain, with (thy) fellows, as thy mind moves thee.'

Then was there for the Goth-men all together, in the beer-hall, a table cleared; there the resolute men went to sit in the pride of their strength. A thane attended to the service; one who bore in his hand a decorated ale-can; he poured forth the sheer nectar. At times a minstrel sang, clear-voiced in Heorot; there was social merriment, a brave company of Danes and Wederas.

VIII

UNFERTH THE KING'S ORATOR IS JEALOUS. HE BAITS THE YOUNG ADVENTURER AND IN A SCOFFING SPEECH DARES HIM TO A NIGHTWATCH FOR GRENDEL. BEOWULF IS ANGERED AND THUS HE IS DRAWN OUT TO BOAST OF HIS YOUTHFUL FEATS.

Unferth made a speech, Ecglaf's son; he who sat at the feet of the Scyldings' lord, broached a quarrelsome theme — the adventure of Beowulf the high-souled voyager was great despite to him, because he grudged that any other man should ever in the world achieve more exploits under heaven than he himself: —'Art thou that Beowulf, he who strove with Breca on open sea in swimming-match, where ye twain out of bravado explored the floods, and foolhardily in deep water jeoparded your lives? nor could any man, friend or foe, turn the pair of you from the dismal adventure! What time ye twain plied in swimming, where ye twain covered with your arms the awful stream, meted the sea-streets, buffeted with hands, shot over ocean; the deep boiled with waves, a wintry surge. Ye twain in the realm of waters toiled a sennight; he at swimming outvied thee, had greater force. Then in morning hour the swell cast him ashore on the Heathoram people, whence he made for his own patrimony, dear to his leeds he made for the land of the Brondings, a fair stronghold, where he was lord of folk, of city, and of rings. All his boast to thee-ward, Beanstan's son soothly fulfilled. Wherefore I anticipate for thee worse luck — though thou wert everywhere doughty in battle-shocks, in grim war-tug — if thou darest bide in Grendel's way a night-long space.'

Beowulf, son of Ecgtheow, uttered speech: —'Lo, big things hast thou, my friend Unferth, beer-exalted, spoken about Breca; hast talked of his adventure! Rightly I claim, that I have proved more sea-power, more buffetings in waves, than any other man. He and I used to talk when we were pages, and we used to brag of this — we were both of us at that time, in youngsterhood — how that we two would out on the main and put our lives in jeopardy; and that we matched so. Drawn sword we had, as we at swimming plied, firm in hand: we meant to guard us against the whale-fishes. Not a whit from me could he further fleet on sea-waves, swifter on holm; not from him would I. So we twain kept together in the sea for the space of five nights, till the flood parted us, the seething billows, coldest weather, darkening night,

and a fierce wind from the north came dead against us; rough were the waves. The sea-fishes' temper was stirred; and then it was that my body-sárk, firm, hand-locked, gave me help against the spiteful ones; the plaited war-jacket lay about my breast, gold-pranked. Me to bottom dragged a spotty monster, tight the grim thing had me in grip; nathless 't was given me that I got at the vermin with point, with hand-bill; combat despatched the mighty sea-brute by my hand.

IX

BEOWULF CONTINUES HIS STORY AND TELLS HOW HE MADE HAVOC OF THE SEA-MONSTERS. HE WAXES WARM AND FLOUTS THE ORATOR. HE VOWS TO FACE GRENDEL. RESTORATION OF SOCIAL HARMONY WHEREOF THE QUEEN IS THE CENTER. HROTHGAR SOLEMNLY COMMITS TO BEOWULF THE NIGHTWARD OF HEOROT.

'As repeatedly as the spiteful assailants shrewdly pressed me, I served them (liberally) with precious sword as was meet. They did not have their slaughterous revel, the foul brigands, that they should eat me up sitting around their supper, by the floor of the sea; but (on the contrary) next morning, wounded with weapons along the wrack of the wave, they lay high and dry; by swords they had their quietus, so that never afterwards about the swelling highway should they let seafaring men of their destined course.

'Light came from the east, the bright signal of God; the waves grew calm, so that I was able to see the forelands, the windy walls. Fortune often rescues the warrior, if he is not fated to die; provided that his courage is sound! Anyhow 't was my good luck, that I slew with the sword nine nickers. Never did I hear of a harder fight under heaven's roof in the night-time, nor of a man more distressed in ocean streams; howbeit I escaped the clutch of foes with my life, though worn and spent. Me the sea upcast, the swirling flood, upon the land of the Finns, the heaving billow. I never heard say aught by thee of such deadly fightings, sword-clashings: Breca never yet, at war play, not he nor you, deed achieved so valorously with flashing swords — of that I brag not much — though thou wast banesmen to thy brother, thy next of kin; for which thou shalt in hell damnation dree, though doughty be thy wit. I say to thee of a sooth, thou son of Ecglaf, that never had Grendel the foul ruffian made such a tale of horrors for thy prince, such disgrace in Heorot, if thy courage were, if thy spirit were, so formidable as thou thyself claimest. But he hath found out that he need not greatly fear reprisals, grisly edge-clash, from your people, the mighty Scyldings; he taketh blackmail, respecteth no one of the people of the Danes, but maketh a sport of war, slaughtereth and feasteth: — no thought hath he of a fight with the spear-Danes. But now shall the Goth show him erelong puissance and emprise in the way of war. After that, he who can shall go proud into the mead-hall, when over the sons of men the morning light of another day, the sun, with radiance clothed, shall shine from the south.'

Then was in bliss the dispenser of wealth, gray-haired and militant; he believed in help; the prince of the glorious Danes, the shepherd of the people, perceived in Beowulf a resolute purpose. There was laughter of mighty men; music sounded; the words (of song) were jovial.

Wealhtheow moved forward, Hrothgar's queen, mindful of ceremonies; she greeted in her gold array the men in Hall; and then the noble lady presented the beaker first to the sovereign of the East-Danes, wished him blithe at the banquet, and dear to his leeds; — he merrily enjoyed the feast and the hall-cup, valiant king. Then the Helming princess went the round, to elder and to younger, every part; handed the jeweled cup; till the moment came, that she, the diademed queen, with dignity befitting brought the mead-cup nigh to Beowulf; she greeted the leed of the Goths, she thanked God with wise choice of words, for that her desire was come to pass, that she in any warrior believed for remedy of woes. He, the death-doing warrior, accepted the beaker at Wealhtheow's hand, and then he descanted, elate for battle; — Beowulf, son of Ecgtheow, uttered speech: 'I undertook that, when I went on board, and sat on the sea-boat, with the company of my fel-

lows, that I once for all would work out the will of your leeds, or fall in the death-struggle, in the grip of the fiend. I am bound as an eorl to fulfill the emprise, or in this mead-hall to meet my death-day.' To the lady the words were well-liking, the vaunt-speech of the Goth; she walked gold-arrayed, high-born queen of the nation, to sit by her lord.

Then was again as erst within the hall the lofty word outspoken, the company was happy, the sound was that of a mighty people; until that sudden the son of Healfdene was minded to retire to his nightly rest; he knew that against the high hall war was determined by the monster, from the time when they could [not] see the sun's light or shrouding night came over all, and the creatures of darkness came stalking abroad; he warred in obscurity. All the company arose. Then did man greet man, Hrothgar greeted Beowulf, bespake him luck, mastery in the house of hospitality; and delivered this speech: 'Never before, since I could heave hand and shield, did I confide the guard-house of the Danes to any man, but only to thee now on this occasion. Have now and hold the best of houses; resolve on success: show valor amain; be vigilant against the foe! Thou shalt not have any desire unfulfilled, if thou that mighty work with life achievest.'

X

BEOWULF DOFFS HIS ARMOR AND WATCHES UNARMED. A POINT OF HONOR. HIS COMPANIONS SLEEP.

So Hrothgar, chief of Scyldings, took his departure with retinue of men, out of hall; he was minded to join Wealhtheow, his queen and consort. The glory of kings had — so men told one another — set up a hall-warden against Grendel; he had undertaken the single service about the patriarch of the Danes, offered watch against the monster; — assuredly the Gothic leed with joyous mien trusted in valorous might and the smile of Providence.

Then put he off from him his iron byrnie, helmet from head; delivered to his esquire the richly-dight sword, choicest steel; and charged him with the care of his war-harness. Then did the valiant man Beowulf the Goth utter some vaunting words ere he mounted on bed: 'I reckon myself to be in the fury of battle, in warlike feats, no wise below the pretensions of Grendel; for that reason I will not with sword give him his quietus, deprive him of life, although I very well may. Naught knoweth he of those gentle practices, to give and take sword-cuts, to hew the shield, dread though he be in feats of horror: — but we twain shall in the night-time supersede the blade, if he dare to court war without weapon; and thereafter may the allwise God, the holy Lord, adjudge success on which side soever may to him appear meet!'

Then the daring warrior laid him down; the pillow received the countenance of the eorl; and round about him many a smart sea-warrior couched to his hall-rest. Not one of them thought that from that place he should ever again visit his own estate, his folk and castle, where he was brought up; but they had been informed that before now a bloody death had all too much reduced them, the Danish people, in that festive hall. But to them, the leeds of Wedermark, did the Lord grant webs of war-speed, strength and support, that they by the force of one, by his single prowess, should all be victorious over their foe. For a truth it is shown, that the mighty God has governed mankind in every age!

He came in dim night, marching along, ranger of the dark. The defenders slept, they whose duty it was to guard that gabled mansion — all slept but one!

It was very well known to all men, that the ruthless destroyer might not against the will of God whirl them under darkness; but (all the same) he, vigilant in defiance of the foe, awaited in full-fraught mood the arbitrament of battle.

XI

GRENDEL'S LAST MEAL. THE BATTLE BEGINS.

Then came Grendel marching from the moor under the misty brows; he bore the wrath of God. The assassin meant to catch some one of human-kind in that lofty hall; he tore along under heaven in the direction where he knew the hospitable building, the gold-hall of men,

metal-spangled, ever ready for his entainment; — that was not the first time he had visited Hrothgar's homestead. Never had he in his life-days, earlier or later, met so tough a warrior, such hall-guards!

Came then journeying to the hall the felon mirth-bereft; suddenly the door, fastened with bars of wrought iron, sprang open as soon as he touched it with his hands; thus bale-minded and big with rage he wrecked the vestibule of the hall. Quickly after that the fiend was treading on the paven floor; he went ravening; out of his eyes there stood likest to flame an eerie light. He perceived in the hall many warriors, a troop of kinsmen, grouped together, a band of cousins, asleep. Then was his mood exalted to laughter; he counted, the fell ruffian, that he should sever, ere day came, the life of each one of them from his body, seeing that luck had favored him to gratify his slaughterous appetite. That was not, however, so destined, that he should be permitted to eat any more of mankind after that night.

Mighty rage the kinsman of Hygelac curbed, considering how the assassin meant to proceed in the course of his ravenings. Nor was the marauder minded to delay it; but he seized promptly at his first move a sleeping warrior, tore him in a moment, crunched the bony frame, drank blood of veins, swallowed huge morsels; in a trice he had devoured the lifeless body, feet, hands, and all. He stepped up nearer forward; he was then taking with his hand the great-hearted warrior on his bed. The fiend reached towards him with his fang: — he promptly seized with shrewd design and grappled his arm. Quickly did the boss of horrors discover that, that never in all the world, all the quarters of the earth, had he met man more strange with bigger hand-grip; he in mood became alarmed in spirit; but never the quicker could he get away. His mind was to be going; he wanted to flee into darkness; rejoin the devils' pack; his entertainment there was not such as he before had met with in bygone days. Then did the brave kinsman of Hygelac remember his discourse of the evening; up he stood full length, and grappled with him amain; his fingers cracked as they would burst. The monster was making off; the eorl followed him up. The oaf was minded, if so be he might, to fling himself loose, and away therefrom to flee into fen-hollows; he knew that the control of his fingers was in the grip of a terrible foe; that was a rash expedition which the devastator had made to Heorot!

The guard-hall roared; — upon all the Danes, upon the inhabiters of the castle, upon every brave man, upon the eorls, came mortal panic. Furious were both the maddened champions; the building resounded; it was a great wonder that the genial saloon endured the combatants, that it did not fall to ground, that fair ornament of the country; only that it was inwardly and outwardly so firmly besmithied with iron staunchions of masterly skill! There, from the sill started — as my story tells — many a mead-bench adorned with gold, where the terrible ones contended. Thereanent had the Scylding senators weened at the first, that never would any man by mortal force be able to wreck it, the beautiful and ivoried house, or by craft to disjoint it; — leastwise fire's embrace should swallow it up in vapory reek.

The noise rose high, with renewed violence; the North-Danes were stricken with eldritch horror every one, whosoever heard even out on the wall the doleful cry, the adversary of God yelling a dismal lay, a song unvictorious: — the thrall of hell howling for his wound. He held him too fast, he who was in main the strongest of men in the day of this life.

XII

GRENDEL'S FLIGHT. HIS ARM REMAINS WITH BEOWULF AND IS SET UP AS A TROPHY. HEOROT IS PURGED.

The shelter of eorls was not by any means minded to let the murderous visitant escape alive; he did not reckon his life-days useful to any one of the leeds. There did many an eorl of Beowulf's unsheath his old heirloom; — would rescue the life of their master, their great captain; if so be they might. They knew it not,— when they plunged into the fight, the stouthearted companions, and thought to hack him on every side, reach his life, — that no choicest blade upon earth, no

war-bill would touch that destroyer, but he had by enchantment secured himself against victorious weapons, edges of all kinds. His life-parting [in the day of this life] was destined to be woeful, and the outcast spirit must travel far off into the realm of fiends. Then discovered he that, he who erst in wanton mood had wrought huge atrocity upon mankind — he was out of God's peace — that his body was not at his command, but the valiant kinsman of Hygelac had got hold of him by the hand; to either was the other's life loathsome. A deadly wound the foul warlock got; on his shoulder the fatal crack appeared; the sinews sprang wide, the bone-coverings burst. To Beowulf was victory given; Grendel must flee life-sick therefrom to the coverts of the fen, must make for a cheerless habitation; — full well he knew that the end of his life was reached, the number of his days. All the Danes had in the issue of that dire struggle the fulfilment of their desire.

He had then purged, he who but now came from far, sagacious and resolute, Hrothgar's hall; he had rescued it from danger; had succeeded in his night-task with brilliant achievement. The leed of the Gothic companions had made good his vaunt to the East-Danes; likewise he had entirely remedied the horror, the harrowing sorrow, which they were enduring before, and of dire necessity were forced to suffer; — huge indignity. That was a token conspicuous, when the hero of battle had affixed the hand, arm, and shoulder — that was the whole affair of Grendel's fang — under the gabled roof.

XIII

HORSEMEN UPON GRENDEL'S TRACK. RIDING, RACING AND TALE-TELLING. BEOWULF'S ADVENTURE A MINSTREL'S THEME; HIS FAME COUPLED WITH SIGEMUND'S; CONTRASTED WITH HEREMOD'S.

Then was in the morning — so goes my story — about the gift-hall many a warrior; the chiefs of the folk came from far and near, through divers ways, to survey the prodigy, the traces of the loathed one. His life-ending was no grief whatever to any of those who surveyed the track of the vanquished, how he in doleful mood away from that place, in buffets worsted, had, death-doomed and fugitive, fled in mortal terror to the nickers' mere. There was the face of the lake surging with blood, the gruesome plash of waves all turbid with reeking gore, with sword-spilth; — the death-doomed (Grendel) had discolored it; — presently he, void of joyance, in fenny covert yielded up his life, his heathen soul; there did Hela receive him.

Thence back home went the old companions along with many a bachelor from the pleasure-trip; from the mere in high spirits riding on horses, barons on jennets. There was Beowulf's achievement rehearsed; many a one often said that south nor north between the seas all the wide world over, other none of shield-bearing warriors under the compass of the firmament preferable were or worthier of sovereignty. They did not, however, at all disparage their natural lord, gracious Hrothgar; but he was a good king!

Now and then the gallant warriors loosened their russet nags for a gallop, to run a match, where the turfways looked fair, or were favorably known. Otherwhiles a thane of the king's, bombastic groom, his mind full of ballads, the man who remembered good store of old-world tales — word followed word by the bond of truth — began anon to rehearse, cunningly to compose, the adventure of Beowulf, and fluently to pursue the story in its order, with interlacing words. At large he detailed, what he had heard say of Sigemund's exploits, much that was strange, the battle-toil of the Wælsing, distant expeditions, things the sons of men quite knew not of, feud and atrocity; — none but Fitela by his side, when he would say aught of such matter, uncle to nephew, as they had ever stood by one another in every struggle: they had with swords laid low many of the monster brood. To Sigemund there sprang up after his death-day no little fame; forasmuch as he, hardy in fight, had quelled the dragon, the keeper of treasure; he, the son of a prince, in under the hoary rock, single-handed enterprised the perilous deed; — Fitela was not with him. Nathless he succeeded so well that the sword sped through the stupendous worm, till it stuck in the bank, noble iron! the dragon

died the death. The champion had by valor attained that he might enjoy the jewel-hoard at his own discretion; he laded the sea-boat, the son of Wæls bore to the bosom of the ship the bright ornaments; the worm dissolved with heat. He was by daring exploits the most famous of adventurers far and wide over the world, shelter of warriors; such eminence he won.

When Heremod's warfare had slackened, his puissance and emprise, he among the Eotens was decoyed forth into the power of enemies, promptly sent out of the way. Him did billows of sorrow disable too long; he to his leeds, to all his princes, became a loyal anxiety. Moreover, in his earlier times, many a wise countryman had often deplored the adventurous life of the ardent soul, such a one as had trusted to him for remedy of grievances, that the royal child might grow powerful, succeed to the state of his fathers, protect the people, the treasure and the castle, realm of heroes, patrimony of the Scyldings. There was he, Hygelac's kinsman, to all mankind, and to his friends, more acceptable; the other was seized with fury.

At intervals racing they with their horses measured the fallow streets. Then was the light of morning launched and advanced; there was many a varlet going eager-minded to the lofty hall to see the strange prodigy; — likewise the king himself from his domestic lodge, keeper of jeweled hoards, trod with glorious mien, gorgeously distinguished in the midst of a great retinue; — and his queen with him, measured the path to the mead-hall with a bevy of ladies.

XIV

A PATRIARCHAL THANKSGIVING. BEOWULF'S ACCOUNT OF THE FRAY. EFFECT UPON UNFERTH.

Hrothgar uttered speech — he was going to Hall; he stood on the staple; he beheld the steep roof gold-glittering and the hand of Grendel.

'For this spectacle a thanksgiving to the Almighty be done without delay! Much despite I endured, capturings by Grendel; always can God work wonder after wonder, the Lord of Glory! It was but now that I thought I should never see a remedy for any of my woes, while the best of houses stood blood-stained, soaked in slaughter; the woe had scattered all my senators, as men who weened not that they ever should rescue the national edifice of my leeds from the hateful ones, the demons and bogles.

'Now hath a lad, through might of God, achieved the deed which we all erewhile were unable with our wisdom to compass. Lo! that may she say, what lady soever mothered that child by human generation, if yet she liveth, that to her was the Ancient Master favorable in her child-bearing!

'Now I will heartily love thee, Beowulf, youth most excellent, as if thou wert my son; from this time forth keep thou up the new relation. There shall be no lack to thee of any desires in the world, so far as I have power. Full oft have I for less service decreed recompense, honor from the treasury, to a less distinguished hero, less prompt to fight. 'Thou thyself hast by deeds achieved that thy fame will live ever and always. May the Almighty reward thee with good, as he hath just now done!'

Beowulf uttered speech, Ecgtheow's son: 'We discharged that high task, fighting with right good heart; shrewdly we enterprised the terror of the unknown. I had liked it vastly better, that thou hadst seen his very self, the fiend in full gear, ready to drop. I thought quickly to fix him on a bloody bed with hard grapplings, that he for my hand-grip should lie death-struggling, unless his body vanished; I could not, as the Ancient would not, balk his passage; I did not stick close enough to him, the manqueller; the fiend was too over-mighty in his making off. However he left his fist — to save his life and mark his track — his arm and shoulder: not thereby however has the wretched being bought reprieve; none the longer will he live, the loathsome pest burdened with crimes; but the wound hath him, in deadly grip close pinioned, in baleful bands; in that condition must he, crime-stained wretch, abide the great doom, according as the Ancient One may will to assign his portion.'

A silenter man was then the son of Ecglaf in the brag of martial exploits; since it was by the hero's valor the

ethelings beheld the hand, the fiendish fingers, over the high roof, every one straight before him. Each one of the nail-places was likest to steel, hand-spur of the heathenish marauder, horrible spikes; every one declared there was nothing so hard would graze them, no sword of old celebrity that would take off the monster's bloody war-fist.

XV

HEOROT RESTORED. REJOICINGS AND GIVING OF GIFTS.

Then was order promptly given that the interior of Heorot should be decorated; many they were, of men and of women, who garnished that genial palace, hospitable hall. Gold-glistering shone the brocaded tapestries along the walls, pictures many for the wonder of all people who have an eye for such. That bright building was terribly wrecked in its whole interior, though it had been strengthened with iron fastenings; the hinges were wrenched away; the roof alone had escaped altogether unhurt, when the destroyer, stained with atrocities, took to flight in desperation of life.

It is not easy to elude [death], try it who will; but every living soul of the sons of men, of dwellers upon ground, must of necessity approach the destined spot, where his body, bedded in fast repose, shall sleep after supper.

Then was the time and the moment, that Healfdene's son should go to hall; the king was minded himself to share the feast. Never that I heard of did that nation in stronger force about their bounty-giver more bravely muster. They went to bench in merry guise — while their kinsmen enjoyed the copious feast, and with fair courtesy quaffed many a mead-bowl — mighty men in the lofty hall, Hrothgar and Hrothulf. The interior of Heorot was wholly filled with friends; no treachery had imperial Scyldings at that early date attempted.

Then did the son of Healfdene present to Beowulf a golden ensign in reward of victory, decorated staff-banner, helmet and mail-coat; many beheld when they brought the grand treasure-sword before the hero. Beowulf tasted the beaker on the hall-floor; no need had he to be ashamed of that bounty-giving before the archers. I heard not many instances of men giving to other at ale-bench four treasures gold-bedight in friendlier wise. About the helmet's roof the crest was fastened with wire-bound fencing for the head, in order that file-wrought war-scoured blades might not cruelly scathe it, when the shielded fighter had to go against angry foes.

Then did the shelter of eorls command to bring eight horses gold-cheeked into the court within the palings; on one of them stood the saddle gaily caparisoned and decorated with silver, which was the war-seat of the high king, when the son of Healfdene was minded to exercise the play of swords; — never failed in the front the charger of the famous (king) when the slain were falling. And then did the chief of the Ingwines deliver unto Beowulf possession of both at once, both horses and arms; — bade him enjoy them well. So manfully did the illustrious chieftain, the hoard-warden of heroes, reward battle-risks with horses and treasures, so as never will any mispraise them who is minded to speak sooth according to right.

XVI

GIFTS TO BEOWULF'S COMRADES. MUSIC AND SONG.

Moreover, to each one of those who had made the voyage with Beowulf, did the captain of warriors give a precious gift at the mead-bench, an old heirloom; and gave orders to compensate with gold for that (missing) one, that one whom Grendel had atrociously killed, as he would have killed more of them, had not the providence of God, had not Wyrd, stood in his way; — and, the courage of that man. The Ancient One ruled then, as he now and always doth, over all persons of human race; therefore is prudence eachwhere best, forecast of soul. Much experience of pleasant and of painful must he make, who long here in these struggling days brooks the world.

Then was song and instrumental music together blended, concerning Healfdene's war-chief,— the harp was struck, a ballad often recited, what time the hall-joy along the mead-bench was invoked by Hrothgar's minstrel.

* * *

XVII

A PICTURE OF SOCIAL PLEASURE. SPEECH OF THE QUEEN TO THE KING.

* * *

Enjoyment rose high as before, bright was the sound of revelry, the drawers served wine out of curious flagons. Then came Wealhtheow forward, moving under her golden diadem, to where the two brave men sat, uncle and nephew; up to that time was their natural affection undisturbed, either to other true. Likewise there Unferth the speaker sat at the feet of the Scyldings' lord; every man of them trusted his spirit that he had great courage, though he had not been loyal to his kindred at sword-play.

Spake then the lady of the Scyldings: —'Receive this beaker, sovereign mine, wealth-dispenser! be thou merry, a munificent friend of men, and speak to the Goths with comfortable words. So it behooves one to do! Near and far, thou now hast peace! To me it hath been said, that thou wouldest have the hero for thy son. Heorot is purged, the bright ring-hall; dispense whilst thou mayest many bounties; — and to thy children leave folk and realm, when thou must away to see Eternity. I know my gracious Hrothulf that he will honorably govern the younger ones, if thou earlier than he, O friend of the Scyldings, quittest the world. I think that he will repay our children with good, if he that fully remembers, what gracious attentions thou and I bestowed for his comfort and advantage in the time past when he was an infant.' She turned then towards the bench where her boys were, Hrethric and Hrothmund, and the sons of mighty men, the youth all together; there the brave man sat, Beowulf of the Goths, by the two brothers.

XVIII

GIFTS OF THE QUEEN TO THE HERO AND HER SPEECH TO HIM. THE HALL IS ARRANGED AS A DORMITORY.

To him the cup was borne; and friendly invitation (to drink) was offered with words; and twisted gold was graciously presented, armlets two, a mantle and rings; the grandest of carcanets that I have heard of on earth. None superior among the treasures of men heard I ever of under heaven, since Hama bore away to the bright fortress the necklace of the Brisings — jewel and casket; he fled the toils of Eormanric; chose eternal counsel.

That collar had Hygelac of the Goths, grandson (or nephew) of Swerting, on his latest expedition, when under his flag he defended his prize, guarded the spoil; him Fate took off, when he for wantonness challenged woe, feud with the Frisians; he carried that decoration, the costly stones over the wave-bowl, the mighty chieftain; he fell shield in hand; so then came into the power of the Franks the corpse of the king, the breast apparel, and the collar along with the rest: inferior combatants stripped the slain by the fortune of war; the people of the Goths tenanted the bed of death. — The hall echoed with sound (of music).

Wealhtheow uttered speech; she spake before that company: 'Brook this collar, Beowulf, beloved youth, with luck, and make use of this mantle; stately possessions; and prosper well; make thyself famous by valor, and to these boys be thou a kind adviser! I will reward thee for it. Thou hast attained, that far and near, for all future time, men will celebrate thee, even as widely as the sea encircleth windy walls. Be thou, whilst thou live, a happy prince! With good will I accord thee precious possessions. Be thou to my son loyal with deeds, sustaining joyance. Here is each warrior to other true, kindly disposed, loyal to their chief; the thanes are obedient, the people all ready! Retainers, be merry, do as I bid you.'

She went then to her chair. There was high festivity; men drank wine, Wyrd they knew not, the cruel destiny, as it had gone forth, for many a noble. By and by the evening came, and Hrothgar betook him to his lodge, the prince to his repose.

Countless nobles guarded the hall, as they had often done in earlier time: they cleared away the bench-boards; it was strewn throughout with beds and bolsters. One of the revelers, whose end was near, lay down to rest in hall a doomed man. At their heads they set the shields, the bright bucklers; there on the bench was over each etheling, plain to be seen, the

towering war-helmet, the ringed mail-coat, the shaft of awful power. Their custom was that they were constantly ready for war, whether at home or in the field, in both cases alike, whatever the occasion on which their liege lord had need of their services; — it was a good people.

THE SECOND PART

XIX

IN THE NIGHT THE OLD WATER-HAG COMES, SEIZES ONE OF THE SLEEPERS, AND FETCHES AWAY GRENDEL'S ARM. BEOWULF IS HASTILY SUMMONED TO THE KING AT EARLY DAWN.

So they sank down to sleep. One there was who sorely paid for that night's rest, in the manner that had very often happened to them, since Grendel had occupied the gold-hall, had perpetrated violence, until his end arrived, death after crimes. That became manifest, widely known to men, that an avenger still lived after the (slain) foe; long to remember the disaster; Grendel's mother, beldam troll-wife, thought of her desolation, creature that had to dwell in the dreariness of water, cold streams, ever since Cain was the knife-bane of his only brother, his father's son; he then went forth an outlaw, marked with murder, shunning human society; he kept the wilderness. Thence grew a number of branded creatures; — one of those was Grendel, horrible ban-wolf; he at Heorot found a vigilant man waiting for battle. There did the monster grapple with him; he, however, remembered the strength of his might, the marvelous gift which God had given to him, and he trusted to the Supreme for grace, courage, and support; therefore he overcame the fiend, subdued the hellish demon; so he departed crest-fallen, void of joyance, to see his death-place, foe of man. And yet his mother, nevertheless, bloodthirsty and gallows-minded, was going to enter upon a sorrow-fraught way to wreak the death of her son.

So the hag came to Heorot where the jeweled Danes slept throughout the hall. Then was it for the eorls a sudden upset, when Grendel's mother burst into their midst. The terror was less just in the same proportion as female strength, woman's war-terror, is (of less account) with an armed man; when the well-hafted steel, hammer-toughened, the bloodstained sword, with edge effective, sheareth resisting boar on helmet. Then was the hard-edged sword drawn throughout the benches, many a wide buckler raised firm in hand; many one thought not of helmet, nor of spacious byrnie, when the alarm surprised him.

The hag was in a hurry; it wanted to get out from there with life, because it was discovered; promptly it had seized one of the ethelings tight, and then it went to fen. That man was to Hrothgar, in quality of comrade, dearest of warriors between the seas, mighty shield-combatant; — him the hag crushed in his sleep, illustrious baron. Beowulf was not there; but another lodging had been assigned, after the gift-giving, to the distinguished Goth. A cry was heard in Heorot; the blood-sprent hag took away the well-known hand; anxiety was renewed, was set up in the castle. That barter was not good, which they on both sides were compelled to pay for with lives of friends.

Then was the venerable king, the hoary man of war, in embittered mood, when he knew that his chiefest thane no longer lived, that the man most dear to him was dead. Hastily to (the king's) bower was Beowulf fetched, the victorious stripling. At early dawn, he went with his warriors, the noble champion, he and his comrades, where the sapient king was waiting to be resolved, whether the Almighty will ever, after the spell of woe, bring about a change. He then marched along the flooring, the expedite man, with his little band,— hall-timbers echoed — until he accosted with words the wise lord of the Ingwines, and inquired if, according to his sincere wish, he had had a restful night.

XX

HROTHGAR'S ANSWER TO BEOWULF'S MORNING SALUTATION. HE DEPLORES THE FATE OF ÆSCHERE AND DESCRIBES THE HAUNT OF THE WATER-DEMONS.

Hrothgar, crown of Scyldings, uttered speech: 'Ask not thou after welfare! Grief is renewed for the Danish leeds.

Æschere is dead, Yrmenlaf's elder brother, my secretary and my counselor; my body-squire, when we in battle defended our heads, what time foot-fighters closed, boar-crests clashed; — such should a warrior be, a long-tried etheling, such as Æschere was. In Heorot hath he met his death at the hands of the raging destroyer; I know not in what direction the gruesome corpse-exulting thing took its return-way leaving tracks of its forage. She hath wreaked the feud, for that thou yesternight didst quell Grendel in masterful wise with stern grapplings; for that he too long had wasted and destroyed my people. He in fight succumbed with forfeiture of life; and now hath come the other, a mighty ravager, would avenge her kin; — yea, hath further aggravated the feud, as may well appear to many a thane, who along with his sovereign groans in spirit, in cruel heart-grief; now the hand of him who was the promoter of all your desires lies still in death.

'That I did hear say by land-owners, leeds of mine, heads of halls, that they saw a pair of such, huge mark-stalkers, keeping the moors, creatures of strange fashion; one of them was, according to the clearest they could make out, a beldam's likeness, the other miscreated thing trod lonely tracks in man's figure; only he was huger than any other man; him in old times the country folk used to call Grendel: they know not about any father, whether they had any in pedigree before them of mysterious goblins. They inhabit unvisited land, wolf-crags, windy bluffs, the dread fen-track, where the mountain waterfall amid precipitous gloom vanished beneath, flood under earth; not far hence it is, reckoning by miles, that the mere standeth, and over it hang rimy groves; a wood with clenched roots overshrouds the water. There may every night a fearful portent be seen, fire on the flood; none so wise liveth of the children of men as to know the depth. Though the heath-roamer, when exhausted by hounds, the hart strong in his horns, make for the wood-coverts, driven from afar; sooner will he resign his breath, his life on the bank, sooner than he will there in plunge his head. That is no comfortable place; therefrom mount up the raging waves, murky to the clouds, when wind stirreth foul weather, till the air thickens, the skies crack. Now is it again to thee alone that we look for counsel! The haunt as yet thou knowest not, the dreadful place, where thou mayest find the guilty felon; go for it if thou dare! I will recompense thee for that warfare with treasure, with old stored wealth, as I did before, with coiled gold, if thou comest away.'

XXI

BEOWULF SOOTHES THE KING AND GAILY UNDERTAKES THE NEW ADVENTURE. THE CAVALCADE TO THE MERE. THE LOOK OF IT. BEOWULF ARMS; HIS SWORD IS DESCRIBED.

Beowulf, son of Ecgtheow, uttered speech: 'Sorrow not, experienced sire! better is it for every man that he should avenge his friend, than that he should greatly mourn. Every one of us must look for the end of worldly life; he who has the chance should achieve renown before death; that is for a mighty man, when life is past, the best memorial. Rouse thee, guardian of the kingdom! let us promptly set forth to explore the route of Grendel's kin. I vow it to thee; he shall by no means escape to covert; neither in the bowels of the earth, nor in the haunted wood, nor in ocean's depth — go where he will! This day have thou patience of all thy woes, as I have high confidence in thy behalf.'

Up sprang then the aged (king); he thanked God, the mighty Lord, for what that man had spoken. Then Hrothgar's horse was bridled, the crull-maned charger. The wise monarch rode forth stately; the foot-force marched, of shield-bearing men. Traces there were broadly visible along the slopes of the weald, the track (of the foe) over the grounds; right forward (the warlock) had gone, over the murky moor, it had carried off, lifeless, the most beloved of kindred thanes, of those who kept home with Hrothgar.

Then did the scion of ethelings pass lightly over steep stone-banks, narrow gullies, strait lonesome paths, an untraveled route, sheer bluffs, many habitations of nickers. He with few companions, practised men, went forward to

explore the ground, until that he of a sudden perceived the gloomy trees overhanging the grisly rock, a joyless wood; beneath it was a standing water, dreary and troubled. All the Danes, all the friends of the Scyldings, had a shock of feeling, many a thane had to suffer; horror seized each warrior, when on that lake-cliff they came across the head of Æschere. The pool seethed with blood — the folk beheld it — with hot gore.

The horn sounded from time to time a spirited bugle-blast. The troop all sat them down; there saw they along the water many things of serpent kind, monstrous sea-snakes at their swimming gambols; and likewise on the jutting slopes nickers lying, those that in the early hours of the morning often procure disastrous going on the sailroad; dragons and strange beasts: — they tumbled away, spitish and rage-blown; they had caught sound of the racket, the clarion's clang. The leed of the Goths with an arrow out of his bow detached one of them from life, and from all future swimming matches; insomuch that in his vitals stood fixed the inexorable war-shaft; he in the element was the slacker at swimming, from the circumstance that death had caught him. Promptly was he on the waves with boar-poles harpoon-armed, tightly nipped — barred of his tricks — and landed on the point, the prodigious wave-tosser; — the men beheld the grisly goblin.

Beowulf geared himself in knightly armor; in no wise was he anxious for his life; now must the war-byrnie, hand-woven, spacious and decorated, make trial of swimming; the byrnie which knew to protect the body, that his breast, his life, might not be scathed by the grip of battle, the spiteful clutch of the furious one. Moreover the white helmet guarded his head, the helmet that was to plunge into the depths of the pool, to face buffeting waters, with all its decoration of silver, encircled with princely wreathings, as a weapon-smith in ancient days wrought it, wonderfully executed it, set it round with boar figures, so that never might brand nor war-blades make any impression upon it.

That moreover was not the least important of helps to his valor, which Hrothgar's orator lent to him at his need; — the name of that hafted blade was Hrunting, it was preëminently one of old heirlooms; — the edge was iron, mottled with poison-twigs, hardened with battle-gore; never had it in conflict proved false to any man who brandished it with hands, such man as durst adventure on paths of terror, where nations meet as foes; that was not the first occasion on which it had been required to discharge heroic work. Manifestly Ecglaf's son, of doughty puissance, remembered not what he had recently uttered when flushed with wine, seeing now he made loan of that weapon to a rarer sword-gallant; — for himself he durst not adventure his life among the turmoil of waves, to fulfil mastery; — there he fell short of glory, of high achievement. It was not so with the other, when he had harnessed him for combat.

XXII

BEOWULF'S NUNCUPATORY WILL. HE PLUNGES INTO THE ABYSS AND MEETS THE TROLL-WIFE. THE BATTLE BEGINS.

Beowulf, son of Ecgtheow, uttered speech: 'Bethink thee now, great son of Healfdene, sapient monarch, now I am ready to start, oh, thou gold-friend of men, what we two lately talked of; — If I in thy service had to quit life, that thou to me wouldest ever be, after my departure, in the place of a father; — be thou protector to my kindred thanes, my familiar comrades, if Hild should take me; in such a case do thou, beloved Hrothgar, forward the presents which thou hast given me, to Hygelac. So will the master of the Goths be able to understand by that gold, Hrethel's son will be able to see for himself when he gazeth upon that treasure, that I had found a bountifully good distributor of jewels, and was in luck while my fortune lasted. And do thou let Unferth have the ancient heir-loom, the curious damasked sword; let the far-famed man have Hardedge; I will with Hrunting achieve for myself renown, or death shall take me.'

After these words the leed of the Weder-Goths dashed bravely off, would await no answer; — the eddying flood engulfed the warrior. It was then a main while of the day ere he could reach the country at the bottom.

Soon was that perceived by the blood-thirsty creature, grim and greedy, which for a hundred seasons had kept the watery region, that one of the children of men was exploring from above the habitation of goblins. It made a grab then towards him; it caught the brave man with grisly talons; nevertheless it pierced not to wound the wholeness of his body; ring-mail outside fenced him about, insomuch that the hag could not get through that jacket of service, well-knit limb-sark, with its loathsome fingers. Then did the she-wolf of the lake, when she came to the bottom, bear the jeweled prince to her mansion, so that he had no power at all — courage enough he had — to wield his weapons; but so many monsters harassed him in swimming, many a water-beast with hostile tusks battered his war-sark, the brigands were in pursuit.

Then did the eorl perceive that he was in some strange abysmal hall, where no water at all molested him, nor could the violence of the flood touch him, being kept off by the roofed hall; firelight he saw, an eerie luster, shining bright. Then the hero knew it was the she-wolf of the abyss, the mighty carline of the mere; — onset he delivered with slaughter-bill, his hand delayed not the stroke, so that about her head the costly blade resounded a greedy war-song. Then did the visitor discover that the battle-gleamer would not bite, not scathe life, but the edge failed the master at need; it had in times past supported many encounters, had often cleft helmet, war-harness of the doomed; — that was the first time for the honored treasure, that its fame broke down. Again he was for action, in courage never faltering, mindful of exploits, Hygelac's kinsman. Away did the wrathful combatant then fling the damascened blade cunningly bedizened, insomuch that it lay along on the earth, stark and steel-edged; he trusted to his strength, the hand-grip of his might.

So it behooves a man to act, when he in battle thinks to attain enduring praise; — he will not be caring about his life.

Then did the leed of the warlike Goths — naught recked he of deadly peril — seize Grendel's dam by the shoulder; then did the man valiant in fight, as he was full of rage, sway his deadly adversary so that she sank on the pavement. The hag swiftly paid him back reprisal with fell grapplings, and closed in upon him: — then staggered he with spirits exhausted, he the strongest of warriors, the champion-soldier, insomuch that he fell prostrate. Then did the hag sit upon the visitant of her hall, and drew her knife, broad and brown-edged; would revenge her bairn, her only offspring. About his shoulder lay the breast-net interlaced; that fenced his life; against point and against edge it barred the entrance.

Then had the son of Ecgtheow, the champion of the Goths, miscarried under the vast profound, had not his campaigning byrnie, his hard war-net, afforded help; — and holy God controlled the victory, the Lord of providence, the heavenly Ruler, he determined it aright, and that with ease; — presently he again stood erect on his feet.

XXIII

BEOWULF FINISHES THE BUSINESS. THE KING'S PARTY GIVE HIM UP AND GO HOME. BEOWULF'S COMRADES REMAIN ON THE CLIFF. FIDELITY REWARDED. AN AFTER-DINNER SURPRISE.

Then saw he among the armor a monumental cutlass, an old eotenish sword, of edge effective, a trophy of warriors; — that was the very pride of weapons, only then it was huger than any other man could bear to the battle-game; it was good and gallant, handiwork of giants. Then did he, the champion of the Scyldings, grasp Fetelhilt; exasperate and greedy of fight he drew the jeweled arm; despairing of his life, he smote in his fury; insomuch that the hard steel caught her by the neck, broke through the bone-rings, the bill sped all through the doomed flesh-jacket; — she dropped on the pavement; the sword was gory; the lad was fain of his work.

The glimmer flashed up, light filled the place, even as when from heaven serenely shineth the candle of the firmament. He scanned the apartment with his eye, then took his way along by the wall; stubborn the thane of Hygelac swung his weapon aloft by the hilt, fierce and aggressive. That blade was not

flung away by the hero, but he was forthwith minded to repay Grendel the many fatal assaults he had wrought on the West Danes oftener far than a single once, when he slew Hrothgar's hearth-comrades in their slumber; sleeping men of the Danish folk he devoured fifteen, and an equal number he conveyed away, hideous spoil. He had paid him his recompense for that, the furious champion had; insomuch that he now beheld him at rest, weary of war, even Grendel he saw lying, bereft of life, so deadly for him had erst the conflict at Heorot been. The carcass gaped wide, when it after death received the blow, the hard sword-slash; then did he cut the head from off him.

Forthwith was that perceived by the observant men who with Hrothgar were watching over the water, that the wave-plash was all turbid, the surf was tinged with blood: the men of grizzled locks, the old men, spake together about the brave man, how that they expected not the etheling back again, did not expect that he would come radiant with victory to seek the illustrious prince; inasmuch as the more part were of opinion, that the she-wolf of the mere had torn him in pieces.

Then came the ninth hour of the day. The impetuous Scyldings quitted the bluff; the gold-friend of men took his departure homeward thence. The foreigners sat fast, sick at heart, and upon the pool they gazed; they wished and did not expect, that they might ever get sight of their lord and captain in the body.

Then did that sword begin — under spilth of blood in fearful clots — the war-bill began to waste away; — that was a marvelous thing that it melted all away, likest to ice when the Father dissolveth the rigor of frost and unwindeth the ropes of the torrent, he who hath control of times and seasons; that is the true Governor.

The leed of the Weder-Goths took not of rare possessions in those halls — though he saw many there — aught more than the head, and with it the hilt that was metal-spangled; the sword had already melted away, the decorated weapon had burnt up; — so fiercely hot was that blood, and so venomous the strange goblin which had perished there in that habitation.

Soon was he swimming, he who erst had strugglingly encountered the onset of furious beasts; up through the water he dived; the wave-depths were all purified, spacious haunts; now that the goblin had quitted life, and this transitory scene.

Then came he to land, the crown of the men from over the sea, bravely swimming; — he exulted in his lake-spoil, in the mighty burden which he had with him. Then went they to meet him, they thanked God, the valiant band of thanes, they rejoiced over their captain, for that they had been so happy as to get sight of him whole and sound. Then was from the ardent hero his helmet and byrnie promptly slackened: — sullenly the mere subsided, water under welkin, dusk with battle-gore.

Forth thence they fared upon the tracks of their (former) march, fain in their souls, they passed over the country, and along the public highways; men of kingly courage bore the head-piece away from the mere-cliff, toilsomely for every one of them: of the lusty and stalwart fellows four were required to convey with much ado on the gory pole the head of Grendel to the gold-hall; (and so they went) till that unexpectedly to hall the brave adventurers arrived, fourteen of Goths marching; their captain withal, glorious in their midst, trod the grounds of the mead-hall. Then did the commander of the thanes proceed to enter, deed-keen man, adorned with glory, warlike hero, to accost Hrothgar: then was Grendel's head borne by the hair into the hall where men drank; — startling for the nobles and the lady withal; a visage indescribable did men behold.

XXIV

BEOWULF REPORTS HIS EXPERIENCE TO HROTHGAR AND GIVES HIM THE WONDROUS HILT WHICH IS EXAMINED AND DESCRIBED. HROTHGAR'S PATERNAL DISCOURSE.

Beowulf, son of Ecgtheow, uttered speech: 'Lo and behold! we unto thee, oh, son of Healfdene, leed of the Scyldings, have joyfully brought these mere-spoils which thou here lookest on, in

token of achievement! Not easily did I fight it through with life: in battle under water I had hardly faced out the task, well-nigh had the struggle failed, only that God shielded me. I could not in conflict accomplish aught with Hrunting, though that be a good weapon; but the Ruler of men vouchsafed to me that I on the wall saw smilingly hanging an old sword of huge size — oftenest hath He guided men when they have no other friend — insomuch that I grasped at that weapon. Then smote I in that campaign — occasion favoring me — the keepers of the house. Then did that battle-bill consume away, that twisted piece, by reason of that blood which gushed forth, hottest of battle-gore; I brought away from the enemy that hilt as a trophy; I avenged the atrocities, the death-agony of Danes, as it was meet. Accordingly I promise it to thee that thou in Heorot mayest sleep free from care with the regiment of thy troopers; and so may every thane of thy leeds, of the seniority and of the juniority, for that thou needest not on their account apprehend danger, O chief of Scyldings, in that quarter, life-bale to warriors; as erewhile thou didst.'

Then was the gilded hilt given to the veteran soldier, the hoary leader in battle, given into his hand, ancient workmanship of giants; it passed, after the demons were quelled, into the possession of the prince of the Danes, a work of mystic smiths; and so when the atrocious creature, God's enemy, murder-criminous, left this world, and his mother too, it went into the possession of the best of worldly kings between the seas, of all that even in Scania distributed wealth.

Hrothgar uttered speech; — he surveyed the hilt, the old relic; upon it was written the origin of the primeval quarrel, what time the flood, the rushing ocean, destroyed the giant's brood; they got for themselves a bitter fate; that was a tribe estranged from the Eternal Captain, to them did the Ruler assign final retribution with whelming water. Likewise on the mounting of sheer gold there was with rune-staves rightly inscribed, set down, and said, for whom that sword had erst been wrought, best of steely fabrics, with wreathen hilt, and dragon ornament.

Then did the wise son of Healfdene utter speech — all held their peace —: 'That, lo! may a man say, a man who promoteth truth and right among folk, — he remembereth all long ago, the old housemaster — that this eorl was born superior! The fame is spread through distant parts, my friend Beowulf, the fame of thee over every nation. Withal thou dost carry it modestly thy prowess with discretion of mind. I shall make good to thee my plighted love, according as was before said betwixt us two; thou art destined to prove a comfort sure and lasting to thy leeds, a help to mankind.

'Heremod did not prove so to the descendants of Ecgwela, to the honorable Scyldings; he waxed great not for their pleasure, but for mortal fray and for death-blows to the Danish leeds; he in his ungoverned mood crushed his boon companions, the squires of his body; until that at last he wandered forth alone, the illustrious monarch, away from human society; notwithstanding that the mighty God had with the attractions of strength, with puissance, exalted him, promoted him, above all men. Nevertheless in his soul there grew a blood-thirsty passion; — far was he from giving rings to the Danes according to merit; he continued estranged from social joy, so that he suffered the penalty of that outrage in the settled disaffection of his people.

'Do thou take warning by that; understand the ornament of man! It is about thee that I being old in years and experience have told this tale.

'Wonderful it is to tell, how the mighty God with large intelligence dispenses understanding to mankind, dispenses position and prowess — he holds the disposition of all things. Sometimes he lets the purpose of a man of noble race turn towards possession, he giveth to him earthly joy on his estate, to hold the citadel of men, he assigns to him regions of the world so extensive, a realm so wide, that he in his unwisdom is not able to carry his thought to the end of it; he dwelleth in prosperity, not anything annoys him, not sickness nor age nor carking care darkens his spirits, no quarrel on any side, no feud appears; but all the world moves to his mind, he knows not reverse.

XXV

THE CONCLUSION OF HROTHGAR'S DISCOURSE. MORE FEASTING AND THEN CAME BED-TIME FOR WHICH THE HERO HAD HUGE DESIRE. BEOWULF SLEPT TILL THE VOICE OF THE BIRD PROCLAIMED SUNRISE. PREPARING TO RETURN HOME HE RESTORES HRUNTING TO UNFERTH COURTEOUSLY.

'Until at length within the man himself something of arrogancy grows and develops; then sleepeth the guardian, the soul's keeper; it is too fast that sleep, awfully profound, the assassin is very nigh, he who from his arrow-bow malignantly shooteth. Then is he, helmeted man, smitten in the breast with a bitter shaft: he cannot defend himself from the crooked exorbitant counsels of the damned sprite; he fancies that it is too little, all that he has so long enjoyed; he is covetous, and malignant; glorieth not in the pomp of bestowing gilded decorations; and he forgetteth the ulterior consequences; he too lightly considers how that God the Dispenser of glory had erewhile given him the post of dignity. Then at the end of the chapter it returns to this, that the body shrunken falls away, the outgoing life drops; — another fills his room, one who ungrudgingly distributes treasure, the eorl's old accumulations; — timid prudence he despises.

'Guard thee against the fatal grudge, beloved Beowulf, youth most excellent, and choose for thee the better course, enduring counsels! incline not to arrogancy, thou mighty champion! Now is thy strength in full bloom for one while; eftsoons it will happen that sickness or sword will bereave thee of puissance; — either clutch of fire or whelm of flood, either assault of knife or flight of javelin, either wretched eld or glance of eyes, will mar and darken all; without more ado it will come to pass that death will subdue thee, thou captain of men!

'For example, I myself during fifty years ruled beneath the welkin over the jeweled Danes, and I by valor made them secure against many a nation throughout this world with spears and swords, insomuch that I had no apprehension of any rival under the circuit of the sky. When lo! in my ancestral seat there came a change over all that; — distress where mirth was before, as soon as Grendel, the old adversary, became an inmate of mine; because of that visitation I continually carried great anxiety at heart. Thanks therefore be to the Governor, the Eternal Captain, for that which I have lived to see, that I, the old tribulation past, upon that severed, that bloody headpiece, with mine eyes do gaze!

'Go now to settle, share the festive joy, crowned with honors of war! Thou and I must have dealings together in many many treasures, when to-morrow comes.'

The Goth was glad of mood; he moved promptly off, drawing to settle, as the sapient king ordained him. Then was again as before, to the gallant warriors, to the company in hall, fair banquet served afresh.

Night's covering grew dim, dark over the banded men. Uprose all the seniors: — it was that the gray-haired king, the venerable Scylding, was minded to draw to his bed. Vastly well did the Goth, the illustrious warrior, like the thought of repose; promptly was he, now weary of adventure, the man of far country, marshaled forth by the chamberlain, one who with meet ceremony supplied all the wants of a gentleman, such things as in that day the lords of the main required to have.

So the great-hearted hero rested him; — high in air loomed the edifice, wide-spanning and gold-gleaming: — the stranger slept within, until the black raven announced heaven's glory with a blithe heart. Then came bright light striding over shadow; fiends scampered off. The ethelings were ready dight to fare back to their leeds; — the magnanimous visitor was minded to take ship, for a voyage far away.

Then did the hero bid the son of Ecglaf bear away Hrunting, bade him take his sword, beloved weapon; said his thanks for the loan; quoth that he counted that war-mate a good one, war-serviceable; with his words did not blame the faulchion's edge; that was a high-souled lad!

And when the departing warriors were equipped in harness, the etheling honored

by the Danes went up to the dais, where the other warlike hero was; — he greeted Hrothgar.

XXVI

BEOWULF'S PARTING INTERVIEW WITH HROTHGAR WHO IS MOVED TO TEARS.

Beowulf, son of Ecgtheow, uttered speech: — 'Now we sea-voyagers wish to say, we who have come from far, that we are purposing to go to Hygelac. Here we have been well entertained to our satisfaction; thou hast been to us very generous. If I therefore may by any means upon earth undertake for thy further gratification, O captain of men, labors of war beyond what I have yet done, I shall be ready promptly. If they bring me word over the circuit of the floods that neighbors press thee with alarm as whilom thy haters did, I will bring thee a thousand thanes, warriors to help thee. I can undertake for Hygelac, captain of the Goths, young though he be, shepherd of people, that he will forward me by words and by works, so that I may do high service to thee, and for thy support bring a forest of spears, a mighty subsidy, when thou shalt have need of men: — if moreover Hrethric, princely child, is in treaty for admission at the courts of the Goths, he may there find many friends; foreign countries are best visited by him who is of high worth in himself.'

Hrothgar bespake him in answer: 'These considerate words hath the All-wise Lord put into thy mind; never heard I a man so young in life speak more to purpose; thou art strong in might and ripe in understanding; wise in discourse of speech. I count it likely, if it cometh to pass that the spear, the grim despatch of battle, taketh away Hrethel's offspring, if ailing or iron taketh thy chieftain, the shepherd of the people, and thou hast thy life, that the sea-faring Goths have not any thy better to choose for king, for treasurer of warriors, if thou art willing to hold the realm of thy kinsfolk. To me thy disposition is well-liking more and more, beloved Beowulf; thou hast achieved, that the nations — Gothic leeds and spear-bearing Danes — shall have mutual friendship, and strife shall cease, the hostile surprises whence they suffered erewhile; — they shall be, while I rule the wide realm, a community of treasure: many friends shall greet one another with gifts across the bath of the gannet; the ringed ship shall bring over ocean presents and tokens of love. I know the people to be equally as towards foe so towards friend constant in mind, either way irreproachable, in olden wise.'

Then did the shelter of warriors, the son of Healfdene, further give into his possession twelve hoarded jewels; he bade him go with the presents, visit his own people in comfort, and soon come back again. Then did the king of noble ancestry, the chief of the Scyldings, kiss the incomparable thane and clasp him by the neck; tears from him fell, the gray-haired man; forecast was both ways to the man of old experience, but one way stronger than the other, namely, that they might never meet again, proud men in the assembly. To him the man was so dear, that he could not restrain the passion of his breast, but deep in the affections of his soul a secret longing after the beloved man stemmed the current of his blood.

Beowulf, departing thence, a warrior gold-bedight, trod the grassy earth conscious of wealth: — the seagoer, which was riding at anchor, awaited his owner and lord. Then upon the march was the liberality of Hrothgar often praised; that was a king, every way without reproach; until old age had bereft him of the vantage of his prowess,— him who had often been a terror to many.

XXVII

THE WARDEN OF THE PORT, HIS RESPECTFUL DEMEANOR. HOW BEOWULF RECOMPENSED THE CARE OF THE BOAT-WARDEN. THE HOME-BOUND VOYAGE.

So the troop of gallant bachelors came to the water; they wore ring-armor, netted limb-sarks. The land warden observed the return-march of the eorls, just as he had done before; — not with suspicion from the peak of the cliff did he greet the visitors, but he rode towards them; he said to the leeds of the Wederas that the bright-mailed explorers

came welcome to their ships. Then was on the beach the roomy sea-boat laden with war-harness, the ring-prowed ship with horses and treasures; the mast rose high over wealth from Hrothgar's hoard.

He to the boat-warden presented a gold-bound sword insomuch that ever after he was on the mead-bench the more worshipful by reason of that decoration, that sword of pedigree.

[The Gothic captain with his band of warriors] betook him to ship, ploughing deep water; the Danes' land he quitted. Then was by the mast a manner of sea-garment, a sail with sheet made fast; the sea-timber hummed. There did the wind over the billows not baffle the wave-floater of her course; the sea-goer marched, scudded with foamy throat forward over the swell, with gorgeous prow over the briny currents, till they were able to espy the Gothic cliffs, familiar headlands. The keel grated up ashore, with way on her from the wind; she stood on land. Quickly was the hithe-warden ready at the strand, he who already for a long time expectant at the water's edge had eyed the craft of the beloved men; he bound to the shore the wide-bosomed ship with anchor-cables fast, lest the violence of the waves might snatch the winsome craft away from them.

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XXXI

BEOWULF COMES TO THE THRONE.

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Consequently the broad realm came to the hand of Beowulf; he governed well fifty-winters — that was a venerable king, an ethel-warden — until one began in dark nights, even a dragon, to have mastery; one that on a high heath kept a hoard, a steep stone-castle; a path lay beneath, unfrequented by people. Therewithin had gone some man or other, [deftly] he took of the heathen hoard, [took a thing] glistening with precious metal; — that he afterwards [rued], that he had tricked the horrid keeper while sleeping, with thievish dexterity . . . that he was infuriate.

THE THIRD PART

XXXII

HOW IT HAPPENED THAT THE MAN ROBBED THE DRAGON'S HOARD. THAT TREASURE WAS ACCUMULATED STORE OF ANCIENT AND FORGOTTEN WARRIORS. THE DRAGON PREPARES REVENGE. THE BEGINNING OF THE FATAL WAR.

Not of set purpose nor by his own free choice had he visited the dragon's hoard, he who brought sore trouble on himself; but for dire necessity had he, the slave of some one or other of the sons of men, fled from outrageous stripes a houseless wretch, and into that place had blundered like a man in guilty terror. [*Here four (or five) mutilated lines seem to say that the fugitive, though quickly horror-struck at his new danger, still by the impetus of despair borne forward had espied a cup of precious metal.*] There was a quantity of such things in that earth-cavern, ancient acquisitions; just as some unknown man in days of yore had in pensive thought hidden them there, the prodigious legacy of a noble race, treasures of worth. Death had carried them all off previously, and that solitary one then of the proud company who had there longest kept afoot, a possessor mourning lost friends, would fain survive, if only that he might for a little space enjoy the long-accumulated wealth.

A barrow already existed on the down, nigh by the waves, sheer over the cliff, cunningly secured; therein did the owner of rings carry a ponderous quantity of beaten gold: a few words he spake: 'Hold thou now, O earth, now that the heroes could not, the possessions of mighty men. Lo! in thee at first the brave men found it; a violent death carried them away, a fearful slaughter carried off every one of the men, my peers, who surrendered this life; they attained the joy of the (supernal) hall. Not one have I to wear a sword, or furbish the bossy tankard, the precious drink-stoup; the valiant are departed otherwhere. Now must the hard helmet, damascened with gold, shed its intayled foliations; the furbishers sleep, they whose task it was to keep the masks of war; likewise the war-coat which in battle and through

the crash of shields was proof against the bite of swords, shall molder like the warrior. No longer can the ringed mail along with the war-chief widely travel by the hero's side; — no delight of harp, no joy of gleewood, no good hawk swinging through the hall, no swift horse tramping in the castle-court. Destructive death hath sent many generations far away.' Thus did he with sorrowful heart lament his unhappiness, sole survivor of all he sadly wept, by day and by night, until that death's ripple touched at his heart.

The dazzling hoard was found open standing by the old pest of twilight, the flaming one that haunteth barrows, the scaly spiteful dragon, that flieth by night, surrounded with fire, whom country-folk hold in awful dread. His portion is to resort to the hoard under ground, where he with winters aged shall guard heathen gold; he will be no whit the better for it. So had that wide-ravager for three hundred winters held in the earth an enormous treasure-house, until that one angered him, a man angered his mood; — to his chieftain the man bore a tankard bossed with gold, and prayed his lord for a covenant of peace. Then was the hoard rifled, quantity of jewels carried off; the friendless man had his petition granted. The lord contemplated men's ancient work for the first time.

When the worm woke, the quarrel was begun; forthwith he sniffed the scent along the rock; the marble-hearted one found the enemy's track; — he had stepped forth abroad with undetected craft, hard by the dragon's head. So may that man who retains the fealty of the Supreme, elude death and freely escape both harm and pursuit. The hoard-keeper sought diligently over the ground, he wanted to find the man, the man who had wrought him mischief in his sleep; fiery and in raging mood he often swung around the mound, all out round about; there was not any man there in that desert waste. Nevertheless he exulted in purpose of battle, of bloody work; at intervals he would dash back into the barrow, would seek the costly vessel; presently he had satisfied himself of that, that some one of manfolk had invaded the gold, the mighty treasures. The hoard-keeper waited with difficulty until evening came; so enraged was the master of the barrow, the malignant one designed with fire to revenge the loss of the precious tankard. Presently the day was gone, the worm had his will; no longer would he bide in fenced wall, but he issued forth with burning, equipped with fire. The commencement of it was frightful to the people in the country; likewise it speedily had a sore ending upon their benefactor.

XXXIII

THE DRAGON'S DEVASTATION. THE KING'S MANSION BURNT. BEOWULF'S PROUD RESOLVE TO FIGHT THE DRAGON SINGLE-HANDED.

Then the monster began to spirt fire-gleeds, to burn the cheerful farmsteads; the flame-light glared aloft, in defiance of man; the hostile air-flyer would leave nothing there alive. The war-craft of the worm was manifest in all parts; the rage of the deadly foe was seen far and near; how the ravaging invader hated and ruined the Gothic people; to his hoard he shot back again, to his dark mansion, before the hour of day. He had encompassed the landfolk with flame, with fire and conflagration; he trusted in his mountain, his war-craft and his rampart; that confidence deceived him.

Then was the crushing news reported to Beowulf with swiftness and certainty, that his own mansion, best of buildings, was melting away in fiery eddies, even the gift-seat of the Goths. That was to the goodman a rude experience in his breast, hugest of heart-griefs; the wise man felt as if he should, in despite of venerable law, break out against Providence, against the Eternal Lord, with bitter outrage; his breast within him surged with murky thoughts, in a manner unwonted with him. The fire-drake had desolated the stronghold of the nobles, the sea-board front, that enclosed pale, with fiery missiles. For him therefore the war-king, the lord of the Storm-folk, studied revenge. He gave orders, that they should make for him, the shelter of warriors, the captain of knights, wholly of iron, a war-shield, a master-piece; he knew assuredly, that forest-timber would not serve him, linden-wood against flame! Destined he was, the prince of proved valor, to meet the

end of his allotted days, of his worldly life; — and the worm (was to die) at the same time, long though he had held the hoarded wealth.

Then did he, of rings the patron, think it scorn that he should go seek the wide-flyer with a band, with a large host; he had no fear of the encounter for himself, nor did the worm's war-craft at all subdue his puissance and enterprise; forasmuch as he whilere, in shrewd jeopardy, had carried him safe through many a contest, many a battle-clash, since the time that he, a victorious boy, had purged Hrothgar's hall, and with battle-grip had done for Grendel's kinsfolk, a loathsome brood.

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XXXV

FURTHER DISCOURSES OF BEOWULF. HE GIVES A GREAT SHOUT AND THE DRAGON COMES FORTH. THE FIGHT BEGINS; BEOWULF IN DISTRESS.

* * *

Beowulf uttered speech, with boastful words he spake, for the last time: 'I hazarded many wars in youth; yet again will I, the aged keeper of the folk, seek strife, and do famously; if the fell ravager out of his earthen dome will come forth to meet me.' Then did he address a word of greeting to each of his men, the keen helm-wearers, for the last time, his own familiar comrades. 'I would not bear sword or weapon to meet the worm, if I knew how I might otherwise maintain my vaunt against the monster, as I formerly did against Grendel. But there I expect fire, deadly scorching, blast and venom; for that reason I have upon me shield and byrnie. I will not flee away from the keeper of the mountain, no, not a foot space; but it shall be decided between us two on this rampart, as Wyrd allots us, (and) the Governor of every man. I am in spirit so eager for action, that I cut short bragging against the wingy warrior. Await ye on the mountain, with your byrnies about you, men-at-arms, to see which of us twain may after deadly tussle best be able to survive his hurt. That is not your mission, nor any man's task save mine alone, that he try strength against the monster, achieve heroism. I must with daring conquer gold, or else war carrieth, pitiless life-bale carrieth away your lord!'

Up rose then by the brink the resolute warrior, stern under his helmet, he wore battle-sark among rugged cliffs, he trusted the strength of his single manhood; such is not the way of a craven. Then he beheld near the rampart — he who, excellent in accomplishments, had survived a great number of wars, of battle-clashes, when armed men close — beheld where stood a rocky arch, and out of it a stream breaking from the barrow, the surface of that burn was steaming hot with cruel fire; nigh to the hoard could not the hero unscorched any while survive for the flame of the dragon.

Then did the prince of the Storm-Goths, being elate with rage, let forth word out of his breast, the strong-hearted stormed; the shout penetrated within (the cavern), vibrating clear as a battle-cry, under the hoary rock. Fury was stirred; the hoard-warder recognized speech of man; opportunity was there no more, to stickle for terms of peace. In advance first of all there came the reeking breath of the monster, out from the rock, a hot jet of defiance; the ground trembled. The warrior under the barrow side, the Gothic captain, swung his mighty shield against the hideous customer; therewithal was the heart of the ringy worm incited to seek battle. Already the brave war-king had drawn sword, ancient heirloom of speedy edge; each of the belligerents had a dread of the other. Resolute in mind the prince of friends took stand well up to his hoised shield, while the worm buckled suddenly in a bow; — he stood to his weapons.

Then did the flaming foe, curved like an arch, advance upon him with headlong shuffle. The shield effectually protected life and limb a less while for the glorious chieftain than his sanguine hope expected, supposing he, that time, early in the morning, was to achieve glory in the strife; — so had Wyrd not ordained it. Up swung he his hand, the Gothic captain, he smote the spotted horror with the mighty heirloom, that its brown edge turned upon the bony crust; less effectually bit than was required by the king's need, who was sorely pressed. Then was the keeper of the barrow after that shrewd assault furious with rage, cast

forth devouring fire, the deadly sparks sprang every way: the gold-friend of the Goths plumed him not on strokes of vantage; the war-bill had failed him with its bared edge on the foe, as it had not been expected to do, metal of old renown. That was no light experience, inducing the mighty son of Ecgtheow to relinquish that emprise; he must consent to inhabit a dwelling otherwhere; — so must every man resign allotted days.

Then was it not long until the combatants closed again. The hoard-warder rallied his courage, out of his breast shot steam, as beginning again; — direly suffering, encompassed with fire, was he who erewhile had ruled men. Not (alas!) in a band did his life-guardsmen, sons of ethelings, stand about him with war-custom of comrades; no, to the wood they slunk, to shelter life. In one only of them did his soul surge in a tumult of grief; — kindred may never be diverted from duty, for the man who is rightly minded.

XXXVI

BEOWULF HAD ONE FAITHFUL FOLLOWER IN THE DESPERATE STRUGGLE. HIS FATAL WOUND.

Wiglaf was his name, Weohstan's son, a beloved warrior, a leed of the Scylfings, a kinsman of Ælfhere: he beheld his liege-lord under helmet, distressed by the heat. Then did he remember the (territorial) honor which he (Beowulf) had formerly given him, the well-stocked homestead of the Wægmundings, every political prerogative which his father had enjoyed; then could he not refrain; hand grasped shield, yellow linden, drew the old sword, known among men as the relic of Eanmund, son of Ohthere, whom, when a lordless exile, Weohstan had slain, in fair fight, with weapon's edge; and from his kindred had carried off the brown-mottled helmet, ringed byrnie, old mysterious sword; which Onela yielded to him, his nephew's war-harness, accoutrement complete; not a word spake he (Onela) about the feud, although he (Weohstan) had killed his brother's son. He (Weohstan) retained the spoils many years, bill and byrnie, until when his boy was able to claim warrior's rank, like his father before him; then gave he to him before the Goths armor untold of every sort; after which he departed out of life, ripe for the parting journey.

Now this was the first adventure for the young champion wherein he had with his liege lord to enterprise the risk of war; his courage did not melt in him, nor did his kinsman's heirloom prove weak in the conflict; a fact which the worm experienced, as soon as they had come to close quarters.

Wiglaf discoursed much that was fitting; he said to his comrades that his soul was sad: — 'I recall the time, when we enjoyed the mead, then did we promise our lord in the festive hall, to him who gave us rings, that we would repay him the war-harness, if any need of this kind should befall him, would repay him for helmets and tempered swords. That is why he chose us of his host for this adventure by his own preference, reminded us of glory and promised rewards, because he counted us brave warriors, keen helm-wearers; although our lord had designed single-handed to accomplish this mighty work, the shepherd of his people, forasmuch as he of all men had achieved most of famous exploits, of desperate deeds. Now is the day come, that our liege lord behooves the strength of brave warriors; let us go to him, help our warchief, while the scorching heat is on him, the grim fiery terror! God knows of me, that I had much liever the flame should swallow my body with my gold-giver. Me thinketh it indecent, that we bear our shields back to our home, unless we can first quell the foe, and rescue the life of the Storm-folk's ruler. I know well those were not the old habits of service, that he alone of the Gothic nobles should bear the brunt, should sink in fight; our sovereign must be requited for sword and helm, byrnie and stately uniform, and so he shall by me, though a common death take us both.'

Then he sped through the deadly reek, he came with helm on head to his lord's assistance; few words spake he: 'My liege Beowulf, now make good all that which thou once saidst in time of youth, that thou never by thy lifetime wouldest let thy glory decline; now must thou, glorious in deeds, etheling impetuous, with all thy might defend life; I shall support thee to the utmost.'

After these words were spoken, the worm came on in fury, the fell malignant monster came on for the second time, with fire-jets flashing, to engage his enemies, hated men; with the waves of flame the shield was consumed all up to the boss; the mail-coat could not render assistance to the young warrior; but the young stripling valorously went forward under his kinsman's shield when his own was reduced to ashes by the gleeds. Then once more the warlike king remembered glory, remembered his forceful strength, so smote with battle-bill that it stood in the monster's head, desperately impelled. Nægling flew in splinters, Beowulf's sword betrayed him in battle, though old and monumental gray. To him was it not granted that edges of iron should help him in fight; too strong was the hand of the man who with his stroke overtaxed (as I have heard say) all swords whatsoever; so that when he carried to conflict a weapon preternaturally hard, he was none the better for it.

Then for the third time was the monstrous ravager, the infuriated fire-drake, roused to vengeance; he rushed on the heroic man, as he had yielded ground, fiery and destructive, his entire neck he enclosed with lacerating teeth; he was bloodied over with the vital stream; gore surged forth in waves.

XXXVII

THE DRAGON SLAIN. BEOWULF IN MORTAL AGONY.

Then I heard tell how, in the glorious king's extremity, the young noble put forth exemplary prowess of force and daring, as was his nature to; he regarded not that (formidable) head, but the valiant man's hand was scorched, while he helped his kinsman, insomuch that he smote the fell creature a little lower down, the man-at-arms did, with such effect that the sword penetrated, the chased and gilded sword, yea, with such effect that the fire began to subside from that moment.

Then once more the beloved king recovered his senses, drew the war-knife, biting and battle-sharp, which he wore on his mail-coat; the crowned head of the Storm-folk gashed the worm in the middle. They had quelled the foe, death-daring prowess had executed revenge, and they two together, cousin ethelings, had destroyed him; — such should a fellow be, a thane at need. To the chieftain that was the supreme triumphal hour of his career — by his own deeds — of his life's completed work.

Then began the wound which the earth-dragon had just now inflicted on him, to inflame and swell. That he soon discovered, that in his breast fatal mischief was working, venom in the inward parts. Then the etheling went until he sat him on a stone by the mound, thoughtfully pondering; he looked upon the cunning work of dwarfs, how there the world-old earth-dome do contain within it stone arches firmly set upon piers. Upon him then, gory from conflict, illustrious monarch, the thane immeasurably good, ladled water with hand upon his natural chieftain, battle-worn; — and unloosened his helmet. Beowulf discoursed — in spite of his hurt he spake, his deadly exhausting wound; he knew well that he had spent his hours, his enjoyment of earth; surely all was gone of the tale of his days, death immediately nigh —' Now I would have given my war-weeds to my son, had it so been that any heir had been given to come after me, born of my body. I have ruled this people fifty winters; — there was not the king, not any king of those neighboring peoples, who dared to greet me with war-mates, to menace with terror. I in my habitation observed social obligations, I held my own with justice, I have not sought insidious quarrels, nor have I sworn many false oaths. Considering all this, I am able, though sick with deadly wounds, to have comfort; forasmuch as the Ruler of men cannot charge me with murder-bale of kinsmen, when my life quitteth the body.

' Now quickly go thou, to examine the treasure, under the hoary rock, beloved Wiglaf, now the worm lieth dead, sleepeth sore wounded, of riches bereaved. Be now on the alert, that I may ascertain the ancient wealth, the golden property, may fully survey the brilliant, the curious gems; that I may be able the more contentedly, after (seeing) the treasured store, to resign my life, and the lordship which I long have held.'

XXXVIII

BEOWULF IS GRATIFIED WITH SEEING THE TREASURES. HE DEMISES THE CROWN AND DIES.

Then I heard tell how the son of Weohstan after the injunction promptly obeyed his wounded death-sick lord; bore his ring-mail, linked war-sark, under the roof of the barrow. Then the victorious youth, as he went along by the stony bench, the true and courageous thane, beheld many jewels of value, gold glistening, indenting the ground, wondrous things in the barrow; — and the lair of the worm, the old dawn-flyer — vases standing, choice vessels of men of old, with none to burnish them,— their incrustations fallen away. There was many a helmet, old and rusty, many a bracelet, with appendage of trinkets. Treasure may easily, gold in the earth, may easily make a fool of any man; heed it who will! Likewise he saw looming above the hoard a banner all golden, greatest marvel of handiwork, woven with arts of incantation; out of it there stood forth a gleam of light, insomuch that he was able to discern the surface of the floor, and survey the strange curiosities. Of the worm there was not any appearance, but the knife had put him out of the way.

Then heard I how in the chambered mound the old work of dwarfs was spoiled by a single man, how he gathered into his lap cups and platters at his own discretion; the banner also he took, the most brilliant of ensigns; the sword with its iron edge had even now despatched the old proprietor, the one who had been the possessor of these treasures for a long while; a hot and flaming terror he had waged for the hoard, gushing with destruction at midnights; until he died the death.

The messenger was in haste, eager to return, fraught with spoils; painfully he wondered in his brave soul whether he should find alive the prince of the Storm-folk, on the open ground where he left him erst, chivalrously dying. He then bearing the treasures, found the illustrious king, his captain, bleeding from his wounds, at the extremity of life; he began again to sprinkle him with water, until the point of speech forced open the treasures of his breast. Beowulf discoursed, the old man in pain, he contemplated the gold: 'I do utter a thanksgiving to the Lord of all, to the king of glory, to the eternal captain, for those spoils upon which I here do gaze; to think that I have been permitted to acquire such for my leeds before the day of my death. Now I have sold my expiring life-term for a hoard of treasure; ye now shall provide for the requirements of the leeds; I cannot be any longer here. Order my brave warriors to erect a lofty cairn after the bale-fire, at the headland over the sea; it shall tower aloft on Hronesness for a memorial to my leeds, that sea-faring men in time to come may call it Beowulf's Barrow, those who on distant voyages drive their foamy barks over the scowling floods.'

The brave-hearted monarch took off from his neck the golden collar and gave it to the thane, to the young spear-fighter, his gold-hued helmet, coronet, and byrnie; bade him brook them well: 'Thou art the last remnant of our stock, of the Wægmundings; Fate has swept all my kinsmen away into eternity, princes in chivalry; I must after them.'

That was the aged man's latest word, from the meditations of his breast, before he chose the bale-fire, the hot consuming flames; — out of his bosom the soul departed, to enter into the lot of the just.

XXXIX

A BRIEF REVIEW OF THE SITUATION. WIGLAF UPBRAIDS THE RECREANT COMPANIONS. HE PRONOUNCES UPON THEM AND THEIR KIN A SENTENCE OF DEGRADATION.

Thus had a hard experience overtaken the inexperienced youth, that he saw upon the ground the man who was dearest to him at his life's end in a helpless condition. His destroyer likewise lay dead, the horrible earth-dragon, bereft of life, crushed in ruin; no longer was the coiled worm to be lord of the jewel-treasures, but they had been wrested from him with weapons of iron, hard battle-sharp relics of hammers, insomuch that the wide-flyer tamed by wounds had fallen on earth nigh to the hoard-chamber; no more through the regions of air did he sportively whirl at midnights, and

elate over his treasured property, display his presence; but on earth he collapsed, through mighty hand of warrior-prince.

Howbeit, that has rarely in the world prospered with men, even men of fame, — by my information, — daring though a man might be in all deeds whatsoever; that he should rush against the breath of the poisonous destroyer, or with hands molest the ring-hall, if he found the keeper waking, at home in the barrow. Beowulf had purchased the gain of princely treasures with his death; he had howsoever reached the end of transitory life.

Then was it not long until the war-laggards quitted the wood, the faint-hearted traitors, ten all together, those who whilere durst not sport their lances in the great need of their liege lord; but they in shame bore their shields, their war-weeds, to the place where the aged warrior lay dead; — they looked upon Wiglaf!

He sat wearied out, the active champion, nigh his lord's shoulder; was refreshing him with water; his care availed nothing; he could not retain upon earth, well as he would have wished it, that chieftain's life; nor turn the Almighty's will; the dispensation of God would take effect upon men of all conditions, just as it does at present. Then had the young man a grim answer promptly ready for such as erst had failed in courage. Wiglaf discoursed, Weohstan's son; the youth with sorrowful heart looked upon men whom he no longer loved:

'That, look you, may a man say, a man who is minded to speak the truth, that the chieftain who gave you those decorations, military apparel, which ye there stand upright in, — when he at ale-bench often presented to inmates of his hall helmet and byrnie, as a prince to thanes, of such make as he far or near could procure most trusty — that he utterly threw away those war-weeds miserably. When stress of battle overtook him, the folk-king had by no means cause to boast of his companions-in-arms; nevertheless it was accorded to him by God, the ordainer of victories, that he avenged himself single-handed with his weapon, when his valor was put to the proof. Little protection could I afford him in the conflict, and I attempted nevertheless what was beyond my ability, to help my kinsman; — ever was he (the dragon) the feebler, when I with sword smote the destroyer, the fire less violently gushed from his inwards. Defenders too few pressed round their prince, when the dire moment overtook him. Now must (all) sharing of treasure, and presentation of swords, all patrimonial wealth and estate, escheat from your kin; every man of that family may roam destitute of land-right, as soon as ethelings at a distance are informed of your desertion, your ignominious conduct. Death is preferable, for every warrior, rather than a life of infamy.'

XL

ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE EVENT TO THE ARMED HOST. THE ENVOY ADDS A DISCOURSE REVIEWING THE SITUATION.

Orders gave he then to announce the issue of the conflict to the camp up over the seacliff, where the host of eorls, from morning all day long, had with anxious hearts sat by their shields, in divided anticipation between a fatal day and the return of the beloved man. Little reticent was he of the latest tidings, he who rode up the bluff; he truthfully spake out in the hearing of all: 'Now is the bounteous chief of the leeds of the Stormfolk, the captain of the Goths, motionless on bed of death, he dwells in war-like repose by the deeds of the worm! with him in even case lieth his mortal antagonist, smitten with dirk-wounds: — with sword he could not upon the monster by any means effect a wound. Over Beowulf sitteth Wiglaf, Weohstan's boy, a living eorl over a dead; over his unconscious head he holdeth guard against friend and foe.

'Now the leeds may expect a time of war, as soon as the king's fall is published abroad among Franks and Frisians. The obstinate quarrel with the Hugas was set up when Hygelac came with embarked army upon the Frisian land, where the Hetware in battle vanquished him; resolutely they struck with overwhelming force, insomuch that the mailed warrior was compelled to bow his head; he fell among the fighting men:

far was he from giving spoils as chieftain to his veterans; — to us ever since that time has the favor of the Merwing been unaccorded.

'Nor do I anywise count upon peace or good understanding on the side of Sweden; — indeed, it was a far-famed story, how that Ongentheow slew Hæthcyn the son of Hrethel, by Ravenswood, whenas the warlike Scylfings had been the first to invade for sheer insolence the people of the Goths. Promptly did the veteran, the father of Ohthere, old and awful, deliver his onslaught, demolished the sea-king (Hæthcyn), rescued his consort, the aged man rescued the wife of his youth, though plundered of her jewels, the mother of Onela and of Ohthere, and then pursued his deadly foes, until they got away, with great difficulty, into Ravensholt, bereaved of their lord. Then did he, with host drawn out, surround those whom the sword had left, men exhausted with wounds, he repeatedly threatened woe to the poor band all the livelong night: he said that in the morning he would reach them with the edge of the sword, and (hang) some on gallow-trees to please the birds.

'Courage at length returned to the dejected men with dawn of day, when they heard Hygelac's horn, and the sound of his trumpet; presently the brave (prince) came marching upon their track with the best of his leeds.

XLI

CONCLUSION OF THE ENVOY'S DISCOURSE. THE BATTALION VISITS THE SCENE OF THE SUPREME CONFLICT.

'Then was the gory track of Swedes and Goths, the deadly strife of men, widely conspicuous, how the folk on either side revived the feud. Then did the valiant man proceed with his comrades, the solemn veteran, to seek a place of strength; the warrior Ongentheow turned towards the hill; he had heard tell of the warfare of Hygelac, the war-craft of the valiant; he trusted not in resistance, that he could defy the seamen, the travelers of the deep, could protect his treasure, his children, and his wife; so he retired back therefrom, the old king retired behind the earth-wall. Then was chase given to the Swedish leeds; the banners of Hygelac moved forward over that peaceful plain, and presently the Hrethlings massed themselves upon the garrison. Then was Ongentheow, the gray-haired, driven to bay with sword-edges, insomuch that the mighty king was constrained to put up with the one-handed decision of Eofor. Him (Ongentheow) had Wulf, son of Wonred, fiercely attacked with weapon, so effectually, that with the stroke his blood flew from his veins out from under his hair. He was not daunted, however, the aged Scylfing; but he quickly repaid that deadly assault with worse barter, as soon as the mighty king had collected himself. The brisk son of Wonred failed to give counter-blow to the old veteran, but he (Ongentheow) had first shorn the helmet on his head, so that blood-sprinkled he was forced to bow, he fell on the ground: — he was not at that time death-doomed as yet, but he recovered from it, though the wound had touched him close. Then did Hygelac's valiant thane let his broad blade, gigantesque old sword, his dwarf-wrought helmet, break over the shield-wall; then crouched the king, the people's shepherd, he was fatally smitten. Then were there many who bound up his brother's wounds (of Wulf the brother of Eofor), who quickly raised him up, when they had got the ground cleared, so that they had command of the place of battle. Meanwhile warrior stripped warrior; he (Eofor) captured on Ongentheow the iron breast-mail, his hard sword with hilt, and his helmet likewise, the gray-beard's accoutrements; — to Hygelac he bare them. He accepted the spoils, and made him a fair promise of rewards before his leeds, and he kept his word; he, the lord of the Goths, the son of Hrethel, when he arrived at his mansion, repaid Eofor and Wulf for that war-brunt, with treasure extraordinary; he gave to each of them a hundred thousand of land and collars of filigree; none could jeer at them for those rewards, not a man in the world, since they had achieved those exploits; — and moreover he bestowed upon Eofor, his only daughter, to make his home honorable, and for a pledge of loyalty.

'Such is the feud and the enmity and the deadly grudge of the men, even the

Swedish leeds, who, as I apprehend, will attack us, as soon as they shall learn that our prince is dead, he who whilere hath upheld against hostilities, our treasure and our realm, was master of public counsel, or won ever-increasing glory in war. Now is quickness best, that we should there look upon the mighty king, and bring him who gave us bracelets, on to the funeral-pile. It is not meet that some trifling matter be consumed with the high-souled man; but yonder is a hoard of precious things, gold uncounted, frightfully bargained for, and now at last jewels purchased with the hero's own life; those must fire devour, the flame must enfold them; never a warrior wear ornament for memorial, nor maiden sheen have on her neck the decorated collar, but on the contrary must in dejected mood and stripped of gold ornaments tread often and often the land of the stranger, now the army leader hath laid aside laughter, game, and glee. Therefore shall many a spear in the cold of the morning be clutched in men's grasp, hoisted in the hand; no swough of harp shall waken the warriors: but the bleak raven fluttering over carnage shall chatter abundantly, recount to the eagle of his luck at the spread, while alongside of the wolf he stripped the slain.'

Thus was the ardent youth discoursing of painful themes; he erred not widely of events or words. All the troop arose, they went unjoyous, under the Eagle's Crag, with gushing tears, to behold the tremendous sight. They found there, on the sand, bereft of life, and keeping his helpless bed, the man who had given them rings in times bygone; there had the final day come to the valiant, in that the warlike king, the prince of the Wederas, had perished with a death heroic.

. . . never saw they frightfuller object — the dragon on the ground there right before their face, the loathsome beast lying dead; all scorched with flames was the fire-drake, the grisly gruesome pest; it was fifty foot-measurements long where it lay; in the pride of the air he had been supreme during the hours of night, and then down would he return back again to reconnoitre his lair: — now he was there stock dead, had made his last use of earthly caverns. By the side of it stood pots and bowls; there dishes lay about, and swords of price, rusty and corroded, as if they in earth's lap a thousand winters there had sojourned; forasmuch as that patrimony, huge and vast, that gold of ancient men, had been closed about with enchantment; and therefore that treasure-chamber might not be touched by any one of mankind, save in so far as God himself, the true king of achievements, should grant to the man of his choice to open the hoard, the sorcerers' hold: — even to such one of mankind whomso he deemed to be meet.

XLII

REFLECTIONS UPON THE GREAT EVENT. WIGLAF PUBLISHES BEOWULF'S DYING ORDERS. PREPARATIONS FOR THE BALE-FIRE. THE CAVERN IS RIFLED AND THE TREASURES ARE PILED ON A WAGON TO FOLLOW THE BIER. THE LAST OF THE DRAGON.

Then was it manifest, that good luck attended not upon the course of them who by unlawful means had closely safeguarded valuables under the mound. At first the keeper slew one here and there; at length the feud had grown to be expiated furiously. By a heroic death therefore in some manner should a brave warrior accomplish the end of life's record, seeing that he cannot much longer as a man in the midst of his kinsfolk inhabit the mead-hall. Such was Beowulf's lot, when he went forth to seek the keeper of the barrow, went to seek deadly strife, he himself knew not by what means his severance from the world was destined to happen, according as the mighty captains, when they that deposited there, had uttered a deep spell to hold till doomsday, that the man who invaded that ground should be criminally guilty, cabined in heathen fanes, fast bound with hell-bands, penally doomed; yet never did he at any previous time more effectually experience the gold-bestowing favor of God.

Wiglaf, son of Weohstan, lifted up his voice: 'Often must many a brave man, by the will of one, endure tribulation, as it hath happened to us. We were not able to convince our beloved master, the shepherd of the kingdom, by any reasoning, that he should not challenge yon

gold-warden, but should leave him to lie where he had long been, and to dwell in his haunts till the end of the world, fulfil high destiny. The hoard is laid open to our view, fearfully purchased; too overpowering was that boon which attracted our prince thither. I was in the interior of the place, and I explored the whole of it, the stores of the chamber, inasmuch as the way had been opened for me and that by no gentle means, passage was permitted in under the earthern dome. Hurriedly I grappled with my hands a huge mighty burden of hoarded treasures; out hither I bore them to the feet of my king. He was still alive then, wise and sensible; freely did he talk, the aged one in death-pang; and he commanded me to give you his greeting, he bade that you should construct, in memory of your chieftain's deeds, upon the scene of the bale-fire, a barrow of the highest, mighty and magnifical, according as he was of all men the warrior most famous, through the wide earth, so long as he might enjoy the wealth of his castle.

'Go to, let us now hasten, a second time, to see and to visit the ruck of jewels, the spectacle beneath the earth-work. I will be your guide, so that ye shall have your fill of seeing close at hand, collars and bullion gold.

'Let the bier be ready, promptly equipped, attending us as we go forth of this place, and so let us convey our master, the beloved man, to the place where he shall tarry long in the safe keeping of the Almighty.'

Then did the son of Weohstan order his brave warriors that they should issue commands to many homestead-owners, for them to haul pyre-timber from far to meet the occasion of the ruler of men: —'Now must fire devour, the scowling flame must wash, the pillar of warriors, him who often stood the shock of the iron shower, what time the storm of missiles, urged by bow-strings, hurtled over the shield-wall, the shaft did its duty, with feather-fittings eager it backed up the arrow's point.'

Thereupon the prudent son of Weohstan called out of the squadron some thanes of the king, seven of them together, the choicest; he made the eighth, and went with them under the dangerous roof; a warrior bore in hand a flaming torch, and he walked in front. It was not staked upon lot who should have the looting of that hoard, when the warriors had partly taken a view of it in its keeperless state occupying the chamber, lying helpless. Little did any man scruple that they should with all despatch convey abroad the valuable treasures; the dragon moreover they haled, they shoved the worm over the precipitous cliff, they let the wave take him, the flood engulf him, that warder of precious spoils.

There was coiled gold laden upon wagon, countless in quantity of every kind; — the etheling was borne on a bier, the hoary warrior, to Hronesness.

XLIII

THE FUNERAL AND THE EPITAPH.

For him then did the leeds of the Goths construct a pyre upon the earth, one of no mean dimensions, hung about with helmets, with battle-boards, with bright byrnies, as he had requested; then did they, heaving deep sighs, lay in the midst of it the illustrious chieftain, the hero, the beloved lord. Then began the warriors to kindle upon the hill the hugest of bale-fires; the wood-smoke mounted up black over the combustive mass, the roaring blaze shot aloft, mingled with the howling of the wind-currents; until the sweltering element had demolished the bone-house. With hearts distressed and care-laden minds they mourned their liege lord's death; likewise a dirge of sorrow [was sung in honor of Beowulf by the aged dame, her hair bound up, her soul sorrowing; she said repeatedly, that she sorely dreaded for herself evil days, much bloodshed, the warrior's horror, shame and captivity]. Heaven swallowed the smoke.

Then did the people of the Wederas construct a mound on the hill; it was high and broad, to sea-voyagers widely conspicuous; and during ten days they labored about the building of the war-hero's beacon: they surrounded the ashes of the conflagration with an embankment in such wise as men of eminent skill could contrive it with noblest effect. They deposited in the barrow collars and brilliants, the whole of such trappings as war-breathing men had recently cap-

tured in the hoard; they abandoned the accumulated wealth of eorls for the earth to retain it, gold in marl, where it now still continues to be as useless to mankind as it was erst.

Then there rode round the mound war-chiefs, sons of ethelings, twelve in all; they would bewail their loss, bemoan the king, recite an elegy, and celebrate his name. They admired his manhood, and they loftily appraised his daring work; as it is fitting that a man should with words extol his liege lord, should cherish him in his affections, when he must take his departure from the tenemental body.

Thus did the leeds of the Goths, the companions of his hearth, lament the fall of their lord; — they said that he was of all kings in the world, the mildest and most affable to his men; most genial to his leeds; and most desirous of praise.

SIR GAWAIN AND THE GREEN KNIGHT (c. 1375)

The romantic stories cherished by the Norman conquerors of England found equal favor in course of time, among the English. By the time of Chaucer's birth, English romances in verse were in full bloom, and during the course of that poet's life appeared the finest of all English romances, the anonymous *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight*. This romance as we have it combines two stories that were originally separate: the test of Sir Gawain's bravery through the compact with the Green Knight, and the test of Sir Gawain's honor and chastity through the wife of his host of the castle. Although the English author probably drew materials for his story directly from French sources, many of the structural and rhetorical excellencies of the present poem are certainly his own. A tale of daring, loyalty, courtesy, and religious devotion is presented in a spirit of refinement not to be exceeded. The poet's power of language is best shown in the scenery through which Sir Gawain is set a-wandering,—the winter scenery, not of conventional romance, but of Arthur's own Britain.

SIR GAWAIN AND THE GREEN KNIGHT

I

After the siege and the assault of Troy, when that burg was destroyed and burnt to ashes, and the traitor tried for his treason, the noble Æneas and his kin sailed forth to become princes and patrons of well-nigh all the Western Isles. Thus Romulus built Rome (and gave to the city his own name, which it bears even to this day); and Ticius turned him to Tuscany; and Langobard raised him up dwellings in Lombardy; and Felix Brutus sailed far over the French flood, and founded the kingdom of Britain, wherein have been war and waste and wonder, and bliss and bale, ofttimes since.

And in that kingdom of Britain have been wrought more gallant deeds than in any other; but of all British kings Arthur was the most valiant, as I have heard tell; therefore will I set forth a wondrous adventure that fell out in his time. And if ye will listen to me, but for a little while, I will tell it even as it stands in story stiff and strong, fixed in the letter, as it hath long been known in the land.

King Arthur lay at Camelot upon a Christmas-tide, with many a gallant lord and lovely lady, and all the noble brotherhood of the Round Table. There they held rich revels with gay talk and jest; one while they would ride forth to joust and tourney, and again back to the court to make carols; for there was the feast holden fifteen days with all the mirth that men could devise, song and glee, glorious to hear, in the daytime, and dancing at night. Halls and chambers were crowded with noble guests, the bravest of knights and the loveliest of ladies, and Arthur himself was the comeliest king that ever held a court. For all this fair folk were in their youth, the fairest and most fortunate under heaven, and the king himself of such fame that it were hard now to name so valiant a hero.

Now the New Year had but newly come in, and on that day a double portion was served on the high table to all the noble guests, and thither came the king with all his knights, when the service in the chapel had been sung to an end. And they greeted each other for the New Year, and gave rich gifts, the one to the other (and they that received them were not wroth, that may ye well believe!), and the maidens laughed and made mirth till it was time to get them to meat. Then they washed and sat them down to the feasting in fitting rank and order, and Guinevere the queen, gaily clad, sat on the high daïs. Silken was her seat, with a fair canopy over her head, of rich tapestries of Tars, embroidered, and studded with costly gems; fair she was to look upon, with her shining gray eyes, a

fairer woman might no man boast himself of having seen.

But Arthur would not eat till all were served, so full of joy and gladness was he, even as a child; he liked not either to lie long, or to sit long at meat, so worked upon him his young blood and his wild brain. And another custom he had also, that came of his nobility, that he would never eat upon an high day till he had been advised of some knightly deed, or some strange and marvelous tale, of his ancestors, or of arms, or of other ventures. Or till some stranger knight should seek of him leave to joust with one of the Round Table, that they might set their lives in jeopardy, one against another, as fortune might favor them. Such was the king's custom when he sat in hall at each high feast with his noble knights; therefore on that New Year tide, he abode, fair of face, on the throne, and made much mirth withal.

Thus the king sat before the high tables, and spake of many things; and there good Sir Gawain was seated by Guinevere the queen, and on her other side sat Agravain, *à la dure main;* both were the king's sister's sons and full gallant knights. And at the end of the table was Bishop Bawdewyn, and Ywain, King Urien's son, sat at the other side alone. These were worthily served on the daïs, and at the lower tables sat many valiant knights. Then they bare the first course with the blast of trumpets and waving of banners, with the sound of drums and pipes, of song and lute, that many a heart was uplifted at the melody. Many were the dainties, and rare the meats; so great was the plenty they might scarce find room on the board to set on the dishes. Each helped himself as he liked best, and to each two were twelve dishes, with great plenty of beer and wine.

Now I will say no more of the service, but that ye may know there was no lack, for there drew near a venture that the folk might well have left their labor to gaze upon. As the sound of the music ceased, and the first course had been fitly served, there came in at the hall door one terrible to behold, of stature greater than any on earth; from neck to loin so strong and thickly made, and with limbs so long and so great that he seemed even as a giant. And yet he was but a man, only the mightiest that might mount a steed; broad of chest and shoulders and slender of waist, and all his features of like fashion; but men marveled much at his color, for he rode even as a knight, yet was green all over.

For he was clad all in green, with a straight coat, and a mantle above; all decked and lined with fur was the cloth and the hood that was thrown back from his locks and lay on his shoulders. Hose had he of the same green, and spurs of bright gold with silken fastenings richly worked; and all his vesture was verily green. Around his waist and his saddle were bands with fair stones set upon silken work, 't were too long to tell of all the trifles that were embroidered thereon — birds and insects in gay gauds of green and gold. All the trappings of his steed were of metal of like enamel, even the stirrups that he stood in stained of the same, and stirrups and saddle-bow alike gleamed and shone with green stones. Even the steed on which he rode was of the same hue, a green horse, great and strong, and hard to hold, with broidered bridle, meet for the rider.

The knight was thus gaily dressed in green, his hair falling around his shoulders; on his breast hung a beard, as thick and green as a bush, and the beard and the hair of his head were clipped all round above his elbows. The lower part of his sleeves was fastened with clasps in the same wise as a king's mantle. The horse's mane was crisp and plaited with many a knot folded in with gold thread about the fair green, here a twist of the hair, here another of gold. The tail was twined in like manner, and both were bound about with a band of bright green set with many a precious stone; then they were tied aloft in a cunning knot, whereon rang many bells of burnished gold. Such a steed might no other ride, nor had such ever been looked upon in that hall ere that time; and all who saw that knight spake and said that a man might scarce abide his stroke.

The knight bore no helm nor hauberk, neither gorget nor breast-plate, neither shaft nor buckler to smite nor to shield, but in one hand he had a holly-bough, that is greenest when the groves are bare, and in his other an axe, huge and uncomely, a cruel weapon in fashion, if

one would picture it. The head was an ell-yard long, the metal all of green steel and gold, the blade burnished bright, with a broad edge, as well shapen to shear as a sharp razor. The steel was set into a strong staff, all bound round with iron, even to the end, and engraved with green in cunning work. A lace was twined about it, that looped at the head, and all adown the handle it was clasped with tassels on buttons of bright green richly broidered.

The knight rideth through the entrance of the hall, driving straight to the high daïs, and greeted no man, but looked ever upwards; and the first words he spake were, 'Where is the ruler of this folk? I would gladly look upon that hero, and have speech with him.' He cast his eyes on the knights, and mustered them up and down, striving ever to see who of them was of most renown.

Then was there great gazing to behold that chief, for each man marveled what it might mean that a knight and his steed should have even such a hue as the green grass; and that seemed even greener than green enamel on bright gold. All looked on him as he stood, and drew near unto him, wondering greatly what he might be; for many marvels had they seen, but none such as this, and phantasm and faërie did the folk deem it. Therefore were the gallant knights slow to answer, and gazed astounded, and sat stone still in a deep silence through that goodly hall, as if a slumber were fallen upon them. I deem it was not all for doubt, but some for courtesy that they might give ear unto his errand.

Then Arthur beheld this adventurer before his high daïs, and knightly he greeted him, for fearful was he never. 'Sir,' he said, 'thou art welcome to this place — lord of this hall am I, and men call me Arthur. Light thee down, and tarry awhile, and what thy will is, that shall we learn after.'

'Nay,' quoth the stranger, 'so help me he that sitteth on high, 't was not mine errand to tarry any while in this dwelling; but the praise of this thy folk and thy city is lifted up on high, and thy warriors are holden for the best and the most valiant of those who ride mail-clad to the fight. The wisest and the worthiest of this world are they, and well proven in all knightly sports. And here, as I have heard tell, is fairest courtesy; therefore have I come hither as at this time. Ye may be sure by the branch that I bear here that I come in peace, seeking no strife. For had I willed to journey in warlike guise I have at home both hauberk and helm, shield and shining spear, and other weapons to mine hand, but since I seek no war, my raiment is that of peace. But if thou be as bold as all men tell, thou wilt freely grant me the boon I ask.'

And Arthur answered, 'Sir Knight, if thou cravest battle here thou shalt not fail for lack of a foe.'

And the knight answered, 'Nay, I ask no fight; in faith here on the benches are but beardless children; were I clad in armor on my steed there is no man here might match me. Therefore I ask in this court but a Christmas jest, for that it is Yule-tide, and New Year, and there are here many fain for sport. If any one in this hall holds himself so hardy, so bold both of blood and brain, as to dare strike me one stroke for another, I will give him as a gift this axe, which is heavy enough, in sooth, to handle as he may list, and I will abide the first blow, unarmed as I sit. If any knight be so bold as to prove my words, let him come swiftly to me here, and take this weapon; I quit claim to it, he may keep it as his own, and I will abide his stroke, firm on the floor. Then shalt thou give me the right to deal him another, the respite of a year and a day shall he have. Now haste, and let see whether any here dare say aught.'

Now if the knights had been astounded at the first, yet stiller were they all, high and low, when they had heard his words. The knight on his steed straightened himself in the saddle, and rolled his eyes fiercely round the hall; red they gleamed under his green and bushy brows. He frowned and twisted his beard, waiting to see who should rise, and when none answered he cried aloud in mockery, 'What, is this Arthur's hall, and these the knights whose renown hath run through many realms? Where are now your pride and your conquests, your wrath, and anger, and mighty words? Now are the praise and the renown of the Round Table overthrown by one

man's speech, since all keep silence for dread ere ever they have seen a blow!'

With that he laughed so loudly that the blood rushed to the king's fair face for very shame; he waxed wroth, as did all his knights, and sprang to his feet, and drew near to the stranger and said, 'Now by heaven, foolish is thy asking, and thy folly shall find its fitting answer. I know no man aghast at thy great words. Give me here thine axe and I shall grant thee the boon thou hast asked.' Lightly he sprang to him and caught at his hand, and the knight, fierce of aspect, lighted down from his charger.

Then Arthur took the axe and gripped the haft, and swung it round, ready to strike. And the knight stood before him, taller by the head than any in the hall; he stood, and stroked his beard, and drew down his coat, no more dismayed for the king's threats than if one had brought him a drink of wine.

Then Gawain, who sat by the queen, leaned forward to the king and spake, 'I beseech ye, my lord, let this venture be mine. Would ye but bid me rise from this seat, and stand by your side, so that my liege lady thought it not ill, then would I come to your counsel before this goodly court. For I think it not seemly when such challenges be made in your hall that ye yourself should undertake it, while there are many bold knights who sit beside ye, none are there, methinks, of readier will under heaven, or more valiant in open field. I am the weakest, I wot, and the feeblest of wit, and it will be the less loss of my life if ye seek sooth. For save that ye are mine uncle, naught is there in me to praise, no virtue is there in my body save your blood, and since this challenge is such folly that it beseems ye not to take it, and I have asked it from ye first, let it fall to me, and if I bear myself ungallantly, then let all this court blame me.'

Then they all spake with one voice that the king should leave this venture and grant it to Gawain.

Then Arthur commanded the knight to rise, and he rose up quickly and knelt down before the king, and caught hold of the weapon; and the king loosed his hold of it, and lifted up his hand, and gave him his blessing, and bade him be strong both of heart and hand. 'Keep thee well, nephew,' quoth Arthur, 'that thou give him but the one blow, and if thou redest him rightly I trow thou shalt well abide the stroke he may give thee after.'

Gawain stepped to the stranger, axe in hand, and he, never fearing, awaited his coming. Then the Green Knight spake to Sir Gawain, 'Make we our covenant ere we go further. First, I ask thee, knight, what is thy name? Tell me truly, that I may know thee.'

'In faith,' quoth the good knight, 'Gawain am I, who give thee this buffet, let what may come of it; and at this time twelvemonth will I take another at thine hand with whatsoever weapon thou wilt, and none other.'

Then the other answered again, 'Sir Gawain, so may I thrive as I am fain to take this buffet at thine hand,' and he quoth further, 'Sir Gawain, it liketh me well that I shall take at thy fist that which I have asked here, and thou hast readily and truly rehearsed all the covenant that I asked of the king, save that thou shalt swear me, by thy troth, to seek me thyself wherever thou hopest that I may be found, and win thee such reward as thou dealest me to-day, before this folk.'

'Where shall I seek thee?' quoth Gawain. 'Where is thy place? By him that made me, I wot never where thou dwellest, nor know I thee, knight, thy court, nor thy name. But teach me truly all that pertaineth thereto, and tell me thy name, and I shall use all my wit to win my way thither, and that I swear thee for sooth, and by my sure troth.'

'That is enough in the New Year, it needs no more,' quoth the Green Knight to the gallant Gawain, 'if I tell thee truly when I have taken the blow, and thou hast smitten me; then will I teach thee of my house and home, and mine own name, then mayest thou ask thy road and keep covenant. And if I waste no words then farest thou the better, for thou canst dwell in thy land, and seek no further. But take now thy toll, and let see how thou strikest.'

'Gladly will I,' quoth Gawain, handling his axe.

Then the Green Knight swiftly made him ready, he bowed down his head, and laid his long locks on the crown that his bare neck might be seen. Gawain

gripped his axe and raised it on high, the left foot he set forward on the floor, and let the blow fall lightly on the bare neck. The sharp edge of the blade sundered the bones, smote through the neck, and clave it in two, so that the edge of the steel bit on the ground, and the fair head fell to the earth that many struck it with their feet as it rolled forth. The blood spurted forth, and glistened on the green raiment, but the knight neither faltered nor fell; he started forward with out-stretched hand, and caught the head, and lifted it up; then he turned to his steed, and took hold of the bridle, set his foot in the stirrup, and mounted. His head he held by the hair, in his hand. Then he seated himself in his saddle as if naught ailed him, and he were not headless. He turned his steed about, the grim corpse bleeding freely the while, and they who looked upon him doubted them much for the covenant.

For he held up the head in his hand, and turned the face towards them that sat on the high daïs, and it lifted up the eyelids and looked upon them and spake as ye shall hear. 'Look, Gawain, that thou art ready to go as thou hast promised, and seek loyally till thou find me, even as thou hast sworn in this hall in the hearing of these knights. Come thou, I charge thee, to the Green Chapel; such a stroke as thou hast dealt thou hast deserved, and it shall be promptly paid thee on New Year's morn. Many men know me as the knight of the Green Chapel, and if thou askest, thou shalt not fail to find me. Therefore it behooves thee to come, or to yield thee as recreant.'

With that he turned his bridle, and galloped out at the hall door, his head in his hands, so that the sparks flew from beneath his horse's hoofs. Whither he went none knew, no more than they wist whence he had come; and the king and Gawain they gazed and laughed, for in sooth this had proved a greater marvel than any they had known aforetime.

Though Arthur the king was astonished at his heart, yet he let no sign of it be seen, but spake in courteous wise to the fair queen: 'Dear lady, be not dismayed, such craft is well suited to Christmas-tide when we seek jesting, laughter, and song, and fair carols of knights and ladies. But now I may well get me to meat, for I have seen a marvel I may not forget.' Then he looked on Sir Gawain, and said gaily, 'Now, fair nephew, hang up thine axe, since it has hewn enough,' and they hung it on the dossal above the daïs, where all men might look on it for a marvel, and by its true token tell of the wonder. Then the twain sat them down together, the king and the good knight, and men served them with a double portion, as was the share of the noblest, with all manner of meat and of minstrelsy. And they spent that day in gladness, but Sir Gawain must well bethink him of the heavy venture to which he had set his hand.

II

This beginning of adventures had Arthur at the New Year; for he yearned to hear gallant tales, though his words were few when he sat at the feast. But now had they stern work on hand. Gawain was glad to begin the jest in the hall, but ye need have no marvel if the end be heavy. For though a man be merry in mind when he has well drunk, yet a year runs full swiftly, and the beginning but rarely matches the end.

For Yule was now over-past, and the year after, each season in its turn following the other. For after Christmas comes crabbed Lent, that will have fish for flesh and simpler cheer. But then the weather of the world chides with winter; the cold withdraws itself, the clouds uplift, and the rain falls in warm showers on the fair plains. Then the flowers come forth, meadows and grove are clad in green, the birds make ready to build, and sing sweetly for solace of the soft summer that follows thereafter. The blossoms bud and blow in the hedgerows rich and rank, and noble notes enough are heard in the fair woods.

After the season of summer, with the soft winds, when zephyr breathes lightly on seeds and herbs, joyous indeed is the growth that waxes thereout when the dew drips from the leaves beneath the blissful glance of the bright sun. But then comes harvest and hardens the grain, warning it to wax ripe ere the winter. The drought drives the dust on high, flying over the face of the land; the angry wind of the welkin wrestles with the sun; the

leaves fall from the trees and light upon the ground, and all brown are the groves that but now were green, and ripe is the fruit that once was flower. So the year passes into many yesterdays, and winter comes again, as it needs no sage to tell us.

When the Michaelmas moon was come in with warnings of winter, Sir Gawain bethought him full oft of his perilous journey. Yet till All Hallows Day he lingered with Arthur, and on that day they made a great feast for the hero's sake, with much revel and richness of the Round Table. Courteous knights and comely ladies, all were in sorrow for the love of that knight, and though they spake no word of it, many were joyless for his sake.

And after meat, sadly Sir Gawain turned to his uncle, and spake of his journey, and said, 'Liege lord of my life, leave from you I crave. Ye know well how the matter stands without more words; to-morrow am I bound to set forth in search of the Green Knight.'

Then came together all the noblest knights, Ywain and Erec, and many another. Sir Dodinel le Sauvage, the Duke of Clarence, Launcelot and Lionel, and Lucan the Good, Sir Bors and Bedivere, valiant knights both, and many another hero, with Sir Mador de la Porte, and they all drew near, heavy at heart, to take counsel with Sir Gawain. Much sorrow and weeping was there in the hall to think that so worthy a knight as Gawain should wend his way to seek a deadly blow, and should no more wield his sword in fight. But the knight made ever good cheer, and said, 'Nay, wherefore should I shrink? What may a man do but prove his fate?'

He dwelt there all that day, and on the morn he arose and asked betimes for his armor; and they brought it unto him on this wise: first, a rich carpet was stretched on the floor (and brightly did the gold gear glitter upon it), then the knight stepped upon it, and handled the steel; clad he was in a doublet of silk, with a close hood, lined fairly throughout. Then they set the steel shoes upon his feet, and wrapped his legs with greaves, with polished knee-caps, fastened with knots of gold. Then they cased his thighs in cuisses closed with thongs, and brought him the byrnie of bright steel rings sewn upon a fair stuff. Well burnished braces they set on each arm with good elbow-pieces, and gloves of mail, and all the goodly gear that should shield him in his need. And they cast over all a rich surcoat, and set the golden spurs on his heels, and girt him with a trusty sword fastened with a silken bawdrick. When he was thus clad his harness was costly, for the least loop or latchet gleamed with gold. So armed as he was he hearkened Mass and made his offering at the high altar. Then he came to the king, and the knights of his court, and courteously took leave of lords and ladies, and they kissed him, and commended him to Christ.

With that was Gringalet ready, girt with a saddle that gleamed gaily with many golden fringes, enriched and decked anew for the venture. The bridle was all barred about with bright gold buttons, and all the covertures and trappings of the steed, the crupper and the rich skirts, accorded with the saddle; spread fair with the rich red gold that glittered and gleamed in the rays of the sun.

Then the knight called for his helmet, which was well lined throughout, and set it high on his head, and hasped it behind. He wore a light kerchief over the ventail, that was broidered and studded with fair gems on a broad silken ribbon, with birds of gay color, and many a turtle and true-lover's knot interlaced thickly, even as many a maiden had wrought diligently for seven winters long. But the circlet which crowned his helmet was yet more precious, being adorned with a device in diamonds. Then they brought him his shield, which was of bright red, with the pentangle painted thereon in gleaming gold. And why that noble prince bare the pentangle I am minded to tell you, though my tale tarry thereby. It is a sign that Solomon set ere-while, as betokening truth; for it is a figure with five points and each line overlaps the other, and nowhere hath it beginning or end, so that in English it is called 'the endless knot.' And therefore was it well suiting to this knight and to his arms, since Gawain was faithful in five and five-fold, for pure was he as gold, void of all villainy and endowed with all virtues. Therefore he bare the pentangle

on shield and surcoat as truest of heroes and gentlest of knights.

For first he was faultless in his five senses; and his five fingers never failed him; and all his trust upon earth was in the five wounds that Christ bare on the cross, as the Creed tells. And wherever this knight found himself in stress of battle he deemed well that he drew his strength from the five joys which the Queen of Heaven had of her Child. And for this cause did he bear an image of Our Lady on the one half of his shield, that whenever he looked upon it he might not lack for aid. And the fifth five that the hero used were frankness and fellowship above all, purity and courtesy that never failed him, and compassion that surpasses all; and in these five virtues was that hero wrapped and clothed. And all these, five-fold, were linked one in the other, so that they had no end, and were fixed on five points that never failed, neither at any side were they joined or sundered, nor could ye find beginning or end. And therefore on his shield was the knot shapen, red-gold upon red, which is the pure pentangle. Now was Sir Gawain ready, and he took his lance in hand, and bade them all farewell, he deemed it had been for ever.

Then he smote the steed with his spurs, and sprang on his way, so that sparks flew from the stones after him. All that saw him were grieved at heart, and said one to the other, 'By Christ, 't is great pity that one of such noble life should be lost! I' faith, 't were not easy to find his equal upon earth. The king had done better to have wrought more warily. Yonder knight should have been made a duke; a gallant leader of men is he, and such a fate had beseemed him better than to be hewn in pieces at the will of an elfish man, for mere pride. Who ever knew a king to take such counsel as to risk his knights on a Christmas jest?' Many were the tears that flowed from their eyes when that goodly knight rode from the hall. He made no delaying, but went his way swiftly, and rode many a wild road, as I heard say in the book.

So rode Sir Gawain through the realm of Logres, on an errand that he held for no jest. Often he lay companionless at night, and must lack the fare that he liked. No comrade had he save his steed, and none save God with whom to take counsel. At length he drew nigh to North Wales, and left the isles of Anglesey on his left hand, crossing over the fords by the foreland over at Holyhead, till he came into the wilderness of Wirral, where but few dwell who love God and man of true heart. And ever he asked, as he fared, of all whom he met, if they had heard any tidings of a Green Knight in the country thereabout, or of a Green Chapel? And all answered him, Nay, never in their lives had they seen any man of such a hue. And the knight wended his way by many a strange road and many a rugged path, and the fashion of his countenance changed full often ere he saw the Green Chapel.

Many a cliff did he climb in that unknown land, where afar from his friends he rode as a stranger. Never did he come to a stream or a ford but he found a foe before him, and that one so marvelous, so foul and fell, that it behooved him to fight. So many wonders did that knight behold, that it were too long to tell the tenth part of them. Sometimes he fought with dragons and wolves; sometimes with wild men that dwelt in the rocks; another while with bulls, and bears, and wild boars, or with giants of the high moorland that drew near to him. Had he not been a doughty knight, enduring, and of well-proved valor, and a servant of God, doubtless he had been slain, for he was oft in danger of death. Yet he cared not so much for the strife; what he deemed worse was when the cold clear water was shed from the clouds, and froze ere it fell on the fallow ground. More nights than enough he slept in his harness on the bare rocks, near slain with the sleet, while the stream leapt bubbling from the crest of the hills, and hung in hard icicles over his head.

Thus in peril and pain, and many a hardship, the knight rode alone till Christmas Eve, and in that tide he made his prayer to the Blessed Virgin that she would guide his steps and lead him to some dwelling. On that morning he rode by a hill, and came into a thick forest, wild and drear; on each side were high hills, and thick woods below them of great hoar oaks, a hundred together, of hazel and hawthorn with their trailing boughs interwined, and rough ragged moss

spreading everywhere. On the bare twigs the birds chirped piteously, for pain of the cold. The knight upon Gringalet rode lonely beneath them, through marsh and mire, much troubled at heart lest he should fail to see the service of the Lord, who on that self-same night was born of a maiden for the cure of our grief; and therefore he said, sighing, 'I beseech thee, Lord, and Mary thy gentle Mother, for some shelter where I may hear Mass, and thy matins at morn. This I ask meekly, and thereto I pray my Paternoster, Ave, and Credo.' Thus he rode praying, and lamenting his misdeeds, and he crossed himself, and said, 'May the Cross of Christ speed me.'

Now that knight had crossed himself but thrice ere he was aware in the wood of a dwelling within a moat, above a lawn, on a mound surrounded by many mighty trees that stood round the moat. 'T was the fairest castle that ever a knight owned; built in a meadow with a park all about it, and a spiked palisade, closely driven, that enclosed the trees for more than two miles. The knight was ware of the hold from the side, as it shone through the oaks. Then he lifted off his helmet, and thanked Christ and Saint Julian that they had courteously granted his prayer, and hearkened to his cry. 'Now,' quoth the knight, 'I beseech ye, grant me fair hostel.' Then he pricked Gringalet with his golden spurs, and rode gaily towards the great gate, and came swiftly to the bridge end.

The bridge was drawn up and the gates close shut; the walls were strong and thick, so that they might fear no tempest. The knight on his charger abode on the bank of the deep double ditch that surrounded the castle. The walls were set deep in the water, and rose aloft to a wondrous height; they were of hard hewn stone up to the corbels, which were adorned beneath the battlements with fair carvings, and turrets set in between with many a loophole; a better barbican Sir Gawain had never looked upon. And within he beheld the high hall, with its tower and many windows with carven cornices, and chalk-white chimneys on the turreted roofs that shone fair in the sun. And everywhere, thickly scattered on the castle battlements, were pinnacles, so many that it seemed as if it were all wrought out of paper, so white was it.

The knight on his steed deemed it fair enough, if he might come to be sheltered within it to lodge there while that the holy-day lasted. He called aloud, and soon there came a porter of kindly countenance, who stood on the wall and greeted this knight and asked his errand.

'Good sir,' quoth Gawain, 'wilt thou go mine errand to the high lord of the castle, and crave for me lodging?'

'Yea, by Saint Peter,' quoth the porter. 'In sooth I trow that ye be welcome to dwell here so long as it may like ye.'

Then he went, and came again swiftly, and many folk with him to receive the knight. They let down the great drawbridge, and came forth and knelt on their knees on the cold earth to give him worthy welcome. They held wide open the great gates, and courteously he bade them rise, and rode over the bridge. Then men came to him and held his stirrup while he dismounted, and took and stabled his steed. There came down knights and squires to bring the guest with joy to the hall. When he raised his helmet there were many to take it from his hand, fain to serve him, and they took from him sword and shield.

Sir Gawain gave good greeting to the noble and the mighty men who came to do him honor. Clad in his shining armor they led him to the hall, where a great fire burnt brightly on the floor; and the lord of the household came forth from his chamber to meet the hero fitly. He spake to the knight, and said: 'Ye are welcome to do here as it likes ye. All that is here is your own to have at your will and disposal.'

'Gramercy!' quoth Gawain, 'may Christ requite ye.'

As friends that were fain each embraced the other; and Gawain looked on the knight who greeted him so kindly, and thought 't was a bold warrior that owned that burg.

Of mighty stature he was, and of high age; broad and flowing was his beard, and of a bright hue. He was stalwart of limb, and strong in his stride, his face fiery red, and his speech free: in sooth he seemed one well fitted to be a leader of valiant men.

Then the lord led Sir Gawain to a chamber, and commanded folk to wait

upon him, and at his bidding there came men enough who brought the guest to a fair bower. The bedding was noble, with curtains of pure silk wrought with gold, and wondrous coverings of fair cloth all embroidered. The curtains ran on ropes with rings of red gold, and the walls were hung with carpets of Orient, and the same spread on the floor. There with mirthful speeches they took from the guest his byrnie and all his shining armor, and brought him rich robes of the choicest in its stead. They were long and flowing, and became him well, and when he was clad in them all who looked on the hero thought that surely God had never made a fairer knight: he seemed as if he might be a prince without peer in the field where men strive in battle.

Then before the hearth-place, whereon the fire burned, they made ready a chair for Gawain, hung about with cloth and fair cushions; and there they cast around him a mantle of brown samite, richly embroidered and furred within with costly skins of ermine, with a hood of the same, and he seated himself in that rich seat, and warmed himself at the fire, and was cheered at heart. And while he sat thus, the serving men set up a table on trestles, and covered it with a fair white cloth, and set thereon salt-cellar, and napkin, and silver spoons; and the knight washed at his will, and set him down to meat.

The folk served him courteously with many dishes seasoned of the best, a double portion. All kinds of fish were there, some baked in bread, some broiled on the embers, some sodden, some stewed and savored with spices, with all sorts of cunning devices to his taste. And often he called it a feast, when they spake gaily to him all together, and said, 'Now take ye this penance, and it shall be for your amendment.' Much mirth thereof did Sir Gawain make.

Then they questioned that prince courteously of whence he came; and he told them that he was of the court of Arthur, who is the rich royal king of the Round Table, and that it was Gawain himself who was within their walls, and would keep Christmas with them, as the chance had fallen out. And when the lord of the castle heard those tidings he laughed aloud for gladness, and all men in that keep were joyful that they should be in the company of him to whom belonged all fame, and valor, and courtesy, and whose honor was praised above that of all men on earth. Each said softly to his fellow, 'Now shall we see courteous bearing, and the manner of speech befitting courts. What charm lieth in gentle speech shall we learn without asking, since here we have welcomed the fine father of courtesy. God has surely shown us his grace since he sends us such a guest as Gawain! When men shall sit and sing, blithe for Christ's birth, this knight shall bring us to the knowledge of fair manners, and it may be that hearing him we may learn the cunning speech of love.'

By the time the knight had risen from dinner it was near nightfall. Then chaplains took their way to the chapel, and rang loudly, even as they should, for the solemn evensong of the high feast. Thither went the lord, and the lady also, and entered with her maidens into a comely closet, and thither also went Gawain. Then the lord took him by the sleeve and led him to a seat, and called him by his name, and told him he was of all men in the world the most welcome. And Sir Gawain thanked him truly, and each kissed the other, and they sat gravely together throughout the service.

Then was the lady fain to look upon that knight; and she came forth from her closet with many fair maidens. The fairest of ladies was she in face, and figure, and coloring, fairer even than Guinevere, so the knight thought. She came through the chancel to greet the hero; another lady held her by the left hand, older than she, and seemingly of high estate, with many nobles about her. But unlike to look upon were those ladies, for if the younger were fair, the elder was yellow. Rich red were the cheeks of the one, rough and wrinkled those of the other; the kerchiefs of the one were broidered with many glistening pearls, her throat and neck bare, and whiter than the snow that lies on the hills; the neck of the other was swathed in a gorget, with a white wimple over her black chin. Her forehead was wrapped in silk with many folds, worked with knots, so that naught of her was seen save her black brows, her eyes, her nose, and her lips, and those were bleared, and ill to look upon. A

worshipful lady in sooth one might call her! In figure was she short and broad, and thickly made — far fairer to behold was she whom she led by the hand.

When Gawain beheld that fair lady, who looked at him graciously, with leave of the lord he went towards them, and, bowing low, he greeted the elder, but the younger and fairer he took lightly in his arms, and kissed her courteously, and greeted her in knightly wise. Then she hailed him as friend, and he quickly prayed to be counted as her servant, if she so willed. Then they took him between them, and talking, led him to the chamber, to the hearth, and bade them bring spices, and they brought them in plenty with the good wine that was wont to be drunk at such seasons. Then the lord sprang to his feet and bade them make merry, and took off his hood, and hung it on a spear, and bade him win the worship thereof who should make most mirth that Christmas-tide. 'And I shall try, by my faith, to fool it with the best, by the help of my friends, ere I lose my raiment.' Thus with gay words the lord made trial to gladden Gawain with jests that night, till it was time to bid them light the tapers, and Sir Gawain took leave of them and gat him to rest.

In the morn when all men call to mind how Christ our Lord was born on earth to die for us, there is joy, for his sake, in all dwellings of the world; and so was there here on that day. For high feast was held, with many dainties and cunningly cooked messes. On the daïs sat gallant men, clad in their best. The ancient dame sat on the high seat, with the lord of the castle beside her. Gawain and the fair lady sat together, even in the midst of the board when the feast was served; and so throughout all the hall each sat in his degree, and was served in order. There was meat, there was mirth, there was much joy, so that to tell thereof would take me too long, though peradventure I might strive to declare it. But Gawain and that fair lady had much joy of each other's company through her sweet words and courteous converse. And there was music made before each prince, trumpets and drums, and merry pipings; each man hearkened his minstrel, and they too hearkened theirs

So they held high feast that day and the next, and the third day thereafter, and the joy on Saint John's Day was fair to hearken, for 't was the last of the feast and the guests would depart in the gray of the morning. Therefore they awoke early, and drank wine, and danced fair carols, and at last, when it was late, each man took his leave to wend early on his way. Gawain would bid his host farewell, but the lord took him by the hand, and led him to his own chamber beside the hearth, and there he thanked him for the favor he had shown him in honoring his dwelling at that high season, and gladdening his castle with his fair countenance. 'I wis, sir, that while I live I shall be held the worthier that Gawain has been my guest at God's own feast.'

'Gramercy, sir,' quoth Gawain, 'in good faith, all the honor is yours, may the High King give it you, and I am but at your will to work your behest, inasmuch as I am beholden to you in great and small by rights.'

Then the lord did his best to persuade the knight to tarry with him, but Gawain answered that he might in no wise do so. Then the host asked him courteously what stern behest had driven him at the holy season from the king's court, to fare all alone, ere yet the feast was ended?

'Forsooth,' quoth the knight, 'ye say but the truth: 't is a high quest and a pressing that hath brought me afield, for I am summoned myself to a certain place, and I know not whither in the world I may wend to find it; so help me Christ, I would give all the kingdom of Logres an I might find it by New Year's morn. Therefore, sir, I make request of you that ye tell me truly if ye ever heard word of the Green Chapel, where it may be found, and the Green Knight that keeps it. For I am pledged by solemn compact sworn between us to meet that knight at the New Year if so I were on life; and of that same New Year it wants but little — I' faith, I would look on that hero more joyfully than on any other fair sight! Therefore, by your will, it behooves me to leave you, for I have but barely three days, and I would as fain fall dead as fail of mine errand.'

Then the lord quoth, laughing, 'Now must ye needs stay, for I will show you your goal, the Green Chapel, ere your

term be at an end, have ye no fear! But ye can take your ease, friend, in your bed, till the fourth day, and go forth on the first of the year and come to that place at mid-morn to do as ye will. Dwell here till New Year's Day, and then rise and set forth, and ye shall be set in the way; 't is not two miles hence.'

Then was Gawain glad, and he laughed gaily. 'Now I thank you for this above all else. Now my quest is achieved I will dwell here at your will, and otherwise do as ye shall ask.'

Then the lord took him, and set him beside him, and bade the ladies be fetched for their greater pleasure, tho' between themselves they had solace. The lord, for gladness, made merry jest, even as one who wist not what to do for joy; and he cried aloud to the knight, 'Ye have promised to do the thing I bid ye: will ye hold to this behest, here, at once?'

'Yea, forsooth,' said that true knight, 'while I abide in your burg I am bound by your behest.'

'Ye have traveled from far,' said the host, 'and since then ye have waked with me, ye are not well refreshed by rest and sleep, as I know. Ye shall therefore abide in your chamber, and lie at your ease to-morrow at Mass-tide, and go to meat when ye will with my wife, who shall sit with you, and comfort you with her company till I return; and I shall rise early and go forth to the chase.' And Gawain agreed to all this courteously.

'Sir knight,' quoth the host, 'we will make a covenant. Whatsoever I win in the wood shall be yours, and whatever may fall to your share, that shall ye exchange for it. Let us swear, friend, to make this exchange, however our hap may be, for worse or for better.'

'I grant ye your will,' quoth Gawain the good; 'if ye list so to do, it liketh me well.'

'Bring hither the wine-cup, the bargain is made,' so said the lord of that castle. They laughed each one, and drank of the wine, and made merry, these lords and ladies, as it pleased them. Then with gay talk and merry jest they rose, and stood, and spoke softly, and kissed courteously, and took leave of each other. With burning torches, and many a serving-man, was each led to his couch; yet ere they gat them to bed the old lord oft repeated their covenant, for he knew well how to make sport.

III

Full early, ere daylight, the folk rose up; the guests who would depart called their grooms, and they made them ready, and saddled the steeds, tightened up the girths, and trussed up their mails. The knights, all arrayed for riding, leapt up lightly, and took their bridles, and each rode his way as pleased him best.

The lord of the land was not the last. Ready for the chase, with many of his men, he ate a sop hastily when he had heard Mass, and then with blast of the bugle fared forth to the field. He and his nobles were to horse ere daylight glimmered upon the earth.

Then the huntsmen coupled their hounds, unclosed the kennel door, and called them out. They blew three blasts gaily on the bugles, the hounds bayed fiercely, and they that would go a-hunting checked and chastised them. A hundred hunters there were of the best, so I have heard tell. Then the trackers gat them to the trysting-place and uncoupled the hounds, and the forest rang again with their gay blasts.

At the first sound of the hunt the game quaked for fear, and fled, trembling, along the vale. They betook them to the heights, but the liers in wait turned them back with loud cries; the harts they let pass them, and the stags with their spreading antlers, for the lord had forbidden that they should be slain, but the hinds and the does they turned back, and drave down into the valleys. Then might ye see much shooting of arrows. As the deer fled under the boughs a broad whistling shaft smote and wounded each sorely, so that, wounded and bleeding, they fell dying on the banks. The hounds followed swiftly on their tracks, and hunters, blowing the horn, sped after them with ringing shouts as if the cliffs burst asunder. What game escaped those that shot was run down at the outer ring. Thus were they driven on the hills, and harassed at the waters, so well did the men know their work, and the greyhounds were so great and swift that they ran them down as fast as the hunters could slay them. Thus the lord passed the day in mirth and joyfulness, even to nightfall.

So the lord roamed the woods, and Gawain, that good knight, lay ever a-bed, curtained about, under the costly coverlet, while the daylight gleamed on the walls. And as he lay half slumbering, he heard a little sound at the door, and he raised his head, and caught back a corner of the curtain, and waited to see what it might be. It was the lovely lady, the lord's wife; she shut the door softly behind her, and turned towards the bed; and Gawain was shamed, laid him down softly and made as if he slept. And she came lightly to the bedside, within the curtain, and sat herself down beside him, to wait till he wakened. The knight lay there awhile, and marveled within himself what her coming might betoken; and he said to himself, 'T were more seemly if I asked her what hath brought her hither.' Then he made feint to waken, and turned towards her, and opened his eyes as one astonished, and crossed himself; and she looked on him laughing, with her cheeks red and white, lovely to behold, and small smiling lips.

'Good morrow, Sir Gawain,' said that fair lady; 'ye are but a careless sleeper, since one can enter thus. Now are ye taken unawares, and lest ye escape me I shall bind you in your bed; of that be ye assured!' Laughing, she spake these words.

'Good morrow, fair lady,' quoth Gawain blithely. 'I will do your will, as it likes me well. For I yield me readily, and pray your grace, and that is best, by my faith, since I needs must do so.' Thus he jested again, laughing. 'But an ye would, fair lady, grant me this grace that ye pray your prisoner to rise. I would get me from bed, and array me better, then could I talk with ye in more comfort.'

'Nay, forsooth, fair sir,' quoth the lady, 'ye shall not rise, I will rede ye better. I shall keep ye here, since ye can do no other, and talk with my knight whom I have captured. For I know well that ye are Sir Gawain, whom all the world worships, wheresoever ye may ride. Your honor and your courtesy are praised by lords and ladies, by all who live. Now ye are here and we are alone, my lord and his men are afield; the serving men in their beds, and my maidens also, and the door shut upon us. And since in this hour I have him that all men love, I shall use my time well with speech, while it lasts. Ye are welcome to my company, for it behooves me in sooth to be your servant.'

'In good faith,' quoth Gawain, 'I think me that I am not him of whom ye speak, for unworthy am I of such service as ye here proffer. In sooth, I were glad if I might set myself by word or service to your pleasure; a pure joy would it be to me!'

'In good faith, Sir Gawain,' quoth the gay lady, 'the praise and the prowess that pleases all ladies I lack them not, nor hold them light; yet are there ladies enough who would liever now have the knight in their hold, as I have ye here, to dally with your courteous words, to bring them comfort and to ease their cares, than much of the treasure and the gold that are theirs. And now, through the grace of Him who upholds the heavens, I have wholly in my power that which they all desire!'

Thus the lady, fair to look upon, made him great cheer, and Sir Gawain, with modest words, answered her again: 'Madam,' he quoth, 'may Mary requite ye, for in good faith I have found in ye a noble frankness. Much courtesy have other folk shown me, but the honor they have done me is naught to the worship of yourself, who knoweth but good.'

'By Mary,' quoth the lady, 'I think otherwise; for were I worth all the women alive, and had I the wealth of the world in my hand, and might choose me a lord to my liking, then, for all that I have seen in ye, Sir Knight, of beauty and courtesy and blithe semblance, and for all that I have hearkened and hold for true, there should be no knight on earth to be chosen before ye.'

'Well I wot,' quoth Sir Gawain, 'that ye have chosen a better; but I am proud that ye should so prize me, and as your servant do I hold ye my sovereign, and your knight am I, and may Christ reward ye.'

So they talked of many matters till mid-morn was past, and ever the lady made as though she loved him, and the knight turned her speech aside. For though she were the brightest of maidens, yet had he forborne to show her love for the danger that awaited him, and

the blow that must be given without delay.

Then the lady prayed her leave from him, and he granted it readily. And she gave him good-day, with laughing glance, but he must needs marvel at her words: 'Now He that speeds fair speech reward ye this disport; but that ye be Gawain my mind misdoubts me greatly.'

'Wherefore?' quoth the knight quickly, fearing lest he had lacked in some courtesy.

And the lady spake: 'So true a knight as Gawain is holden, and one so perfect in courtesy, would never have tarried so long with a lady but he would of his courtesy have craved a kiss at parting.'

Then quoth Gawain, 'I wot I will do even as it may please ye, and kiss at your commandment, as a true knight should who forbears to ask for fear of displeasure.'

At that she came near and bent down and kissed the knight, and each commended the other to Christ, and she went forth from the chamber softly.

Then Sir Gawain rose and called his chamberlain and chose his garments, and when he was ready he gat him forth to Mass, and then went to meat, and made merry all day till the rising of the moon, and never had a knight fairer lodging than had he with those two noble ladies, the elder and the younger.

And ever the lord of the land chased the hinds through holt and health till eventide, and then with much blowing of bugles and baying of hounds they bore the game homeward; and by the time daylight was done all the folk had returned to that fair castle. And when the lord and Sir Gawain met together, then were they both well pleased. The lord commanded them all to assemble in the great hall, and the ladies to descend with their maidens, and there, before them all, he bade the men fetch in the spoil of the day's hunting, and he called unto Gawain, and counted the tale of the beasts, and showed them unto him, and said, 'What think ye of this game, Sir Knight? Have I deserved of ye thanks for my woodcraft?'

'Yea, I wis,' quoth the other, 'here is the fairest spoil I have seen this seven year in the winter season.'

'And all this do I give ye, Gawain,' quoth the host, 'for by accord of covenant ye may claim it as your own.'

'That in sooth,' quoth the other, 'I grant you that same; and I have fairly won this within walls, and with as good will do I yield it to ye.' With that he clasped his hands round the lord's neck and kissed him as courteously as he might. 'Take ye here my spoils, no more have I won; ye should have it freely, though it were greater than this.'

''T is good,' said the host, 'gramercy thereof. Yet were I fain to know where ye won this same favor, and if it were by your own wit?'

'Nay,' answered Gawain, 'that was not in the bond. Ask me no more: ye have taken what was yours by right, be content with that.'

They laughed and jested together, and sat them down to supper, where they were served with many dainties; and after supper they sat by the hearth, and wine was served out to them; and oft in their jesting they promised to observe on the morrow the same covenant that they had made before, and whatever chance might betide, to exchange their spoil, be it much or little, when they met at night. Thus they renewed their bargain before the whole court, and then the night-drink was served, and each courteously took leave of the other and gat him to bed.

By the time the cock had crowed thrice the lord of the castle had left his bed; Mass was sung and meat fitly served. The folk were forth to the wood ere the day broke, with hound and horn they rode over the plain, and uncoupled their dogs among the thorns. Soon they struck on the scent, and the hunt cheered on the hounds who were first to seize it, urging them with shouts. The others hastened to the cry, forty at once, and there rose such a clamor from the pack that the rocks rang again. The huntsmen spurred them on with shouting and blasts of the horn; and the hounds drew together to a thicket betwixt the water and a high crag in the cliff beneath the hillside. There where the rough rock fell ruggedly they, the huntsmen, fared to the finding, and cast about round the hill and the thicket behind them. The knights wist well what beast was within, and would drive him forth with the bloodhounds. And as they beat the bushes, suddenly

over the beaters there rushed forth a wondrous great and fierce boar, long since had he left the herd to roam by himself. Grunting, he cast many to the ground, and fled forth at his best speed, without more mischief. The men hallooed loudly and cried, 'Hay! Hay!' and blew the horns to urge on the hounds, and rode swiftly after the boar. Many a time did he turn to bay and tare the hounds, and they yelped, and howled shrilly. Then the men made ready their arrows and shot at him, but the points were turned on his thick hide, and the barbs would not bite upon him, for the shafts shivered in pieces, and the head but leapt again wherever it hit.

But when the boar felt the stroke of the arrows he waxed mad with rage, and turned on the hunters and tare many, so that, affrightened, they fled before him. But the lord on a swift steed pursued him, blowing his bugle; as a gallant knight he rode through the woodland chasing the boar till the sun grew low.

So did the hunters this day, while Sir Gawain lay in his bed lapped in rich gear; and the lady forgat not to salute him, for early was she at his side, to cheer his mood.

She came to the bedside and looked on the knight, and Gawain gave her fit greeting, and she greeted him again with ready words, and sat her by his side and laughed, and with a sweet look she spoke to him:

'Sir, if ye be Gawain, I think it a wonder that ye be so stern and cold, and care not for the courtesies of friendship, but if one teach ye to know them ye cast the lesson out of your mind. Ye have soon forgotten what I taught ye yesterday, by all the truest tokens that I knew!'

'What is that?' quoth the knight. 'I trow I know not. If it be sooth that ye say, then is the blame mine own.'

'But I taught ye of kissing,' quoth the fair lady. 'Wherever a fair countenance is shown him, it behooves a courteous knight quickly to claim a kiss.'

'Nay, my dear,' said Sir Gawain, 'cease that speech; that durst I not do lest I were denied, for if I were forbidden I wot I were wrong did I further entreat.'

'I' faith,' quoth the lady merrily, 'ye may not be forbid, ye are strong enough to constrain by strength an ye will, were any so discourteous as to give ye denial.'

'Yea, by heaven,' said Gawain, 'ye speak well; but threats profit little in the land where I dwell, and so with a gift that is given not of good will! I am at your commandment to kiss when ye like, to take or to leave as ye list.'

Then the lady bent her down and kissed him courteously.

And as they spake together she said, 'I would learn somewhat from ye, an ye would not be wroth, for young ye are and fair, and so courteous and knightly as ye are known to be, the head of all chivalry, and versed in all wisdom of love and war—'t is ever told of true knights how they adventured their lives for their true love, and endured hardships for her favors, and avenged her with valor, and eased her sorrows, and brought joy to her bower; and ye are the fairest knight of your time, and your fame and your honor are everywhere, yet I have sat by ye here twice, and never a word have I heard of love! Ye who are so courteous and skilled in such love ought surely to teach one so young and unskilled some little craft of true love! Why are ye so unlearned who art otherwise so famous? Or is it that ye deemed me unworthy to hearken to your teaching? For shame, Sir Knight! I come hither alone and sit at your side to learn of ye some skill; teach me of your wit, while my lord is from home.'

'In good faith,' quoth Gawain, 'great is my joy and my profit that so fair a lady as ye are should deign to come hither, and trouble ye with so poor a man, and make sport with your knight with kindly countenance, it pleaseth me much. But that I, in my turn, should take it upon me to tell of love and such like matters to ye who know more by half, or a hundred fold, of such craft than I do, or ever shall in all my lifetime, by my troth 't were folly indeed! I will work your will to the best of my might as I am bounden, and evermore will I be your servant, so help me Christ!'

Then often with guile she questioned that knight that she might win him to woo her, but he defended himself so fairly that none might in any wise blame him, and naught but bliss and harmless jesting

was there between them. They laughed and talked together till at last she kissed him, and craved her leave of him, and went her way.

Then the knight rose and went forth to Mass, and afterward dinner was served and he sat and spake with the ladies all day. But the lord of the castle rode ever over the land chasing the wild boar, that fled through the thickets, slaying the best of his hounds and breaking their backs in sunder; till at last he was so weary he might run no longer, but made for a hole in a mound by a rock. He got the mound at his back and faced the hounds, whetting his white tusks and foaming at the mouth. The huntsmen stood aloof, fearing to draw nigh him; so many of them had been already wounded that they were loath to be torn with his tusks, so fierce he was and mad with rage. At length the lord himself came up, and saw the beast at bay, and the men standing aloof. Then quickly he sprang to the ground and drew out a bright blade, and waded through the stream to the boar.

When the beast was aware of the knight with weapon in hand, he set up his bristles and snorted loudly, and many feared for their lord lest he should be slain. Then the boar leapt upon the knight so that beast and man were one atop of the other in the water; but the boar had the worst of it, for the man had marked, even as he sprang, and set the point of his brand to the beast's chest, and drove it up to the hilt, so that the heart was split in twain, and the boar fell snarling, and was swept down by the water to where a hundred hounds seized on him, and the men drew him to shore for the dogs to slay.

Then was there loud blowing of horns and baying of hounds, the huntsmen smote off the boar's head, and hung the carcass by the four feet to a stout pole, and so went on their way homewards. The head they bore before the lord himself, who had slain the beast at the ford by force of his strong hand.

It seemed him o'er long ere he saw Sir Gawain in the hall, and he called, and the guest came to take that which fell to his share. And when he saw Gawain the lord laughed aloud, and bade them call the ladies and the household together, and he showed them the game, and told them the tale, how they hunted the wild boar through the woods, and of his length and breadth and height; and Sir Gawain commended his deeds and praised him for his valor, well proven, for so mighty a beast had he never seen before.

Then they handled the huge head, and the lord said aloud, 'Now, Gawain, this game is your own by sure covenant, as ye right well know.'

''T is sooth,' quoth the knight, 'and as truly will I give ye all I have gained.' He took the host round the neck, and kissed him courteously twice. 'Now are we quits,' he said, 'this eventide, of all the covenants that we made since I came hither.'

And the lord answered, 'By Saint Giles, ye are the best I know; ye will be rich in a short space if ye drive such bargains!'

Then they set up the tables on trestles, and covered them with fair cloths, and lit waxen tapers on the walls. The knights sat and were served in the hall, and much game and glee was there round the hearth, with many songs, both at supper and after; song of Christmas, and new carols, with all the mirth one may think of. And ever that lovely lady sat by the knight, and with still stolen looks made such feint of pleasing him, that Gawain marveled much, and was wroth with himself, but he could not for his courtesy return her fair glances, but dealt with her cunningly, however she might strive to wrest the thing.

When they had tarried in the hall so long as it seemed them good, they turned to the inner chamber and the wide hearth-place, and there they drank wine, and the host proffered to renew the covenant for New Year's Eve; but the knight craved leave to depart on the morrow, for it was nigh to the term when must fulfil his pledge. But the lord would withhold him from so doing, and prayed him to tarry, and said,

'As I am a true knight I swear my troth that ye shall come to the Green Chapel to achieve your task on New Year's morn, long before prime. Therefore abide ye in your bed, and I will hunt in this wood, and hold ye to the covenant to exchange with me against all the spoil I may bring hither. For twice have I tried ye, and found ye true, and the

morrow shall be the third time and the best. Make we merry now while we may, and think on joy, for misfortune may take a man whensoever it wills.'

Then Gawain granted his request, and they brought them drink, and they gat them with lights to bed.

Sir Gawain lay and slept softly, but the lord, who was keen on woodcraft, was afoot early. After Mass he and his men ate a morsel, and he asked for his steed; all the knights who should ride with him were already mounted before the hall gates.

'T was a fair frosty morning, for the sun rose red in ruddy vapor, and the welkin was clear of clouds. The hunters scattered them by a forest side, and the rocks rang again with the blast of their horns. Some came on the scent of a fox, and a hound gave tongue; the huntsmen shouted, and the pack followed in a crowd on the trail. The fox ran before them, and when they saw him they pursued him with noise and much shouting, and he wound and turned through many a thick grove, often cowering and hearkening in a hedge. At last by a little ditch he leapt out of a spinney, stole away slily by a copse path, and so out of the wood and away from the hounds. But he went, ere he wist, to a chosen tryst, and three started forth on him at once, so he must needs double back, and betake him to the wood again.

Then was it joyful to hearken to the hounds; when all the pack had met together and had sight of their game they made as loud a din as if all the lofty cliffs had fallen clattering together. The huntsmen shouted and threatened, and followed close upon him so that he might scarce escape, but Reynard was wily, and he turned and doubled upon them, and led the lord and his men over the hills, now on the slopes, now in the vales, while the knight at home slept through the cold morning beneath his costly curtains.

But the fair lady of the castle rose betimes, and clad herself in a rich mantle that reached even to the ground, left her throat and her fair neck bare, and was bordered and lined with costly furs. On her head she wore no golden circlet, but a network of precious stones, that gleamed and shone through her tresses in clusters of twenty together. Thus she came into the chamber, closed the door after her, and set open a window, and called to him gaily, 'Sir Knight, how may ye sleep? The morning is so fair.'

Sir Gawain was deep in slumber, and in his dream he vexed him much for the destiny that should befall him on the morrow, when he should meet the knight at the Green Chapel, and abide his blow; but when the lady spake he heard her, and came to himself, and roused from his dream and answered swiftly. The lady came laughing, and kissed him courteously, and he welcomed her fittingly with a cheerful countenance. He saw her so glorious and gaily dressed, so faultless of features and complexion, that it warmed his heart to look upon her.

They spake to each other smiling, and all was bliss and good cheer between them. They exchanged fair words, and much happiness was therein, yet was there a gulf between them, and she might win no more of her knight, for that gallant prince watched well his words — he would neither take her love, nor frankly refuse it. He cared for his courtesy, lest he be deemed churlish, and yet more for his honor lest he be traitor to his host. 'God forbid,' quoth he to himself, 'that it should so befall.' Thus with courteous words did he set aside all the special speeches that came from her lips.

Then spake the lady to the knight, 'Ye deserve blame if ye hold not that lady who sits beside ye above all else in the world, if ye have not already a love whom ye hold dearer, and like better, and have sworn such firm faith to that lady that ye care not to loose it — and that am I now fain to believe. And now I pray ye straitly that ye tell me that in truth, and hide it not.'

And the knight answered, 'By Saint John' (and he smiled as he spake) 'no such love have I, nor do I think to have yet awhile.'

'That is the worst word I may hear,' quoth the lady, 'but in sooth I have mine answer; kiss me now courteously, and I will go hence; I can but mourn as a maiden that loves much.'

Sighing, she stooped down and kissed him, and then she rose up and spake as she stood, 'Now, dear, at our parting do

me this grace: give me some gift, if it were but thy glove, that I may bethink me of my knight, and lessen my mourning.'

'Now, I wis,' quoth the knight, 'I would that I had here the most precious thing that I possess on earth that I might leave ye as love-token, great or small, for ye have deserved forsooth more reward than I might give ye. But it is not to your honor to have at this time a glove for reward as gift from Gawain, and I am here on a strange errand, and have no man with me, nor mails with goodly things — that mislikes me much, lady, at this time; but each man must fare as he is taken, if for sorrow and ill.'

'Nay, knight highly honored,' quoth that lovesome lady, 'though I have naught of yours, yet shall ye have somewhat of mine.' With that she reached him a ring of red gold with a sparkling stone therein, that shone even as the sun (wit ye well, it was worth many marks); but the knight refused it, and spake readily,

'I will take no gift, lady, at this time. I have none to give, and none will I take.'

She prayed him to take it, but he refused her prayer, and sware in sooth that he would not have it.

The lady was sorely vexed, and said, 'If ye refuse my ring as too costly, that ye will not be so highly beholden to me, I will give you my girdle as a lesser gift.' With that she loosened a lace that was fastened at her side, knit upon her kirtle under her mantle. It was wrought of green silk, and gold, only braided by the fingers, and that she offered to the knight, and besought him though it were of little worth that he would take it, and he said nay, he would touch neither gold nor gear ere God give him grace to achieve the adventure for which he had come hither. 'And therefore, I pray ye, displease ye not, and ask me no longer, for I may not grant it. I am dearly beholden to ye for the favor ye have shown me, and ever, in heat and cold, will I be your true servant.'

'Now,' said the lady, 'ye refuse this silk, for it is simple in itself, and so it seems, indeed; lo, it is small to look upon and less in cost, but whoso knew the virtue that is knit therein he would, peradventure, value it more highly. For whatever knight is girded with this green lace, while he bears it knotted about him there is no man under heaven can overcome him, for he may not be slain for any magic on earth.'

Then Gawain bethought him, and it came into his heart that this were a jewel for the jeopardy that awaited him when he came to the Green Chapel to seek the return blow — could he so order it that he should escape unslain, 't were a craft worth trying. Then he bare with her chiding, and let her say her say, and she pressed the girdle on him and prayed him to take it, and he granted her prayer, and she gave it him with good will, and besought him for her sake never to reveal it but to hide it loyally from her lord; and the knight agreed that never should any man know it, save they two alone. He thanked her often and heartily, and she kissed him for the third time.

Then she took her leave of him, and when she was gone Sir Gawain rose, and clad him in rich attire, and took the girdle, and knotted it round him, and hid it beneath his robes. Then he took his way to the chapel, and sought out a priest privily and prayed him to teach him better how his soul might be saved when he should go hence; and there he shrived him, and showed his misdeeds, both great and small, and besought mercy and craved absolution; and the priest assoiled him, and set him as clean as if doomsday had been on the morrow. And afterwards Sir Gawain made him merry with the ladies, with carols, and all kinds of joy, as never he did but that one day, even to nightfall; and all the men marveled at him, and said that never since he came thither had he been so merry.

Meanwhile the lord of the castle was abroad chasing the fox; awhile he lost him, and as he rode through a spinney he heard the hounds near at hand, and Reynard came creeping through a thick grove, with all the pack at his heels. Then the lord drew out his shining brand, and cast it at the beast, and the fox swerved aside for the sharp edge, and would have doubled back, but a hound was on him ere he might turn, and right

before the horse's feet they all fell on him, and worried him fiercely, snarling the while.

Then the lord leapt from his saddle, and caught the fox from the jaws, and held it aloft over his head, and hallooed loudly, and many brave hounds bayed as they beheld it; and the hunters hied them thither, blowing their horns; all that bare bugles blew them at once, and all the others shouted. 'T was the merriest meeting that ever men heard, the clamor that was raised at the death of the fox. They rewarded the hounds, stroking them and rubbing their heads, and took Reynard and stripped him of his coat; then blowing their horns, they turned them homewards, for it was nigh nightfall.

The lord was gladsome at his return, and found a bright fire on the hearth, and the knight beside it, the good Sir Gawain, who was in joyous mood for the pleasure he had had with the ladies. He wore a robe of blue, that reached even to the ground, and a surcoat richly furred, that became him well. A hood like to the surcoat fell on his shoulders, and all alike were done about with fur. He met the host in the midst of the floor, and jesting, he greeted him, and said, 'Now shall I be first to fulfil our covenant which we made together when there was no lack of wine.' Then he embraced the knight, and kissed him thrice, as solemnly as he might.

'Of a sooth,' quoth the other, 'ye have good luck in the matter of this covenant, if ye made a good exchange!'

'Yet, it matters naught of the exchange,' quoth Gawain, 'since what I owe is swiftly paid.'

'Marry,' said the other, 'mine is behind, for I have hunted all this day, and naught have I got but this foul fox-skin, and that is but poor payment for three such kisses as ye have here given me.'

'Enough,' quoth Sir Gawain, 'I thank ye, by the Rood.'

Then the lord told them of his hunting, and how the fox had been slain.

With mirth and minstrelsy, and dainties at their will, they made them as merry as a folk well might till 't was time for them to sever, for at last they must needs betake them to their beds. Then the knight took his leave of the lord, and thanked him fairly.

'For the fair sojourn that I have had here at this high feast may the High King give ye honor. I give ye myself, as one of your servants, if ye so like; for I must needs, as you know, go hence with the morn, and ye will give me, as ye promised, a guide to show me the way to the Green Chapel, an God will suffer me on New Year's Day to deal the doom of my weird.'

'By my faith,' quoth the host, 'all that ever I promised, that shall I keep with good will.' Then he gave him a servant to set him in the way, and lead him by the downs, that he should have no need to ford the stream, and should fare by the shortest road through the groves; and Gawain thanked the lord for the honor done him. Then he would take leave of the ladies, and courteously he kissed them, and spake, praying them to receive his thanks, and they made like reply; then with many sighs they commended him to Christ, and he departed courteously from that fold. Each man that he met he thanked him for his service and his solace, and the pains he had been at to do his will; and each found it as hard to part from the knight as if he had ever dwelt with him.

Then they led him with torches to his chamber, and brought him to his bed to rest. That he slept soundly I may not say, for the morrow gave him much to think on. Let him rest awhile, for he was near that which he sought, and if ye will but listen to me I will tell ye how it fared with him thereafter.

IV

Now the New Year drew nigh, and the night passed, and the day chased the darkness, as is God's will; but wild weather wakened therewith. The clouds cast the cold to the earth, with enough of the north to slay them that lacked clothing. The snow drave smartly, and the whistling wind blew from the heights, and made great drifts in the valleys. The knight, lying in his bed, listened, for though his eyes were shut, he might sleep but little, and hearkened every cock that crew.

He arose ere the day broke, by the light

of a lamp that burned in his chamber, and called to his chamberlain, bidding him bring his armor and saddle his steed. The other gat him up, and fetched his garments, and robed Sir Gawain.

First he clad him in his clothes to keep off the cold, and then in his harness, which was well and fairly kept. Both hauberk and plates were well burnished, the rings of the rich byrnie freed from rust, and all as fresh as at first, so that the knight was fain to thank them. Then he did on each piece, and bade them bring his steed, while he put the fairest raiment on himself; his coat with its fair cognizance, adorned with precious stones upon velvet, with broidered seams, and all furred within with costly skins. And he left not the lace, the lady's gift, that Gawain forgot not, for his own good. When he had girded on his sword he wrapped the gift twice about him, swathed around his waist. The girdle of green silk set gaily and well upon the royal red cloth, rich to behold, but the knight ware it not for pride of the pendants, polished though they were with fair gold that gleamed brightly on the ends, but to save himself from sword and knife, when it behooved him to abide his hurt without question. With that the hero went forth, and thanked that kindly folk full often.

Then was Gringalet ready, that was great and strong, and had been well cared for and tended in every wise; in fair condition was that proud steed, and fit for a journey. Then Gawain went to him, and looked on his coat, and said by his sooth, 'There is a folk in this place that thinketh on honor; much joy may they have, and the lord who maintains them, and may all good betide that lovely lady all her life long. Since they for charity cherish a guest, and hold honor in their hands, may he who holds the heaven on high requite them, and also ye all. And if I might live anywhile on earth, I would give ye full reward, readily, if so I might.' Then he set foot in the stirrup and bestrode his steed, and his squire gave him his shield, which he laid on his shoulder. Then he smote Gringalet with his golden spurs, and the steed pranced on the stones and would stand no longer.

By that his man was mounted, who bare his spear and lance, and Gawain quoth, 'I commend this castle to Christ, may he give it ever good fortune.' Then the drawbridge was let down, and the broad gates unbarred and opened on both sides; the knight crossed himself, and passed through the gateway, and praised the porter, who knelt before the prince, and gave him good-day, and commended him to God. Thus the knight went on his way with the one man who should guide him to that dread place where he should receive rueful payment.

The two went by hedges where the boughs were bare, and climbed the cliffs where the cold clings. Naught fell from the heavens, but 't was ill beneath them; mist brooded over the moor and hung on the mountains; each hill had a cap, a great cloak, of mist. The streams foamed and bubbled between their banks, dashing sparkling on the shores where they shelved downwards. Rugged and dangerous was the way through the woods, till it was time for the sun-rising. Then were they on a high hill; the snow lay white beside them, and the man who rode with Gawain drew rein by his master.

'Sir,' he said, 'I have brought ye hither, and now ye are not far from the place that ye have sought so specially. But I will tell ye for sooth, since I know ye well, and ye are such a knight as I well love, would ye follow my counsel ye would fare the better. The place whither ye go is accounted full perilous, for he who liveth in that waste is the worst on earth, for he is strong and fierce; and loveth to deal mighty blows; taller he is than any man on earth, and greater of frame than any four in Arthur's court, or in any other. And this is his custom at the Green Chapel; there may no man pass by that place, however proud his arms, but he does him to death by force of his hand, for he is a discourteous knight, and shows no mercy. Be he churl or chaplain who rides by that chapel, monk or mass-priest, or any man else, he thinks it as pleasant to slay them as to pass alive himself. Therefore, I tell ye, as sooth as ye sit in saddle, if ye come there and that knight know it, ye shall be slain, though ye had twenty lives; trow me that truly! He has dwelt here full long and seen many a combat; ye may not defend ye against his blows. Therefore, good Sir Gawain, let the man be, and get ye away some

other road; for God's sake seek ye another land, and there may Christ speed ye! And I will hie me home again, and I promise ye further that I will swear by God and the saints, or any other oath ye please, that I will keep counsel faithfully, and never let any wit the tale that ye fled for fear of any man.'

'Gramercy,' quoth Gawain, but ill-pleased. 'Good fortune be his who wishes me good, and that thou wouldst keep faith with me I will believe; but didst thou keep it never so truly, an I passed here and fled for fear as thou sayest, then were I a coward knight, and might not be held guiltless. So I will to the chapel let chance what may, and talk with that man, even as I may list, whether for weal or for woe as fate may have it. Fierce though he may be in fight, yet God knoweth well how to save his servants.'

'Well,' quoth the other, 'now that ye have said so much that ye will take your own harm on yourself, and ye be pleased to lose your life, I will neither let nor keep ye. Have here your helm and the spear in your hand, and ride down this same road beside the rock till ye come to the bottom of the valley, and there look a little to the left hand, and ye shall see in that vale the chapel, and the grim man who keeps it. Now fare ye well, noble Gawain; for all the gold on earth I would not go with ye nor bear ye fellowship one step further.' With that the man turned his bridle into the wood, smote the horse with his spurs as hard as he could, and galloped off, leaving the knight alone.

Quoth Gawain, 'I will neither greet nor moan, but commend myself to God, and yield me to his will.'

Then the knight spurred Gringalet, and rode adown the path close in by a bank beside a grove. So he rode through the rough thicket, right into the dale, and there he halted, for it seemed him wild enough. No sign of a chapel could he see, but high and burnt banks on either side and rough rugged crags with great stones above. An ill-looking place he thought it.

Then he drew in his horse and looked round to seek the chapel, but he saw none and thought it strange. Then he saw as it were a mound on a level space of land by a bank beside the stream where it ran swiftly; the water bubbled within as if boiling. The knight turned his steed to the mound, and lighted down and tied the rein to the branch of a linden; and he turned to the mound and walked round it, questioning with himself what it might be. It had a hole at the end and at either side, and was overgrown with clumps of grass, and it was hollow within as an old cave or the crevice of a crag; he knew not what it might be.

'Ah,' quoth Gawain, 'can this be the Green Chapel? Here might the devil say his matins at midnight! Now I wis there is wizardry here. 'T is an ugly oratory, all overgrown with grass, and 't would well beseem that fellow in green to say his devotions on devil's wise. Now feel I in five wits, 't is the foul fiend himself who hath set me this tryst, to destroy me here! This is a chapel of mischance: ill-luck betide it, 't is the cursedest kirk that ever I came in!'

Helmet on head and lance in hand, he came up to the rough dwelling, when he heard over the high hill beyond the brook, as it were in a bank, a wondrous fierce noise, that rang in the cliff as if it would cleave asunder. 'T was as if one ground a scythe on a grindstone, it whirred and whetted like water on a mill-wheel and rushed and rang, terrible to hear.

'By God,' quoth Gawain, 'I trow that gear is preparing for the knight who will meet me here. Alas! naught may help me, yet should my life be forfeit, I fear not a jot!' With that he called aloud. 'Who waiteth in this place to give me tryst. Now is Gawain come hither: if any man will aught of him let him hasten hither now or never.'

'Stay,' quoth one on the bank above his head, 'and ye shall speedily have that which I promised ye.' Yet for a while the noise of whetting went on ere he appeared, and then he came forth from a cave in the crag with a fell weapon, a Danish axe newly dight, wherewith to deal the blow. An evil head it had, four feet large, no less, sharply ground, and bound to the handle by the lace that gleamed brightly. And the knight himself was all green as before, face and foot, locks and beard, but now he was afoot. When he came to the water he

would not wade it, but sprang over with the pole of his axe, and strode boldly over the bent that was white with snow.

Sir Gawain went to meet him, but he made no low bow. The other said, 'Now, fair sir, one may trust thee to keep tryst. Thou art welcome, Gawain, to my place. Thou hast timed thy coming as befits a true man. Thou knowest the covenant set between us: at this time twelve months agone thou didst take that which fell to thee, and I at this New Year will readily requite thee. We are in this valley, verily alone, here are no knights to sever us, do what we will. Have off thy helm from thine head, and have here thy pay; make me no more talking than I did then when thou didst strike off my head with one blow.'

'Nay,' quoth Gawain, 'by God that gave me life, I shall make no moan whatever befall me, but make thou ready for the blow and I shall stand still and say never a word to thee, do as thou wilt.'

With that he bent his head and showed his neck all bare, and made as if he had no fear, for he would not be thought a-dread.

Then the Green Knight made him ready, and grasped his grim weapon to smite Gawain. With all his force he bore it aloft with a mighty feint of slaying him: had it fallen as straight as he aimed he who was ever doughty of deed had been slain by the blow. But Gawain swerved aside as the axe came gliding down to slay him as he stood, and shrank a little with the shoulders, for the sharp iron. The other heaved up the blade and rebuked the prince with many proud words:

'Thou art not Gawain,' he said, 'who is held so valiant, that never feared he man by hill or vale, but thou shrinkest for fear ere thou feelest hurt. Such cowardice did I never hear of Gawain! Neither did *I* flinch from thy blow, or make strife in King Arthur's hall. My head fell to my feet, and yet I fled not; but thou didst wax faint of heart ere any harm befell. Wherefore must I be deemed the braver knight.'

Quoth Gawain, 'I shrank once, but so will I no more; though an my head fall on the stones I cannot replace it. But haste, Sir Knight, by thy faith, and bring me to the point, deal me my destiny, and do it out of hand, for I will stand thee a stroke and move no more till thine axe have hit me — my troth on it.'

'Have at thee, then,' quoth the other, and heaved aloft the axe with fierce mien, as if he were mad. He struck at him fiercely but wounded him not, withholding his hand ere it might strike him.

Gawain abode the stroke, and flinched in no limb, but stood still as a stone or the stump of a tree that is fast rooted in the rocky ground with a hundred roots.

Then spake gaily the man in green, 'So now thou hast thine heart whole it behooves me to smite. Hold aside thy hood that Arthur gave thee, and keep thy neck thus bent lest it cover it again.'

Then Gawain said angrily, 'Why talk on thus? Thou dost threaten too long. I hope thy heart misgives thee.'

'For sooth,' quoth the other, 'so fiercely thou speakest I will no longer let thine errand wait its reward.' Then he braced himself to strike, frowning with lips and brow, 't was no marvel that it pleased but ill him who hoped for no rescue. He lifted the axe lightly and let it fall with the edge of the blade on the bare neck. Though he struck swiftly, it hurt him no more than on the one side where it severed the skin. The sharp blade cut into the flesh so that the blood ran over his shoulder to the ground. And when the knight saw the blood staining the snow, he sprang forth, swift-foot, more than a spear's length, seized his helmet and set it on his head, cast his shield over his shoulder, drew out his bright sword, and spake boldly (never since he was born was he half so blithe), 'Stop, Sir Knight, bid me no more blows. I have stood a stroke here without flinching, and if thou give me another, I shall requite thee, and give thee as good again. By the covenant made betwixt us in Arthur's hall but one blow falls to me here. Halt, therefore.'

Then the Green Knight drew off from him and leaned on his axe, setting the shaft on the ground, and looked on Gawain as he stood all armed and faced him fearlessly — at heart it pleased him well. Then he spake merrily in a loud voice, and said to the knight, 'Bold sir, be not so fierce; no man here hath done thee wrong, nor will do, save by covenant, as we made at Arthur's court. I

promised thee a blow and thou hast it — hold thyself well paid! I release thee of all other claims. If I had been so minded I might perchance have given thee a rougher buffet. First I menaced thee with a feigned one, and hurt thee not for the covenant that we made in the first night, and which thou didst hold truly. All the gain didst thou give me as a true man should. The other feint I proffered thee for the morrow: my fair wife kissed thee, and thou didst give me her kisses — for both those days I gave thee two blows without scathe — true man, true return. But the third time thou didst fail, and therefore hadst thou that blow. For 't is *my* weed thou wearest, that same woven girdle, my own wife wrought it, that do I wot for sooth. Now know I well thy kisses, and thy conversation, and the wooing of my wife, for 't was mine own doing. I sent her to try thee, and in sooth I think thou art the most faultless knight that ever trod earth. As a pearl among white peas is of more worth than they, so is Gawain, i' faith, by other knights. But thou didst lack a little, Sir Knight, and wast wanting in loyalty, yet that was for no evil work, nor for wooing neither, but because thou lovedst thy life — therefore I blame thee the less.'

Then the other stood a great while, still sorely angered and vexed within himself; all the blood flew to his face, and he shrank for shame as the Green Knight spake; and the first words he said were, 'Cursed be ye, cowardice and covetousness, for in ye is the destruction of virtue.' Then he loosed the girdle, and gave it to the knight. 'Lo, take there the falsity, may foul befall it! For fear of thy blow cowardice bade me make friends with covetousness and forsake the customs of largess and loyalty, which befit all knights. Now am I faulty and false and have been afeared: from treachery and untruth come sorrow and care. I avow to thee, Sir Knight, that I have ill done; do then thy will. I shall be more wary hereafter.'

Then the other laughed and said gaily, 'I wot I am whole of the hurt I had, and thou hast made such free confession of thy misdeeds, and hast so borne the penance of mine axe edge, that I hold thee absolved from that sin, and purged as clean as if thou hadst never sinned since thou wast born. And this girdle that is wrought with gold and green, like my raiment, do I give thee, Sir Gawain, that thou mayest think upon this chance when thou goest forth among princes of renown, and keep this for a token of the adventure of the Green Chapel, as it chanced between chivalrous knights. And thou shalt come again with me to my dwelling and pass the rest of this feast in gladness.' Then the lord laid hold of him, and said, 'I wot we shall soon make peace with my wife, who was thy bitter enemy.'

'Nay, forsooth,' said Sir Gawain, and seized his helmet and took it off swiftly, and thanked the knight: 'I have fared ill, may bliss betide thee, and may he who rules all things reward thee swiftly. Commend me to that courteous lady, thy fair wife, and to the other my honored ladies, who have beguiled their knight with skilful craft. But 't is no marvel if one be made a fool and brought to sorrow by women's wiles, for so was Adam beguiled by one, and Solomon by many, and Samson all too soon, for Delilah dealt him his doom; and David thereafter was wedded with Bathsheba, which brought him much sorrow — if one might love a woman and believe her not, 't were great gain! And since all they were beguiled by women, methinks 't is the less blame to me that I was misled! But as for thy girdle, that will I take with good will, not for gain of the gold, nor for samite, nor silk, nor the costly pendants, neither for weal nor for worship, but in sign of my frailty. I shall look upon it when I ride in renown and remind myself of the fault and faintness of the flesh; and so when pride uplifts me for prowess of arms, the sight of this lace shall humble my heart. But one thing would I pray, if it displease thee not: since thou art lord of yonder land wherein I have dwelt, tell me what thy rightful name may be, and I will ask no more."

'That will I truly,' quoth the other. 'Bernlak de Hautdesert am I called in this land. Morgain le Fay dwelleth in mine house, and through knowledge of clerkly craft hath she taken many. For long time was she the mistress of Merlin, who knew well all you knights of the court. Morgain the goddess is she called therefore, and there is none so haughty but she can bring him low. She sent me in this

guise to yon fair hall to test the truth of the renown that is spread abroad of the valor of the Round Table. She taught me this marvel to betray your wits, to vex Guinevere and fright her to death by the man who spake with his head in his hand at the high table. That is she who is at home, that ancient lady, she is even thine aunt, Arthur's half-sister, the daughter of the Duchess of Tintagel, who afterward married King Uther. Therefore I bid thee, knight, come to thine aunt, and make merry in thine house; my folk love thee, and I wish thee as well as any man on earth, by my faith, for thy true dealing.'

But Sir Gawain said nay, he would in no wise do so; so they embraced and kissed, and commended each other to the Prince of Paradise, and parted right there, on the cold ground. Gawain on his steed rode swiftly to the king's hall, and the Green Knight got him whithersoever he would.

Sir Gawain, who had thus won grace of his life, rode through wild ways on Gringalet; oft he lodged in a house, and oft without, and many adventures did he have and came off victor full often, as at this time I cannot relate in tale. The hurt that he had in his neck was healed, he bare the shining girdle as a baldric bound by his side, and made fast with a knot 'neath his left arm, in token that he was taken in a fault — and thus he came in safety again to the court.

Then joy awakened in that dwelling when the king knew that the good Sir Gawain was come, for he deemed it gain. King Arthur kissed the knight, and the queen also, and many valiant knights sought to embrace him. They asked him how he had fared, and he told them all that had chanced to him — the adventure of the chapel, the fashion of the knight, the love of the lady — at last of the lace. He showed them the wound in the neck which he won for his disloyalty at the hand of the knight; the blood flew to his face for shame as he told the tale.

'Lo, lady,' he quoth, and handled the lace, 'this is the bond of the blame that I bear in my neck, this is the harm and the loss I have suffered, the cowardice and covetousness in which I was caught, the token of my covenant in which I was taken. And I must needs wear it so long as I live, for none may hide his harm, but undone it may not be, for if it hath clung to thee once, it may never be severed.'

Then the king comforted the knight, and the court laughed loudly at the tale, and all made accord that the lords and the ladies who belonged to the Round Table, each hero among them, should wear bound about him a baldric of bright green for the sake of Sir Gawain. And to this was agreed all the honor of the Round Table, and he who ware it was honored the more thereafter, as it is testified in the book of romance. That in Arthur's days this adventure befell, the book of Brutus bears witness. For since that bold knight came hither first, and the siege and the assault were ceased at Troy, I wis

Many a venture herebefore
Hath fallen such as this:
May He that bare the crown of thorn
Bring us unto His bliss.
Amen.

NOTES

CHAUCER: THE CANTERBURY TALES

THE PROLOGUE

The following are a few practical suggestions as to pronunciation, comparison being made to sounds in modern words:

VOWELS

a — as in *f*a*ther*.
e long (often written *ee*) — as the *a* in *h*a*te*.
e short — as in *g*e*t*.
i (often *y*) long — as the vowel in *f*ee*t*.
i (often *y*) short — as in *f*i*n*.
o (often *oo*) long — as in *h*o*pe*.
o short — as in *n*o*t*.
u (sometimes *ew*) long — as in French *nature*, German *grün*.
u short — as in *f*u*ll*. Note the absence of our modern so-called 'short u,' as in modern English *b*u*t*.

DIPHTHONGS

ai, ay, ei, ey — as in *str*ai*ght*.
au, aw — as *ow* in *n*ow.
ou, ow — as in *thr*ough.

CONSONANTS

ch — as *tch* in i*tch*.
h (not initial), *gh* — guttural as *ch* in German *Nacht*.

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2. 1. *shoures soote*, sweet showers.
2. *droghte*, dryness.
3. *swich licour*, such liquor (sap).
4. *vertu*, power.
5. *Zephirus*, the west wind. *eek*, also.
6. *holt*, wood, grove. *heeth*, heath, open country.
7. *croppes*, shoots. *yonge sonne*, young sun,— young because it had recently entered upon its annual course through the signs of the zodiac.
8. *Hath . . . y-ronne. Ram*, one of the signs of the zodiac, Aries. 'Hath run his half-course in the Ram' means that it was past the eleventh of April.
9. *fowles*, birds in general.
10. *yë*, eye.
11. *So . . . corages*, so nature excites them in their hearts (feelings).
13. *palmers*, pilgrims to foreign parts. Originally, a palmer was one who made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land and brought home a palm-branch as a token. *strondes*, shores.
14. *ferne halwes couthe*, distant shrines known.
16. *wende*, go.
17. *blisful*, blessed. *martir*, Thomas à Becket. *seke*, seek.
18. *That . . . seke*, 'who hath helped them when they were sick.' Notice the riming,— *seke . . . seke*,— of identical forms that have different meanings.
19. *bifel*, it befell.
20. *Southwerk*, Southwark, on the south bank of the Thames, across from London. *Tabard*, an inn, of which the sign was a tabard, or sleeveless jacket.
22. *corage*, heart.
24. *wel*, full, quite.
25–26. *by aventure . . . felawshipe*, by chance fallen into association.
27. *wolden ryde*, wished to ride.
28. *wyde*, spacious.
29. *esed atte beste*, accommodated in the best manner.
30. *to reste*, gone to rest, set.
31. *everichon*, every one.
32. *of hir felawshipe anon*, of their company immediately.
33. *forward*, agreement.
34. *ther . . . devyse*, to that place that I tell you of.
35. *natheles*, nevertheless.
37. *Me . . . resoun*, it seems to me reasonable.
38. *condicioun*, standing.
39–40. *Of . . . degree*, Of each of them, as it appeared to me, and of what sort they were, and of what social class.
41. *eek*, also. *array*, dress.
43. *worthy*, honorable.
45. *chivalrye*, knighthood.
46. *fredom*, liberality.
47. *werre*, war.
48. *therto*, besides that. *ferre*, farther.
49. *hethenesse*, heathen lands.
51. *Alisaundre*, Alexandria.
52–53. *Ful . . . Pruce*, Very many times, in Prussia, he had been placed at the head of the table, above the knights of all other nations.
54. *Lettow*, Lithuania. *reysed*, made a military expedition. *Ruce*, Russia.
55. *degree*, rank.
56. *Gernade*, Granada.
57. *Algezir*, modern Algeciras. *Belmarye*, a Moorish kingdom in Africa.

58. *Lyeys,* in Armenia. *Satalye,* on the south coast of Asia Minor.

59. *Grete See,* the Mediterranean.

60. *aryve,* landing of troops.

62. *Tramissene,* a Moorish kingdom in Africa.

63. *In . . . foo,* In the lists (field of combat at a tournament) thrice, and always slain his antagonist.

64. *ilke,* same.

65. *Somtyme,* at one time. *Palatye,* in Asiatic Turkey.

66. *Ageyn,* against.

67. *sovereyn prys,* great renown.

68. *wys,* wise.

69. *port,* bearing.

70. *vileinye,* low speech.

71. *un-to no maner wight,* to no kind of man.

72. *verray parfit gentil knight,* very perfect gentle knight.

73. *array,* dress, costume.

74. *hors,* horses. *gay,* gaudily dressed.

75. *fustian,* stout, coarse cloth. *wered,* wore. *gipoun,* a short coat worn under the armor.

76. *bismotered,* spotted. *habergeoun,* coat of mail.

77. *late y-come from his viage,* lately come from his journey.

79. *Squyer,* esquire, one who attended a knight.

80. *lovyer,* lover. *lusty,* joyful, gay. *bacheler,* a young candidate for knighthood.

81. *lokkes crulle,* locks curled.

83. *evene lengthe,* good stature.

84. *delivere,* active.

85. *chivachye,* military expedition.

89. *Flaundres,* Flanders, an ancient country of Europe, extending along the North Sea from the Strait of Dover to the mouth of the Schelde. *Artoys, Picardye,* Artois, Picardy, ancient provinces of northern France.

87. *space,* length of time.

88. *lady,* genitive singular, without *'s.*

89. *embrouded,* embroidered. *mede,* mead.

91. *floytinge,* playing the flute.

95. *coude,* knew how. *endyte,* relate, compose.

96. *juste,* joust. *purtreye,* draw, paint.

97. *nightertale,* night-time.

98. *sleep,* slept.

99. *lowly,* modest. *servisable,* helpful.

100. *carf,* carved.

101. *yeman,* yeoman: a servant of the next degree above a groom. *namo,* no more.

102. *him liste ryde,* it pleased him to ride.

104. *A sheef of pecok arwes,* a sheaf of arrows fitted with peacocks' feathers.

106. *takel,* implements; here arrows.

109. *not-heed,* hair closely cut.

111. *bracer,* a guard for the coat-sleeve, used by archers to avoid the friction of the string against the cloth.

112. *bokeler,* buckler; a small shield.

114. *harneised,* equipped.

115. *Cristofre,* 'a figure of St. Christopher, used as a brooch (Wright).'

116. *bawdrik,* baldric, belt.

117. *forster,* forester.

119. *coy,* quiet, modest.

120. *sëynt Loy,* Saint Eligius.

121. *cleped,* called.

124. *fetisly,* neatly, excellently.

125. *After . . . Bowe,* after the manner of Stratford-le-Bow. This was a monastery near London. The French of the prioress was dialectical, not Parisian.

132. *lest,* pleasure.

134. *ferthing,* a fourth part; hence a small bit.

136. *raughte,* reached.

137. *sikerly,* certainly. *of great disport,* readily amused.

138. *port,* carriage.

139–141. *And peyned . . . reverence,* and took pains to imitate courtly behavior, and to be stately in her deportment, and to be esteemed worthy of reverence.

142. *conscience,* feeling, tenderness.

143. *pitous,* compassionate.

147. *wastel breed,* bread made of fine flour.

148. *weep,* wept.

149. *yerde,* rod.

150. *conscience,* tenderness.

151. *wimpel,* a covering for the neck. *pinched,* closely pleated.

152. *tretys,* long and well-proportioned.

153. *ther-to,* besides.

156. *hardily,* certainly. *undergrowe,* undergrown, stunted.

157. *fetis,* neat, well-made.

159. *peire,* set. *gauded al with grene,* provided with green *gawdies. Gawdies* were the larger beads in the set.

160. *heng,* hung. *shene,* bright.

162. *Amor vincit omnia,* love conquers all things (Virgil, *Eclog.,* X, 69).

164. *chapeleyne.* The prioress has a female chaplain.

165. *a fair for the maistrye,* a fair one for superiority.

166. *out-rydere,* outrider, the monastic officer who visited the outlying manors belonging to the house. *venerye,* hunting.

172. *Ther as,* where. *keper,* head. *celle,* cell; a small monastery or nunnery dependent on a larger one.

173. *seint Maure,* St. Maur (d. 584). *seint Beneit,* St. Benedict (d. 543). St. Benedict founded the Benedictine order, and St. Maur was his disciple.

174. *som-del streit,* somewhat narrow, strict.

175. *ilke,* same.

176. *space,* course.

177. *yaf,* gave. *pullèd,* plucked.

182. *thilke,* that.

184. *What,* why. *wood,* mad.

185. *poure,* pore.

186. *swinken,* work.

187. *Austin,* St. Augustine (d. 604), after whom the Augustinian Canons were named.

187. *bit,* contracted from 3d. person singular present, *biddeth.*

188. *swink,* toil.

189. *pricasour,* a hard rider.

191. *priking,* riding.

193. *seigh,* saw. *purfiled,* fringed.

194. *grys,* costly grey fur.

199. *anoint,* anointed.

200. *in good point,* in good condition. Cf. French *en bon point.*

201. *stepe,* prominent.

202. *stemed,* shone. *Leed,* caldron.

203. *botes souple,* boots soft.

205. *for-pyned goost,* tormented ghost.

207. *palfrey,* riding-horse.

208. *frere,* friar. *wantown,* brisk, lively.

209. *limitour,* a begging friar to whom was assigned a certain district, within which he might solicit alms. *ful solempne,* very important.

210. *ordres foure.* The four orders of mendicant friars were: (1) the Dominicans, or Black Friars; (2) the Franciscans, or Grey Friars; (3) the Carmelites, or White Friars; (4) the Augustin, or Austin Friars. These orders arose in the early part of the thirteenth century. *can,* knows.

211. *daliaunce and fair language,* gossip and flattery.

216. *frankeleyns,* wealthy farmers. *over-al,* everywhere.

219. *curat,* parish priest.

220. *licentiat,* provided with a licence from the Pope to hear confession in all places.

223. *yeve,* give.

224. *Ther . . . pitaunce,* where he knew he was sure to have good things to eat.

225. *povre,* poor. *yive,* give.

226. *y-shrive,* confessed, shriven.

227. *yaf,* gave. *dorste make avaunt,* dared make boast, dared assert confidently.

228. *wiste,* knew.

230. *He . . . smerte,* He cannot weep, although it may pain him sorely.

232. *Men moot yeve,* one ought to give.

233. *tipet,* hood. *farsed,* stuffed.

236. *rote,* a kind of violin.

237. *yeddinges,* songs. *prys,* prize.

238. *flour-de-lys,* lily.

239. *champioun,* athlete.

241. *hostiler,* inn-keeper. *tappestere,* female tapster.

242. *Bet . . . beggestere,* better than a leper or a female beggar.

244. *as by his facultee,* considering his ability.

246. *honest,* becoming. *avaunce,* profit.

247. *poraille,* poor people, rabble.

248. *riche,* rich people. *vitaille,* victuals.

249–250. *And over-al . . . servyse,* And everywhere where profit was likely to arise, he was polite, and humble in offering his services.

251. *vertuous,* efficient.

253. *sho,* shoe.

254. *In principio,* In the beginning,— the opening words of the Gospel according to St. John.

256. *purchas,* proceeds from begging. *rente,* regular income.

257. *rage,* romp. *as . . whelpe,* exactly as if he were a puppy.

258. *love-dayes,* days fixed for settling differences by umpire, without having recourse to law or violence. *mochel,* greatly.

260. *cope,* an outer vestment for a cleric.

262. *semi-cope,* short cope.

263. *presse,* mold.

264. *lipsed,* lisped.

271. *mottelee,* motley costume. *hye,* high.

273. *fetisly,* see 1. 124.

274. *resons,* opinions.

275. *Sowninge . . . winning,* tending always to the increase of his profit.

276. *kept,* guarded.

277. *Middelburgh,* a port on an island off the coast of the Netherlands. *Orewelle,* an English port, across the North Sea from Middelburgh, at the mouth of the Orwell River.

278. *Wel . . . selle,* well knew how to sell crowns in exchange. *Sheeldes,* or crowns, were valued at 3 shillings 4 pence.

279. *bisette,* used.

280. *wiste,* knew.

281–282. *So estatly . . . chevisaunce,* So ceremoniously did he order his bargains and agreements for borrowing money.

283. *sothe,* truly.

284. *noot,* know not.

285. *Clerk,* scholar.

286. *y-go,* gone.

288. *nas,* was not.

289. *holwe,* hollow. *soberly,* adj. sad, solemn.

290. *overest courtepy,* uppermost short cloak.

291. *benefice,* a church office endowed with a revenue.

292. *office,* secular office.

293. *him . . . have,* it was dearer to him to have.

295. *Aristotle,* Greek philosopher, 384–322 B. C.

296. *fithele,* fiddle. *sautrye,* psaltery; an instrument like a zither, having a sounding-box under the strings.

297–8. *philosophre,* used in the double sense of philosopher and alchemist. It was commonly believed that alchemists could produce gold.

299. *hente,* seize, get.

302. *Of hem . . . scoleye,* of those who gave him (money) with which to go to school.

303. *cure,* care.

304. *O,* one.

305. *in . . . reverence,* in due form and dignity.

306. *hy sentence,* lofty meaning.

307. *sowninge in,* conducive to.

309. *Sergeant of the Lawe,* a law officer of the crown. *war,* cautious.

310. *parvys,* church-porch. It was customary for lawyers to meet for consultation at the portico of St. Paul's, London.

312. *reverence,* dignity.

313. *swich,* such.

314. *assyse,* session of a court.

315. *By patente . . . commissioun,* by letter patent (definite legal authorization) or by full (unlimited) authorization.

318. *purchasour,* conveyancer.

319. *fee simple,* held in absolute possession.

320. *purchasing,* conveyancing. *infect,* invalid.

323. *In termes . . . alle,* he had (in mind) exactly all the cases and decisions.

325. *Therto,* moreover. *endyte,* write. *make,* draw up.

326. *pinche at,* find fault with.

327. *coude . . . rote,* knew he fully by rote.

328. *medlee cote,* a coat of mixed stuff or color.

329. *ceint,* girdle. *barres,* ornaments, or studs, of a girdle.

330. *array,* costume.

331. *Frankeleyn,* a wealthy farmer.

332. *berd,* beard. *dayesye,* daisy.

333. 'The old school of medicine, following Galen, supposed that there were four "humours," *viz.* hot, cold, moist, and dry, and four complexions or temperaments of men, *viz.* the sanguine, the choleric, the phlegmatic, and the melancholy. The man of sanguine complexion abounded in hot and moist humours (Skeat).' See note to line 421.

334. *by the morwe,* in the morning. *a sop in wyn,* wine with pieces of cake in it.

335. *delyt,* pleasure. *wone,* custom.

336. *Epicurus* (d. 270 B. C.), a Greek philosopher who assumed pleasure to be the highest good.

337. *pleyn,* full.

340. *Seynt Iulian;* 'St. Julian was eminent for providing his votaries with good lodgings and accommodations of all sorts (Chambers).'

341. *alwey after oon,* always up to the standard.

342. *envyned,* stored with wine.

343. *bake mete,* meat pie.

344. *plentevous,* plenteous.

345. *snewed,* snowed.

347. *after,* according to.

348. *soper,* supper.

349. *mewe,* coop.

350. *breem,* bream, a fresh water fish. *luce,* pike. *stewe,* fishpond.

351. *but-if,* unless.

352. *gere,* utensils.

353. *table dormant,* a table fixed to the floor, irremovable. The Franklin kept open house.

355. *sessiouns,* meetings of the justices of the peace.

357. *anlas,* a knife or dagger. *gipser,* pouch.

358. *heng,* hung. *morne,* morning.

359. *shirreve,* 'governor of a county (Skeat)'; our modern word *sheriff*. *countour,* accountant.

360. *vavasour,* a sub-vassal of a king's vassal.

362. *Webbe,* weaver. *Tapicer,* upholsterer.

363. *in o liveree,* in one livery.

364. *solempne,* dignified. *fraternitee,* gild.

365. *hir gere apyked,* their apparel trimmed.

366. *y-chaped,* provided with *chapes,* caps of metal at the end of the sheath.

368. *everydeel,* every part.

369. *burgeys,* burgess, citizen.

370. *To . . . deys,* to sit on a dais in a gild-hall.

371. *Everich,* each. *can,* knows.

372. *shaply,* adapted, fit.

373. *catel,* property. *ynogh,* enough. *rente,* income.

376. *y-clept,* called.

377. *vigilyës.* 'It was the manner in times past, upon festival evens, called *vigiliae,* for parishioners to meet in their church-houses or church-yards, and there to have a drinking-fit for the time (Speght).' *al bifore,* before all the others.

378. *roialliche y-bore,* royally borne.

379. *for the nones,* for the occasion.

380. *mary-bones,* marrow-bones.

381. *poudre-marchant,* a sharp flavoring powder. *galingale,* root of sweet cyperus.

384. *mortreux,* a kind of soup.

385. *thoughte me,* seemed to me.

386. *mormal,* cancer, open sore.

387. *blankmanger,* 'a compound made of capon minced, with rice, milk, sugar, and almonds (Skeat).'

388. *woning . . . weste,* dwelling far westward.

389. *woot,* know. *Dertemouthe,* Dartmouth, an important sea-port on the southwest coast of England.

390. *rouncy,* nag. *couthe,* knew how.

391. *falding,* coarse cloth.

392. *laas,* cord, lace.

396–7. *Ful . . . sleep,* Very many a draught of wine had he drawn (stolen!) from Bordeaux-way, while the merchant slept.

398. *Of nyce . . . keep,* He had no regard for a fussy conscience.

400. *By water . . . lond, i.e.,* he made them 'walk the plank.'

402. *stremes,* currents. *him bisydes,* near him.

403. *herberwe,* harbor. *mone,* moon. *lodemenage,* pilotage.

404. *Hulle,* Hull. *Cartage,* Carthage.

405. *undertake,* assume responsibility.

408. *Gootlond,* Gottland, an island in the Baltic sea. *Finistere,* Cape Finisterre, on the northern coast of Spain.

409. *cryke,* creek, inlet.

414. *astronomye,* astrology.

415. *kepte,* watched.

416. *houres,* astrological hours. 'A great portion of the medical science of the middle ages depended upon astrological and other superstitious observances (Wright).'

417. *fortunen,* predict. *ascendent,* the point of the zodiacal circle which happens to be ascending above the horizon at a given moment.

418. *images.* 'It was believed that images of men and animals could be made of certain substances and *at certain times,* and could be so treated as to cause good or evil to a patient, by means of magical and planetary influences (Skeat).'

421. *humour.* The four elementary qualities, or *humours,* were hot, cold, dry, and moist. The excess of some one humor was thought to cause disease. The mixture of humors in a man determined his *complexion,* or temperament. The *sanguine complexion* was thought to be hot and moist; the *phlegmatic,* cold and moist; the *choleric,* hot and dry; the *melancholy,* cold and dry.

422. *parfit practisour,* perfect practitioner.

424. *bote,* remedy.

426. *drogges,* drugs. *letuaries,* electuaries, syrups.

428. *Hir,* their.

429. *Esculapius;* Æsculapius, god of medicine.

430. *Deiscorides,* Dioscorides, a Greek physician of the 2d century. *Rufus,* a Greek physician of the 1st century.

431. *Ypocras, Hippocrates,* a Greek physician (460–c. 377 B. C.). *Galien,* Galen, a Greek physician of the 2d century.

431–3. *Haly,* Serapion, Rhazis, Avicenna, Averroës, and John Damascene were Arabian medical authorities.

433–4. Constantinus Afer, Bernardus Gordonius, John Gatisden, and Gilbertus Anglicus were European medical authorities of the later middle ages.

435. *measurable,* moderate.

439. *sangwin,* red. *pers,* blue.

440. *taffata, sendal,* two kinds of thin silk.

441. *esy of dispence,* moderate in expenditure.

443. *For,* since, because.

445. *of bisyde Bathe,* from (a place) near Bath.

446. *som-del* somewhat. *scathe,* misfortune.

447. *haunt,* practice, use.

448. *passed,* surpassed. *Ypres, Gaunt,* Ypres, Ghent, cities in Flanders.

450. *to the offring.* The people themselves offered bread and wine for consecration at mass.

453. *coverchiefs,* coverings for the head. *ground,* texture.

454. *weyeden,* weighed.

456. *hosen,* leggings.

457. *streite y-teyd,* tightly fastened. *moiste,* soft.

460. *at chirche-dore.* The marriage ceremony took place at the church-porch.

461. *withouten,* besides.

462. *as nouthe,* now, at present.

465. *Boloigne,* Boulogne.

466. *In Galice at seint Iame,* the shrine of St. James at Compostella in Galicia. *Coloigne,* Cologne. The Wife of Bath had had wide experience in making pilgrimages.

467. *coude,* knew.

468. *Gat-tothed,* goat-toothed, lascivious.

469. *amblere,* ambling horse.

470. *Y-wimpled,* provided with a wimple.

471. *targe,* target, shield.

472. *foot-mantel,* an outer skirt.

474. *carpe,* prate.

475. *remedies of love,* allusion to title and content of Ovid's *Remedia Amoris.*

476. *the olde daunce,* the old game.

478. *Persoun,* parish priest.

482. *parisshens,* parishioners.

485. *y-preved ofte sythes,* proved oftentimes.

486. *cursen for his tythes,* excommunicate for not paying the tithes that were due him.

487. *yeven, out of doute,* give, without doubt.

489. *offring,* voluntary gifts of his parishioners. *substaunce,* regular income derived from his benefice.

490. *suffisaunce,* a sufficiency.

492. *ne lafte not,* left not, ceased not.

493. *meschief,* mishap.

494. *ferreste,* farthest. *moche and lyte,* great and small.

496. *ensample,* example. *yaf,* gave.

497. *wroghte,* wrought, worked.

498. *Out of the gospel,* see Matthew V., 19. *tho,* the.

502. *lewed,* ignorant.

507. He did not leave his parish duties to be performed by a stranger.

508. *leet,* left.

509. *sëynt Poules,* St. Paul's.

510. *chaunterie,* chantry; 'an endowment for the payment of a priest to sing mass, agreeably to the appointment of the founder (Skeat).'

511. *bretherhed,* brotherhood. *withholde,* supported.

516. *despitous,* contemptuous.

517. *daungerous,* unapproachable. *digne,* full of dignity, repellent.

519. *fairnesse,* a fair life.

523. *snibben,* reprimand.

525. *wayted after,* looked for.

526. *spyced,* fussy.

530. *y-lad,* led, carried. *fother,* load.

531. *swinkere,* worker.

534. *thogh . . . smerte,* though it pleased him or hurt him.

535. *thanne,* then.

536. *dyke,* make ditches. *delve,* dig.

540. *his propre swink,* his own labor. *catel,* property.

541. *tabard,* sleeveless jacket. *mere,* mare. Persons of quality did not ride mares.

542. *Reve,* steward or bailiff of a manor.

543. *Somnour,* summoner for an ecclesiastical court. *Pardoner,* one who had the Pope's licence to sell pardons and indulgences.

544. *Maunciple,* manciple, a caterer or steward for a college or inn of court.

545. *carl,* fellow.

546. *braun,* muscle.

547. *over-al ther he cam,* everywhere where he came.

548. *ram.* A ram was the usual prize at a wrestling-match.

549. *a thikke knarre,* a thick knotted fellow.

550. *nolde heve of harre,* would not heave off its hinge.

551. *renning,* running.

554. *cop,* top.

557. *nose-thirles,* nostrils.

560. *Ianglere,* loud talker. *goliardeys,* a teller of ribald stories.

561. *harlotryes,* scurrility.

562. *tollen thryes,* a part of the corn ground was legally taken by a miller in payment for grinding. Our miller took thrice the legal allowance.

563. *a thombe of gold,* a common expression to describe the value of a miller's skill in testing meal or flour between the thumb and finger. *pardee,* a common and mild oath.

564. *wered,* wore.

565. *sowne,* sound.

567. *temple,* an inn of court.

568. *which,* whom. *achatours,* purchasers.

570. *took by taille,* took by tally, took on credit.

571. *Algate . . . achat,* Always he watched so in his buying.

572. *ay biforn,* always before.

574. *swich a lewed,* such an unlearned.

577. *curious,* careful.

581. *his propre good,* his own income.

582. *dettelees,* without debt. *but he were wood,* unless he were mad.

583. *Or . . . desire,* Or live as economically as it pleased him to desire.
584. *al a,* a whole.
586. *sette . . . cappe,* cheated them all.
587. *colerik,* see note to 1. 421.
588. *ny,* nigh, close.
592. *Y-lyk,* like. *y-sene,* visible.
593. *gerner,* garner.
595. *wiste,* knew. *droghte,* drought. *reyn,* rain.
597. *neet,* cattle. *dayerye,* dairy.
598. *hors,* horses. *stoor,* farm stock.
599. *hoolly,* wholly.
600. *covenaunt,* contract. *yaf,* gave.
602. *Ther . . . arrerage,* No one could prove him to be in arrears.
603. *herde,* herdsman. *hyne,* hind, farm-laborer.
604. *sleighte,* trickery. *covyne,* deceit.
605. *adrad,* afraid. *the deeth,* pestilence.
606. *woning,* dwelling.
609. *astored,* provided with stores.
611. *lene,* lend.
613. *mister,* trade, craft.
614. *wel,* very. *wrighte,* wright, workman.
615. *stot,* stallion.
616. *pomely grey,* gray dappled with apple-like spots.
617. *surcote,* upper coat. *pers,* blue.
619. *Northfolk,* Norfolk.
621. *Tukked he was,* his long coat tucked up by means of a girdle.
622. *hindreste,* hindmost.
623. *Somnour;* see note to l. 543.
624. *cherubinnes,* cherub's.
625. *sawceflem,* afflicted with pimples. *narwe,* small.
627. *scalled,* scabby. *blake,* black. *piled,* scanty, thin.
629. *litarge,* litharge, white lead.
630. *boras,* borax. *ceruce,* ceruse, cosmetic made from white lead. *oille of tartre,* cream of tartar.
632. *whelkes,* pimples.
633. *knobbes,* large pimples.
636. *Thanne,* then. *wood,* mad.
644. *grope,* test.
646. *Questio quid iuris,* The question is, what law (is there)?
647. *harlot,* a fellow of low conduct.
651. *atte fulle,* fully.
653. *owher,* somewhere.
655. *erchedeknes curs,* archdeacon's curse, excommunication.
656. *But-if,* unless.
661. *wol slee,* will slay. *assoilling,* absolution.
662. *significavit.* A writ of excommunication usually began with this word.
663. *In daunger,* within his jurisdiction. *gyse,* manner.
664. *girles,* young people of both sexes.
665. *hir reed,* their adviser.
666. *gerland,* garland.
667. *ale-stake,* a support for a garland in front of an ale-house.
669. *Pardoner;* see note to l. 543.
670. *Rouncivale,* a hospital near Charing Cross, London.
673. *bar . . . burdoun,* sang bass to his treble.
675. *heer,* hair. *wex,* wax.
676. *heng,* hung. *strike of flex,* hank of flax.
677. *ounces,* thin clusters.
679. *colpons,* portions.
680. *for Iolitee,* for smartness. *wered,* wore.
681. *trussed up,* packed up.
682. *Him thoughte,* it seemed to him. *Iet,* fashion.
685. *vernicle,* 'a diminutive of *Veronike* (Veronica), a copy in miniature of the picture of Christ which is supposed to have been miraculously imprinted upon a handkerchief preserved in the church of St. Peter at Rome (Tyrwhitt).'
687. *Bret-ful,* brimful.
692. *Berwik,* Berwick, on north east coast of England. *Ware,* in Hertfordshire.
694. *male,* bag. *pilwe-bear,* pillow-case.
695. *lady,* genitive singular.
696. *gobet,* a small piece.
697. *wente,* walked.
698. *hente,* caught hold of.
699. *latoun,* a mixed metal. *ful of,* set with.
702. *person,* parson. *up-on lond,* in the country.
703. *a,* one.
704. *tweye,* two.
705. *Iapes,* tricks.
706. *apes,* dupes.
710. *alderbest,* best of all.
712. *affyle,* make smooth.
716. *Thestat,* the estate. *tharray,* the array, appearance.
719. *highte,* was called. *Belle,* probably another tavern.
721. *baren us,* conducted ourselves.
723. *viage,* journey.
726. *That . . . vileinye,* That you ascribe it not to my ill-breeding.
728. *chere,* appearance.
729. *hir wordes proprely,* their words exactly.
731. *shal telle,* has to tell. *after,* according to.
732. *moot,* must.
733. *Everich a,* every single. *charge,* undertaking.
734. *Al,* although. *rudeliche,* rudely. *large,* freely.
736. *feyne,* feign, distort.
739. *brode,* broadly.
740. *woot,* know. *vileinye,* ill-breeding.
744. *Al,* although.
747. *everichon,* every one.
750. *us leste,* it pleased us.
752. *marshal.* The 'marshal of the hall' assigned guests to their seats at public festivals according to their rank.
753. *stepe,* bright.
754. *burgeys,* burgess, citizen. *Chepe,* Cheapside in London.
757. *Eek therto,* also besides.
760. *our rekeninges,* our bills.
765. *herberwe,* inn.
766. *wiste,* knew.
768. *To doon yow ese,* to give you pleasure.
770. *The blisful . . . mede,* May the blessed martyr give you your reward.

772. *shapen yow,* intend. *talen,* tell tales.
775. *disport,* sport.
776. *erst,* first.
777. *And . . . alle,* And if it is pleasing to you all.
781. *fader,* genitive singular. *deed,* dead.
782. *But,* unless. *heed,* head.
784. *seche,* seek.
785. *Us . . . wys,* It seemed to us not worth while to make it a matter of deliberation.
786. *avys,* consideration.
787. *as him leste,* as it pleased him.
788. *herkneth,* listen, 2d pers. plur. imperative.
791. *shorte,* make short.
792. *viage,* journey. *tweye,* two.
795. *aventures,* occurrences. *whylom,* formerly. *han,* have.
798. *sentence,* meaning, content. *solas,* amusement.
799. *our aller cost,* the cost of us all.
805. *withseye,* oppose.
807. *vouche-sauf,* grant.
809. *shape me therfore,* prepare myself for it.
810. *othes swore,* oaths sworn.
816. *devys,* direction.
819. *fet,* fetched.
820. *echoon,* each one.
823. *our aller cok,* cock of us all.
824. *gadrede,* gathered.
825. *riden,* rode. *pas,* foot-pace.
826. St. Thomas a Watering was two miles from Southwark.
828. *herkneth;* see note to l. 788. *if you leste,* if it pleases you.
829. *woot,* know. *forward,* agreement. *yow recorde,* call to your mind.
830. *If . . . acorde,* If even-song (vespers) and matins agree; *i.e.,* if you are minded this morning as you were last night.
832. *As . . . ale,* As surely as I ever hope to be able to drink wine or ale.
835. *draweth, draw,* 2d pers. plur. imperative. *ferrer twinne,* farther depart.
838. *acord,* agreement.
839. *neer,* nearer.
842. *wight,* person.
844. *sort,* lot, destiny.
845. *fil,* fell.
847. *resoun,* reasonable.
848. *forward,* agreement. *composicioun,* compact.
850. *saugh,* saw.
854, *a,* in.
855. *riden,* rode.

THE NUN'S PRIEST'S TALE

1. *widwe,* widow. *stope,* advanced.
2. *whylom,* formerly. *narwe,* narrow, small.
5. *thilke,* that.
6. *ladde,* led.
7. *catel,* property. *rente,* income.
8. *housbondrye,* economy.
9. *fond,* found, supported. *doghtren,* daughters.
11. *highte,* was called.
12. *bour,* bower, inner room.
13. *sclendre meel,* slender meal.
14. *Of . . . deel,* Of poignant sauce she had not the slightest need.
15. *thurgh,* through.
17. *Repleccioun,* overeating.
19. *hertes suffisaunce,* heart's satisfaction.
20. *lette hir no-thing,* prevented her not at all.
21. *poplexye shente,* apoplexy hurt.
25. *Seynd,* singed. *ey or tweye,* egg or two.
26. *deye,* dairy-woman.
28. *dich,* ditch.
30. *nas,* was not.
31. *merier,* pleasanter, sweeter.
32. *messe-dayes,* mass-days.
33. *sikerer,* more certain. *logge,* lodging-place.
34. *orlogge,* clock.
35–8. The cock crew every hour, for fifteen degrees of the equinoctial make an hour. *Thanne,* then.
39. *fyn,* fine.
40. *batailed,* indented like a battlement.
41. *bile,* bill. *Ieet,* jet.
42. *toon,* toes.
47. *paramours,* lovers.
48. *as of,* as to.
50. *cleped,* called.
51. *debonaire,* gracious.
52. *compaignable,* companionable.
53. *thilke,* that same.
54. *in hold,* in possession.
55. *loken in every lith,* locked in every limb.
59. '*my lief . . . londe,*' 'my beloved has gone away.' Probably the refrain of a popular song.
61. *briddes,* birds.
62. *bifel,* happened.
67. *drecched,* troubled.
70. *eyleth,* ails.
71. *verray,* true.
73. *agrief,* amiss.
74. *me mette,* I dreamed. *meschief,* mishap.
76. *my . . . aright,* interpret my dream favorably.
78. *me mette,* I dreamed.
79. *saugh,* saw.
81. *deed,* dead.
85. *tweye,* two.
86. *deye,* die.
88. *Avoy,* fie. *herteles,* coward.
94. *free,* generous.
95. *secree,* secret, discreet.
96. *tool,* weapon.
97. *avauntour,* boaster.
99. *aferd,* afraid.
101. *swevenis,* dreams.
103. *repleccioun,* gluttony.
104. *fume,* vapor arising from gluttony. *compleccioun;* see note to *Prologue,* l. 421.
106. *met,* dreamed.
108. *rede colera,* 'red cholera caused by too much bile and blood (Skeat).'
110. *lemes,* gleams.
112. *contek,* strife.
113. *humour of malencolye, i.e.,* black choler.
115. *boles blake,* bulls black.
120. *Catoun,* Cato's *Distichs.* This collection of

sayings, of uncertain authorship, was well known as early as the 4th century.

121. *do no fors,* pay no heed to.

122. *flee,* fly. *bemes,* beams, perches.

124. *Up,* upon.

130. *prow,* profit.

131. *tho,* the.

132. *kynde,* nature.

133. *binethe,* beneath.

135. *colerik of complecciouη;* see note to l. 104.

136. *Ware,* beware.

137. *humours hote;* see note to *Prologue,* l. 421.

138. *grote,* groat.

139. *fevere terciane,* tertian fever, a fever occurring every second day.

143. *lauriol,* laurel. *centaure,* the herb centaury. *fumetere,* the herb fumitory.

144. *ellebor,* hellebore.

145. *catapuce,* the herb spurge. *gaytres beryis,* dogwood berries.

146. *yve,* ivy. *mery,* pleasant. The herbs mentioned are disagreeable to the taste!

148. *fader kyn,* father's kinsmen.

149. *Dredeth,* 2d pers. plur. imperative.

150. *graunt mercy,* great thanks.

151. *daun,* dan, Lord, a title given to monks, and to many other sorts of persons.

156. *so moot I thee,* as I may prosper. An expletive phrase.

157. *sentence,* sense.

163. *verray preve,* true proof.

164. *Oon . . . auctours,* refers to Cicero's *De Divinatione.*

165. *whylom,* formerly.

169. *streit of herbergage,* cramped of lodging, lacking in quarters.

170. *o,* one.

173. *departen,* separate.

175. *as . . . falle,* as it chanced.

177. *Fer,* far.

179. *aventure,* chance.

180. *That . . . commune,* That governs us all alike.

182. *mette,* dreamed.

185. *ther,* where.

188. *abrayde,* started suddenly.

190. *took . . . keep,* paid no heed to this.

191. *Him thoughte,* it seemed to him. *nas,* was not.

194. *slawe,* slain.

196. *morwe-tyde,* morning-time.

198. *donge,* dung.

200. *Do . . . arresten,* have that cart stopped.

201. *sooth to sayn,* to say the truth.

206. *in,* inn.

210. *agon,* gone.

213. *mette,* dreamed.

214. *lette,* delay.

216. *to donge,* to put dung upon.

222. *upright,* lying flat on his back.

223. *ministres,* officers of justice.

224. *kepe and reulen,* guard and rule.

225. *Harrow,* a cry of distress. *lyth,* lies.

226. *What,* why.

227. *out-sterte,* started out.

231. *biwreyest,* makest known.

233. *wlatsom,* loathsome.

235. *it heled be,* it to be concealed.

238. *ministres,* officers of justice.

239. *han hent,* have seized. *pyned,* punished.

240. *engyned,* tortured.

241. *biknewe,* confessed.

246. *gabbe,* lie, jest.

247. *han,* have.

248. *fer,* far.

251. *mery,* pleasant.

252. *agayn,* toward.

253. *as hem leste,* as they desired.

254. *Iolif,* cheerful. *hir,* their.

255. *casten hem,* plan.

256. *oo,* one.

258. *mette,* dreamed. *agayn,* toward.

259. *Him thoughte,* it seemed to him.

260. *abyde,* wait.

261. *wende,* go away.

262. *dreynt,* drowned.

263. *wook,* woke. *mette,* dreamed.

264. *And . . . lette,* And urged him to abandon his journey.

265. *abyde,* stay.

268. *agaste,* terrify.

269. *lette . . . thinges,* give up doing my business.

271. *swevenes,* dreams. *Iapes,* deceptions.

273. *mase,* maze.

274. *shal,* shall be.

276. *for-sleuthen,* lose through sloth. *tyde,* time.

277. *God . . . me,* God knows it causes me sorrow.

279. *y-seyled,* sailed.

280. *eyled,* ailed.

281. *botme rente,* bottom burst.

286. *ensamples,* examples. *maistow lere,* mayest thou learn.

287. *recchelees,* careless.

290. *seint Kenelm.* 'Kenelm succeeded his father Kenulph on the throne of the Mercians in 821 at the age of seven years, and was murdered by order of his aunt, Quenedreda. He was subsequently made a saint (Wright).'

292. *Mercenrike,* Mercia. *mette,* dreamed.

293. *A lyte er,* a little while before.

294. *avisioun,* vision. *say,* saw.

295. *norice,* nurse. *del,* part, bit.

296. *kepe,* guard.

297. *For traisoun,* for fear of treason. *nas,* was not.

298. *litel . . . told,* little heed hath he paid.

300. *levere,* rather.

301. *legende,* life of a saint.

302. *yow,* to you.

303–4. *Macrobeus.* Macrobius (early 5th century) wrote a commentary on Cicero's *Somnium Scipionis.*

305. *Affermeth,* confirms.

307. *loketh, look,* 2d pers. plur. imperative.

308. *Daniel.* See Daniel, ii.

310–315. *Joseph.* See Genesis, xxxix–xli.

311. *Wher,* whether, or where.

312. *falle,* occur.

316. *actes,* history. *remes,* realms, kingdoms.

318. *Cresus,* Crœsus. *Lyde,* Lydia.

319. *Mette,* dreamed.

321. *heer,* here. *Andromacha.* The dream of Andromache, wife of Hector, is recorded not in Homer but in the *De Excidio Troiae* of Dares Phrygius, a popular mediæval authority on the Trojan war.

324. *lorn,* lost.

325. *thilke,* the same.

327. *natheles,* nevertheless.

330. *ny,* nigh.

331. *as for conclusion,* in conclusion.

334. *That . . . store,* That I have no confidence in laxatives.

335. *woot,* know.

336. *defye,* renounce. *del,* bit.

337. *stinte,* cease.

339. *o,* one.

343. *siker,* certain. *In principio,* In the beginning,— the opening words of the Gospel according to John in the Vulgate.

344. *Mulier . . . confusio.* Woman is the undoing of man.

345. *sentence,* meaning.

350. *solas,* mirth, pleasure.

355. *lay,* that lay.

356. *aferd,* afraid.

359. *leoun,* lion.

365. *aventure,* chance, misfortune.

367. *month . . . bigan.* According to mediæval chronology, the world began at the vernal equinox.

368. *highte,* was called.

370. *Sin March bigan,* used parenthetically here. What we are really told is that all of March and 32 days more were gone,— an indirect way of indicating that it was May 3.

371. *Bifel,* it befell.

374. *Taurus,* the Bull, one of the signs of the zodiac. *y-ronne,* run.

376. *kynde,* nature.

377. *pryme,* prime, 9 o'clock. *stevene,* voice.

383. *solas,* pleasure, mirth.

384. *him fil,* befell him. *cas,* occurrence, chance.

386. *woot,* knows. *ago,* gone.

387. *rethor,* rhetorician. *endyte,* write, relate.

388. *chronique,* chronicle. *saufly,* safely.

389. *a sovereyn notabilitee,* a particularly worthy saying.

391. *undertake,* affirm.

392. *book of Launcelot de Lake.* The famous romance of Lancelot was full of incredible adventures.

394. *sentence,* meaning, thread of the story.

395. *col-fox,* a black-tipped fox.

396. *woned,* dwelt.

397. *heigh imaginacioun,* lofty calculation

398. *hegges,* hedges.

399. *ther,* where.

401. *wortes,* herbs.

402. *undern,* here, about 11 o'clock A. M.

407. *Scariot,* Judas Iscariot. *Genilon,* Ganelon, the traitor who betrayed Roland. See *The Song of Roland.*

408. *dissimilour,* deceiver. *Sinon,* the spy who persuaded the Trojans to take the wooden horse into Troy.

409. *al outrely,* utterly.

410. *morwe,* morning.

411. *flough,* flew.

414. *forwot,* foreknows. *mot,* must.

416. *Witnesse . . . is,* Bring to witness any one who is a perfect scholar.

418. *disputisoun,* dispute.

420. *bulte it to the bren,* bolt it to the bran, *i.e.,* sift the matter.

421. *Augustyn.* St. Augustine (d. 430), a great theologian.

422. *Boece,* Boethius (d. 525), wrote *On the Consolation of Philosophy,* in which, among other things, he discusses God's foreknowledge and man's free will. *Bradwardyn,* Thomas Bradwardine, an Oxford theologian of the early 14th century, wrote *On the Cause of God,* in which he discusses the problem of free will and predestination.

423. *forwiting,* foreknowledge.

424. *streyneth me nedely,* constrains me necessarily.

428. *forwot,* foreknew.

429. *Or . . . del,* Or if his knowledge forces not at all.

430. *necessitee condicionel,* conditional necessity, *i.e.,* mere foresight, on God's part, of what man is going to do voluntarily.

431. *han,* have. *swich,* such.

433. *with sorwe,* sorrow take her!

436. *colde,* baneful.

440. *noot,* know not.

442. *in my game,* jokingly.

447. *sond,* sand.

448. *Lyth,* lyeth.

449. *Agayn,* against, in.

451. *Phisiologus.* A book, in Latin verse, describing the nature of certain animals, written by one Theobaldus, of uncertain date.

456. *no-thing . . . crowe,* Then it did not at all please him to crow.

457. *sterte,* started.

458. *affrayed,* frightened.

461. *erst,* first.

467. *vileinye,* rudeness.

471. *stevene,* voice.

474. *Boece.* See note to l. 422. Boethius wrote a treatise *De Musica.*

477. *ese,* pleasure.

478. *certes,* certainly. *fayn,* gladly.

480. *So mote I brouke,* so may I have the use of.

485. *peyne him,* take pains.

486. *winke,* close.

492. *daun Burnel the Asse,* a satirical poem, *Burnellus seu Speculum Stultorum,* written by Nigel Wireker in the late 12th century.

493. *vers,* verses.

494. *yaf,* gave.

495. *nyce,* foolish.

497. *nis,* is not.

500. *seinte,* holy.

501. *countrefete,* imitate, equal.

502. *bete,* beat.

505. *flatour,* flatterer.

506. *losengeour,* liar.

508. *soothfastnesse,* truth.

509. *Ecclesiaste.* Ecclesiasticus, in the *Apocrypha;*

101 Ecclesiastes. See Ecclesiasticus, xii, 10, 11, 16.

513. *for the nones,* for the occasion.

514. *sterte,* started.

515. *gargat,* throat. *hente,* seized.

516. *wode,* wood. *beer,* bore.

517. *sewed,* followed.

518. *eschewed,* avoided, escaped.

519. *fleigh,* flew.

520. *roghte nat of,* paid no heed to.

522. *O Venus.* Friday was Venus' day.

522. *plesaunce,* pleasure.

523. *servant,* Venus's servant, *i.e.,* a lover.

527. *Gaufred.* Geoffrey de Vinsauf wrote, about the year 1200, an art of poetry, *Nova Poetria,* which contains an inflated lament against Friday, the day when Richard I was shot.

530. *sentence,* judgment.

533. *pleyne,* complain.

534. *drede,* fright.

537. *Pirrus,* Pyrrhus. *streite,* drawn.

538. *hent,* seized.

539. *Eneydos;* see *Aeneid,* II, 550–553.

542. *shrighte,* shrieked.

543–5. *Hasdrubales . . . wyf,* Hasdrubal was king of Carthage when the Romans captured it, 146 B. C.

545. *brend,* burned.

547. *sterte,* started, rushed.

548. *brende hir-selven,* burned herself.

555. *sely,* simple, poor.

558. *syen,* see. *goon,* go.

566. *ferced,* frightened.

568. *hem . . . breke,* it seemed to them their heart would break.

570. *as men,* as if men. *quelle,* kill.

573. *benedicite,* an expletive. Pronounce in three syllables: ben-si-tā.

574–6. *Iakke Straw.* It is recorded that in 1381 Jack Straw led an uprising of peasants in an attack upon the Flemish weavers in England.

574. *meynee,* company, crowd.

578. *bemes,* horns. *box,* boxwood.

579. *boon,* bone.

588. *as wis God helpe me,* as surely as God may help me.

589. *Turneth,* turn, 2d per. plur. imperative. *cherles,* churls.

592. *Maugree,* in spite of; French *malgré.*

596. *brak,* broke. *deliverly,* quickly.

597. *heighe,* high. *fleigh,* flew.

598. *sough,* saw.

601. *aferd,* afraid.

602. *hente,* seized.

603. *wikke entente,* wicked intention.

606. *shrewe,* curse.

610. *Do,* make. *winke with,* close.

612. *wilfully,* willingly. *thee,* prosper.

614. *undiscreet of governaunce,* indiscreet of conduct.

615. *iangleth,* babbles.

616. *recchelees,* reckless.

620. *Taketh,* take, 2d pers. plur. imperative.

621. *seint Paul seith;* see 2 Timothy, iii, 16.

622. *doctryne,* teaching. *y-write,* written. *y-wis,* certainly.

625. *my lord,* the archbishop of Canterbury. William Courtenay, archbishop 1381–1396.

626. *heighe,* high.

CHAUCERS WORDS UNTO ADAM HIS OWNE SCRIVEYN

Written, probably, not long after 1583.

1. *scriveyn,* scrivener, scribe. *thee bifalle,* happens to thee.

2. *Boece,* Chaucer's prose translation of the *De Consolatione Philosophiae* of Boethius (died c. 524). *Troilus,* Chaucer's *Troilus and Criseyde,* written about 1383.

3. *lokkes,* locks. *scalle,* scab.

4. *But . . . making,* unless according to my composition.

5. *mot,* must.

7. *rape,* haste.

LAK OF STEDFASTNESSE

Addressed to King Richard II some time between the years 1393 and 1399.

1. *Som tyme,* once, formerly.

3. *deceivable,* full of deceit.

5. *lyk,* alike. *up so doun,* modern English 'upside down.'

6. *mede,* meed, bribe.

9. *lust,* pleasure.

10. *unable,* wanting in ability.

12. *don,* do.

17. *merciable,* merciful.

18. *covetyse,* covetousness. *blent,* blinded.

19. *permutacioun,* change.

22. *Lenvoy,* the envoy. An envoy is a postscript to a composition, to enforce or recommend it.

26. *don,* to be done.

27. *castigacioun,* punishment.

THE COMPLEINT OF CHAUCER TO HIS EMPTY PURSE

This pleasant begging poem must have been addressed to Henry IV immediately after he became king, Sept. 30, 1399, for Chaucer received an answer in the form of an annual grant of forty marks, on Oct. 3 of the same year.

1. *wight,* creature, person.

4. *chere,* countenance.

7. *mot,* must.

8. *voucheth sauf,* grant (imperative). *or,* before.

9. *soun,* sound.

12. *stere,* rudder.

19. The line means, 'I am as bare of money as a friar's tonsure is of hair.'

22. *Lenvoy de,* see preceding poem, l. 22, note.

23. *conquerour,* Henry IV. *Brutes Albioun,* Albion is the old name of England, or Britain. According to legend, Brutus, a descendant of Æneas, was the first ruler of Britain.

25. *verray,* true.

26. *mowen,* can.

MALORY: LE MORTE D'ARTHUR

19. *a* (col. 1). 7. *ensamples,* examples. *doctrine,* teaching.

11. *do . . . enprint,* had made and printed.

12. *Sangreal,* Holy Grail.
16. *to-fore,* before.
20. *paynims,* pagans.
24. *Hector,* son of Priam, and champion of the Trojans.
26. *Alexander the Great* (356–323 B. C.), the famous king of Macedon.
b (col. 2). 1. *Julius Cæsar* (100–44 B. C.), the famous Roman general, statesman, and writer.
6. *Joshua,* the successor of Moses as leader of the Israelites. See the Book of Joshua.
7. *behest,* promise.
8. *David,* the second king of Israel, 1055–1015 B. C.
9. *Judas Maccabæus* (d. 160 B. C.), a famous Jewish patriot and warrior.
13. *stalled,* installed, placed.
18. *Charlemagne,* king of the Franks and emperor of the Romans. Crowned emperor, 800 A. D.
21. *Godfrey of Boloine,* Godefroy de Bouillon (1061–1100), a leader of the first Crusade.
24. *King Edward the Fourth,* king of England 1461–83.
25. *instantly,* insistently, earnestly.
20. *a.* 21. *aretted,* reckoned.
25. *Glastonbury,* a town in Somerset, England, seat of an abbey.
26. *Polichronicon.* Ranulf Higden (died c. 1363), a monk of Chester, wrote *Polychronicon,* a general history, in Latin.
29. *translated,* removed.
31. *Bochas,* Boccacacio (1313–1375), a celebrated Italian novelist and poet. *De Casu Principum* [On the Fall of Princes] recounts the misfortunes of famous men.
33. *Galfridus,* Geoffrey of Monmouth (c. 1100–1152?), whose fabulous Latin *History of the Kings of Britain* purported to be based largely upon a 'British book.'
40–1. *Patricius . . . Imperator,* 'Noble Arthur, Emperor of Britain, Gaul, Germany and Dacia.'
b. 1. *Camelot,* a legendary spot in England where Arthur was said to have had his court.
23. *conning,* knowledge, skill.
25. *emprised,* undertaken.
21. *a.* 28. *gat,* begot.
36. *assotted,* infatuated, besotted.
b. 43. *did do make,* had made.
47. *made a parliament,* called a council.
57. *prefixed,* set, decided upon.
22. *a.* 6. *longed,* belonged.
12. *garnished,* furnished, supplied.
14. *wist,* heard, learned.
21. *prevail,* avail.
29. *sithen,* afterward.
37. *book and bell and candle,* a reference to formal ecclesiastical curses.
49. *orgulist,* most arrogant, insolent.
b. 1. *sonds,* messages.
12. *made write,* had written.
18. *depraved,* calumniated, vilified.
34. *term,* length of time.
46. *new-fangle,* fickle.
58. *carracks,* large, round-built vessels.
23. *a.* 1. *let,* prevent.
12. *maugre,* in spite of. *power,* army.
31. *affiance,* trust, confidence.
44. *cankered,* inveterate.
45. *danger,* subjection, control.
51. *cedle,* schedule, note.
56. *French book.* As Caxton explains in his preface, Malory's sources are chiefly French.
b. 27. *straitly bestead,* hard pressed.
29. *let . . . king,* had him crowned king.
24. *a.* 2. *pight a new field,* prepared for another battle. *Barham Down,* a short distance south of Canterbury.
31. *Trinity Sunday,* the eighth Sunday after Easter.
45. *chaflet,* platform.
b. 9. *weened,* thought.
23. *an,* if.
27. *parties,* sides.
33. *as to-morn,* to-morrow.
34–5. *proffer you largely,* make liberal offers.
38. *worshipfully,* honorably, respectfully.
44. *wightly,* swiftly, strongly.
46. *avision,* vision.
25. *a.* 16. *everych,* each, every one.
43. *beams,* horns.
51. *foining,* thrusting.
b. 1. *devoir,* duty, service.
3. *stinted,* ceased.
7. *wood,* mad.
41. *Tide,* befall.
54. *foin,* thrust.
58. *bur,* an iron ring, to prevent the hand from slipping.
26. *a.* 17. *wit,* know.
20. *yede,* went.
22. *pillers,* pillagers.
31. *rede,* advice.
53. *brast,* burst.
b. 19. *lightly,* quickly.
46. *wap,* ripple. *wan,* grow wan.
27. *a.* 39. *Avilion,* or Avalon, the Land of the Blessed in Celtic mythology.
48. *holt,* a hill with a grove on it.
b. 3. *graven,* dug.
6. *flemed,* put to flight.
10. *deeming,* judging.
15. *besant,* a gold coin, first coined at Byzantium.
20. *still,* always.
39. *read,* tell.
28. *a.* 55. *let,* prevent.
b. 10. *hard bestead,* hard pressed.
21. *unhap,* misfortune.
35. *will my worship,* wish my honor.
43. *spered,* asked, inquired.
29. *a.* 4. *dole,* alms.
14. *Requiem,* the mass for the dead, the first words of the Introit being *Requiem aeternam dona eis.*
19. *dured,* lasted.
29. *sithen,* since.
32. *disease,* trouble.
50. *still,* always, constantly.
53. *boot,* use, advantage.
b. 30. *wrack,* ruin.
30. *a.* 4. *perfection,* the religious or monastic life.

21–2. *gray or white,* referring to the habit, or costume.

52. *assoil,* absolve.

b. 10–11. *overthwart and endlong,* across and up and down.

28. *still,* continually.

30. *lust,* desire.

43. *took no force,* paid no heed.

50. *by then,* when.

53. *purvey,* provide.

53. *horse bier,* bier drawn by horses.

31. *a.* 12. *yede,* went.

35. *Dirige.* An antiphon in the office for the dead begins with the word *Dirige* ('direct').

37. *brenning,* burning.

53. *cered cloth of Raines,* waxed cloth of Raines (in Brittany).

b. 13. *careful,* troubled.

15. *orgulity,* arrogance, pride.

32. *dwined,* dwindled.

48. *steven,* voice.

49. *longeth,* belong.

50. *need you,* be necessary to you.

55–6. *will into,* wills to go into.

58. *houseled,* given the Eucharist.

32. *a.* 1. *anealed,* anointed.

30. *dretching of swevens,* tormenting of dreams.

53. *quire,* choir.

58. *worship,* honor, dignity.

b. 45. *rest,* a loop or hook attached to the armor, to steady the spear in a charge.

33. *a.* 18. *favor of makers,* fabrication of poets.

22. *quick,* alive.

b. 32. *Caxton . . . fecit,* 'Caxton caused me to be made.'

THE NUT-BROWN MAID

It is to be observed that this poem is a dialogue in stanzas, between a lover and his lass. The man speaks the first stanza.

34. 3. *dele,* bit. *agayne,* in return.

11. *mone,* moan.

20. *use,* practice.

27. *ton,* one.

29. *red,* advice, course. *can,* know.

33. *departe,* separate.

37. *distrayne,* distress.

35. 45. *leve,* stay, remain.

47. *anoon,* at once.

49. *rede,* advise.

58. *parte,* share.

59. *thoo,* those.

64. *lyeve,* live.

65. *than,* then.

71. *ony,* any.

75. *rescous,* rescue.

82. *greeve,* grieve, hurt, wound.

88. *rove,* roof.

89. *than,* then.

91. *Syth,* since.

93. *oo,* one.

36. 94. *perdé,* French *par dieu,* less strong than 'by God.'

97. *lust,* desire, wish.

103. *dere,* animals.

104. *vitayle,* victuals, food.

106. *hele,* health.

110. *here,* hair. *ere,* ear.

127. *bée,* by, concerning.

131. *dey,* die.

135. *power,* poor. *yede,* should go.

136. *be,* by.

137. *red,* advice. *can,* know.

146. *purveid me,* provided myself.

37. 153. *curteis,* courteous. *our,* hour.

165. *on the splene.* The meaning of this expression is uncertain.

172. *be,* by.

179. *echeon,* each one.

ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH POPULAR BALLADS

ROBIN HOOD AND GUY OF GISBORNE

Although tradition has peristently maintained that Robin Hood was actually a historical character of the early 14th century, the early historians seem to have had no information concerning him except what they found in the ballads themselves. In any case, whatever his origin, Robin Hood was the hero of ballads of outlawry as early as 1377. His generosity, fair-dealing, tenderness, and wit subsequently established him as a true English hero.

38. 1. *shawes,* groves. *sheene,* beautiful. *shradds,* coppices.

5. *woodweele,* woodlark.

6. *a lyne,* of linden.

7. *wight,* stout.

10. *froe,* from.

12. *wrocken,* avenged. *towe,* two.

13. *Sweavens,* dreams.

17. *Buske,* dress, prepare. *bowne,* prepare.

39. 29. *capull-hyde,* horse-hide.

36. *ffarley,* strange.

39. *ken,* know.

40. *And,* if.

43. *bale,* evil.

50. *slade,* valley.

52. *stockes,* wooden blocks, stumps.

56. *Crist his,* Christ's. *mayne,* strength.

58. *ffaine,* glad.

59. *veiwe,* yew.

60. *ffetteled,* prepared.

63. *Woe worth thee,* woe be to thee.

66. *boote,* help.

77. *tane,* taken.

88. *lyne,* linden.

95. *wilfull,* astray.

96. *tyde,* time.

103. *tow,* two. *whether,* which of the two.

40. 107. *masteryes,* trials of skill.

110. *steven,* hour.

111. *shroggs,* wands.

113. *in twinn,* apart.

114. *prickes,* targets, bull's eyes.

122. *cold,* could.

124. *garlande,* 'the ring within which the prick (or bull's eye) was set.'

126. *pricke-wande,* pole, stick.

150. *ffettled,* made ready.

151. *reacheles,* careless.

156. *may,* maiden.

161. *awkwarde,* back-handed.
177. *capull-hyde,* horse-hide.
41. 186. *lowe,* hill.
192. *tyde,* time.
208. *steven,* voice.
209. *loset,* loosed.
212. *belive,* quickly.
222. *boote,* help.
224. *rawstye,* rusty.
234. *in twinn,* in twain.

ROBIN HOOD'S DEATH AND BURIAL

3. *broom,* a kind of shrub.
12. *win,* go.
42. 48. *dree,* endure, hold out.
53. *boon,* favor.

THE BATTLE OF OTTERBURN

During the reign of **Richard II** (1377–1399), the Scots frequently harried in the northern part of England. In 1388 an army of Scots, under James, Earl of Douglas, besieged Newcastle for three days. At this time Douglas met Harry Percy, 'Hotspur,' in single combat, captured his lance and banner, and boasted that he would raise the banner on the Scottish castle at Dalkeith. Percy collected a force, pursued the Scots, and attacked them at night in a hand to hand fight, at Otterburn, near the frontier. Although Douglas was killed, the English were defeated and Percy was taken prisoner.

1. *Lamasse,* Lammas, August 1st.
2. *wynnes,* dry.
3. *bowynd,* prepared.
4. *praye,* prey.
5. *yerlle of Fyffe.* The Earl of Fife, son of the Scottish king, was ravaging in the northwest of England, about Carlisle. He passed over the Solway Firth.
7. *wolde,* would.
8. *raysse,* raid.
9–11. The places mentioned are in old Northumberland.
12. *Styrande,* stirring.
13. *brente,* burned.
16. *bowyn,* prepared.
17. *berne,* man. *bent,* field.
43. 31. *march-man,* warrior of the border.
32. *kepte Barwyke* guarded Berwick upon Tweed.
34. *on hyght,* aloud.
35. *and thow byste,* if thou art.
39. *syne,* since. *logeyng,* lodging.
46. *envye,* injury.
48. *tone,* one.
52. *logeed,* lodged.
53. *roo,* roe. *rinnes,* runs.
59. *the tyll,* to thee.
65. *pype,* pipe, a measure for wine,— 126 wine-gallons.
73. *pyght,* fixed.
74. *gettyng,* booty.
75. *syne,* afterwards.
76. *gresse,* grass.
77. *hoved,* tarried. *bent,* field.
78. *wache,* watch, sentinel.
79. *ware on,* aware of.
81. *prycked,* rode.
86. *wynne,* joy.
91. *brede,* broad.
92. *haylle,* hale, strong.
96. *garre,* make, cause.
98. *and . . . lesse,* if it were a lie.
100. *peysse,* peace.
101. *yerle of Mentaye,* Earl of Menteith. *eme,* uncle.
102. *forwarde,* van.
103. *cawte and kene,* wary and bold.
105. *Bowghan,* Buchan.
110. *bowen,* ready.
44. 115. *can,* gan, did.
116. *hyght,* promised.
121. *agayne,* back.
122. *upon hye,* in a loud voice.
128. *schoote,* sent.
130. *ryall,* royal. *rowght,* rout, company.
132. *rowynde,* round.
138. *layne,* lie.
140. *agayne,* against.
155. *Wende,* go.
156. *yee,* eye.
161. *weynde . . . growende,* go from this ground.
162. *onfowghten,* not fought, without fight.
165. *rynde,* flayed.
166. *mykkel maye,* powerful maid.
168. *Wyth,* by.
171. *waryson,* reward.
174. 'And cross himself in the name of the Trinity.'
181. *perte,* part, side.
183. *lucettes,* pikes (fish).
199. *swapped,* smote. *whyll that the,* until they.
200. *collayne,* Cologne steel.
45. 201. *bassonnettes,* steel caps, helmets.
202. *roke,* reek, steam.
210. *rede,* guessed.
215. *thee,* they. *beette,* beat.
218. *stounde,* hour, time.
225. *eke a,* every.
229. *freke,* man.
230. *stowre,* battle.
231. *drye,* endure.
238. *Grysely,* fearfully.
263. *Seyng,* seeing.
268. *makes,* mates, husband. *fette,* fetched.
276. *borowed,* ransomed.

CAPTAIN CAR OR EDOM O GORDON

Adam Gordon was deputy, in 1571, for Queen Mary in the north of Scotland, where he encountered the hostility of the Forbeses, who supported the king's party. On one occasion he sent his soldiers to take the castle of Towie in the queen's name. After the lady of the house had refused, the eager soldiers were commanded by their leader, **Captain** Ker, to set fire to the castle. Tradition has it that the lady and twenty-seven others were burned to death.

1. *Martynmas,* Nov. 11th.
4. *holde,* castle.
46. 5. *Syck, sike,* sick. *to-towe,* too-too.
9. *wether,* whither.
17. *lend,* leaned.

34. *bande,* bond, agreement.
36. *ere,* possess.
38. *whitt and redda,* white and red.
45. *pestilett,* pistol.
50. *pellettes,* bullets.
54. *lowne,* servant, worthless person.
60. *eare,* heir.
64. *waran,* protection, surety.
70. *knet,* knotted.
80. *smoldereth,* smothers.
82. *ffee,* property.
86. *the,* thee.
47. 101. *busk,* prepare. *bowne,* make ready.
104. *or,* before.
108. *dele,* deal, bit.
121. *ought,* had.

THE WIFE OF USHER'S WELL

7. *carline wife,* old woman, or perhaps, wealthy woman, low-born woman.
8. *gane,* gone.
14. *fashes,* troubles.
17. *Martinmass,* Nov. 11th.
20. *birk,* birch.
21. *syke,* ditch, trench.
22. *sheugh,* ditch, furrow.
27. *a',* all.
41. *daw,* dawn.
42. *channerin,* fretting.
43. *Gin,* if.
44. *sair,* sore. *maun,* must.
46. *byre,* cow-house.

KEMP OWYNE

Kemp Owyne is Owain, one of King Arthur's knights. The adventure here ascribed to him is that of disenchantment through kisses.

6. *dee,* do.
48. 12. *borrow,* set free, ransom.
34. *wi,* with.

THE DÆMON LOVER

20. *kend,* knew.
30. *baith,* both.
31. *ain,* own.
49. 35. *taffetie,* fine silk.
41. *drumlie,* gloomy, frightened. *ee,* eye.
53. *win,* arrive.
58. *strack,* struck.

LORD RANDALL

4. *wald,* would.
11. *broo,* water in which something has been boiled.

SIR PATRICK SPENS

3. *guid,* good.
9. *braid,* broad.
14. *lauch,* laugh.
50. 29. *laith,* loth.
31. *owre a',* ere all.
32. *aboone,* above.
38. *kems,* combs.
39. *ain,* own.
41. *owre,* over.

THOMAS RYMER

There is considerable evidence that Thomas the Rimer was one Thomas of Erceldoune, who lived in southern Scotland in the 13th century. Tradition has it that he was a prophet, as well as a poet, and that he was frequently visited by fairies.

4. *fernie brae,* ferny hill.
7. *ilka tett,* every lock.
10. *till,* to.
17. *maun,* must.
20. *wae,* woe.
44. *fairlies,* wonders.
49. *braid,* broad.
50. *lillie leven,* pleasant lawn.
56. *gae,* go.
59. *gin ae,* if one.
61. *even,* smooth.

BONNY BARBARA ALLAN

51. 1. *Martinmass,* Nov. 11th.
8. *Gin,* if.
9. *hooly,* slowly.
17. *dinna,* do not.
19. *gae,* go.
28. *reft,* deprived.
31. *jow,* stroke. *gcid,* gave.

THE TWA SISTERS

1. *bowr,* bower.
10. *brotch,* brooch.
12. *sair,* sore.
15. *brast,* burst.
22. *stane,* stone.
25. *jaw,* wave, current.
27. *Ise,* I shall. *mack,* make. *a' my lan,* all my land.
29. *goud,* gold.
32. *fa,* fall. *han,* hand.
33. 'It separated me and my world's mate.'
35. *Gars,* makes. *gae,* go.
52. 46. *sma,* small.
47. *braw,* fine, handsome.
49. *sae gryte,* so great.
58. *nextin,* next. *syne,* afterwards.

THE CRUEL BROTHER

1. *ba,* ball.
5. *baith,* both.
18. *maun,* must. *frae a',* from all.
31. *closs,* court-yard.
46. *pall,* cloak.
48. *gowden,* golden.
53. 57. *sair,* sore.
58. *rive,* tear.

EDWARD

1. *dois,* does. *brand,* sword, knife.
4. *gang,* go.
7. *guid,* good.
8. *mair,* more.
13. *reid-roan steid,* red-roan steed.
16. *frie,* good.
20. *dule ye drie,* sorrow ye suffer.
25. *drie,* suffer.
35. *ha,* hall.

37. *tul,* till. *fa,* fall.
45. *thrae,* through.
53. *sall,* shall. *beir,* bear.

WYATT: A RENOUNCING OF LOVE

55. 3. *Senec,* Lucius Annæus Seneca (4 B. C.–65 A. D.), a famous Roman Stoic philosopher and writer of tragedies. *Plato* (429 or 427–347 B. C.), a famous Greek philosopher.
8. *lever,* dearer.

AN EARNEST SUIT

4. *grame,* sorrow.

THE LOVER COMPLAINETH

7. *grave,* make an impression upon, engrave.
56. 24. *playn,* to complain.

OF THE MEAN AND SURE ESTATE

John Poins (died 1558), an intimate friend of Wyatt, lived chiefly at the English court.
6. *souse,* drench.
10. *dight,* put in order.
14. *store,* supply, abundance. *stroyèd,* destroyed.
26. *cater,* caterer.
28. *charge,* care, burden.
31. *jape,* jest.
53. *steaming,* gleaming.
61. *tho,* then.
57. 88. *hay,* snare. *conies,* rabbits.
105. *dome,* judgment.

HENRY HOWARD: DESCRIPTION OF SPRING

58. 1. *soote,* sweet.
2. *eke,* also.
4. *turtle,* turtle-dove. *make,* mate.
5. *spray,* branch, stem. *springs,* sprouts.
8. *flete,* float.
11. *mings,* mixes.

DESCRIPTION AND PRAISE OF HIS LOVE GERALDINE

1. *Tuscan,* Tuscany.
2. *her,* their.
3. *Western isle.* See line 5.
4. *Camber's cliffs,* the cliffs of Wales.
59. 9. *Hunsdon,* in Hertfordshire, some 30 miles north of London.
11. *Hampton,* Hampton Court, a royal palace near London.
12. *Windsor,* Windsor Castle.
13. *kind,* nature.

COMPLAINT OF THE LOVER DISDAINED

1. *Cyprus.* The island of Cyprus was the especial home of Venus.

COMPLAINT OF THE ABSENCE OF HER LOVER

4. *eke,* also.
5. *wonted,* was accustomed.
14. *avail,* profit, advantage.
60. 33. *drencheth,* drowns.
38. *doubtful,* full of fear.

A PRAISE OF HIS LOVE

4. *sayn,* say.
7. *troth,* fidelity.
8. *Penelope,* the proverbially faithful wife of Odysseus.
11. *mo,* more.
21. *kind,* nature.
25. *sith,* since.

DESCRIPTION OF THE RESTLESS STATE OF A LOVER

19. *list,* please.
24. *use,* practice.
31. *plain,* complain.
61. 44. *agazed,* wrapt, amazed.
51. *teen,* sorrow.

THE MEANS TO ATTAIN HAPPY LIFE

1. *Martial* (43–104 A. D.), a Latin poet. Wrote chiefly epigrams.
5. *egall,* equal.
9. *mean,* moderate.
13. *debate,* dispute, quarrel.

OF THE DEATH OF SIR THOMAS WYATT

7. *stithe,* anvil.
14. *reft,* bereft.
17. *served in foreign realms.* See p. 54 above.
21. *none affect,* no affection.

VIRGIL'S ÆNEID

1. *whisted,* became silent.
6. *Phrygian,* of Phrygia, that country or division of Asia Minor in which Troy was situated. *wailful,* lamentable.
10. *Myrmidon.* The Myrmidons were led to the Trojan War by Achilles. *Dolopës.* The Dolopës came from Thessaly to fight on the Greek side before Troy.
62. 17. *plaint eschews,* avoids complaint.
35. *fet,* fetched, reached.
40. *Pyrrhus,* a famous Greek hero of the Trojan War. *pight,* camped.
42. *scathful,* harmful.
43. *Behight,* promised.

SACKVILLE: THE INDUCTION

63. 2. *treen,* trees.
3. *Saturnus,* Saturn, one of the planets, of unpropitious influence.
7. *tapets,* tapestries, figuratively used for foliage. *bloom,* flower.
10. *soote,* sweet.
11. *Boreas,* the north wind.
21. *whereas,* where.
24. *Venus,* goddess of love. *Hermes,* Mercury, messenger of Jupiter.
25. *Mars,* god of war. *will,* desire, urge.
27. *Virgo,* the Virgin, one of the constellations, and a sign of the zodiac.
28. *Thetis,* goddess of the sea.
29. *Scorpio, Sagittarius,* Scorpion and Archer, signs of the zodiac.
30. *prest,* ready.
32. *Bear,* a constellation.

26. *Phaeton,* son of the sun-god.
38. *prest,* ready.
40. *stent,* end.
42. *Titan,* the sun personified.
43. *Cynthea,* the moon.

64. 48. *chare,* car, chariot.
51. *lusty,* pleasant.
53. *fade,* faded.
57. *leams,* flames, rays.
60. *Phœbus,* the sun-god.
68. *peers,* noblemen of especial dignity.
69. *descrive,* describe.
74. *wight,* creature, person. *forewaste,* completely wasted.
75. *brast,* burst.
76. *fold,* folded.
77. *ruth,* pity.
80. *welkèd,* withered, pale. *besprent,* sprinkled.
90. *doom,* judgment.
93. *distrained,* pained, torn.
96. *apart,* set aside.
97. *dewle,* lamentation, sorrow.
100. *stint,* cease. *spill,* destroy, kill.
102. *dure,* last, endure. *attaint,* tainted, afflicted.
103. *forefaint,* very faint.
106. *distrained,* distressed.
109. *Furies,* the Eumenides: Alecto, Megæra, and Tisiphone.
111. *Lethe,* the river of oblivion, in Hades.
112. *reave,* take away.

65. 119. *dure,* last, endure.
120. *brayed,* started.
122. *shright,* shrieked.
123. *to-dashed,* dashed to pieces.
125. *eft,* again.
131. *avale,* abate.
134. *sith,* since.
141. *stike,* stich, verse, stanza.
143. *Æölus,* god of the winds.
145. *bedrent,* drenched.
161. *won,* dwelling.
166. *silly,* simple, innocent.
175. *shright,* shrieked.
176. *grisly,* dreadful.
179. *whilom,* formerly, once. *bare swing,* bore sway.
191. *unmeet,* unseemly, unusual.

66. 202. *Astoined,* astounded.
208. *yeding,* going.
210. *clepèd,* called. *Avern,* a small lake near modern Naples, anciently believed to be the entrance to the infernal regions.
212. *swelth,* overflow.
219. *besprent,* sprinkled.
221. *stent,* cease.
223. *thoughtful,* sorrowful.
233. *proffered,* put forth.
236. *staring of his hair,* hair standing on end.
237. *'Stoined,* astounded.
243. *far forth,* extremely, excessively.
250. *fet,* fetched.
253. *somedeal,* somewhat.
257. *clouts,* tatters, rags.
258. *scrip,* wallet.
260. *for most,* chiefly.
262. *wot,* knows.

67. 268. *ruth,* pity.
271. *breres,* briars.
284. *keep,* heed.
291. *Reaver,* robber, one who deprives.
292. *tide,* happen.
294. *Crœsus,* the fabulously wealthy king of Lydia, who came to the throne in 560 B. C. *Irus,* in Homeric legend, a beggar of gigantic stature.
297. *cheer,* countenance. *still,* ever, always.
299. *the sisters,* the fates: Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos.
306. *forewaste,* wasted away.
308. *beseech,* beseech.
309. *But and,* although.
313. *eld,* old age.
328. *fain,* eagerly.
333. *pilled,* bare. *with eld forlore,* wasted with age.

68. 336. *For brief,* in brief.
340. *brook,* use, endure, enjoy.
342. *recure,* recovery.
346. *grisly,* terrible.
361. *maw,* stomach.
371. *Enthrilling,* forcing in. *reave,* deprive.
374. *daunts,* subdues (by fear).
376. *peers,* noblemen.
381. *eftsoons,* forthwith, immediately.
382. *affrayèd,* frightened.
383. *dight,* provided. *pardé,* French *par Dieu.*
389. *imbrued,* covered.
393. *whilom,* formerly, once.
398. *forehewed,* hewed to pieces.
399. *targe,* shield.
401. *Debate,* dispute, contest, war.
402. *fillet,* a band for tying about the hair.
405. *Darius,* king of Persia 521–486 B. C. *power,* army.
407. *Macedo,* Alexander the great (356–323 B. C.), king of Macedonia.

69. 409. *daunted,* subdued.
410–418. *Hannibal* (247–183 B. C.), a famous Carthaginian general, among whose victories against the Romans are those of the Trebia, of Lake Trasimene, and of Cannæ. At Cannæ the Roman consul Paulus was killed. Hannibal was finally defeated by Scipio Africanus Major, at Zama, in 202 B. C.
419. *Cæsar . . . Pompey.* The civil war between Julius Cæsar and Pompey was ended by the total defeat of Pompey at Pharsalia in 48 B. C.
423. *Sulla and Marius.* The civil war between the Romans Marius and Sulla began in 88 B. C.
425. *Cyrus,* the Great (d. 529 B. C.), founded the Persian empire.
428. *Xerxes* (c. 519–464 B. C.), king of Persia.
432. *Thebes,* a city in Bœotia, Greece, destroyed by Alexander the Great.
433. *Tyrus,* Tyre, despoiled by Alexander the Great.
440. *Priam,* king of Troy.
441. *lin,* restrain myself.
442. *sith,* since.
445. *quail,* fall.
449. *Hector,* son of Priam.

451. *boot,* reward, outcome.

452. *hugy horse,* the wooden horse by means of which the Greeks gained entrance into Troy.

463. *Cassandra,* a prophetess, daughter of Priam. By command of Apollo, her prophecies, though true, were always discredited.

464. *Pallas' house,* temple of Pallas. *spercled,* disheveled.

465. *rout,* mob. *empaled,* pierced.

469. *Pyrrhus,* the Greek who slew Priam.

468. *baign,* bath.

475. *Ilium,* the citadel of Troy. *gledes,* flames.

476. *Neptunus,* god of the sea.

480. *Acheron,* a river in Hades.

70. 482. *grisly,* terrible. *Charon,* the ferryman who transported the souls of the dead over the rivers of the underworld.

486. *rout,* crowd.

491. *fraughted,* freighted, laden.

494. *hoise,* hoist.

499. *Cerberus,* the three-headed watch-dog at the entrance to the infernal regions.

501. *Foredinning,* filling with a din.

504. *peased,* held his peace, became silent.

512. *puled,* whined.

517. *yfear,* together.

527. *whilom,* formerly, once.

530. *erewhile,* a while ago.

532. *kesar,* emperor. *peer,* nobleman.

ROGER ASCHAM: THE SCHOOLMASTER

71. *a.* 6. *Circe's Court.* In Greek mythology Circe was an enchantress who, attended by four nymphs, feasted all persons who approached her dwelling. Anyone, however, who tasted the contents of her magic cup was turned into a beast.

32. *Inglese . . . incarnato,* 'An Englishman Italianate is a devil incarnate.'

b. 19. *policy,* cunning.

24. *discoursing,* reasoning, argumentative.

32. *fond,* foolish.

35. *honest,* virtuous.

72. *a.* 2. *charge,* duty, office.

5. *Paul's Cross,* a cross situated near the northeast angle of old St. Paul's, in the churchyard. From it great public assemblies were addressed and sermons preached. The 'Paul's Cross Sermons' are still preached on Sunday morning.

13. *Louvain,* a city in the province of Brabant, Belgium. Religious books were often printed here.

14. *wink,* close the eyes.

25. *St. Paul saith,* Galatians, v, 19ff.

57. *canons,* ecclesiastics retained for the performance of divine service in a cathedral or collegiate church. *Morte Arthur,* a compilation of prose romances on the life and death of King Arthur and the knights of the Round Table, translated largely from French romances by Sir Thomas Malory and printed by Caxton in 1485. See p. 19.

b. 6. *shifts,* tricks. *Sir Launcelot,* 'Launcelot of the Lake,' one of the most famous of the knights of the Round Table, who guiltily loved Arthur's queen, Guinevere.

6–7. *Wife of King Arthur,* Guinevere.

7. *Sir Tristram,* of Lyonesse, another famous Knight of the Round Table. His love for Isolde, wife of King Mark of Cornwall, forms the subject of many romances.

9. *Sir Lamerock,* a knight of the Round Table. *wife of King Lot.* King Lot in Malory's *Morte d'Arthur* was a King of Orkney who married Margawse, sister of Arthur.

23. *fond,* foolish.

73. *a.* 6. *lewd,* unlearned, vulgar.

16. *Plato* (429 or 427–547 B. C.), a famous Greek philosopher, disciple of Socrates and teacher of Aristotle.

18. *abominabiles . . . suis,* 'made destestable in their studies.'

20. *Dixit insipiens in corde suo no est Deus,* 'The fool hath said in his heart there is no God,' Psalm. xiv, 1.

29. *Triumphs of Petrarch,* an allegorical work by the celebrated Italian poet Petrarch (1304–1374).

31. *Tully's Offices.* Marcus Tullius Cicero (106–43 B. C.) was a famous Roman orator, statesman, and philosopher. The work here referred to is his *De Officiis* (On Duties).

32. *Boccaccio* (1313–1375), eminent Italian writer, author of *The Decameron,* a collection of 100 tales.

45. *Whether,* which.

50. *general councils,* composed of bishops and theologians from different nations, convened to consider questions of church doctrine, discipline, and the like.

53. *Luther,* Martin Luther (1483–1546), leader of the Protestant Reformation in Germany.

b. 2. *epicures,* those who held the opinions of the Greek philosopher Epicurus (342–270 B. C.), who taught that pleasure is the only possible end of rational action and that ultimate pleasure is freedom.

22. *list,* like, choose.

23. *Mysteries of Moses,* the rites of the Jewish religion instituted by Moses. See the Book of Leviticus. *Law and ceremonies.* See Deuteronomy.

29. *Horace,* Roman poet (65–8 B. C.). Quotation from *Satires,* i, 5, 100.

51. *Pygius,* Pighius (1490–1542), a theologian whose writings were opposed by Calvin. *Machiavelli* (1469–1527), celebrated Italian statesman and author. He was imprisoned and put to the torture on suspicion of conspiring against Giovanni de Medici, but was released and after retiring to his country estate wrote *The Prince.* His name is synonymous with all that is cunning and unscrupulous in diplomacy.

74. *a.* 3–6. *where Christ's doctrine . . . special regard,* Germany.

16. *lust,* desire.

17. *pantocle,* a slipper.

34. *bent enemy,* cf. '*bent* on mischief.'

50. *Bridewell,* a celebrated London prison or house of detention. The name has become a generic term for a house of correction or lock-up.

55. *present Pope,* Pius V (1566–1572).

57. *meed,* a reward, gift.

b. 57. *lust,* desire.

75. *a.* 2. *Guelph,* the papal and popular party in Italy during the struggle between the papacy and the Empire in the Middle Ages. *Ghibelin,* the imperial and aristocratic party in the same struggle.

10. *let,* hindrance; archaic except in the common phrase 'without let or hindrance.'

JOHN LYLY: EUPHUES AND HIS ENGLAND

76. *a.* 4. *This queen.* Mary was queen from 1553 to 1558.

5. *age of twenty-two years.* At her accession to the throne, in 1558, Elizabeth (born 1533) was actually twenty-five years of age.

8. *a prisoner.* Queen Mary had imprisoned Elizabeth in the Tower of London. *Prince,* used properly, by extension of meaning, to designate a royal personage of either sex.

28. *Zeno,* a philosopher of Elea (born c. 488 B. C.), was mentioned in classical times as an example of patience.

29. *Eretricus,* apparently Lyly's own invention.

30. *Lycurgus,* either the Spartan legislator (9th century B. C.), or the Athenian orator (c. 396–c. 323 B. C.).

b. 9. *spill,* destroy.

10. *proffer,* offer.

14. *Aristides* (d. 468 B. C.?), an Athenian general and politician, was exiled through the influence of his great rival, Themistocles.

16. *Alexander.* Lyly's reference is uncertain.

21. *bills,* requests.

23. *resembling Julius Cæsar.* There is no authority for this comparison.

33. *government,* reign.

35. *racking,* stretching.

77. *a.* 2. *Antoninus* (emperor of Rome 138–161 A. D.), surnamed 'Pius.'

12–13. *gun that was shot off.* This was, for Lyly, a recent occurrence, of the summer of 1579.

24. *close,* secret.

29. *in the whale's belly.* An allusion to the story of Jonah. See Jonah i–ii.

31. *in the hot oven.* An allusion to the story of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego. See Daniel iii.

40. *list,* please.

43. *Theodosius,* an allusion, perhaps, to the repentance of Theodosius I (c. 346–395), Emperor of the East, after his massacre of the rebels of Thessalonica in 390.

45–8. *Augustus . . . write.* This anecdote is recounted not of Augustus, but of Nero, emperor of Rome 54–68.

47. *we,* royal use of plural for singular.

b. 18. *Praxitiles,* born at Athens near the end of the 5th century B. C. A famous sculptor. His statues of Venus and Cupid are known, but not his paintings.

19. *her son,* Cupid.

28. *Zeuxis,* a famous Greek painter who flourished at the end of the 5th century B. C.

36. *table,* probably a slab, or tablet.

39. *Apelles,* a famous Greek painter who flourished in the early part of the 4th century B. C.

54. *narrowly,* closely.

78. *a.* 6. *mold,* pattern, model.

16. *forty years,* actually forty-seven years!

26. *tickle,* uncertain.

27. *twist,* thread.

36. *the bird Ibis.* There is a slender tradition that this bird was distinguished for sweetness of odor.

52–3. *Nicaulia the queen of Saba.* A Nicaulis is mentioned in Josephus' *Antiquities of the Jews,* Bk. viii, Ch. 6.

54. *Nicostrata,* a legendary or mythological Greek prophetess.

58. *Amalasunta,* ruled at Ravenna as queen of the Ostrogoths 522–530 A. D. Tradition ascribes to her numerous literary accomplishments.

58. *b.* 1. *Aspasia . . . Pericles.* Aspasia was an accomplished woman to whom the famous Athenian statesman, Pericles (c. 495–429 B. C.), was notoriously attached.

2. *Themistoclea . . . Pythagoras.* Pythagoras (c. 582–c. 500 B. C.), a famous Greek philosopher and mathematician, is said to have received instruction from one Aristocleia, a priestess.

7. *escapes,* mistakes.

23. *twice . . . universities.* Queen Elizabeth visited Cambridge for a few days in 1564, and Oxford for a few days in 1566. In both places she attended disputations, and made speeches in Greek and Latin.

39. *Sybarites,* inhabitants of Sybaris in southern Italy, who were noted for luxurious living.

49. *withal,* with.

58. *whenas,* since.

79. *a.* 4. *gallery of Olympia.* Reference to a famous echoing gallery at Olympia, in Greece.

34. *curses of the Pope.* Pope Pius V directed a bull of excommunication and deposition against Elizabeth in 1570.

b. 17. *Alexander,* 'the Great' (356–323 B. C.), king of Macedon. *Galba* (3 B. C.–69 A. D.), a Roman emperor.

20. *queen of Navarre,* Margaret d' Angouleme (1492–1549), queen of Henry II of Navarre. Elizabeth, while princess, translated a small book of religious meditations from the French of Margaret.

25–6. *bound . . . palm tree, i.e.,* was victorious in Egypt.

42. *silly,* innocent.

46. *whist,* silent.

47. *bird Attagen.* The habits of this bird here recounted are vouched for by Pliny (23–79 A. D.), the celebrated Roman naturalist.

50. *wade,* go.

80. *a.* 21. *weams,* blemishes, scars.

SONG (FROM GALLATHEA)

1. *O yes, O yes!* A development from French *oiez,* 'hear ye,' a summons to court.

SIDNEY: AN APOLOGY FOR POETRY

81. *a.* 3. *so long a career.* Up to this point, Sidney has considered at length the nature and value of poetry, its superiority to history, and the kinds of poetry.

15. *Musa . . . laeso,* Virgil, *Aen.* i. 8.

22. *David.* See, for example, 2 Samuel xxii.

23. *Adrian,* the emperor Hadrian (117–138 A. D.), who wrote both prose and verse. *Sophocles,* the Greek tragic poet (495?–406 B. C.). *Germanicus* (15 B. C.–19 A. D.), nephew of the Emperor Tiberius, took his name from Germany (*Germania*), where he distinguished himself in military service. He wrote prose and poetry.

26. *Robert, King of Sicily,* king of Naples, 1309–1343. He wrote prose and poetry.

27. *King Francis,* Francis I (1515–1547), a generous patron of letters.

b. 1. *King James of Scotland,* James I of Scotland (1405–1436). His *King's Quair* is a pleasant poem in the Chaucerian style.

2. *Bembus,* Pietro Bembo (1470–1547), a cardinal and papal secretary, wrote poetry and prose in both Latin and Italian. *Bibiena,* Bernardo da Bibbiena (1470–1520), one of the tutors of Pope Leo X.

3. *Beza,* Theodore Beza (1519–1605), a French Calvinistic controversialist, composed numerous Latin poems.

4. *Melanchthon,* Philip Melanchthon (1497–1560), a German supporter of Luther, and a Latin poet.

5. *Fracastorius,* Hieronymus Fracastorius (1483–1553), an Italian poet, philosopher, and scientist. *Scaliger,* Julius Cæsar Scaliger (1484–1558) was an Italian literary critic. Sidney appears to have studied diligently his treatise on poetry.

6. *Pontanus,* Johannes Jovius Pontanus (1420–1503), an Italian, wrote both prose and distinguished poetry in Latin. *Muretus,* Marc Antoine Muret (1526–1585), a French orator, jurist, and poet.

7. *George Buchanan* (1506–1582), a distinguished Scotch Latinist.

9. *Hospital of France,* Michael de l'Hospital (1505–1573), a distinguished French lawyer and statesman, wrote numerous Latin poems.

22. *when . . . loudest.* Chaucer, for example, served in the English army under Edward III (1327–1377).

24. *over-faint quietness.* Under Queen Elizabeth England had been at peace for some 25 years.

25. *strew the house,* a figure derived from the practice of strewing rushes on the floor.

27. *mountebanks at Venice,* peddlers of quack medicines, notorious at Venice.

82. *a.* 3. *troubled . . . Mars.* Vulcan, jealous over his wife, forged a net for her.

6. *a piece of a reason,* a considerable reason.

12. *Epaminondas* (418–362 B. C.), a Theban general and statesman, who began his career modestly but effectively as a sort of commissioner of sewers.

22. *Helicon,* a mountain in Bœotia haunted by the Muses.

27. *Queis . . . Titan,* Juvenal, *Sat.* xiv. 36.

40. *Pallas,* Minerva, goddess of wisdom and war.

b. 9. *Dædalus,* invented wings for himself and for his son Icarus.

15. *withal,* with.

27. *Ovid's verse.* Cf. Ovid, *Tristia,* iv. 10. 26.

36. *Troilus and Criseyde.* See p. 4.

43. *Mirror for Magistrates.* See p. 63.

44. *Earl of Surrey's lyrics.* See p. 58.

47. *Shepherd's Calendar.* See p. 104.

48. *eclogues,* pastoral poems.

52. *Theocritus,* a Greek idyllic poet of the 3d century B. C.

53. *Sannazaro* (1458–1530), a famous Italian poet.

83. *a.* 11. *Gorboduc,* or *Ferrex and Porrex,* a tragedy by Thomas Sackville (see p. 63) and Thomas Norton, was first acted in 1561.

15. *Seneca's style.* Lucius Annæus Seneca (c. 4 B. C.–65 A. D.), a Roman philosopher and writer of tragedies.

22. *faulty both in place and time, i.e.,* a violation of the 'unity of place,' which required that all the action of a play occur in one place, and of the 'unity of time,' which required that the time represented by the action should not exceed one revolution of the sun.

27. *Aristotle's precept.* Aristotle (384–322 B. C.) was the most influential of Greek philosophers. The principles of dramatic writing are discussed in his *Poetics.*

53. *traverses,* difficulties.

b. 5. *Eunuch in Terence.* Terence (c. 185–c. 159 B. C.), a Roman comic poet. The *Eunuchus* is not the only play of Terence that violates the 'unity of time.'

10. *Plautus . . . amiss.* Plautus (died 184 B. C.), a Roman writer of comedies. We cannot be certain as to the particular play here referred to.

26. *Calicut,* the capital of Malabar, India.

27. *Pacolet's horse,* the magic horse of Pacolet, a dwarf in the French romance, *Valentine et Orson.* By turning a pin in the horse's head, the rider could convey himself instantly to any part of the world.

29. *Nuntius.* In Greek and Roman tragedy the catastrophe was not usually presented on the stage, but was reported by a messenger.

33. *Horace,* a Roman poet (65–8 B. C.), wrote a work called, *The Art of Poetry.*

34. *Ab ovo* means, 'from the remotest origin.'

38–53. *Polydorus . . . Euripides.* Polydorus was the youngest son of Priam, king of Troy. The story is told in the *Hecuba* of Euripides, a Greek tragic poet (480–406 B. C.).

45. *Hecuba,* second wife of Priam, and mother of Polydorus.

46. *sleight,* trick.

84. *a.* 10. *Apuleius* (born c. 125 A. D.), a Roman philosopher and rhetorician, best known for his romance *The Golden Ass.* The exact significance of Sidney's reference is not clear.

15. *Amphitruo.* This is pure comedy, except for the introduction of gods and heroes.

17. *daintily,* with discrimination

25. *tract,* course.

38. *conveniency,* suitability.

55. *go . . . bias,* take an unexpected turn. The figure is taken from the game of bowls. *Bias* means 'slope.'

b. 8–9. *Spinning . . . commandment.* Hercules, in his infatuation for Omphale, queen of Lydia, allowed himself to be dressed as a female slave, and spun wool.

20. *forbidden plainly by Aristotle,* in his *Poetics.*

31. *Nil . . . facit,* Juvenal, *Sat.* iii. 152–3. The translation is that of Samuel Johnson.

37. *Thraso,* a bragging, swaggering captain. See the *Eunuchus* of Terence, referred to above.

38–39. *a wry-transformed traveler,* a traveler who unwisely affects foreign manners.

43. *Buchanan.* See **81.** *b.* 7, note.

54–5. *lyrical . . . sonnets,* a reference to such miscellanies as *Tottel's Miscellany.* See p. 54.

85. *a.* 33. *coursing of a letter,* such devices as the acrostic, in which the first letters of the several lines spell a word.

35–6. *with figures and flowers,* the printing of the lines in such a way as to form geometrical figures, flowers, and the like.

45. *Tully,* Marcus Tullius Cicero (106–43 B. C.), the Roman orator, philosopher, and statesman. *Demosthenes* (384?–322 B. C.), the greatest of the Greek orators.

47. *Nizolian paper-books,* note-books containing collections of phrases, such as the *Ciceronian Thesaurus* of Marius Nizolius, an Italian professor (born 1498).

58. *Catiline,* the Roman conspirator against whom Cicero directed certain of his most famous orations.

b. 3. *Vivit . . . venit,* from Cicero's first oration against Catiline.

9. *choler,* anger.

14. *'similiter cadences,'* 'endings of similar sound or arrangement,' such as rime in poetry, or repetition.

17. *daintiness,* discrimination.

19. *sophister,* a university term for students qualified for disputations.

29. *stories . . . fishes.* Notice the use of curious illustrations from natural history in Lyly's *Euphues* on p. 79, col. 2.

43. *Antonius and Crassus.* Marcus Antonius (145–87 B. C.), grandfather of the famous Antony of the Triumvirate, was a distinguished Roman orator, and was so honored by Cicero. Publius Licinius Crassus (175–131 B. C.) was a celebrated orator and lawyer.

45. *As Cicero testifieth,* in his dialogue *On Oratory.*

47. *not to set by it,* not to value it.

53. *knacks,* tricks, ornaments.

86. *a.* 13. *pounded,* put in a 'pound,' or enclosure.

23. *awry,* out of a straight line, wrong.

38. *Tower of Babylon.* See Genesis, Chap. xi.

45. *compositions . . . together,* compound words.

56. *Whether,* which.

b. 25. *Now for rime.* Rime is here used in the sense of rhythm.

38. *sdrucciola,* means 'slippery,' 'sliding.' This is the regular Italian term for trisyllabic rime.

87. *a.* 2. *toy,* trifle.

10. *Bembus.* See **81.** *b.* 2, note.

12. *Scaliger.* See **81.** *b.* 5, note.

15–16. *Clauserus . . . Cornutus.* Lucius Annæus Cornutus (fl. 1st century A. D.) wrote a treatise in Greek *On the Nature of the Gods,* which was translated into Latin by one Clauserus and published about the middle of the 16th century. Sidney is drawing from the preface of this work.

17. *Hesiod,* a Greek poet assigned to the 8th century B. C.

25. *Landin,* Cristofero Landino (1424–1504), an Italian poet and critic, is here referred to for the critical precepts of his *Disputations.*

36. *Libertino patre natus,* Horace, *Satires,* i. 6. 45.

37–8. *Herculea proles,* descendant of Hercules, *i.e.,* royal, noble.

40. *Si . . . possunt,* Virgil, *Aeneid,* ix. 446.

44. *with Dante's Beatrice, or Virgil's Anchises,* that is, in heaven, or in the Elysian fields.

46. *dull-making,* deafening. *Nilus,* the River Nile.

47. *planet-like music,* the music of the spheres produced by the rotation of the planets.

52. *Mome,* stupid person. *Momus,* the son of Night, used as a personification of the critical spirit.

54. *Midas,* king of Phrygia. Having been chosen to judge between the musical abilities of Apollo and Marsyas, he awarded the prize to Marsyas. Apollo changed his ears into those of an ass.

55. *Bubonax.* The story goes that Hipponax, an Ephesian poet (c. 500 B. C.) so savagely satirized the sculptor Bupalus that he hanged himself. The spelling Bubonax is the error either of Sidney or of his printer.

57. *done in Ireland.* It is said that the Irish peasants had a superstitious fear of the bards.

ASTROPHEL AND STELLA

88. *a.* XV, 2. *Parnassus,* a mountain-ridge in Greece, near ancient Delphi, frequented by Apollo, the muses, and the nymphs, and hence the seat of music and poetry.

7. *Petrarch's long-deceasèd woes.* The celebrated Italian poet Petrarch (1304–1374) wrote sonnets to his Laura which later set the fashion for Elizabethan sonneteers.

8. *denizened,* made a citizen, naturalized, adopted.

9. *far-fet,* far-fetched.

10. *bewray,* reveal.

14. *endite,* compose.

XXI, 1. *caustics,* medical substances which burn animal tissue.

2. *windlass,* bewilder.

5. *Plato,* Athenian philosopher (429?–347 B. C.). *but-if,* unless.

89. *a.* LXIV, 9. *Aristotle's wit.* Aristotle (384–322 B. C.), the most famous of Greek philosophers.

10. *Cæsar's bleeding fame.* Julius Cæsar 102–44 B. C.), assassinated by Brutus, Cassius, and others in the senate-house at Rome.

ELEVENTH SONG

90. *a.* 42. *Argus' eyes.* In Greek legend, Argus is famed to have had 100 eyes.

SONG: THE NIGHTINGALE

8. *Tereus.* Tereus abandoned his wife Procné in order to dishonor her sister Philomela.

9. *Philomela.* After having been dishonored by Tereus, Philomela was metamorphosed into a nightingale.

LOVE IS DEAD

8. *franzie,* frenzy.

DORUS TO PAMELA

3. *sterve,* die.
6. *weeds,* clothes.

HAKLUYT'S VOYAGES

DEDICATORY EPISTLE

Francis Walsingham (1536–1590) was a noted English statesman and patron of learning. He served his government as member of parliament, as ambassador to France, as secretary of state, and as special ambassador to several Continental courts.

91. *a.* 8. *Westminster,* Westminster School, established in Westminster Abbey by Henry VIII, and reëstablished by Elizabeth.

11. *Middle Temple,* one of the legal societies in London which provide instruction and examinations for admitting candidates to the bar.

25. *commodities,* articles of merchandise.

b. 15. *Christ Church,* one of the largest and most fashionable of the Oxford colleges.

92. *a.* 3–4. *Sir Edward Stafford* (1552?–1605), a distinguished English diplomatist, much in favor with Queen Elizabeth.

5. *Ligier* (spelled also *lieger, leger, ledger*), an ordinary or resident ambassador.

7. *chargeable,* weighty, onerous.

b. 22. *Aleppo,* in Asiatic Turkey.

23. *Balsara,* Balsar, or Bulsar, a town of British India, on the Gulf of Cambray.

24. *Goa,* on the western coast of India.

26. *river of Plate,* the Rio de la Plata, between Uruguay and the Argentine Republic.

30. *Nova Hispania,* Mexico.

32. *South Sea,* the Pacific Ocean.

33. *Luzones,* islands in the Malay Archipelago in the South Pacific.

THE LAST FIGHT OF THE REVENGE

51. *armada,* a fleet of war-vessels.

53. *Sir Walter Raleigh* (1552–1618), an English courtier, soldier, colonizer, and writer. After a short residence at Oxford, he took up military service. He became a favorite of Elizabeth. In 1584 he began his efforts towards colonizing Virginia. In 1588 he took an active part against the Armada. In 1595 he explored the Orinoco. In 1596 and 1597 he took part in the naval expeditions against the Spanish. Charged with plotting to put Arabella Stuart on the throne, Raleigh was imprisoned in 1603. In 1616 he was released to command an expedition to Guiana and the Orinoco. The expedition failed, and on his return he was condemned and executed.

54. *Lord Thomas Howard* (1561–1626), a distinguished naval officer and statesman.

57. *pinnaces,* large ship's boats.

93. *a.* 17. *pestered,* crowded. *rummaging,* making a disturbance.

29. *recovered,* regained, returned to.

43. *shrouded,* covered, concealed.

48. *Sir Richard Grenville* (c. 1541–1591), a British naval hero, cousin of Sir Walter Raleigh. In 1585 he commanded a fleet of seven vessels which sailed in the colonization of Virginia. In 1591 he served as vice-admiral in the fleet of 16 vessels under Lord Thomas Howard which sailed to Azores to intercept the Spanish treasure-ships. He died a few days after the battle recounted in the present text.

36. *Bona Speranza,* Cape of Good Hope.

37. *St. Helena,* an island off the west coast of Africa.

b. 9–10. *sprang their luff,* sailed nearer to the wind.

22. *charged.* The sense of this word is unknown. It may mean 'timbered.'

28. *admiral,* the ship that carries the commander-in-chief. *Biscayans,* inhabitants of Biscay, a province of northern Spain.

33. *right out of her chase,* directly ahead from her bow.

94. *a.* 16. *galleons,* large unwieldy ships, usually having three or four decks.

24. *Lima,* a city of Peru, in South America.

47. *armadas,* single war-vessels.

95. *a.* 36. *galley, i.e.,* service as prisoner on a galley.

LINSCHOTEN'S TESTIMONY

Jean-Hugues van Linschoten (1563–1611), was a Dutch voyager who cruised widely in the Pacific, in the Indian Ocean, and in the northern seas.

50. *Corvo,* the most northerly of the Azores.

57. *Lord Thomas Howard,* see 92. *b.* 2, note.

b. 4. *Sir Richard Grenville,* see 93. *a.* 48, note.

THE LOSS OF SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT

Sir Humphrey Gilbert (c. 1539–1583) was an English navigator and soldier, a stepbrother of Sir Walter Raleigh. After military services in Ireland and the Netherlands, he began (1578) his voyages of exploration and discovery. On June 11, 1583, he set out for North America, and on Aug. 5 landed at St. John's, where he established the first English colony in North America. On the return voyage his vessel, the *Squirrel,* foundered in a storm.

96. *a.* 52. *large,* fair, favorable.

57. *Cape Race,* the southeastern extremity of Newfoundland.

97. *a.* 7. *St. John's,* a town on the island of Newfoundland.

b. 2. *fights,* screens designed for the protection of men during a battle.

48. *Castor and Pollux,* a name given to the electric phenomenon known as St. Elmo's Fire. The phenomenon consists of the appearance, especially in southern climates, during thunder storms, of a brush or star of light.

98. *a.* 26. *flaw,* a sudden gust of wind.

A REPORT OF VIRGINIA

38. *Sir Walter Raleigh,* see 92. *b.* 53, note.

54. *humors,* bodily fluids.

RALEIGH'S DISCOVERY OF GUIANA

Guiana signified a region extending inland from the northeast coast of South America.

b. 39. *this river,* the Caroni River.

43. *Caroli,* the Caroni River, flowing northward and emptying into the Orinoco.

51. *shot,* persons who bear firearms.

57. *casique,* or *cacique,* a native chief of the aborigines in the West Indies and adjacent parts of America.

99. *a.* 32. *footman,* pedestrian.

b. 16. *marquesite,* marcasite, crystallized forms of iron pyrites.

22. *Caracas.* A tribe of Indians, called Caracas, formerly occupied the valleys about the present city, Caracas, the capital of modern Venezuela.

29. *Inca,* the Inca Empire, ruled by the Incas, the reigning order in ancient Peru.

100. *a.* 19. *provant,* provender.

25. *Cortez,* Fernando Cortez (1485–1547), the famous Spanish soldier who conquered Mexico, the City of Mexico falling in 1521. *Pizarro,* Francisco Pizarro (c. 1471–1541), the Spanish soldier who conquered Peru. Pizarro extorted from the Inca Atahualpa a sum estimated at $15,000,000 of modern money.

39. *cama, or anta,* names of the common tapir.

55. *tortugas,* tortoises. *lagartos,* alligators, or crocodiles.

b. 2. *calentura,* fever.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE AT SAN DOMINGO

100. *b.* 12. *Sir Francis Drake,* see p. 217.

101. *b.* 11. *provost martial,* an army officer who acts as head of police of a district, town, or camp.

DRAKE IN CALIFORNIA

40. *Sir Francis Drake,* see p. 217.

54. *the Line,* the equator.

102. *a.* 15. *cauls,* nets for confining the hair.

b. 33. *coney,* rabbit.

103. *b.* 25. *want,* a mole.

SPENSER: THE SHEPHEARDES CALENDAR

FEBRUARIE

104. 2. *tasswage,* to subside.

4. *gryde,* pierce.

5. *rontes,* young bullocks.

6. *doen,* do.

7. *wont,* are accustomed. *wrigle,* wriggling.

8. *Perke,* pert, brisk. *avales,* subsides, droops.

9. *Lewdly,* foolishly.

10. *wracke,* violence.

105. 16. *lusty prime,* pleasant spring-time.

22. *that,* that which.

24. *mought,* might.

26. *cheare,* countenance.

27. *nie,* nigh.

28. *wrye,* awry, crooked.

30. *Good Fryday,* Friday before Easter.

32. *unwont,* unaccustomed.

35. *heardgroomes,* herdsmen.

36. *broomes,* a kind of shrub.

38. *deemen,* deem, judge.

39. *fond,* foolish.

42. *eft,* afterwards.

43. *breme,* rough. *chamfred,* wrinkled, furrowed.

46. *cruddles,* curdles.

47. *corage accoied,* heart daunted.

49. *surquedrie,* arrogance, pride.

52. *spil,* mar, ruin.

54. *elde,* old age.

55. *sicker,* certainly. *tottie,* tottering.

56. *corbe,* crooked.

57. *lopp,* branch.

58. *Als,* also. *cropp,* cut off.

62. *hery,* praise.

65. *gelt,* gold.

66. *buegle,* bead-work.

67. *faine,* glad.

69. *fon,* a foolish fellow.

71. *brag,* ostentatious.

72. *smirke,* smart.

74. *dewelap,* throat-wattle. *lythe,* pliant.

75. *venteth,* snuffs.

77. *can,* knows.

78. *lustlesse,* listless, feeble.

80. *flocks father,* ram.

82. *crags,* necks.

83. *rather lambes,* lambs born early in the year.

86. *headlessehood,* heedlessness.

89. *ynne,* inn, abode.

90. *stoopegallaunt age,* age which subdues gallantry.

92. *cond,* learned. *Tityrus,* Chaucer. The 'tale' that follows is, of course, not from Chaucer.

95. *novells,* news, or tales. *devise,* telling.

96. *thewed,* founded in morality.

97. *bespake,* spoke of.

98. *meete,* fitting.

104. *largely,* widely.

106. *pight,* fixed, planted.

107. *throughly,* thoroughly.

106. 108. *Whilome,* formerly.

109. *mochell mast,* many acorns. *husband,* master of the house.

110. *larded,* fattened.

111. *rine,* rind, bark.

114. *honor, i.e.,* foliage.

115. *Brere,* briar.

117. *threat,* threaten.

119. *wonncd,* were wont.

121. *peinct,* paint, decorate.

122. *shrowde,* take shelter.

124. *wexe,* wax, grow.

125. *cast him,* planned.

126. *snebbe,* snub, reprove. *for,* because.

131. *engrained,* dyed. *lusty,* pleasant.

133. *wast,* waste.

134. *dirks,* darkens.

135. *accloieth,* encumbers.

140. *againe,* back.

141. *adawed,* subdued.

145. *survewe,* oversee, survey.

146. *trees of state,* stately trees.

151. *Pleaseth,* 2d pers. plur. imperative. *ponder,* weigh, consider.

154. *recure,* cure, heal.

155. *doole,* grief.

157. *aghast,* amazed.

160. *painted,* false.

162. *colowred,* colored, disguised.

167. *prime,* spring-time.

169. *falls,* happens.
178. *coronall,* garland.
182. *defast,* defaced, destroyed.
184. *goodlihead,* goodness.
185. *ranckorous,* sharp.
187. *sufferance,* patience.
189. *cast him,* prepared.
190. *couth,* knew.
192. *noulde,* would not.
195. *hent,* seized.
200. *enaunter,* lest. *mought,* might, should.
202. *wast,* waste.
203. *againe,* back.
206. *eld,* old age.
209. *crewe,* cruet, cruise, vessel.
107. 211. *sike,* such.
213. *quitten,* free.
223. *pleasaunce,* pleasure.
225. *eftsones,* forthwith.
226. *Boreas,* north-wind.
242. *graffed,* grafted.
243. *frorne,* frozen.
244. *galage,* wooden shoe.
245. *ease,* pleasure. *lewd,* foolish, rude.
248–9. 'God, since he is old, makes his own in his own likeness.'
251–2. 'No old man fears God.'

OCTOBER

3. *lingring Phœbus race,* lingering daylight.
4. *Whilome thou wont,* formerly thou used.
5. *bydding base,* the game of prisoners'-base.
11. *pleasaunce,* pleasure.
12. *ligge so layd,* lie so subdued.
13. *wont,* used to.
14. *fry,* children, youth.
15. *what . . . forthy,* how am I the better for that?
23. *pleasaunce of thy vaine,* pleasure of thy vein.
24. 'To whatever it pleases thee to entice their allured wills.'
26. *routes,* crowds.
28. *shepheard, i.e.,* Orpheus. *dame, i.e.,* Eurydice.
29. *Plutoes balefull bowre i.e.,* Hades.
32. *Argus blazing eye.* The spots in the peacock's tail are said to be Argus' hundred eyes.
33. *forthy,* for that.
35. *sike,* such. *sheddeth,* disperses.
108. 37. *clowne,* lout, low fellow.
39. *giusts,* jousts.
41. *doubted,* dreaded.
42. *wexen,* wax, grow.
45. *Whither thou list,* whether thou choose. *Elisa,* Queen Elizabeth.
47. *the worthy,* the hero, *i.e.,* the Earl of Leicester.
48. *white beare,* Leicester's cognizance was a bear and a ragged staff.
49. *stounds,* efforts.
50. *slackt the tenor of,* lowered the pitch of.
51. *lustihead,* pleasure. *tho,* then.
52. *the myllers,* a kind of dance.
53. *All,* although. *thilke,* that.
54. *mought,* might.
55. *Romish Tityrus,* Virgil.
56. *Mœcœnas,* Mæcenas, patron of Virgil.
59. *eft,* afterwards.
62. *Augustus,* the Roman emperor.
63. *liggen,* lie.
65. *derring doe,* daring deeds.
66. *hem,* them.
68. *brought . . . ease,* brought to a bed of ease.
69. *found . . . preace,* found nothing worth putting forth for competition.
72. *pend,* penned.
75. *mote,* must. *fayne,* feign.
76. *rybaudrye.* ribaldry.
78. *Tom Piper,* the piper who accompanied Morris-dancers.
87. *peeced,* patched, imperfect.
88. *Colin, i.e.,* Spenser. *scanne,* mount.
89. *bedight,* dressed.
90. *soothe,* sweetly.
91. *fon,* foolish fellow.
95. *caytive corage,* base mind.
98. *tyranne fell,* baneful tyrant.
101. *wont,* are accustomed.
103. 'Whoever thinks to accomplish great things.'
105. 'Let him pour down plentiful draughts and nourishing food.'
106. *Bacchus fruite,* wine. *Phœbus,* god of poetry.
109. 113. *buskin,* the high-heeled boot worn by actors in tragedy.
114. *queint,* elegant. *Bellona,* goddess of war.
115. *corage,* mind, heart.
116. *Forthy,* therefore.
117. *han us assayde,* have attacked us.
118. *charme,* temper.
119. *gates,* goats.
122. 'With his urging we become inflamed, etc.'

THE FAERIE QUEENE. BOOK I

1. *whylome,* formerly. *maske,* go disguised.
2. *shephards weeds,* a graceful reference to Spenser's own earlier *Shepherd's Calendar.*
7. *areeds,* counsels.
10. *holy virgin,* refers to Clio, the muse of history.
12. *scryne,* chest for papers.
14. *Tanaquill,* a British princess, daughter of Oberon, king of fairyland. In the allegory Tanaquill is probably Queen Elizabeth.
15. *Briton Prince,* Prince Arthur, representing in the allegory, probably, the Earl of Leicester.
17. *rue,* pity.
19. *dreaded impe,* Cupid, god of love.
21. *rove,* shoot an arrow with an elevation, not point blank.
23. *heben,* ebony.
25. *Mart,* Mars.
28. *Goddesse,* Queen Elizabeth.
31. *Phœbus,* Apollo, the sun-god.
32. *eyne,* eyes.
32. *type of thine,* Una, who represents truth in the allegory.
35. *afflicted,* cast down.
36. *dearest dread,* dearest object of reverence.

CANTO I

1. *knight,* the Redcross Knight, representing the English church militant. *pricking,* riding.

6. *chide,* chafe, grind.

110. 9. *giusts,* jousts.

14. *scor'd,* traced.

15. *For soveraine hope,* as a sign of supreme hope.

17. *cheere,* countenance.

18. *ydrad,* dreaded, feared.

20. *Gloriana,* Queen Elizabeth.

22. *worshippe,* honor.

24. *earne,* yearn.

25. *puissance,* power, prowess.

27. *dragon,* 'the great dragon . . . called the devil.' Revelation, xii, 9.

28. *ladie,* Una.

31. *wimpled,* pleated.

36. *in a line,* by a cord. *lambe,* symbolizing innocence.

44. *Forwasted,* utterly wasted.

45. *compeld,* summoned.

46. *dwarfe,* symbolizing prudence, or common sense.

52. *lemans,* sweet-heart's.

53. *wight,* person, creature. *shrowd,* take shelter.

54. *fain,* glad.

55. *covert,* hiding-place.

56. *shadie grove,* the wood of Error.

60. *Not perceable with,* impervious to.

63. 'A fair shelter it seems to them when they have entered.'

69. *sayling pine,* pine used for building ships.

70. *poplar never dry,* never dry because it grows especially well in moist soil.

71. *builder oake,* oak used for building.

72. *cypresse funerall,* the cypress, emblematic of death.

73. *meed,* reward.

74. *weepeth still,* weeps always. The fir exudes a resinous substance.

75. *paramours,* lovers.

76. *eugh,* yew.

111. 77. *sallow,* a kind of willow.

78. *The mirrhe.* The Arabian myrtle exudes a bitter but fragrant gum. The allusion is to the wounding of Myrrha by her father and her metamorphosis into a tree.

79. *warlike beech.* Lances and other arms were made of beech. *ash for nothing ill.* The ash served many purposes.

80. *platane,* plane-tree.

81. *carver holme.* The evergreen oak was good for carving.

84. *weening,* thinking.

88. *doubt,* fear.

94. *about,* out of.

95. *by tract,* by trace.

98. *Eftsoones,* forthwith.

103. *doubts,* fears.

106–7. *shame . . . shade,* 'it were shameful to check forward steps for fear of an unseen danger.'

108. *wade,* walk, go, pass.

110. *wot,* know.

114. *wandring wood,* wood that causes men to go astray.

118. *greedy hardiment,* eager boldness.

122. *glooming,* gloaming, twilight.

126. *full . . . disdain,* full of vileness that breeds disgust in the beholder.

129. *boughtes,* folds, coils.

130. *bred,* were born.

133. *ill favored,* of ugly appearance.

134. *uncouth,* unknown, strange.

136. *upstart,* started up. *effraide,* frightened.

139. *entraile,* fold, coil.

112. 141. *Armed to point,* completely armed.

143. *Ay wont,* ever accustomed.

145. *Elfe,* so called because he was reputed to be the son of an elf or fairy.

147. *trenchand,* sharp, cutting.

152. *enhaunst,* raised.

154. *dint,* stroke.

158. *Tho,* then. *wrethed,* twisted.

161. *That,* so that.

163. *constraint,* distress.

168. 'His anger was aroused because of pain and great disgust.' *grate,* chafe.

170. *gorge,* throat.

172. *maw,* stomach.

174. *gobbets,* lumps, pieces.

175. *vildly,* vilely.

177. *bookes and papers,* allegorically the scurrilous Catholic pamphlets that had been launched against Elizabeth and the reformed Church of England.

180. *parbreake,* vomit.

183. *outwell,* pour out.

185. *avale,* subside.

189. *reed,* perceive.

194. *sinke,* hoard, deposit.

200. *welke,* fade, grow dim.

113. 206. *clownish,* rough, rude.

208. *bestedd,* situated.

212. *lin,* cease.

213. *manly,* human.

215. *raft,* struck away.

216. *corse,* body.

225. *eke,* also.

227. *unkindly,* unnatural.

233. *needeth him,* needs he.

234. *should contend,* should have had to contend.

239. *armory,* armor.

243. *like succeed it may,* similar successful adventures may follow.

248. *still,* ever, always.

250. *to frend,* as friend.

254. *aged sire,* Archimago, the false enchanter. In general he represents hypocrisy and the Church of Rome.

259. *shew,* appearance.

262. *louting,* bowing.

263. *him quited,* paid him back, responded.

267. *silly,* simple, innocent.

268. *Bidding his beades,* praying his prayers.

270. *sits not,* is not fitting. *Mell,* mingle, meddle.

114. 277. *weare,* spend.

279. *space,* time.

280. *wastefull,* barren.

282. *thorough*, through.
285. *forwearied*, greatly wearied.
288. *baite*, feed, refresh.
295. *take up your in*, take lodging.
301. *a little wyde*, a little way off.
302. *edifyde*, built.
303. *wont*, was wont.
315. *Ave-Mary*, Hail Mary, a prayer to the Virgin.
317. *Sad humor*, heavy moisture.
318. *Morpheus*, god of sleep.
319. *deaw*, dew.
320. *riddes*, removes.
322. *amiddes*, amid.
328. *Plutoes griesly dame*, Proserpine.
332. *Great Gorgon*, Demogorgon, whose name was not to be uttered, and who had magical power over the spirits of the lower world.
333. *Cocytus*, the river of wailing. *Styx*, the river of hate. Both rivers were in Hades.
115. 338. *fray*, frighten.
343. *spersed*, dispersed.
348. *Tethys*, the ocean.
348. *Cynthia*, the moon.
360. *takes keepe*, pays heed.
367. *still*, always.
372. *mought*, might.
373. *paine*, effort.
376. *dryer braine*, too dry brain. It was supposed that a dry brain was slow in physiological processes.
378. *all*, entirely.
381. *Hecate*, queen of demons in Hades, and ruler of witches on earth.
382. *lompish*, dull.
387. *sent*, sense.
389. *diverse*, perverse.
391. *carke*, care, anxiety.
392. *starke*, stiff.
396. *afore*, before.
116. 405. *like*, likely. *seeme for*, represent.
409. *fantasy*, fancy.
410. 'In the way in which he schooled him secretly.'
411. *without her dew*, in an unnatural manner.
429. *leman*, lover.
431. *Hymen iö Hymen*, refrain of a Roman nuptial song. Hymen was god of marriage.
432. *Flora*, goddess of flowers.
443. *guise*, appearance.
444. *despight*, indignation.
445. *sufferance*, patience.
447. 'To test his perception and prove her feigned truth.'
449. *Tho can*, then did. *ruth*, pity.
454. *blind god*, Cupid. *amate*, dismay, dishearten.
462. *bereave*, take away.
468. *frayes*, frightens.
469. *deare constraint*, grievous distress.
117. 473. *redoubted*, terrible.
476. *shend*, revile, reproach. *rew*, pity, regret.
483. *appease*, cease from.
484. *beguiled of*, disappointed in.
491. *irksome*, troubled. *spright*, spirit.

CANTO II

1. *northerne wagoner*, constellation of Boötes, situated behind the Great Bear.
2. *sevenfold teme*, seven stars of Ursa Major, the Great Bear. *stedfast starre*, the pole-star.
6. *Chaunticlere*, the cock.
7. *Phoebus fiery carre*, the sun.
13. *bootelesse*, useless.
16. *Prosperine*, queen of the infernal regions.
19. *Eftsoones*, presently.
22. *squire*, an attendant on a knight. *lustyhed*, pleasure.
26. *misdeeming*, misleading.
30. *repast*, rest, refreshment.
34. *wex*, wax, grow.
118. 37. *start*, started.
40. *ment*, mingled.
43. *yblent*, blinded.
49. *wast*, waste. *despight*, anger.
50. *Yrkesome*, weary.
51. *Hesperus*, the evening star.
56. *aged Tithones*. Tithonus is 'aged' because Aurora gave him immortality, but not eternal youth.
58. *Titan*, the sun-god.
59. *drousyhed*, drowsiness.
62. *wont to wait*, was accustomed to watch.
63. *stowre*, distress.
84. *in seeming wise*, in the way of appearance.
85. *Proteus*, a sea-god.
87. *fell*, destructive.
97. *jolly*, handsome.
99. *Saint George*, patron saint of England.
100. *semblaunt*, semblance.
119. 104. *him chaunst*, he happened.
105. *Sarazin*, used for pagans in general. *armde to point*, completely armed.
107. *Sans foy*, faithless.
108. *a point*, a speck, a bit.
109. *faire companion*, Duessa, or Falsehood, who calls herself Fidessa. She probably represents Mary Queen of Scots and the Church of Rome.
111. *Purfled*, embroidered on the edge. *assay*, quality, value.
113. *owches*, jewels.
115. *palfrey*, lady's riding-horse.
117. *bosses*, ornamental studs or knobs.
118. *disport*, play.
128. *dispitcous*, cruel.
129. *couch*, level, adjust.
130. *fell*, destructive.
135. *rebutte*, recoil.
144. *broken reliques*, shivered lances.
145. *buffe*, blow.
147. *quyteth*, pays.
148. 'Each vies with the equal power of the other.'
150. *repining*, indignant. *courage*, heart.
155. *bitter fitt*, death agony.
156. *wote*, know.
157. *forwarned*, warded off.
158. *assured sitt*, sit firm.
159. *hide thy head, i.e.*, behind thy shield for protection.
160. *rigor so outrageous*, force so violent.

162. *from . . . blest,* fairly preserved him from harm.
164. *eftsoones,* forthwith.
166. *rive,* split.
120. 171. *Whether,* whither.
174. *funerall,* death.
176. *scowre,* run fast.
181. *ruefull,* sad.
183. *silly,* innocent.
188. *rueth,* touches with pity.
196. *emperour,* the Pope.
198. *Tiberis,* River Tiber.
200. *onely haire,* only heir, the dauphin of France, the first husband of Mary Queen of Scots.
203. *debonaire,* gracious, courteous.
206. *fone,* foes.
212. *assaid,* tried.
213. *corse,* body.
224. *Sansjoy,* without happiness.
225. *Sansloy,* without law.
233. *rew,* pity.
121. 239. *chear,* countenance.
241. *gainsaid,* denied, opposed.
243. *dainty . . . derth,* coyness, they say, creates desire.
250. *fearefull,* timid.
251. *ne wont,* nor was accustomed to.
258. *abide,* endure, tolerate.
261. *tide,* time.
262. *seemely pleasaunce,* pleasant courtesies.
269. *rifte,* fissure.
270. *gory bloud,* clotted blood.
273. *rynd,* bark. *embard,* imprisoned.
278. *Astond,* astonished. *hove,* rise.
280. *dreadfull passion,* passion of fear.
284. *Limbo lake,* abode of the damned.
287. *rare,* thin, faint.
288. *ruefull,* piteous.
291. *Fradubio,* 'Brother Doubtful.'
295. *Boreas,* the north-wind.
122. 316. *take in hand,* maintain.
328. *Whether,* which of the two.
329. *meede,* reward.
332. *mote,* might.
336. *cast,* planned.
342. *in place,* in that place.
348. *Eftsoones,* forthwith.
351. *treen mould,* form of a tree.
353. *unweeting,* not knowing.
355. *prime,* springtime.
358. *origane,* wild marjoram.
360. *rew,* regret.
370. *cheare,* countenance.
123. 374. *bereaved,* taken away. *quight,* quite.
376. *pight,* placed, fixed.
378. *wights,* men.
382. *living well,* a flowing well.
385. *wonted well,* accustomed well-being.
386. *suffised,* satisfied. *kynd,* nature.
391. *dreriment,* sorrow.
398. *unweeting,* unaware.
404. *all passed feare,* all fear having passed.

AMORETTI

1, 6. *lamping,* shining.
7. *spright,* spirit.
10. *Helicon,* a mountain in Bœotia, Greece, famous in mythology as the haunt of the muses.
124. XXIV, 8. *Pandora,* according to Greek mythology, the first woman, created by command of Zeus in revenge for the theft of fire from heaven by Prometheus. The gods endowed her with such attributes as should bring misfortune to man.
XXXIV, 10. *Helice,* the Great Bear.
LXX, 2. *cote-armour,* a herald's tabard.
12. *amearst,* punished.

EPITHALAMION

125. 1. *learned sisters,* the muses.
8. *wreck,* violence.
11. *dreriment,* sorrow.
22. *lustyhed,* vigor.
25. *Hymen,* god of marriage.
27. *tead,* torch. *flake,* flash.
28. *bachelor,* one in the first stage of knighthood.
30. *dight,* dress.
35. *solace,* pleasure.
40. *wel beseene,* very comely.
44. *riband,* ribbon.
45. *poses,* flowers.
51. *diapred,* variegated. *discolored,* many-colored
56. *Mulla,* island off the coast of Scotland.
126. 75. *Tithones,* Tithonus, consort of Aurora.
77. *Phœbus,* the sun-god.
80. *mattins,* morning service.
81. *mavis,* song-thrush. *descant,* an accompanying melody.
82. *ouzell,* blackbird. *ruddock,* redbreast
83. *consent,* harmony.
86. *meeter,* more fitting.
87. *make,* mate.
95. *Hesperus,* the evening star, and also the morning star.
98–99. *Houres,* Horæ, goddesses who presided over the changes of the seasons, and of day and night.
102. *still,* always, ever.
103. *three handmayds of the Cyprian Queene,* the Graces, who were especially associated with Venus.
104, 106. *still,* ever, always.
108. 'And as you are accustomed to sing to Venus, sing to her (my bride).'
113. *strayt,* presently, soon.
121. *Phœbus,* Apollo.
123. *mote,* may.
124. *boone,* boon, prayer, favor.
131. *tabor,* drum. *croud,* fiddle.
140. *Hymen, Iö Hymen,* the refrain of a Roman nuptial song. Hymen is god of marriage.
148. *portly,* dignified.
127. 151. *seemes,* befits.
152. *weene,* think.
165. *nathlesse,* nevertheless. *still,* ever, always.
175. *uncrudded,* uncurdled.
186. *spright,* spirit.
189. *red,* saw.
190. *Medusaes mazeful hed.* Medusa was a beautiful maiden whose hair was transformed into serpents. *mazeful,* confounding.
228. *dyde in grayne,* dyed in dye.
234. *sad,* grave. *still,* ever.

128. 239. *band,* tie.

257. *Graces,* the three daughters of Zeus,— Euphrosyne, Aglaia, and Thalia,— who personified grace and beauty.

265. ff. *This day.* June 11th, St. Barnabas' day, was, according to Spenser's calendar, the day of the summer solstice.

269. *Crab,* one of the signs of the zodiac.

272. *weare,* were.

282. *fayrest planet,* the sun.

285. *gloome,* become twilight.

299. *boures,* bowers.

304. *Arras,* a town in northern France formerly noted for its manufacture of tapestries.

307. *Maia,* mother of Hermes by Zeus.

308. *Tempe,* a beautiful valley in the north of Thessaly.

310. *Acidalian brooke,* the fountain Acidalius, in Bœotia, Greece.

129. 316. *defray,* pay for.

328. *Alcmena,* mother of Hercules by Zeus.

329. *Tirynthian groome.* Hercules is said to have lived for many years at the city of Tiryns, in Greece.

331. *Majesty.* By ancient poets, Night was called the mother of all things, and she was worshipped with great solemnity.

337. *dout,* fear.

340. *helplesse,* irremediable.

341. *Pouke,* Puck, or Robin Goodfellow.

346. *still,* ever, continually.

348. *griesly,* horrible.

374. *Cynthia,* the moon.

376. *envy,* begrudge.

380. *Latmian shepard,* Endymion, loved by Cinthia.

388. *hap,* fortune, lot.

390. *Juno,* sister and wife of Jove, and protectress of marriage.

130. 398. *Genius,* a higher power that maintains life and assists at the begetting and birth of each individual.

405. *Hebe,* cup-bearer to the gods.

414. *fayne,* imagine.

421. *guerdon,* reward.

429. *Hasty accidents,* accidents due to haste.

430. *expect,* await.

433. *for,* instead of.

PROTHALAMION

Written on the occasion of the marriage, on the same day, of the two daughters of the Earl of Worcester to Henry Guilford and William Peter.

2. *Zephyrus,* the west wind.

4. *Titans beames,* the sun. *glyster,* glitter, shine.

8. *still,* always.

11. *Themmes,* Thames.

12. *rutty,* rooty.

16. *paramours,* lovers.

25. *entrayled,* intertwined.

26. *flasket,* a long, shallow basket.

27. *cropt,* cut, clipped. *feateously,* neatly.

33. *vermeil,* vermilion.

38. *lee,* stream.

40. *Pindus,* a range of mountains in northern Greece.

43. *Leda.* Leda was amorously approached by Zeus in the form of a swan.

131. 55. *Eftsoones,* forthwith.

63. *Venus silver teeme,* team of swans, according to Ovid, *Metamorphoses,* x. 708.

67. *Somers-heat,* Somerset.

78. *Peneus,* a river in Thessaly that traverses the Vale of Tempe.

79. *Tempes shore.* Tempe is a valley in Thessaly celebrated for its beauty.

100. *assoile,* absolve.

110. *undersong,* burden, refrain, chorus.

119. *foule,* fowl.

132. 121. *Cynthia,* the moon. *shend,* shame.

128. *kyndly nurse.* Spenser was born in London.

132. *whereas,* where.

132–5. *bricky towres . . . Templer Knights.* A reference to the Temple. After the order of the Knights Templar had been suppressed in the reign of Edward II (1307–1327), their property on the bank of the Thames passed eventually into the hands of the students of the common law.

137–140. *a stately place . . . that great lord.* The reference is to Leicester House, where Spenser's patron, the Earl of Leicester, dwelt for some years. See the life of Spenser, above, p. 104.

145. *a noble peer,* the Earl of Essex. After the death of Leicester, in 1588, the Earl of Essex occupied his house and gave it the name, Essex House.

147. *through all Spaine did thunder.* A reference to the capture of Cadiz in 1596. Essex commanded the land forces.

148. *Hercules two pillors,* the rocks on either side of the strait of Gibraltar.

153–4. Probably a pun on Essex's family name, *Devereux,* as if it were connected with the French *heureux,* 'happy.'

157. *Elisaes glorious name,* Queen Elizabeth.

164. *Hesper,* the evening, and also the morning, star.

173. *twins of Jove,* Castor and Pollux, who became the constellation Gemini.

ELIZABETHAN LYRICS

GASCOIGNE: A STRANGE PASSION

133. 1. *bale,* suffering.

15. *eschew,* avoid.

16. *grutch,* ill-will.

134. 25. *Philomene,* the nightingale.

28. *wray,* reveal.

29. *bewray,* reveal.

DYER: MY MIND TO ME A KINGDOM IS

4. *kind,* nature.

35. *fawn,* cringe to.

RALEIGH. HIS PILGRIMAGE

1. *scallop-shell,* shell of a kind of mollusk. The scallop-shell was the badge of a pilgrim.

3. *scrip,* wallet.

135. 25. *suckets,* a dried sweetmeat, or a delicacy of any kind.

57. *palmer,* a pilgrim. Specifically, a pilgrim to Jerusalem who brought back a palm-branch as a token.

A VISION UPON THIS CONCEIT OF THE FAERY QUEEN

1. *Laura,* celebrated in Petrarch's sonnets.

2. *vestal flame.* Vesta was goddess of the hearth. The sacred fire, which was her symbol, was kept burning in her temple at home by six stainless virgins, called *vestals.*

7. *Petrarch* (1304–1374), a celebrated Italian poet.

13. *sprite,* spirit.

GREENE: THE SHEPHERD'S WIFE'S SONG

137. 18. *curds,* the thickened part of milk, eaten as food.

36. *spill,* destroy.

37. *snort,* snore.

138. 42. *tide or sithe,* time or occasion.

44. *broils,* disturbances.

DANIEL: SONNETS FROM DELIA

XIX, 2. *Cytherea's son,* Cupid.

8. *Thetis,* chief of the sea-nymphs.

10. *Hermonius' spheres,* an allusion to the music supposed to be made by the planets in their revolutions. Perhaps this line should read: And thy sweet voice give back unto the spheres.

12. *Hyrcan,* pertaining to Hyrcania, a region in Asia bordering on the Caspian Sea.

139. XXXVIII, 3. *Laura . . . Petrarch.* Petrarch's sonnets were inspired by his Laura.

13. *limnèd,* described.

L, 1. *Paladins,* the knights of Charlemagne, and hence, heroic champions in general.

2. *untimely,* archaic, obsolete.

9. *arcs,* arches.

DRAYTON: SONNETS FROM IDEA

140. IX, 9. *Bedlam,* the hospital of St. Mary of Bethlehem in London, originally a priory, but afterward used as an asylum for lunatics.

XLIV, 6. *Medea-like.* Medea was granted the power of conferring immortality upon her children.

ODE XI. TO THE VIRGINIA VOYAGE

141. 16. *Eolus,* god of the winds.

37. *Golden Age,* a fabled period of simplicity, plenty, and eternal spring.

49. *kenning,* recognition.

52. *frolic,* merry.

68. *Industrious Hakluyt.* See above, p. 91.

ODE XII. TO THE CAMBRO-BRITONS

The Cambro-Britons were the Welsh.

The battle of Agincourt was fought near the northern coast of France on Oct. 25, 1415. Henry V, with about 15,000 men, defeated 50,000 or more French soldiers under the Constable d'Albret.

5. *main,* sea.

8. *King Harry,* Henry V.

16. *power,* army.

142. 41. *Poitiers and Cressy,* famous victories of the English in France, during the Hundred Years' War. The battle of Crécy was fought on Aug. 26, 1346; the battle of Poitiers, on Sept. 19, 1356.

45. *our Grandsire.* The grandfather of Henry V was John of Gaunt, son of Edward III.

49. *Duke of York,* Edward, Duke of York, who fell at Agincourt.

50. *vanward,* advance-guard.

53. *Exeter,* the Duke of Exeter, uncle of Henry V.

66. *Erpingham,* Sir Thomas Erpingham, steward of the king's household.

82. *bilboes,* swords.

91. *ding,* strike.

94. *besprent,* sprinkled.

97–112. *Gloucester . . . Clarence . . . Warwick . . . Oxford . . . Suffolk . . . Beaumont . . . Willoughby . . . Ferrers . . . Fanhope,* English noblemen and gentlemen who fought in the battle of Agincourt.

111. *doughtily,* mightily, forcibly.

113. *Saint Crispin's Day,* Oct. 25.

MARLOWE: HERO AND LEANDER

THE FIRST SESTIAD

Leander, a youth of Abydos, in love with Hero, a priestess of Aphrodite at Sestos, swam the Hellespont every night to visit her, until he perished one night in a storm. When his body was cast up on the shore of Sestos next morning, Hero threw herself into the sea.

Sestiad is really a Latin adjective meaning 'belonging to Sestos.'

1. *Hellespont,* the Strait of Dardanelles.

143. 14. *Adonis,* a youth of model beauty loved by Venus.

15. *kirtle,* close-fitting gown.

31. *buskins,* shoes laced to a point above the ankle.

49. *wrack,* destruction.

52. *Musæus,* a Greek author of the 5th century B. C., author of a celebrated poem on Hero and Leander, upon which Marlowe's poem is based.

56. *Colchos,* Colchis was the region in Asia to which the Argonautic expedition was directed in quest of the golden fleece.

59. *Cynthia,* the moon.

61. *Circe's wand.* Circe was an enchantress who, with her wand, could transform men into beasts.

65. *Pelops.* According to a tradition, one of Pelops' shoulders was made of ivory.

77. *Hippolytus,* son of Theseus and Hippolyta.

144. 98. *glistered,* glistened.

101. *Phaëton,* son of the sun-god, obtained permission of his father to drive his chariot across the heavens; but, being unable to check the horses, he nearly set the earth on fire.

107. *that . . . star,* the moon.

108. *thirling,* quivering.

109. *Latmus' mount,* a mountain in Asia Minor, the scene of the story of Cynthia's love for Endymion.

114. *Ixion's shaggy-footed race,* the Centaurs.

137. *Proteus,* a sea-god.

146. *Vulcan and his Cyclops.* Vulcan, the god of fire and of the working of metals, had the giant Cyclops for his workmen.
148. *Silvanus,* god of the fields and forests.
152. *turtles,* turtle-doves.
153. *Vailed,* bowed.

SHAKSPERE: VENUS AND ADONIS

Adonis was a beautiful youth beloved by Venus. In spite of her favor, he died from a wound received from a boar in the chase. The flower anemone sprang from his blood. Moved by the grief of Venus, the gods of the lower world allowed Adonis to spend six months of the year with her on earth, and the remaining six among the shades.

145. 18. *coasteth,* proceeds, goes.
43. *ecstasy,* excitement.
54. *rate,* scold, upbraid.
55. *spleens,* passionate impulses.
57. *mated,* bewildered.
59. *respects,* considerations, thoughts
60. *In hand with,* undertaking.
62. *caitiff,* wretch.
146. 78. *exclaims on,* cries out against.
81. *worm,* serpent.
94. *crop,* pick.
104. *vailed,* lowered.
112. *still,* ever, always.
147. 141. *all to naught,* good for nothing.
143. *clepes,* calls.
144. *Imperious,* imperial.
148. *still,* ever.
152. *wreaked,* revenged.
158. *suspect,* suspicion.
160. *With . . . insinuate,* try to ingratiate oneself with.
169. *fond,* foolish.
175. *lure,* a call or decoy, used to attract a falcon.
200. *trenched,* gashed.
148. 207. *passions,* grieves.
231, 234. *fair,* beauty.
242, *fear,* frighten.
246. *silly,* innocent, helpless.
253. *urchin-snoutèd,* with snout like that of a hedgehog.
263. *nuzzling,* thrusting his nose in.
149. 305. *toward,* fitting.
311. *Sith,* since.
316. *A purple flower,* the anemone.
323. *crops,* plucks, breaks off.
150. 341. *Paphos,* a town in Cyprus, the chief seat of the worship of Venus.

SONNETS

XII, 2. *brave,* beautiful.
9. *question make,* consider.
XV, 9. *conceit,* conception.
11. *debateth,* combats.
XVIII, 7. *fair,* beauty.
151. XXX, 6. *dateless,* endless.
8. *moan the expense,* lament the loss.
10. *tell,* count.
XXXIII, 6. *rack,* mass of floating clouds.
LIV, 5. *canker-blooms,* dog-roses.
8. *discloses,* uncloses.
9. *for,* because.
10. *unrespected,* unregarded.
LV, 3. *in these contents,* in the contents of these verses.
LX, 7. *Crooked,* malignant.
8. *confound,* destroy.
9. *flourish,* decoration.
10. *delves the parallels,* digs the furrows.
13. *times in hope,* future times.
152. LXV, 4. *action,* perhaps in the sense of 'legal action.'
LXVI, 11. *simplicity,* folly.
153. LXXVI, 5. *still,* always.
XCVII, 7. *prime,* spring.
10. *hope of orphans,* such hope as orphans bring.
XCVIII, 2. *proud-pied,* gaily variegated.
4. *That,* so that. *Saturn,* a planet of melancholy influence.
6. *different flowers in,* flowers different in.
XCIX, 6. *for thy hand,* for stealing the whiteness of thy hand.
13. *canker,* canker-worm.
CIV, 10. *Steal from his figure,* creep away from the figure on the dial.
CVI, 8. *master,* control, possess.
154. CVII, 10. *subscribes,* yields, submits.
12. *insults o'er,* exults over.
CIX, 2. *qualify,* temper, moderate.
7. *Just . . . time,* punctual. *exchanged,* altered.
CX, 2. *motley,* fool.
6. *strangely,* distantly, distrustfully.
7. *blenches,* startings-aside.
10. *grind,* whet.
CXI, 10. *eisel,* vinegar.
CXIX, 2. *limbecks,* alembics.
155. CXXVIII, 5. *jacks,* here used in the sense of 'keys' of the virginal or the harpsichord.
CXXX, 5. *damasked,* variegated.
CXLVI, 10. *aggravate,* increase.

SONG FROM LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST

8. *keel,* skim.

ENGLAND'S HELICON: PHYLLIDA AND CORYDON

157. 21. *silly,* innocent, simple.

AS IT FELL UPON A DAY

23. *King Pandion,* father of Philomela (the nightingale).

HAPPY SHEPHERDS

158. 3. *wight,* creature.
31. *Circe's wand.* Circe was an enchantress, able to transform men into beasts.

THE SHEPHERD'S COMMENDATION

19. *Cynthia's silver light,* moonlight.
26. *damask-rose,* a species of pink rose
31. *Phœbus,* god of the sun.
32. *Thetis,* goddess of the sea.
159. 40. *Dea,* an early Roman goddess.

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY LYRICS

CAMPION: CHANCE AND CHANGE

160. 9. *toys,* trifles.

13. *point to the world,* dot in comparison with the universe.

A RENUNCIATION

3. *mere,* absolute, pure.

JONSON: AN EPITAPH ON SALATHIEL PAVY

162. 11. *three filled zodiacs,* three full years.

12. *The stage's jewel.* Salathiel Pavy was a child of Queen Elizabeth's Chapel, and, apparently, a boy actor of great talent.

15. *Parcæ,* the Fates.

TO THE MEMORY OF MY BELOVED MASTER WILLIAM SHAKSPERE

20. *Beaumont.* Francis Beaumont (1584–1616), an English dramatist and lyrist.

163. 29. *Lyly.* John Lyly (1554?–1606), an English dramatist and lyrist.

30. *Kyd.* Thomas Kyd (1557?–1595?), an English dramatist who wrote 'tragedies of blood.' *Marlowe's mighty line.* Christopher Marlowe (1564?–1593), an English poet and dramatist. Marlowe's plays are written in sonorous blank verse.

33. *Æschylus, Euripides, and Sophocles,* the great Greek writers of tragedy, of the 5th century B. C.

35. *Pacuvius,* a Roman tragic poet (c. 220–c. 129 B. C.). *Accius,* a Roman tragic poet (born c. 170 B. C.). *him of Cordova,* Seneca (c. 4 B. C.–65 A. D.), a Roman Stoic philosopher and writer of tragedy.

36. *buskin,* the cothurnus, or high boot, anciently worn by actors in tragedy.

37. *socks.* The sock (Latin *soccus*) was a light shoe worn by the ancient actors of comedy.

45. *Apollo.* Apollo, the god of light, was also patron of music and poetry.

46. *Mercury,* the messenger of the gods, noted for his versatility and power of fascination.

51. *Aristophanes,* greatest of the Greek comic poets (c. 448–c. 380 B. C.).

52. *Terence,* a celebrated Roman writer of comedy (c. 185–c. 159 B. C.). *Plautus,* a Roman writer of comedy (died 184 B. C.).

71. *Swan of Avon,* a reference to Shakspere's birthplace, Stratford-upon-Avon.

74. *Eliza,* Queen Elizabeth. *James,* James I.

A PINDARIC ODE

Pindar (c. 522–433 B. C.), the greatest of the Greek lyric poets, was especially famous for his odes. Sir Lucius Cary (c. 1610–1643) was a politician and a man of letters. He married the sister of Sir Henry Morison.

1. *infant of Saguntum.* Saguntum was a town in Spain besieged and taken by the great Carthaginian general, Hannibal, in 219 B. C. The story here recounted by Jonson was actually recorded by Pliny, the Roman historian.

9. *summed,* complete.

164. 43. *Morison fell young.* Morison died before the marriage of Cary in 1630.

89. *asterism,* cluster of stars.

93. *Dioscuri,* the sons of Zeus, Castor and Pollux. Even after their burial they were kept alive, living and dying on alternate days.

DONNE: SONG

165. 2. *mandrake root.* The root of the mandrake somewhat resembles the human body in shape. It was used in amorous incantations, and was the focus of numerous superstitions.

THE CANONIZATION

166. 23. *The phoenix riddle.* It was said that the phœnix, after living 500 (or 1,000) years, made a nest of spices, burned itself to ashes, and came forth with renewed life for another similar period.

FORGET

167. 11. *Lethean flood.* Lethe was one of the streams of Hades, the waters of which caused those who drank of them to forget their previous existence.

FLETCHER: SONG TO BACCHUS

168. 1. *Lyæus,* a surname of Bacchus.

3. *lusty,* pleasant, healthy.

5. *mazer's brim.* A mazer is a bowl or large drinking cup.

BROWNE: BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS, BOOK II, SONG I

170. 8. *Willy.* In this song Browne is paying a tribute to William Ferrar, son of an eminent London merchant. The boy died young at sea.

171. 9. *Thetis' train.* Thetis was the mythical queen of the nereids, or sea-nymphs.

25. *Arion-like.* Arion, a Greek poet of Lesbos, flourished probably about 700 B. C. The story runs that while he was returning from a musical contest in Sicily, he was thrown into the sea by the sailors, but was saved and carried to shore by dolphins that had gathered about the ship to listen to his lyre.

BOOK II, SONG V

12. *Mona's . . . isle,* the island of Anglesea off the northwest coast of Wales.

26. *Teneriffe,* a peak upon the largest of the Canary Islands.

27. *hernshaw,* heron.

32. *Nestor's years.* Nestor was famous as the oldest councilor of the Greeks while they were besieging Troy.

44. *brave,* handsome. *Latmus,* a mountain in Caria, in Asia Minor, the scene of the story of Selené (the moon) and Endymion.

52. *Tellus' hair.* Tellus was a goddess personifying the earth.

ON THE COUNTESS DOWAGER OF PEMBROKE

Mary Sidney, Countess of Pembroke (1557–1621), was a sister of Sir Philip Sidney. To her he dedicated his *Arcadia.*

172. 10. *Niobe.* Too proud of her numerous

progeny, Niobe provoked the anger of Apollo and Artemis, who slew her children with arrows. Zeus metamorphosed Niobe into stone.

HERRICK: CORINNA'S GOING A-MAYING

10. *matins,* the first of the ecclesiastical services for the day.
17. *Flora,* goddess of the spring and of flowers.
25. *Titan,* the sun personified.
28. *beads,* prayers.
173. 66. *shade,* ghost.

AN ODE FOR BEN JONSON

174. 5–6. *Sun, Dog, Triple Tun,* names of taverns.
7. *clusters,* gatherings of persons.

A THANKSGIVING TO GOD

12. *state,* show, formality.
22. *unflead,* not stripped.
28. *pulse,* seeds of leguminous plants.
31. *worts,* plants, greens. *purslain,* purslane, a plant often used in salads.
39. *wassail bowls,* bowls for drinking healths.

GRACE FOR A CHILD

3. *paddocks,* toads.
5. *benison,* blessing.

HERBERT: THE COLLAR

175. 5. *store,* abundance.
14. *bays,* garlands or crowns bestowed as prizes.

CAREW: SONG

176. 3. *orient,* bright and clear.
18. *Phœnix.* See note to Donne: *The Canonization,* p. 166, l. 23.

SONG

177. 6. *orbs,* spheres. An allusion to the music made by the revolving of the spheres.

THE PROTESTATION

11. *Lethe,* one of the streams of Hades, the waters of which caused those who drank to forget their previous existence.

WALLER: THE STORY OF PHŒBUS AND DAPHNE

178. 3. *Phœbus,* Apollo, god of light, poetry, and music.
4. *Daphne,* a nymph.
20. *bays,* garlands.

SUCKLING: A DOUBT OF MARTYRDOM

179. 5. *Whether,* which. *chaplets,* wreaths.
19. *Elysium,* the abode of the souls of the good.
23. *Sophonisba,* a Carthaginian woman (died c. 204 B. C.) who was betrothed to a Numidian prince Masinissa, afterwards married Syphax, and later married Masinissa, after he had conquered her husband.
26–8. *Philoclea . . . Pirocles . . . Amphialus,* characters in Sir Philip Sidney's pastoral romance *Arcadia.* See p. 81.

CRASHAW: IN THE HOLY NATIVITY OF OUR LORD GOD

180. 15–16. *Tityrus . . . Thyrsis,* conventional names for shepherds.
46. *phœnix.* See 166. 23, note.
181. 98. *Maia,* an old Italian goddess of spring.

DENHAM: ON MR. ABRAHAM COWLEY'S DEATH

For selections from Cowley, see p. 183.
182. 7. *Aurora,* the dawn. *Spenser.* See above, pp. 104 ff.
10. *Phœbus,* Apollo, god of poetry and music.
11. *Jonson.* See p. 161. *Fletcher.* See p. 168.
16. *bays,* wreaths.
35. *Horace,* Quintus Horatius Flaccus (65–8 B. C.), a famous Roman lyric and satirical poet. *state,* stateliness.
40. *Jason.* Jason with other Argonauts made an expedition to Colchis, in Asia, to obtain the Golden Fleece.
43. *Flaccus,* the Roman poet Horace.
44. *The Theban Swan,* Pindar (c. 522–443 B. C.), the greatest of the Greek lyric poets.

LOVELACE: THE ROSE

183. 5. *Flora,* goddess of spring and flowers.
6. *Aurora,* the dawn.
11. *coverled,* coverlet.
14. *Silenus,* the foster-father of Bacchus, and leader of the satyrs.

COWLEY: THE SWALLOW

4–5. *Tereus . . . Philomel.* Tereus, after dishonoring his sister-in-law Philomela, deprived her of her tongue. Philomela was afterward metamorphosed into a nightingale.

MARVEL: THE GARDEN

184. 2. *bays,* wreaths, often of laurel.
5. *narrow-verged,* of narrow margin.
29. *Apollo . . . Daphne.* Daphne, daughter of the river-god Peneus, was pursued by Apollo, who had been charmed by her beauty. She prayed for aid, and was metamorphosed into a laurel-tree.
31. *Pan . . . Syrinx.* Syrinx, an Arcadian maid, when pursued by Pan was, as the result of her own prayer, metamorphosed into a reed.

TO HIS COY MISTRESS

185. 5. *Ganges,* the sacred river of India.
7. *Humber,* an estuary on the eastern coast of England.
40. *slow-chapt,* slowly cracked, or, perhaps, slowly devouring.

BACON: ESSAYS

I.— OF TRUTH

187. *a.* 5. *jesting Pilate.* See John xviii, 38.
7. *in giddiness,* in quick change of opinion.
b. 2. *at a stand,* at a loss.
8. *masques, mummeries, triumphs.* Evening shows or entertainments.

188. *a.* 3. *One of the fathers.* Both Jerome and Augustine have a similar saying; neither uses exactly these words.

29. *The poet,* Lucretius (1st century B. C.) in the Latin poem *On the Nature of Things.*

30. *the sect,* of the Epicureans.

52. *round,* straightforward, or as we should say, square.

b. 4. *Montaigne.* Essays ii, 18.

17. *it being foretold.* Luke xviii, 8.

V.— OF ADVERSITY

24. *Seneca.* The Roman philosopher and tutor of Nero (4 B. C.–65 A. D.). Both the passages quoted are from his Epistles.

39. *transcendencies,* hyperboles, exaggerations.

53. *in a mean,* in a moderate or prosaic style.

54. *temperance,* moderation.

VII.— OF PARENTS AND CHILDREN

189. *a.* 53. *Solomon saith.* Proverbs x, 1.

b. 7. *shifts,* subterfuges.

37. *the precept.* Ascribed by Plutarch to the Pythagoreans. Plutarch (1st century A. D.) wrote in Greek, but Bacon doubtless read him in a Latin translation.

VIII.— OF MARRIAGE AND SINGLE LIFE

51. *impediments,* hindrances, in the sense that they may deter a man from taking big risks.

190. *a.* 20. *humorous,* subject to humors, or moods.

29. *churchmen,* clergymen.

36. *hortatives,* exhortations.

44. *exhaust,* exhausted. The form Bacon uses is taken directly from the Latin past participle.

50. *Ulysses* refused to share immortality with the goddess Calypso, and returned home to his wife Penelope.

b. 4. *a quarrel,* a pretext or excuse.

5. *one of the wise men.* The saying quoted is ascribed by Plutarch and Montaigne to the Greek philosopher, Thales.

X.— OF LOVE

35. *Marcus Antonius* (83–30 B. C.), the lover of Cleopatra.

37. *Appius Claudius,* the Roman decemvir who became enamored of Virginia 449 B. C. See Macaulay's *Lays of Ancient Rome.*

45. *saying of Epicurus.* Quoted by Seneca, Epistle vii.

56. *braves,* exaggerates.

191. *a.* 2. *it hath been well said.* By Plutarch.

9. *it was well said.* The reference may be to Publius Syrus, or to Plutarch.

16. *the reciproque,* mutual affection.

22. *he that preferred Helena.* Paris, who awarded the apple to Venus in return for the gift of Helen, rejecting the offers of Juno (the sovereignty of Asia) and Pallas (renown in war).

34. *keep quarter,* keep within bounds.

36. *check,* interfere.

XII.— OF BOLDNESS

191. *b.* 1. *Demosthenes.* The story of the great Greek orator (385–322 B. C.) is told by Cicero and by Plutarch.

29. *popular,* democratic.

34. *mountebanks,* quacks who sell their medicines from public stages.

39. *grounds,* principles.

54. *slight it over,* make nothing of it.

192. *a.* 11. *stale at chess,* a drawn game which neither party wins.

XVII.— OF SUPERSTITION

54. *Augustus Cæsar,* Emperor of Rome 31 B. C.–14 A. D. *civil,* peaceful.

56. *primum mobile,* the origin or cause of motion, according to the old astronomy.

b. 5. *Council of Trent,* a great ecclesiastical council of the Roman Catholic Church held 1545–1563.

6. *schoolmen.* Mediæval philosophers.

XXIII.— OF WISDOM FOR A MAN'S SELF

50. *shrewd,* harmful. Bacon is wrong as to the fact.

52. *waste,* injure.

58. *right earth,* exactly like the earth.

193. *a.* 12. *crooked,* distorts, perverts.

13. *essentric to,* having a different center or motive from.

18. *accessory,* secondary.

29. *bias,* a weight inserted in a bowl to make it run in a curve.

38. *and,* if.

43. *respect,* consideration.

XXV.— OF DISPATCH

b. 10. *Affected,* excessively desired.

24. *false periods,* apparent conclusions, which do not really end the matter.

31. *a wise man.* Sir Amyas Paulet.

32. *byword,* proverb.

55. *moderator,* presiding officer.

56. *actor,* speaker.

194. *a.* 4. *curious,* elaborate, highly wrought.

6. *passages,* transitions.

10. *bravery,* extravagance of dress, meant for show, not use.

11. *being too material,* keeping too close to the point.

XXVI.— OF SEEMING WISE

46. *the Apostle.* Paul, 2 Timothy iii, 5.

51. *magno conatu nugas.* Quoted from Terence, the Roman writer of comedies.

55. *prospectives,* stereoscopes.

b. 14. *bear it,* carry their point.

16. *by admittance,* for granted.

17. *make good,* prove.

20. *curious,* trifling.

22. *difference,* distinction.

24. *blanch the matter.* gloss over or shirk the issue.

46. *opinion,* credit.

48. *you were better,* it would be better for you.

XXVIII.— OF EXPENSE

58. *worth,* importance.

195. *a.* 2. *kingdom of heaven.* See Matthew xix, 24.

10. *of even hand.* His outgo equal to his income.
18. *broken,* bankrupt.
20. *searching,* probing.
23. *new.* Servants.
26. *certainties,* fixed amounts.
38. *disadvantageable,* disadvantageous.

XXXII.— OF DISCOURSE

b. 5. *want,* lack.
18. *jade,* spur, overdrive.
28. *would be bridled,* ought to be restrained.
30. *Parce — loris.* Ovid, *Metamorphoses* ii, 127.
35. *saltness,* wit.
47. *poser,* an examiner putting questions.
53. *galliard,* a lively dance.
196. *a.* 8. *himself pretendeth,* he himself lays claim.
9. *of touch,* reflecting upon or wounding.
10. *as a field,* open, general.
17. *flout or dry blow,* an insulting jest or hard knock.

XXXIV.— OF RICHES

50. *conceit,* fancy, imagination. *saith Solomon.* Ecclesiastes v, 11.
56. *dole and donative,* gifts small and large.
b. 1. *feigned,* fictitious.
7. *Solomon saith.* Proverbs xviii, 11.
12. *sold,* betrayed.
25. *Solomon.* Proverbs xxviii, 20.
29. *poets.* The saying quoted is found in the Greek prose writer Lucian (2nd century A. D.).
43. *enrich,* become rich.
52. *husbandry,* industry.
54. *audits,* accounts.
57. *collier,* owner of coal mines.
197. *a.* 4. *observed by one.* In Plutarch.
8. *expect the prime,* wait for the most favorable condition.
9. *overcome,* take advantage of.
12. *mainly,* greatly.
19. *broke,* do business, negotiate.
22. *chapmen,* buyers.
24. *chopping of bargains,* speculation by middlemen.
52. *co-emption,* the modern trust.
58. *service,* to a monarch or nobleman.
b. 25. *glorious,* ostentatious.
29. *advancements,* gifts.

XLII.— OF YOUTH AND AGE

53. *Septimius Severus,* Roman Emperor 193–211 A. D.
54. *it is said.* By Spartianus.
198. *a.* 3. *Cosmos,* usually called Cosimo de' Medici, made Grand Duke of Tuscany, 1570.
Gaston De Foix, a celebrated French general, made Duke of Nemours in 1505.
6. *composition,* disposition, temperament. *Young men,* &c. Suggested by an observation of Plutarch.
12. *them,* old men (implied in *age*).
13. *abuseth,* deceives.
17. *manage,* management.
23. *absurdly* qualifies *pursue. care,* hesitate.
32. *period,* conclusion.
40. *extern,* external.
45. *A certain rabbin.* Isaac Abrabanel (1437–1508).
b. 2. *Hermogenes,* a famous rhetorician of the second century B. C.
9. *Tully.* Cicero. Hortensius was his great rival at the Roman bar.
16. *Scipio Africanus.* Roman general (234–183 B. C.).
16. *Livy.* Roman historian (59–17 B. C.).
17. *Ultima primis.* Quoted from Ovid. What Livy says is that Scipio in his later life had no opportunity for the military exploits for which he was naturally fitted.

XLVII.— OF NEGOTIATING

33. *tender,* delicate or difficult.
43. *success,* result.
48. *affect,* are inclined to.
50. *quickeneth,* spurs on, encourages.
199. *a.* 2. *prescription,* prestige, reputation previously won.
7. *in appetite,* eager for advancement.
10. *upon conditions.* A. agrees to do something if B. will do something. Who is to do his part first? A. must unless (1) B.'s part necessarily comes first; or (2) A. will still need B. for some other part of the scheme; *or* (3) A. is known to be more trustworthy and B. can therefore depend on him.
18. *practice,* negotiation. *discover,* to ascertain a man's plans or character. *work,* to induce a man to do something.
24. *know.* This verb governs *nature, fashions, ends, weakness, disadvantages, those.*

L.— OF STUDIES

46. *expert,* practised, experienced.
54. *humor,* fanciful peculiarity, foible.
b. 17. *curiously,* with elaborate care.
21. *would,* should.
25. *flashy,* tasteless.
29. *confer,* converse.
35. *moral grave,* studies in moral philosophy make men serious and dignified.
38. *stond,* drawback, hindrance.
42. *stone and reins,* bladder and kidneys.
52. *beat over matters,* take a broad general view of many things.
56. *receipt,* prescribed remedy.

BROWNE: RELIGIO MEDICI

200. *a.* 6. *general scandal of my profession.* According to the old saying, 'Where there are three physicians, there are two atheists.'
b. 12. *nothing but the name.* '*Protestant,* as carrying with it an insinuation of enmity and discord, inconsistent with the peace and harmony prescribed by the gospel.'
25. *the person.* Luther.
201. *a.* 3. *shaken hands with,* parted from.
4. *desperate resolutions.* These words, with the dependent relative clauses up to *what they have been,* refer to the Roman Catholics.
6. *bottom,* ship.

8. *all* (doctrines).
11. *in diameter,* in diametrical opposition.
13. *improperations,* taunts, reproaches.
15. *difference,* show the difference of.
20. *am not scrupulous,* do not hesitate.
22. *in defect of ours,* where ours do not exist.
44. *morosity,* moroseness.
49. *violate,* injure.
b. 12. *consorts,* companions.
15. *questionless,* unquestionably.
34. *mediocrity,* moderation.
46. *difference myself,* distinguish my opinions.

202. *a.* 7. *humor,* mood.
10. *disproving,* disapproving.
11. *disavouched,* disavowed.
12. *Council of Trent.* See 192. *b.* 5, note.
13. *Dort.* In the Netherlands, where a great Protestant Synod was held in 1618–19.
18. *Geneva.* The center of Protestantism on the European Continent.
20. *scandal,* objection.
28. *the state of Venice* had a dispute with Pope Paul V in 1606.
41. *reaction,* recrimination.
b. 28. *Œdipus* solved the riddle of the Sphinx.

203. *a.* 10. *Diogenes,* the Cynic, a Greek philosopher (412–323 B. C.). *Timon,* of Athens, a famous misanthrope, contemporary with Socrates.
22. *pia mater,* a membrane enveloping the brain.
23. *impossibilities,* apparent impossibilities, difficulties calling for the exercise of faith.
29. *O altitudo.* A height beyond human comprehension.
35. *Tertullian of Carthage,* one of the fathers of the Church (2nd and 3rd centuries).
b. 18. *expansed,* spread out.
23. *admire,* wonder at.
27. *the other* (people), *i.e.,* the Israelites.

204. *a.* 37. *the chaos, i.e.,* before the Creation.
b. 24. *away with,* put up with.
51. *temper,* constitution.
52. *crows and daws,* proverbially long-lived birds.

205. *a.* 1. *revolution of Saturn.* The year of Saturn is 10,759 days.
10. *canicular days,* dog days. Latin. *dies caniculares,* the hottest days of summer, ascribed in ancient astrology to the malignant influence of the dog star.
13. *pantalones and antics,* pantaloons and clowns.
28. *Methuselah* lived 969 years. See Genesis v, 27.
29. *rectify,* straighten, improve.
30. *incurvate,* deteriorate.
55. *Cicero* says in his treatise *On Old Age:* I am not sorry to have lived: since I have so lived that I do not think I was born in vain.
b. 10. *Æson,* an old man in classical mythology whom Medea restored to youth by a magical bath.
13. *providence,* foresight.
15. *able temper,* sound constitution.
16. *radical humor,* vital juice.
24. *glome or bottom,* a ball of thread.

206. *a.* 32. *climate,* a space measured on the earth's surface; England was in the eighth.
55. *Hydra,* a many-headed monster slain by Hercules.
58. *Solomon.* See Proverbs i, 7, 22, &c.
b. 15. *Doradoes,* rich men; literally *gold-fishes.*
18. *politicians,* statesmen.
54. *as the world* (is one).

207. *a.* 2. *buffet,* box.
3. *at sharp,* with pointed weapons.
5. *Lepanto,* a battle between the Italians and Turks, 1571.
10. *dastards,* intimidates.
28. *epidemical,* common to all people.
b. 1. *the world,* the macrocosm which man, the microcosm, resembles.
21. *grammarian,* student of Latin grammar.
23. *construction,* construing.
30. *Babel.* See Genesis xi, 1–9.
35. *chorography,* description of countries.
46. *pointers,* the Dipper.
53. *simpled,* collected simples, or herbs. *Cheapside,* a famous London herb market.

208. *a.* 9. *Euripus,* a strait dividing Attica from Eubœa, where the tide, according to classical tradition, ebbed and flowed seven times a day. The story that Aristotle drowned himself there because he could not discover the cause of the phenomenon is discussed by Browne, along with the fable as to the death of Homer because he could not guess the fisherman's riddle, in *Pseudodoxia epidemica,* Bk. VII, ch. 13.
16. *Peripatetics, Stoics, Academics.* Classical schools of philosophy.
19. *Janus,* facing both ways.
33. *attending,* waiting.
35. *which* (knowledge).
43. *glorification* (in heaven).
46. *disallow,* disapprove.
b. 9. *music of the spheres.* The ancients had a fancy that the rotation of the planets produced music; this kept its place in poetry after it had been denied by the astronomers. See *Merchant of Venice,* V. i, 60–62.
24. *first composer.* God.
48. *ephemerides,* astrological tables.

HYDRIOTAPHIA, URNBURIAL

209. *b.* 1. *ossuaries,* receptacles for bones. In this essay Browne discourses about some urns containing bones, dug up in Norfolk and supposed to be of Roman origin.
10. *tutelary observators,* guardian spirits of the place.
15. *pyramidally,* by means of a tombstone.
25. *Atropos,* the Greek Fate who cut the thread of human life.
31. *meridian,* the noon of the world's lifetime.
39. *Charles V* (1500–1558), Emperor of Germany.
47. *Janus,* facing past and future.

210. *a.* 25. *Gruter,* Dutch philologist (1560–1627)
35. *Cardan,* a celebrated Italian (1501–1576).
38. *Hippocrates,* famous Greek physician (460–357 B. C.).
42. *entelechia,* actual being, a term in the philosophy of Aristotle.

45. *Canaanitish woman.* See Matthew x, 4. Mark iii, 18.

46. *Herodias.* See Matthew xiv, 1–12.

48. *good thief.* See Luke xxiii, 39–43.

b. 1. *Herostratus — Diana.* At Ephesus 356 B. C.

4. *Adrian* (76–138 A. D.), Emperor of Rome.

8. *Thersites,* the foul-mouthed rogue of Homer's *Iliad,* in which *Agamemnon* is one of the heroes.

23. *the first story.* See Genesis v.

24. *one living century,* a hundred people still remembered.

31. *Lucina,* the goddess of childbirth.

211. *a.* 23. *Cambyses,* king of Persia and conqueror of Egypt, d. 521 B. C.

25. *Mizraim,* the brother of Cush, is the Hebrew name of Egypt.

26. *Pharaoh,* the name of many kings of ancient Egypt. In Browne's time Egyptian mummies were used for medical prescriptions.

36. *Nimrod,* the founder of the Babylonian Empire. See Genesis x, 8–12. In Hebrew astronomy he corresponds to the Greek constellation Orion.

37. *Osiris,* an Egyptian deity.

42. *perspectives,* telescopes.

b. 12. *scape,* a momentary chance.

23. *Sardanapalus,* the last Assyrian king of Nineveh, unable to withstand a siege there, burnt himself and his household on a huge funeral pile 876 B. C.

30. *Gordianus.* Emperor of Rome, third century. *The Man of God.* Moses. See Deuteronomy xxxiv, 1–6.

34. *Enoch.* See Genesis v, 24.

35. *Elias, Elijah.* See 2 Kings ii, 1–11.

48. *Lozarus.* See John xi.

50. *die but once.* See Revelations xxi, 8.

53. *coverings of mountains.* See Revelations vi, 15–17.

WALTON: THE COMPLETE ANGLER

This chapter is in the form of an open-air dialogue between the Angler (Piscator), who represents the author, and the Hunter, who is his pupil. The Angler continues the discourse he had begun in Chapter III, on the chub.

212. *a.* 12. *generous,* originally high born, and hence full of spirit, rich and full of strength, invigorating.

16. *Gesner,* a Swiss physician and naturalist who wrote a book *On Animals* (1551–8).

17. *offspring,* origin; there is little doubt, however, that the word *trout* comes through the Latin *trutta* from the Greek τρώκτης.

41. *three cubits,* 4½ feet. The trout of the Great American Lakes is sometimes even larger.

b. 2. *Mercator,* a Flemish scientist who died in 1594.

25. *Fordidge trout* are salmon trout and live in the ordinary way: so do grasshoppers. Walton's aspersions on the mother raven are groundless.

213. *a.* 44. *Michaelmas,* September 29.

51. *Albertus,* Magnus (1193–1280), a German Dominican monk, who wrote more than twenty volumes on natural philosophy.

215. *a.* 2. *the best.* Men were readier at sharing a bed in those days.

4. *catch,* a short part-song for three or more voices.

b. 34. *verjuice,* acid of the crab-apple, or other fruits.

53. *Troy Town,* a ballad about Dido and Æneas.

216. *b.* 2. *Overbury's — wish.* In the 'characters' subjoined to *The Wife* (1604).

17. *Philomel,* the nightingale.

Walton found both these songs in *England's Helicon* (1600). The first is ascribed with some certainty to Christopher Marlowe, the second, more doubtfully, to Sir Walter Raleigh.

FULLER: LIFE OF SIR FRANCIS DRAKE

217. *a.* 10. *Six Articles* of Faith, which Henry VIII required the clergy to sign.

218. *a.* 44. *chapmen,* merchants, *i.e.,* adventurers.

55. *admire,* wonder.

b. 12. *Cabo-verd,* Cape Verde.

57. *Portugals,* Portuguese.

219. *a.* 30. *caudle,* a warm drink, consisting of weak gruel, mixed with ale or wine, sweetened and spiced.

47. *curious,* careful.

b. 12. *half moon,* the power of Spain, which was broken by the destruction of the Armada in 1588.

28. *caraval of adviso,* a messenger-ship.

37. *vent,* outlet, *i.e.,* publicity.

220. *b.* 49. *fresh water to Plymouth.* It is indeed one of the striking instances of Drake's public-spirited enterprise that in the intervals of adventure he devised a municipal water supply.

TAYLOR: THE PATIENCE OF THE SAINTS

221. *a.* 26. *my text.* 'For the time is come that judgment must begin at the house of God: and if it first begin at us, what shall the end be of them that obey not the Gospel of God? And if the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?'— 1 Peter iv, 17, 18.

b. 2. *Dives,* the rich man of Luke xvi, 19–31.

222. *a.* 26. *renegadoes,* renegades, those who have denied the true fraith.

b. 15. *rainbow . . . grace.* See Genesis ix, 13–17.

31. *consequent,* consequence.

223. *b.* 3. *green tree . . . dry.* See Luke, xxiii 31. This is a good example of the way in which Taylor's whole phraseology is colored by reminiscences of Scripture.

BUNYAN: PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

227. *b.* 29. *going,* walking.

228. *a.* 43. *fact,* deed.

231. *b.* 51. *conversation,* manner of life.

232. *a.* 7. *tenderness in,* sensitiveness about, scrupulous care against.

MILTON: ON SHAKSPERE

Printed among the commendatory verses prefixed to the Shakspere folio of 1632.

236. 4. *star-ypointing,* pointing to the stars; not a correctly formed word, *y* being properly a prefix for the past participle only.

11. *unvalued,* invaluable.

237. 12. *Dephic,* oracular. The oracle of Apollo was at Delphi.

L'ALLEGRO

Published 1645; written probably at Horton about 1634.

2. *Cerberus,* the three-headed monstrous dog which guarded the classic hell.

3. *Stygian,* belonging to the Styx, *i.e.,* infernal.

5. *uncouth,* unknown, hence strange, monstrous.

8. *ebon,* black.

10. *Cimmerian desert,* according to Homer, a land of perpetual darkness 'beyond the ocean-stream.'

12. *yclept,* called. *Euphrosyne,* Mirth, one of the three Graces of classical mythology.

19. *Zephyr,* the West Wind. *Aurora,* the Dawn.

29. *Hebe,* goddess of Youth, Jove's cupbearer.

62. *dight,* decked.

67. *tells his tale,* counts his sheep.

80. *cynosure,* center of attraction; in Greek the name of the constellation containing the pole-star.

83. *Corydon, Thyrsis, Thestylis, Phillis,* conventional names in pastoral poetry.

94. *rebecks,* fiddles.

238. 102. *fairy Mab.* See *Romeo and Juliet,* I, iv, 53–95.

103. *she — he,* members of the group of story-tellers.

104. *friar's lantern,* will o' the wisp.

105. *drudging goblin,* Robin Goodfellow, the Puck of *Midsummer Night's Dream,* a mischievous but helpful fairy.

110. *lubber,* clumsy, awkward.

120. *weeds,* garments.

122. *rain influence,* like the stars.

125. *Hymen,* the god of marriage.

132. *sock,* Latin *soccus,* the low-heeled shoe worn in classical comedy. For tragedy the buskin was used.

136. *Lydian,* the softest and sweetest kind of Greek music.

139. *bout,* turn.

145. *Orpheus* with his music won Pluto to release his wife Eurydice from hell on condition that he did not look back to see if she were following him to the upper world: he could not withstand the temptation, and she was lost.

147. *elysian,* heavenly.

IL PENSEROSO

A companion poem to the foregoing, written and printed with it.

3. *bested,* avail, profit.

10. *Morpheus,* god of dreams.

18. *Memnon,* a handsome Ethiopian prince who fought in the Trojan war.

19. *starred Ethiop Queen,* Cassiope, changed into the constellation Cassiopœia.

23. *Vesta,* goddess of the fireside.

24. *Saturn,* father of Jupiter.

29. *Ida,* a mountain near Troy.

39. *commércing,* having commerce or intercourse with.

56. *Philomel,* the nightingale.

59. *Cynthia,* the moon.

239. 74. *curfew,* the evening bell.

87. *Bear,* the Great Bear which never sets in the latitude of Great Britain. To *outwatch the Bear* is therefore to stay awake till all the stars have faded in the light of day.

88. *Hermes,* an ancient Egyptian philosopher.

95. *consent,* sympathy.

99. *Thebes — Troy,* subjects of classical tragedy.

102. *buskined,* tragic. See 238. 132, note.

109. *him that left half told,* Chaucer in the Squire's Tale.

113. *virtuous,* magical.

124. *Attic boy.* Cephalus, beloved of Aurora.

134. *Sylvan,* the god of woods.

148. *his,* of sleep.

154. *genius,* guardian spirit.

156. *pale,* enclosure.

159. *storied,* adorned with stories from Scripture.

170. *spell,* read slowly.

LYCIDAS

The purpose of the poem is best explained in Milton's own words: — 'In this monody the author bewails a learned friend, unfortunately drowned in his passage from Chester on the Irish seas, 1637, and by occasion foretells the ruin of our corrupted clergy, then in their height.' Milton's friend was Edward King, of Christ's College, Cambridge. *Lycidas* was written in 1637 and published along with other elegies in a memorial volume for King in 1638.

240. 8. *Lycidas,* a name used in the Seventh Idyll of Theocritus, the founder of pastoral poetry. *ere his prime.* King was 25.

15. *sacred well,* the fountain of the Muses on Mount Helicon.

27. *drove* (our flocks).

29. *battening,* fattening.

36. *Damœtas,* a conventional name in pastoral poetry. Possibly Milton's college tutor is meant. Both Milton and King wrote Latin verse of merit.

46. *weanling,* weaned.

52–55. The Welsh hills, Mona (Anglesea), and the River Dee bound the Irish sea on the east.

59. *the Muse,* Calliope, mother of Orpheus; he was torn to pieces by Thracian women, and his head floated down the river Hebrus to Lesbos.

64. *boots,* profits.

68. *Amaryllis, Neæra,* maidens of classical pastoral.

75. *blind Fury.* More properly the Fate Atropos, who cuts the thread of human life.

77. *Phœbus.* Apollo, the god of poetry.

79. *glistering foil,* glittering tinsel.

241. 82. *Jove,* God.

85. *Arethuse, Mincius,* rivers of Greek and Latin pastoral poetry.

88. *oat,* oaten pipe.

91. *felon,* criminal, cruel.

95. *his,* of Lycidas. *Hippotades,* Æolus, who controlled the winds.

99. *Panope,* a nymph, one of the fifty daughters of Nereus.

100. *fatal,* fated to destruction. *perfidious,* treacherous, unworthy of trust.

101. *the eclipse,* a time of evil omen.

103. *Camus,* the river at Cambridge personified as a god. *footing slow.* The Cam flows gently.

106. *sanguine flower,* the hyacinth which the ancients held to be marked 'Ai, Ai,' in lamentation for Hyacinthus.

107. *reft,* bereaved me of.

109. *pilot of the Galilean lake,* St. Peter.

110. *keys.* See Matthew xvi, 19.

112. *mitered.* St. Peter was the first bishop of Rome. The miter is the official headdress of a Roman bishop.

114. *Enow,* enough.

120. *sheep-hook.* Milton has now turned from the shepherd as poet to the shepherd as pastor.

122. *recks,* concerns. *sped,* provided for.

123. *flashy.* See 199. *b.* 25, note.

124. *scrannel,* screeching.

130. *two-handed engine,* the axe.

132. *Alphëus,* a classical river, lover of Arethusa.

133. *Sicilian Muse,* Theocritus. Milton is returning to the more conventional tone of pastoral poetry.

138. *swart star,* the dog-star, which was supposed to blast vegetation.

142. *rathe,* early. *forsaken,* unsought for, or perhaps there is an allusion to an old myth of the wooing of certain flowers by the sun. See Shakspere's *Winter's Tale,* IV, iv, 122–5.

144. *freaked,* freckled, sprinkled.

149. *amaranthus,* emblem of immortality.

151. *laureate,* adorned with the poet's laurel. *hearse,* a platform adorned with black hangings and containing an effigy of the deceased.

152. *so,* by imagining that the body of Lycidas has been recovered.

242. 156. *Hebrides,* islands to the far north of Scotland.

160. *Bellerus.* Land's End, the most western point of England, was anciently called Bellerium. Near it is St. Michael's Mount, a rocky island with a fortress on top and a craggy seat from which visions of St. Michael were seen.

162. *Namancos,* in Spain, near Cape Finisterre and the Castle of Bayona.

163. *ruth,* pity.

169. *anon,* immediately. *repairs,* refreshes.

170. *tricks,* sets in order, adorns. *ore,* brightness.

173. *Through — waves.* See Matthew xiv, 22–3.

176. *unexpressive,* inexpressible.

183. *genius,* protecting deity, guardian angel.

186. *uncouth,* unknown, uncultivated.

188. *quills,* reeds.

189. *Doric,* pastoral, rude, as of a shepherd.

193. A forecast of the very different occupations of the poet during the next few years.

SONNETS

WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS INTENDED TO THE CITY

Written Nov., 1642; pub. 1645.

10. *Emathian conqueror.* Alexander of Macedon, when he sacked Thebes in 333 B. C., spared the house of the poet Pindar, who died almost a century before.

13. *Electra,* one of the tragedies of Euripides, the recital of whose verses are said to have saved the walls of Athens from destruction after the capture of the city by Lysander the Spartan in 404 B. C.

TO A VIRTUOUS YOUNG LADY

2. *the broad way.* See Matthew vii, 13.

5. *Mary . . . Ruth.* See Luke x, 42; Ruth i, 14–17.

12. *the Bridegroom.* See Matthew xxv, 1–13.

ON THE DETRACTION WHICH FOLLOWED UPON MY WRITING CERTAIN TREATISES

1. *Tetrachordon,* one of Milton's pamphlets in favor of divorce, the full title being *Tetrachordon: Expositions upon the four chief places of Scripture which treat of marriage.*

243. 7–8. *Mile-End Green,* in Milton's time, one of the London suburbs.

8–9. *Gordon . . . Galasp,* names of Scottish generals during the war of 1644–5, soon after which apparently this sonnet was written. This and the following sonnet were not included in the edition of 1645; they first appeared in 1673.

10. *our like,* like ours.

11. *Quintilian,* the great Latin writer on literary style.

12. *Sir John Cheke* (1514–1557), first professor of Greek at Cambridge and tutor of Edward VI.

ON THE SAME

6. *Latona's twin-born progeny,* Apollo and Diana.

TO THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL, MAY 1652

The Puritan Parliament had a committee for *propagation of the gospel,* to which proposals were submitted by certain ministers that the Puritan preachers should be maintained at the public expense. Milton was a strong believer in the voluntary system, and objected to any interference of the government with religious matters.

7. *Darwen stream,* in Lancashire, the scene of Cromwell's victory over the Scots, Aug. 17–19, 1648.

8. *Dunbar field,* another victory, Sept. 30, 1650.

9. *Worcester's laureate wreath.* Cromwell was accustomed to speak of his success at Worcester (Sept. 3, 1651) as the 'crowning mercy' of God.

11. *new foes,* a section of the Independents who proposed to accept state aid, as Milton's old foes, the Anglicans and Presbyterians, wished to do.

12. *secular chains,* government control.

14. *maw, stomach.* Compare *Lycidas,* ll. 114–125, p. 241.

ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT

The Protestants of Piedmont were in 1655 subjected to a cruel persecution by the Court of Turin,

whose soldiery evicted them from their homes with extraordinary ferocity. The English government, through Milton, who was then Latin secretary, sent a solemn protest against the massacre to the Duke of Savoy. The sonnet expresses Milton's personal feeling.

7–8. The English agent in Piedmont narrated the following incident: 'A mother was hurled down a mighty rock with a little infant in her arms; and three days after was found dead with the child alive, but fast clasped between the arms of the mother, which were cold and stiff, insomuch that those that found them had much ado to get the child out.'

12. *The triple Tyrant,* the Pope, from his wearing a triple tiara.

14. *Babylonian woe.* The Puritans identified Rome with the Babylon of *Revelation* and of 1 Peter v, 13.

ON HIS BLINDNESS

Milton became completely blind about 1653: this sonnet was probably written not long after.

ON HIS DECEASED WIFE

244. 1. *late espousèd saint.* Catherine Woodcock, Milton's second wife, died in childbirth, in February, 1658, fifteen months after their marriage.

2. *like Alcestis.* According to the classical myth, Alcestis, who gave her life to save her husband, was rescued from death by Hercules.

6. *the old law.* Leviticus xii.

10. *her face was veiled.* Although Milton was devotedly attached to his wife, probably he had never seen her. See above as to his blindness.

PARADISE LOST, BOOK I

2. *forbidden tree.* See Genesis iii.

4. *one greater Man.* The Messiah. See Romans, v, 19.

7. *Sinai,* the lower part of the mountain range of Horeb, where God appeared to Moses. See Exodus iii and xix.

8. *first taught.* In Genesis i.

12. *fast,* close. *oracle,* the temple at Jerusalem.

15. *Aonian mount,* Helicon in Bœotia, the seat of the Greek muses. *pursues,* treats of — a classical usage.

19–22. See Genesis i, 2.

21. *Dove-like.* See Luke iii, 22.

25. *assert,* vindicate.

245. 29. *grand,* first.

32. *For,* because of; or (perhaps) but for.

36. *what time,* when; a Latin construction.

39. *peers,* equals. Latin *pares.*

45–6. See Luke x, 18.

48. See 2 Peter ii, 4.

58. *obdurate.* Accent on second syllable.

66–7. Reminiscent of Euripides and Dante.

73–4. Milton's ideas of cosmography were founded on the Ptolemaic system, and are illustrated in the accompanying figures. Fig. 1 represents the Universe before the fall, and Fig. 2 after the fall of the Angels. Fig. 3 shows the stellar world, hanging by a golden chain from the floor of heaven. At the center of this is the earth, and around it the planets revolve in their several spheres, enclosed by the *primum mobile.* The distance from heaven to hell is three times the radius of the stellar universe.

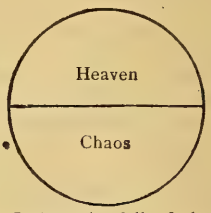


Fig. 1 — Before the fall of the Angels

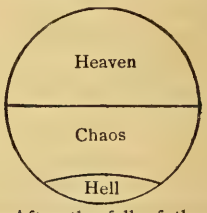


Fig. 2 — After the fall of the Angels

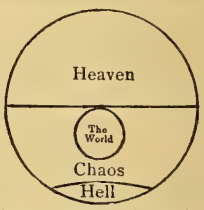


Fig. 3 — After the creation of the World

81. *Beelzebub,* the sun-god of the Philistines.

82. *Satan* 'the adversary.'

84. See Isaiah xiv, 12.

246. 114. *Doubted,* feared for.

120. *successful hope,* hope of success.

130. *conduct,* command.

148. *suffice,* satisfy.

167. *if I fail not,* if I am not mistaken. Latin construction.

172. *laid* (to rest).

178. *slip,* let slip.

187. *offend,* harm. Latin *offendere.*

247. 193. *uplift,* uplifted.

197. *whom,* those whom.

197–200. *fables,* of classical mythology, according to which the Titans rebelled against their father Uranus; as the Giants did later against Zeus or Jove. *Briareos* was a Titan, *Typhon* a Giant. The latter is described by the Greek poets living in a 'Cilician den.' *Tarsus* is the capital of Cilicia.

201. *Leviathan,* a Hebrew word meaning any huge monster. The translators of the Bible identified it with the whale, as Milton does here.

204. *night-foundered,* overtaken and enveloped by night.

226. *incumbent on,* lying on, supported by.

232–3. *Pelorus,* N. E. promontory of Sicily near Mt. *Etna.*

244. *change for,* take in exchange for.

257. *all but,* only.

266. *astonished,* astounded, thunderstruck. *Oblivious,* making forgetful.

268. *mansion,* abiding place.

248. 281. *amazed,* confounded.

282. *pernicious,* destructive, dreadful.

288. *optic glass,* the telescope, developed by the Florentine astronomer Galileo, whom Milton saw during his Italian tour (1638–9).

289–290. *Fesolé, Valdarno,* near Florence.

296. *marl,* soil.

299. *Nathles,* nevertheless.

303. *Vallombrosa,* eighteen miles from Florence in Tuscany, anciently named Etruria.

305. *Orion armed.* The rising and setting of the constellation Orion the Hunter were traditionally attended with storms.

306. *Red Sea,* called by the Hebrews the Sea of Sedge, on account of the quantity of seaweed in it.

307. *Busiris,* Pharaoh. See Exodus xiv, 5–29. *Memphian,* Egyptian.

309. *Goshen.* See Genesis xlvii, 27.

313. *Under amazement of,* utterly confounded by.

317. *If,* dependent on *lost.*

320. *virtue,* valor. Latin *virtus.*

335. *not perceive,* failed to perceive.

338–343. See Exodus x, 12–15.

339. *Amram's son,* Aaron. See Exodus vi, 20.

341. *warping,* advancing with an undulating motion.

351–5. The northern tribes which invaded the Roman empire from the third century onwards crossed from Spain into Africa and captured Carthage 439 A. D.

355. *beneath,* south of.

249. 360. *erst,* formerly.

363. *books.* Milton probably dictated '*Book*' and was misunderstood by his amanuensis. See Revelations iii, 5.

372. *religions,* religious ceremonies.

392. *Moloch.* See 1 Kings xi, 7; 2 Kings xxiii, 10; Psalm cvi, 37, 38. Sandys, whose book of travels in Palestine was known to Milton, describes the idol as 'hollow within, filled with fire,' the children offered for sacrifice being placed in his arms. 'And lest their lamentable shrieks should sadden the hearts of their parents, the priests of Moloch did deafen their ears with the continual clang of trumpets and timbrels.'

397. *Rabba,* capital of Ammon, 'the city of waters.'

398–9. *Argob, Basan, Arnon,* east of the river Jordan.

401. *Solomon.* See 1 Kings xi, 5–7; 2 Kings xxiii, 13.

403. *opprobrious hill.* The Mount of Olives, where Solomon established the worship of Moloch, was later called the 'Mount of Corruption' and 'Mount of Offence.'

404. *Hinnom,* south of Olivet.

405. *Gehenna,* the Greek form of the Hebrew *Ge Hinnom,* valley of Hinnom.

406. *Chemos,* the god of Moab, the neighbors of Ammon.

409. *Seon,* king of the Amorites. See Numbers xxi, 26.

410. *Sibma.* See Isaiah xvi, 8.

411. *the asphaltic pool,* the Dead Sea.

413. *Sittim.* See Numbers xxv.

416. *scandal,* offence.

418. *good Josiah.* See Kings xxiii, 10.

420. *the brook,* Besor, 'the river of Egypt.'

422. *Baälim and Ashtaroth,* the collective names of the various manifestations of the deities of the sun and moon respectively.

438. *Astoreth,* the same as the Assyrian Istar, the Greek Aphrodite, and the Latin Venus.

441. Sidon was the oldest city of Phenicia.

250. 444. *uxorious king,* Solomon.

446. *Thammuz,* 'Sun of Life,' the Greek Adonis, god of the solar year.

450. *Adonis,* the name of a river flowing from the heights of Lebanon, and colored in spring by the red mud gathered there.

455. *Ezekiel.* See Ezekiel viii, 14.

457. *came one.* Dagon, god of the Philistines. See 1 Samuel v, 4.

460. *grunsel,* threshold.

464–6. *Azotus . . . Gazar,* the five chief cities of the Philistines.

467. *Rimmon,* god of Damascus.

471. *leper,* Naaman. See 2 Kings v.

472. *Ahaz.* See 2 Kings xvi. *sottish,* foolish.

478. *Osiris, Isis, Orus,* Egyptian deities, worshipped under the shape of the bull, cow, and sun.

479. *abused,* deceived.

483. *borrowed,* from the Egyptians. See Exodus xii, 35–6.

484. *calf in Oreb.* See Exodus xxxii. *rebel king,* Jeroboam. 1 Kings xii, 20, 28, 29.

487. *he,* Israel. See Exodus xii.

495. *Eli's sons.* See 1 Samuel ii, 12–17.

498. *luxurious,* lustful.

502. *flown,* flushed.

503–4. *Sodom, Gibeah.* Genesis xix, Judges xix.

506. *prime,* leaders.

508. *Ionian,* Greek. *Javan,* son of Japhet. Genesis x, 2.

509. *Heaven and Earth,* Uranus and Ge, whose 12 giant children were Titans. One of them, Cronos (Saturn in Roman mythology), deposed Uranus, and was in turn deposed by his own son Zeus (Jove), whose mother was Rhea.

515–6. *Ida* in Crete was the birthplace of Zeus, *Olympus,* north of Thessaly, his abode, according to Greek mythology.

517. *Delphian cliff,* Apollo's oracle on Mt. Parnassus.

518. *Dodona,* an oracle of Zeus, in Epirus.

519. *Doric,* Greek.

520. *Adria,* the Adriatic. *Hesperian,* western, *i.e.,* Italy.

521. *Celtic,* France and Spain. *utmost isles,* of Britain.

523. *damp,* depressed.

528. *recollecting,* recovering.

251. 534. *Azazel.* Leviticus xvi, 8.
536. *advanced,* raised.
538. *emblazed,* emblazoned.
546. *orient,* bright.
547. *helms,* helmets.
548. *serried,* locked together.
550. *Dorian mood,* the kind of Greek music adapted to military exercises.
551. *recorder,* a kind of flute.
556. *'suage,* assuage.
563. *horrid,* bristling with spears. Latin *horridus.*
568. *traverse,* across.
573. *since created man,* after the creation of man.
574. *embodied,* assembled in a body. *named,* compared.
575. *small infantry,* the Pygmies. Homer's *Iliad* iii, 5.
577. *Phlegra,* in Macedonia where the Gods defeated the Giants. See l. 509.
578. *Thebes and Ilium,* the chief battle grounds of Greek tradition.
580. *fable,* Geoffrey of Monmouth's History of the Britons. *romance,* Malory's *Morte D'Arthur.*
581. *Armoric,* Breton.
583–6. The references are to scenes famous in medieval romances.
586. *peerage,* the twelve peers of the *Chanson de Roland.*
588. *observed,* obeyed.
596–9. Curiously enough, this was the only passage in the poem objected to by the official Licenser for the Press (chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury), when the book was first printed. Either he did not like the suggestion of a 'change' of government, or he would not admit that Charles II could be 'perplexed' even by an eclipse.
597. *disastrous,* threatening disaster.
603. *considerate,* thoughtful, reflective.
605. *remorse and passion,* pity and suffering.
609. *amerced,* condemned to loss.
613. *scathed,* injured.
252. 615. *blasted,* withered.
624. *event,* outcome.
632. *exile.* Accent on second syllable.
646. *work,* accomplish.
656. *eruption,* expedition, sortie.
662. *understood,* agreed on secretly.
670. *grisly,* horrible.
675. *brigade.* Pronounce brígad.
678. *Mammon,* riches (Syriac). See Matthew vi, 24.
686. *ransacked the center,* dug into the earth.
690. *ribs,* bars. *admire,* wonder.
253. 694. *Babel.* See Genesis xi, 1–9. *Memphian,* Egyptian, *i.e.,* the Pyramids.
703. *founded,* melted.
704. *severing,* separating.
713. *pilasters,* pillars set in a wall and lightly projecting from it. *overlaid,* surmounted.
715. *architrave,* the main beam.
716. *cornice, frieze,* adornments of the architrave. *bossy,* in relief, projecting.
717. *fretted,* worked in designs.
720. *Belus,* the Assyrian god Bel or Baal. *Serapis,* an Egyptian deity.
728. *cresset,* an iron lantern.
738. *his name,* Hephaistos or Vulcan.
739. *Ausonian land,* Italy.
740. *Mulciber,* the welder of metals.
746. *Lemnos,* sacred to Hephaistos. The story of his fall is told in Homer's *Iliad* i, 591.
750. *engines,* machines, contrivances.
756. *Pandemonium,* the place of all the demons.
764. *wont,* were wont to. *soldan,* sultan.
765. *paynim,* pagan.
769. The sun is in *Taurus* (one of the signs of the zodiac) April 19–May 20.
254. 774. *expatiate,* walk abroad. Latin use. *confer,* discuss.
780–1. Pliny placed the Pygmies beyond the source of the Ganges.
781–5. Reminiscent of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and the *Æneid.*
785. *arbitress,* witness. The moon was supposed to be influenced by fairy incantations.
795. *recess,* retirement. *conclave,* the name given to a meeting of Cardinals in the Roman Church.
797. *frequent,* crowded. Latin use.
798. *consult,* consultation.

BOOK II

2. *Ormus,* Persia.
9. *success,* result, experience.
16. *from no fall,* if they had not fallen.
27. *whom,* him whom.
29. *Your bulwark,* as your defense.
50. *recked,* cared.
255. 52. *unexpert,* inexperienced.
59. *of,* imposed by.
60. *By,* in consequence of.
63. *our tortures,* what tortures us.
69. *Tartarean,* infernal.
73. *such,* those who think so.
74. *forgetful,* making forgetful.
75. *proper,* natural.
77. *who but felt,* who did not feel?
82. *event,* outcome.
83. *stronger,* superior in strength.
89. *exercise,* harass, torment. Latin usage.
97. *essential,* substance.
100. *at worst,* as badly off as we can be short of annihilation.
101. *proof,* experience.
104. *fatal,* established by fate.
106. *denounced,* betokened, threatened.
113. *manna.* See Exodus xvi, 31.
124. *fact,* deed.
127. *scope,* mark, aim, its original meaning in the Greek.
130. *watch,* watchmen; hence the plural verb.
132. *obscure.* Accent on first syllable.
133. *Scout,* act as scouts, reconnoiter.
256. 139. *mold,* substance. Milton imagines the angels as made of fire (see Psalm civ, 4) and the argument is that the fiery substance of the angels would expel the *baser fire* of hell.

143. *flat,* absolute.
156. *Belike,* probably. Used ironically. *impotence,* lack of self-restraint. Latin use.
165. *amain,* with all speed.
175. *Her,* of hell.
176. *cataracts,* torrents, floods.
203. *fall,* befall, happen.
210. *supreme.* Accent on first syllable.
216. *inured,* accustomed to it.
257. 224. *For happy,* in point of happiness.
231–2. *then — when, i.e.,* never.
234. *former,* 'to disenthrone.' *argues,* proves.
235. *latter,* 'to regain.'
245. *Ambrosial,* divinely excellent.
249. *pursue,* seek to regain.
251. *unacceptable.* Accent on second syllable.
263–5. See Psalms xvii, 11, 13; xcvii, 2.
277. *needs,* of necessity.
278. *sensible,* sense; adj. for noun.
281. *Compose,* arrange, adjust.
288. *o'er watched,* worn out with watching.
294. *Michael,* the leading archangel, whose discomfiture of Satan and his followers is described later: vi, 320–327.
258. 301. *aspect.* Accent on second syllable.
303. *public care,* care for the common weal.
305. *Majestic* qualifies face.
306. *Atlantean,* worthy of Atlas, a Titan condemned by Zeus to bear the skies on his shoulders.
324. *first and last.* See Revelation i, 11.
330. *determined,* made an end of.
336. *to,* to the extent of.
337. *Untamed reluctance,* invincible resistance.
341. *want,* be wanting.
346. *fame,* report. Latin *fama.*
367. *puny,* literally, later born; hence, weaker.
375. *original,* origin, or perhaps originator.
376. *Advise,* consider.
380. *By Satan.* See I, 650–654.
259. 382. *confound,* utterly destroy.
387. *states,* authorities, or bodies of representatives, as in the phrase, 'the three estates of the realm,' meaning the King, Lords, and Commons in Great Britain.
391. *Synod,* assembly, meeting.
404. *tempt,* try.
406. *obscure,* obscurity. Adj. for noun.
407. *uncouth,* unknown.
409. *abrupt,* abyss, *i.e.,* between hell and the world. *arrive,* reach.
410. *isle,* the World, hung like a globe in Chaos from the floor of Heaven.
413. *had need,* would have need of.
415. *Choice,* careful selection.
418. *suspense,* in suspense. Latin form.
423. *Astonished,* astounded.
425. *hardy,* bold, courageous.
429. *unmoved.* Contrasted with *Astonished,* l. 424.
431. *demur,* hesitation.
434. *convex,* circle.
441. *abortive,* monstrous.
443. *remains,* awaits.
452. *Refusing,* if I refuse.
457. *intend,* consider, devise.
461. *deceive,* beguile. Latin use. *slack,* mitigate.
462. *mansion,* abode.
467. *prevented,* forestalled.
468. *raised,* encouraged. Refers to *Others.*
260. 470. *erst,* before.
471. *opinion,* reputation.
478. *awful,* full of awe.
485. *close,* concealed. *varnished o'er,* speciously covered with.
490. *louring element,* dark and threatening sky.
491. *Scowls,* covers the face of nature with a dark cloud of rain or snow.
492. *If chance,* if it chances that.
503. *accord,* agreement.

AREOPAGITICA

In November, 1644, when this pamphlet was published, the parliamentary cause was triumphant in the field, and high hopes were entertained for its future success in the promotion of 'real and substantial liberty — whose existense depends not so much on the terror of the sword as on sobriety of conduct and integrity of life.' But Parliament was already showing an inclination to adopt the intolerant and tyrannical measures which it had condemned in its adversaries, and it was against one of these — an order that books should not be printed without license — that Milton was here directing his efforts. His object was to secure the free publication of thought,—'that the power of determining what was true and what was false; what ought to be published and what to be suppressed, might no longer be entrusted to a few illiterate and illiberal individuals, who refused their sanction to any work which contained views or sentiments at all above the level of the vulgar superstition.' Beside Milton's general devotion to the cause of liberty, he had a special incentive in the attempt which was being made by the Stationers Company to suppress his divorce pamphlets, which had aroused a good deal of hostile feeling.
260. *b.* 15. *Julius Agricola,* governor of Britain 78–85 A. D.
16. *Cæsar,* a general name for the Roman Emperor. *preferred* — French. This statement is made on the authority of Tacitus.
22. *Hercynian,* a name given by the Romans to the mountainous and wooded region in the south and center of Germany; the country beyond it, *Transylvania,* which became part of the Austrian Empire in 1689, had during the Commonwealth friendly relations with England.
28. *propending,* inclining.
31. *as out of Sion.* See Joel ii, 1.
36. *Wyclif,* the English ecclesiastical reformer of the fourteenth century.
38. *Huss, Jerome* (of Prague), *Luther, Calvin,* leaders of the Protestant Reformation on the Continent.
44. *demeaned,* conducted, managed.
46. *of whom,* of those of whom.
261. *a.* 2. *mansion house,* abiding place, manorial seat.
5. *plates,* armor. *instruments,* weapons.
14. *trying,* testing.
26. *white already.* See John iv, 35.

31. *fantastic,* fancied, imaginary.

38. *ill-deputed, i.e.,* to the clergy.

56. *Pyrrhus,* after fighting against the Romans at Heraclea (280 B. C.) is said to have exclaimed: 'How easy it would be for me to conquer the world if I had Roman soldiers.'

b. 10. *schisms, dissections,* literally, cuttings.

28. *Moses.* See Numbers xii, 29.

35. *Joshua.* See Numbers xii, 28.

46. *maniple,* a company in the Roman army, consisting of about 60 men serving under the same ensign.

52. *vex,* worry.

58. *besieged.* Two years before the publication of Milton's pamphlet the Royalists had advanced almost to the gates of London. See Milton's first sonnet printed on p. 242.

262. *a.* 4. *suburb trenches.* The suburbs were defended by trenches made by the loyal citizens, even women and children helping.

10. *to a rarity,* to an extraordinary extent or degree.

12. *argues,* proves.

16. *derives itself to,* develops into.

20. *nigh,* closely. The incident here referred to is recounted by Livy xxvi, 11.

28. *to,* as to.

30. *pertest,* sprightliest.

34. *sprightly up,* lively and excited.

41. *old and wrinkled skin.* Like a snake.

48. *strong man.* Samson. See Judges xvi, 13, 14.

50. *mewing,* renewing; originally used of a hawk molting.

54. *noise,* noisy crew.

55. *flocking,* not daring to act independently.

b. 1. *prognosticate,* foretell, like the astrologers and almanac makers.

7. *engrossers,* merchants who dealt in large quantities, and often made a corner to raise prices. Milton compares to these the Licensers of Printing, who will set up a monopoly in knowledge.

21. *purchased,* obtained.

24. *influence,* mystic power; the original reference is to astrology.

43. *law.* The Roman law gave fathers power of life and death over children.

44. *despatch,* slay.

45. *stick closest,* be most faithful. See Proverbs xviii, 24.

47. *for coat — dangelt,* merely to resist illegal taxation, the former part of the phrase referring to the clothing and conveyance of troops, the latter to ship-money. Milton is arguing for a nobler freedom than that of not paying unjust taxes.

51. *utter,* publish.

55. *unequal,* unjust.

263. *a.* 13. *vote,* solemn wish.

18. *last testament.* See John xiv, 27.

27. *dis-conformity,* dissent.

38. *controversal,* opposite. The temple was open in war, closed in peace.

46. *Her confuting,* confutation by her.

51. *the discipline of Geneva,* the form of faith and of church government accepted as perfect by the Presbyterians.

52. *fabricked,* fabricated, manufactured.

56. *casements,* windows. *collusion,* deception.

58. *wise man,* Solomon. See also Matthew xiii, 44.

b. 6. *equipage,* equipment.

8. *battle,* army.

22. *shifts,* sleights, contrivance

31. *Micaiah.* See 1 Kings xxii, 1–2

40. *nailed to the cross.* See Colossians ii, 14. *purchase,* boon, achievement.

42. *His doctrine.* Romans xiv, 5–9.

50. *outward conformity,* under royal and episcopal government.

52. *linen decency,* the outward conformity of a white surplice is abolished, but the spirit remains.

264. *a.* 1. *care not,* do not take care. *truth separated from truth, i.e.,* essentials from non-essentials.

8. *wood, and hay, and stubble.* See 1 Corinthians iii, 12.

11. *subdichotomies,* sub-divisions.

16. *wheat from the tares.* See Matthew xiii, 24–43.

17. *fry,* small fish; properly, spawn.

27. *extirpate,* extirpated.

38. *unity of Spirit.* Ephesians iv, 3.

45. *bejesuited,* made into Jesuits.

53. *unplausible,* unappreciated.

56. *see to,* look upon.

b. 30. *Convocation House,* where the governing body of the Church of England met.

31. *Chapel.* The Puritan Assembly of Divines met in Henry VII's Chapel at Westminster in 1643, and drew up a Confession of Faith and two Catechisms.

33. *canonized,* embodied in canons or rules.

34. *convincement,* argument and conviction.

35. *supple,* cure.

36. *edify,* build up, establish.

41. *liege tombs.* Henry VII's Chapel contains several royal tombs beside his own.

47. *that we do not give,* from giving. Latin construction.

56. *manage,* handle.

265. *a.* 8. *Priests, Pharisees.* See Matthew v, 20.

9. *precipitant,* precipitate.

18. *the beginning of this Parliament.* Nov. 3, 1640.

20. *Imprimatur.* The Licenser's stamp or inscription, 'Let it be printed.'

27. *Moses.* See Numbers xi, 28–29.

29. *young John.* See Luke ix, 50.

32. *elders,* the leaders of the Presbyterians.

36. *let,* hindrance.

40. *Inquisition.* One of the duties of the Inquisition was the prohibition of heretical books. The Dominican Order was especially active in the campaign against heresy. Both the Inquisition and the Dominicans were especially unpopular as Roman Catholic institutions to the Puritan readers to whom Milton was appealing.

52. *next before this.* The earlier order was passed on Jan. 29, 1642.

57. *fire — executioner.* Seditious books were burnt in public by the hangman.

b. 3. *authentic,* genuine, so-called and really so.

7. *Star Chamber,* abolished by the Puritans in 1641 owing to its unjust exactions. It had charge, among other things, of licensing.

12. *Lucifer.* See Isaiah xiv, 12.

17. *bind,* by recognizances, as people enter into bonds for their good behavior in the English courts.

19. *precedent,* of Jan. 29, 1642.

22. *doubted,* suspected.

24. *monopolizers.* The order of 1643 recognized the monopoly of the Stationers' Company, who applied the fees for licensing in part to the 'relief and maintenance of their poor.'

29. *divers glossing colors,* various specious misrepresentations.

32. *exercise a superiority,* exert authority, have an advantage.

33. *neighbors,* fellow booksellers.

34–5. *therefore — that,* to the end that.

36. *vassals,* subjects.

40. *malignant,* seditious, royalist.

42. *sophisms and elenchs of merchandise,* trade sophistries and fallacies.

43. *skill not,* am not versed in or concerned about.

45. *incident,* inevitable.

49. *what hath been erred,* the mistakes that have been made. Latin construction.

50. *in,* for those in.

51. *advertisement,* warning.

DRYDEN: HEROIC STANZAS

Cromwell died on September 3, 1658, and was buried on November 23. When this poem was published in 1659, there was every appearance that Richard Cromwell was firmly established as his father's successor. Dryden's family was Puritan, and his admiration of the great Protector was no doubt sincere, though his expression of it is conventional and exaggerated.

266. 1–4. *And now 't is time.* At the end of a Roman emperor's funeral ceremonials, they let fly *the sacred eagle* which was supposed to carry his soul to heaven.

8. *authentic,* authoritative, beyond dispute.

15. *prevent,* anticipate.

18. *circular,* perfectly rounded.

267. 25. *bays,* garlands.

32. *Pompey,* who acquired the title of 'Great' before he was thirty, and brougnt his career to a culminating point on his forty-fifth birthday B. C. 61 in a great trimphal procession, after that declined before the growing influence of Julius Cæsar. Cromwell came into public notice at 45, became Protector at 54, and died at the height of his fame at 59 — about the same age as Pompey when he was assassinated.

41. *Our former chiefs,* the parliamentary generals at the beginning of the war did not press the campaign against the king with vigor. *sticklers,* umpires, not combatants.

42. *poise,* balance.

45. *consumption,* destruction.

48. *breathing,* letting. When Dryden became a royalist poet, his enemies interpreted this line as a condonation of the execution of Charles I.

49. *went,* became.

51. *prevent,* anticipate.

56. *the vestal.* Tarpeia was crushed to death by the shields of the Sabines to whom she betrayed the citadel of Rome on the promise of the shields as reward.

58. *That giant-prince.* Blake, the great Puritan admiral, died and was buried in Westminster Abbey about a year before Cromwell.

64. *halcyons,* kingfishers. It was an ancient myth that the sea was calm during their breeding season. *sea,* correctly rimed with *obey,* according to the pronunciation of the time.

ASTRÆA REDUX

Immediately after the Restoration Dryden welcomed that event as a return of the golden age of Justice, this being the significance of the title of his poem. The contrast with the political sentiments of the previous poem is as marked as it was sudden.

5. *the white* (cliffs of Dover).

10. *ravish,* take away.

13–16. *Moses — name.* See Exodus xxxiii, 20; xxxiv, 6.

268. 33. *Preventing,* running before.

36. May. Charles II entered London in 1660 on May 29, his birthday.

39. *That star,* Venus, which on the day of Charles II's birth shone brightly at noon.

43. *whiter,* more fortunate. A Latinism.

45. *morn,* youth.

53. *Cronos* (later identified with Chronos, Time) in Greek mythology, was said to devour his own offspring.

58. *Holland,* at this time England's great rival in the eastern trade. Each nation accused the other of misdoings in its foreign possessions, and denied the accusation when leveled against itself.

61. *France* had reluctantly been Charles II's host during part of his exile.

72. *Augustus,* the first Roman emperor, whose reign was marked by peace, prosperity, and progress in the arts.

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL

This satirical poem, written, it is said, at the suggestion of Charles II, was directed against Shaftesbury, the minister whom Charles had dismissed, and who had retaliated by arousing public alarm in connection with the Popish Plot and by furthering the claims of the Duke of Monmouth, the king's illegitimate son, to the throne, in opposition to the lawful heir, Charles's brother, the Duke of York, who later succeeded as James II. In November, 1681, when the poem was published, Shaftesbury was a prisoner in the Tower on a charge of high treason, and Dryden's attack was no doubt meant to influence public feeling (and the jury) against him. In this respect it failed, for Shaftesbury was acquitted; but it made a great sensation and remains the most remarkable example of political satire in the English language. The

scriptural allegory is not closely adhered to and serves as a transparent veil for personal vituperation.

1. *Jerusalem,* London.

9. *David,* Charles II.

14. *heathen,* Roman Catholic.

20. *Jewish rabbins,* leading clergy of the Church of England.

269. 24. *Plot,* the Popish Plot, a Jesuit conspiracy, which if it ever existed, was greatly exaggerated for political purposes.

34. *Egyptian,* French.

35–37. This blasphemous sneer at the Roman Catholic doctrine of transubstantiation must have been regretted by Dryden after his conversion.

43. *court and stews.* The king was (justly) suspected of being a Roman Catholic; his mistresses were known to be; so was the Duke of York, his brother.

44. *Hebrew priests,* Church of England clergymen.

46. *God's anointed,* the king. One of the reports circulated about the Popish Plot was that the conspirators had planned the assassination of Charles II and the placing of his brother, who was a Roman Catholic, on the throne.

57. *threat,* threaten.

66. *Achitophel,* Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury, formerly Lord Chancellor, at this time the leader of the party in favor of making the Duke of Monmouth the next heir to the throne and excluding the Duke of York as a Roman Catholic.

68. *close,* secret.

73. *pigmy body.* Shaftesbury was of small stature and his frame was enfeebled by disease.

78. *boast his wit,* show off his skill.

86. *unfeathered two-legged thing.* A humorous description of man ascribed to Plato. Shaftesbury's heir was a man of 'no ability and insignificant character.'

87. *huddled,* confused.

91. *the triple bond,* the Triple Alliance of England, Holland, and Sweden against France, made in 1668 and exceedingly popular in England. It was broken in 1670 without Shaftesbury's knowledge by Charles II, who made a secret treaty with the French king.

96–107. Added in the second edition, after Shaftesbury's acquittal.

104. *abbethdin,* president of the Jewish judicature. Shaftesbury was Lord Chancellor 1672–3.

270. 111. *cockle,* weed.

113. *wanted,* lacked. Dryden's compliment to himself as David, the sweet singer of Israel, is shameless, but true. His poem has proved 'immortal.'

120. *manifest,* convicted. A Latinism.

125. *more he makes.* The charge that Shaftesbury invented the Plot is absurd; but he undoubtedly used it for political purposes by fomenting public agitation.

129. *Jebusite.* One of the stories current at the time was that the king himself had become a Roman Catholic. It is now known that it was true.

135. *instinct.* Accent on second syllable.

137. *warlike Absalom,* the favorite son of the Biblical David, here signifying the Duke of Monmouth, Charles II's favorite son, though illegitimate. He had commanded an expedition sent to suppress a Scottish rising.

140. *title not allowed.* Monmouth's claim to the succession was barred by his illegitimacy.

143. *democracy,* then a form of government in disfavor. Dryden was so fond of this line that he repeated it in *The Hind and the Panther* (p. 273, l. 211).

THE HIND AND THE PANTHER

In this religious and satirical allegory, which appeared two years after James II's accession and about a year after Dryden's conversion to Roman Catholicism, the 'milk-white Hind' stands for the Church of Rome; the Panther, fair but spotted, for the Church of England; and the less attractive beasts for the Puritan sects which were most bitterly opposed to Romanism.

6. *Scythians,* famous archers of antiquity.

8. *doomed,* sentenced, condemned.

11. *obnoxious,* liable to injury from.

13–16. The Roman martyrs in Great Britain since the Reformation.

35. *Bear,* the Independent, or modern Congregationalist.

37. *Hare,* Quaker.

39. *Ape,* Freethinker.

41. *Lion,* King of England.

271. 43. *Boar,* Anabaptist. The following lines refer to the excesses committed in connection with the Anabaptist rising in Germany in the sixteenth century.

53. *Reynard,* the Arian. Arius, one of the early heretics of the Christian Church, held that God the Son was not co-existent or co-equal with God the Father; this doctrine was combated by Athanasius and condemned at the Council of Nice.

55. *Socinus,* an Italian nobleman who revived Arian beliefs in the sixteenth century.

70. *her,* the Roman Church.

79. *Three in One,* the doctrine of the Trinity.

93. *host,* the consecrated wafer of the Eucharist.

95. *Impassible,* incapable of suffering.

96–9. See John xx, 19–26.

104. *quarry,* game, object of pursuit.

121. *proponent,* proposing, putting forth.

272. 128. *bilanders,* a Dutch word for small coasting vessels.

135. A reference to the Roman doctrine of transubstantiation.

139. *His clearest words.* 'This is my body.' See Luke xxii, 19.

144. *compound,* compromise.

152. *Polonian,* Polish. The Polish Protestants adopted Socinianism. See ll. 54–55.

153. *Wolf,* Presbyterian.

165. An allusion at once to the Presbyterian doctrine of predestination and the Puritan habit of cropping the hair close, which made the ears project.

168. *ruled a while.* During the Commonwealth.

171. *Cambria,* Wales. The wolf was exterminated in Wales by the exaction of wolves' heads as tribute.

173. *Geneva — France.* Calvin, originally a Frenchman, was appointed in 1536 Professor of Divinity at Geneva, where he drew up the system of faith and church government afterwards adopted by the French and other Protestants.

176. *Wyclif,* the English reformer of the fourteenth century.

178. *Helvetian,* Swiss.

179. *Leman,* Geneva.

180. *Zwinglius,* a Swiss Reformer a little earlier than Calvin.

183. *sanhedrim,* Parliament.

185. *Corah.* See Numbers xvi.

187. *ephod,* priestly garment.

189. *class,* a term in the Presbyterian system of church government.

190. *Fox,* Reynard, the Arian.

205. *a puddle and a wall,* the Lake of Geneva and the Alps.

273. 211. See *Absalom and Achitophel,* p. 270, l. 143.

228. *teemless,* unproductive.

232. *Colchos,* the home of the sorceress Medea.

234. *common-weal,* republic.

236. *Adam* was supposed to have given the beasts their names in the Garden of Eden.

247. *allay,* alloy.

248. *shards,* dung, which, it was thought, produced beetles.

262. *Lion,* the King.

267. *commits* (sin).

274. 297. *Levees and couchees,* early and late entertainments at court.

312. James II's Declaration of Indulgence to all dissenters from the Church of England was issued just before the poem was published. The royal favor and protection for Romanism had, of course, been shown before.

333. It was a classical tradition — reversed here by Dryden on his own authority — that the wolf had power to take away the voice of a man it saw first.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST

This ode was written for a London musical society, which held an annual festival on Nov. 22, the day of St. Cecilia, reputed the inventor of the organ and the patron saint of music.

1. *for Persia won,* for the winning of Persia.

2. *By Philip's* warlike son, Alexander, son of Philip of Macedon, and the conqueror of Persia.

9. *Thais,* a famous Athenian courtesan who accompanied Alexander into Asia, and, according to the tradition which Dryden makes use of in this poem, induced him to fire the palace of Persepolis.

17. *Timotheus,* Alexander's favorite musician.

22. *from,* with.

275. 64. *Darius,* the Persian king whom Alexander had conquered.

83. *Lydian,* soft, sensuous.

113–4. *rear — hair.* Correctly rimed according to the pronunciation of the time.

276. 139. *vocal frame,* organ.

147. The tradition was that Cecilia, owing to her virtue and piety, was visited by an angel.

ESSAY OF DRAMATIC POESY

a. 1. *that memorable day,* June 3, 1665.

b. 1. *conduct,* leadership.

2. *his royal highness,* the Duke of York, afterwards James II.

16. *Eugenius,* Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, who later became Earl of Dorset. *Crites,* Sir Robert Howard, Dryden's brother-in-law. *Lisideius,* Sir Charles Sedley. *Neander,* Dryden himself.

26. *the bridge,* London bridge.

278. 2. *Sir John Suckling.* See p. 179.

4. *Mr. Waller.* See p. 178.

5. *Sir John Denham.* See p. 181.

7. *Mr. Cowley.* See p. 183.

57. *a genere et fine,* a definition of class and object.

b. 16. *Thespis* (c. 540 B. C.), the somewhat fabulous inventor of Greek drama.

17. *Aristophanes* (448–c. 388 B. C.), the great Greek comic writer.

30. *virtuosi,* those skilled in the fine arts.

45. *pretend,* lay claim.

279. *a.* 25. *want,* lack.

37. *remember,* remind.

b. 11. *fable,* plot.

280. *a.* 33. *Corneille* (1606–84), the great French dramatist, contemporary with Dryden.

b. 7. *intended,* aimed at.

36. *wanted,* fell short.

281. *a.* 1. *Macrobius,* c. beginning of fifth century A. D.

7. *Tully,* Marcus Tullius Cicero (106–43 B. C.).

282. *a.* 25. *lively,* lifelike.

283. *a.* 35. *Scaliger* (Julius Cæsar), 1484–1558.

b. 33. *inartificial,* inartistic.

284. *a.* 15. *shadow,* palliate.

28. *sock and buskin,* the stage shoe of comedy and tragedy respectively.

57. *the author,* Ben Jonson.

b. 28. *clenches,* playing upon words.

41. *Mr. Hales* (1584–1656), Greek Professor at Oxford and Fellow of Eton College.

58. *precedent,* predecessor, model.

285. *a.* 4. *censure,* opinion.

27. *apt,* inclined.

b. 20. *taxed,* accused.

37. *comply with,* observe.

DEFOE: THE TRUE BORN ENGLISHMAN

This poem was a reply to an attack on William III and the Dutch nation, entitled *The Foreigners.* It was so successful in turning popular opinion in the king's favor that he had Defoe sent for to express his obligations to the writer.

286. 11–14. See Matthew xxviii, 19.

THE SHORTEST WAY WITH THE DISSENTERS

The succession of Queen Anne in 1702 disappointed Defoe and his nonconformist friends, while it correspondingly encouraged the tory and high church party. The latter pressed for severe measures against the dissenters, who had been tolerated

under William III, and allowed to compromise by 'occasional conformity,' *i.e.*, by going to church on official occasions and attending their own place of worship at other times. Defoe in his pamphlet endeavored to show the absurdity of the high church position by making extravagant claims on their behalf, although he took occasion to aim a blow now and then at the inconsistency of his own side. The result was that he offended both parties, although for a while the high church clergy were so deceived that, according to Defoe, one of them wrote to him that next to the Holy Bible and Sacred Comments he held *The Shortest Way with the Dissenters* 'as the most valuable thing I can have. I look upon it as the Only Method! and I pray God to put it into the heart of our most gracious Queen, to put what is there proposed in execution.'

287. *b.* 10. *Sir Roger L'Estrange,* a prolific pamphleteer, the founder in 1665 of the *Gazette,* the first English newspaper which has continued to appear regularly ever since. It is the official organ of the British Government.

22. *some people,* the Nonconformists.

33. *fourteen years,* from the Revolution of 1688 to 1702.

35. *church,* the Church of England.

37. *sort,* set, lot.

41. *reproach of the wicked.* Writing in the character of a high church clergyman, Defoe imitates Scripture phraseology.

288. *a.* 8. *Act of Toleration* (1689), relieving the nonconformists from penalties for not attending the services of the Church of England.

15. *abjurations.* The clergy were required to take an oath of fidelity to William III and abjure their allegiance to James. Many refused and were deprived of their livings.

28. *a war.* William engaged, with varying success, in a prolonged struggle against Louis XIV of France.

34. *in France.* After the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685, the Huguenots were forced to conform or leave the country.

38–40. *one king — another . . . a third.* Charles I, James II, William III.

42. *the fourth,* Anne.

b. 40. *a sordid impostor,* Oliver Cromwell.

289. *a.* 23–4. *Just such measure — again.* See Matthew vii, 2.

41. *regicides,* the judges who condemned Charles I.

52. *Rye House Plot* (1682–3), a conspiracy to assassinate Charles II and his brother James.

55. *unusual favor.* James was in favor of toleration to both Puritan and Roman Catholic dissenters; but the Puritans, suspecting that his designs were really directed to Roman Catholic supremacy, joined in the movement against him.

b. 20. *a king of their own,* William III.

31. *Scotland.* The Church of Scotland, with the consent of William III, abolished episcopacy, and has ever since been presbyterian in its form of government.

290. *a.* 32. *the right heir.* The high church Tories who had remained loyal to James II looked forward to putting his son on the throne at the death of Anne. The Elector of Hanover, who became George I, was not in the direct line of succession.

34. *ridiculous settlements.* The act of Settlement, passed by Parliament in 1701, vested the succession in the House of Hanover.

48. *French king.* Louis XIV expelled 400,000 Huguenots.

b. 2. *some animals,* rats.

22. *the common enemy,* France.

291. *a.* 17. *Monmouth,* beheaded after the rebellion of 1685.

18. *Shaftesbury,* died in exile 1683. *Argyle,* head of a Scottish rising against James; executed 1685.

28. *experimentally,* as a result of experience.

56. *impossible* (if the dissenters are tolerated).

b. 18–19. *What will — spoken for?* See Song of Solomon viii, 8.

22. *enthusiasm* was associated with dissenters, and generally regarded with disfavor in the eighteenth century.

45. *sensitive,* of the senses, physical. *these,* the dissenters.

292. *a.* 24. *Amalekite race.* The enemies of Israel in Canaan. See 1 Samuel xv.

42. *Moses — Israelites.* See Exodus xxxii, 28. The number given there is, however, three thousand.

57. *gallows instead of the counter,* hanging instead of imprisonment.

58. *counter,* a city prison. *galleys,* enslavement to the oar in a galley.

b. 1. *conventicle,* a gathering of dissenters for worship.

5. *sheriffs and mayors.* It was the custom of dissenters to go to Church on their appointment to official positions, in accordance with the law.

34. *hang men for trifles.* Hanging was the punishment for stealing in England up to 1823.

293. *b.* 53. *humor,* spirit, influence.

294. *a.* 39. *religious houses,* convents, which were at this time illegal.

40. *meeting houses,* for nonconformist worship.

PREFACE TO THE REVIEW

The *Review,* begun on Feb. 19, 1704, and published first once, then twice a week, for nine years gave Defoe scope for his talents as a journalist. The original title was *A Review of the Affairs of France and of all Europe, as influenced by that Nation,* France being at that time the center of European politics. Defoe discussed not only politics but trade and current gossip; he invented not only editorial comment, which was before unknown, but personal interviews, scandalous personalities, answers to correspondents, and many other features of the modern newspaper. The numbers of the *Review* were issued afterwards in annual volumes, and in this preface to Vol. I Defoe sets forth his motives and aims in the undertaking.

294. *b.* 42. *the Wise Man,* Solomon.

47. *first design.* See the original title, as given above.

295. *a.* 15. *Marlborough,* the great English general who defeated the French at Blenheim, Aug. 13, 1704. The war continued for several years.

b. 24. *negoce,* commerce.

296. *b.* 2. *its birth.* The design of the *Review* was conceived by Defoe in prison.
297. *a.* 10. *D. F.* Daniel Foe. The name Defoe was adopted by the author a year later.

THE EDUCATION OF WOMEN

The *Essay upon Projects,* from which this paper is taken, was written in 1692, but first printed in 1697.
297. *a.* 27. *conversible,* fit for human intercourse.
b. 13. *wit,* intellectual ability.
32. *more tongues than one.* Milton is reported to have said that one tongue was enough for any woman.
43. *genius,* natural ability.
298. *a.* 17. *female government,* government by women.

SWIFT: A TALE OF A TUB

299. *A Tale of a Tub.*
'Seamen have a custom, when they meet a whale, to fling him out an empty tub by way of amusement, to divert him from laying violent hands upon the ship . . . the whale was interpreted to be Hobbes's *Leviathan* . . . whence the wits of our age are said to borrow their weapons . . . and it was decreed, that, in order to prevent these Leviathans from tossing and sporting with the Commonwealth . . . they should be diverted from that game by a Tale of a Tub.' (Swift's Preface.)
300. *a.* 32. *d'Argent,* of wealth. *de Grands Titres,* of distinguished titles.
33. *d'Orgueil,* of pride.
49. *Locket's,* a famous ordinary, or tavern, at Charing Cross. *Will's* coffee-house. See below, 325. *a.* 34, note.
b. 24. *grande monde,* world of fashion.
37. *Jupiter Capitolinus.* From his temple on the Capitoline Hill, Rome.
301. *a.* 12. *They held the universe to be a large suit of clothes, etc.* Compare Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus.*
16. *primum mobile.* In the Ptolemaic cosmogony, the outer or tenth revolving sphere.
b. 21. *ex traduce.* From the root; from the original stock.
302. *a.* 32. *shoulder-knots.* This fashion had been introduced from France in the reign of Charles II. See *Tatler,* No. 82.
35. *ruelles,* private gatherings.
303. *a.* 38. *nuncupatory and scriptory,* verbal and written.
b. 23. *my lord C— and Sir J. W.* have not been identified.
305. *a.* 41. *fonde,* fund, stock, capital.
307. *a.* 1–3. *Varias inducere . . . piscem.* Horace, *Ars Poetica,* ll. 2 and 4.
312. *b.* 49. *Newgate.* The London prison for debtors and malefactors.
52. *Exchange women.* Women who kept shops in the piazzas of the Royal Exchange. For Steele's description, see p. 333.
54. *the mobile,* the mob. Latin, *mobile vulgus.*
314. *a.* 58. *The philosopher's stone and the universal medicine.* Sought by medieval alchemists and mystics.
315. *b.* 1. *the giant Laurcalco.* Inaccurate allusion to the passage (*Don Quixote,* Bk. I, Chap. XVIII) in which Don Quixote mistakes a flock of sheep for an army. 'That knight — is the valorous Laurcalco, Lord of the Silver Bridge.'
b. 16–17. *an ancient temple . . . upon Salisbury plain.* Probably Stonehenge.
316. *a.* 4. *a disease . . . the stinging of the tarantula.* Tarantism, or dancing mania, was supposed to be so caused, and curable only by music or dancing.
a. 9. *Westminster-hall,* etc. Places noteworthy for their noises; Westminster Hall frequented by lawyers; Billingsgate famous for the bad language of its fish-wives; the Royal Exchange a center for brokers and merchants of all nations.
b. 7. *janizary,* a mercenary soldier in the bodyguard of the Sultan, in the middle ages.
318. *b.* 10. *a spunging house.* A tavern for the temporary detention of persons arrested for debt.

A MEDITATION UPON A BROOMSTICK

Hon. Robert Boyle (1627–1691). A celebrated scientist, 'The father of chemistry and brother to the Earl of Cork.' One of the original members of the Royal Society. Swift's essay travesties the platitudinous moralizing of his religious meditations.

A MODEST PROPOSAL

321. *b.* 25. *the famous Psalmanazar.* George Psalmanazar, a notorious impostor, pretended to be a native of Formosa, of which he published a *Description* in 1705.
323. *a.* 16. *Topinamboo.* A district of Brazil.

STEELE: THE TATLER

325. *a.* 33. *White's Chocolate-house.* In St. James's Street. Famous for gambling.
34. *Will's Coffee-house.* No. 1, Bow Street, Covent Garden. Originally kept by William Urwin. Pepy's *Diary* mentions it, Feb. 3, 1663, as a resort of Dryden and notable for 'very witty and pleasant discourse.'
35. *Grecian.* Coffee-house in the Strand, originally kept by a Greek named Constantine, had been a resort of Newton, other members of the Royal Society, and Templars.
36. *Saint James's Coffee-house.* Near St. James's Palace. A resort of Whig statesmen, military men, and men of fashion.
45. *plain Spanish.* A simple wine.
48. *kidney,* temper, humor. A pun on the name of one of the waiters.
b. 1. *casting a figure.* Determining the horoscope.

THE SPECTATOR

326. *a.* 39. *Lord Rochester.* John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester (1647–80), a fashionable rake and poet of the Restoration period. *Sir George Etherege* (1639–94). The Restoration dramatist. Like Rochester, a courtly rake.
41. *Bully Dawson.* d. 1699. A notorious swaggerer and gamester.

b. 15. *Inner Temple.* One of the Inns of Court.

24. *Aristotle,* etc. The reference is to his *Poetics.*

25. *Longinus.* Greek Philosopher, third century A. D., to whom the essay, *On Sublimity,* is doubtfully ascribed.

26. *Littleton or Coke.* Sir Thomas Littleton (1402–1481) and Sir Edward Coke (1552–1634) were members of the Inner Temple (above, *b.* 15). A work of the first with commentary by the second used to be the English authority on the law of real property.

36. *Demosthenes.* The greatest Greek Orator (384–322 B. C.). *Tully.* Marcus Tullius Cicero (106–43 B. C.), Roman orator and philosopher.

5–8. *The Rose.* A tavern adjoining Drury Lane Theater.

327. *a.* 6. *the city of London.* The central or business district is so called. Again below, 334. *b.* 11.

328. *a.* 10. *Duke of Monmouth.* The Absolom of Dryden's *Absolom and Achitophel.* See above, 268.

329. *a.* 43. *Sir Richard Blackmore* (c. 1650–1729). Physician to William III, and a poet of repute in his day.

332. *a.* 29. *Martial* (Bk. I, 69), Latin poet, first century A. D.

b. 55. *Strand Bridge.* A landing pier at the foot of Strand Lane, giving access to the Strand.

333. *a.* 19. *The Vainloves.* Vainlove is 'a capricious lover' in Congreve's comedy, *The Old Bachelor.*

334. *b.* 1. *Robin's.* A coffee-house in Exchange Alley, frequented by brokers.

11. *the city.* See 327. *a.* 6, note.

ADDISON: THE SPECTATOR

336 *b.* 22 *Child's.* Coffee-house in St. Paul's Churchyard.

30. *the Cocoa-tree.* A chocolate-house frequented by tories as St. James's by whigs. The Spectator pretends to patronize both.

31–2. *Drury Lane and the Haymarket.* The two principal theaters of London. The Theater Royal in Drury Lane, designed by Sir Christopher Wren, had been opened in 1674. The Haymarket Opera House, designed and built by Sir John Van Brugh, had been opened in 1705.

36. *Jonathan's.* Coffee-house in Cornhill. 'The general mart for stock-jobbers.' (*Tatler,* No. 38.)

337. *b.* 8. *Mr. Buckley's.* Buckley was the publisher.

9. *Little Britain.* A street in London.

341. *a.* 25. *Moll White* The witch described in *Spectator,* No. 117

342. *a.* 11. *The Committee* (1665). Comedy by Sir Robert Howard.

15. *Distressed Mother.* Adaptation, by Ambrose Philips, of Racine's *Andromaque.* Produced 1712.

24. *The Mohocks.* Some ruffianly carousers of the upper classes assumed this name. They committed a series of outrages in 1712.

345. *b.* 49. *Mr. Cowley,* etc. See Cowley's *Davideis* iii, 403–4.

26. *Gallus,* Caius Cornelius (c. 69–26). Roman poet and general.

Propertius, Sextus (c. 50–16 B. C.), poet.

27. *Horace.* Quintus Horatius Flaccus (65–8 B. C.)., the Roman poet.

Varius. Lucius Varius Rufus, 1st century B. C.

Tucca, Plotius Tucca and Lucius *Varius* were Virgil's literary executors.

Ovid. Publius Ovidius Naso (43 B. C.–c. 17 A. D.).

28. *Bavius and Maevius.* Inferior Roman poets mentioned by Virgil (*Ecl.* iii) and Horace (*Epode* x).

347. *a.* 40. *Sir John Denham.* See p. 181.

56. *The Art of Criticism.* Pope's *Essay on Criticism.* See p. 350.

b. 18. *Boileau* (1636–1711). French critic and poet.

48. *Petronius Arbiter.* Roman satirical author. Died c 66 A. D.

Quintilian. Marcus Fabius Quintilianus (c. 35–c. 95 A. D.), Roman rhetorician.

49. *Longinus.* See 326. *b.* 25, note.

348. *b.* 1–2. *Essay on Translated Verse.* By Wentworth Dillon, Earl of Roscommon (1634–85).

2–3. *Essay on the Art of Poetry.* By John Sheffield, Duke of Buckinghamshire (1649–1721).

47. *The path of an arrow.' Wisdom of Solomon,* v, 12–13. The quotation is inaccurate.

349. *a.* 47. *Sir Cloudesley Shovel.* Commander of the British fleets from 1705. Drowned 1707.

POPE: AN ESSAY ON CRITICISM

351. 34. *Mævius.* See Addison's comment, p. 347.

352. 129–30. *the Mantuan Muse . . . young Maro.* Virgil. See 783. 19, note.

138. *the Stajirite.* Aristotle.

353. 180. *Homer nods.* Allusion to Horace, *Ars Poetica,* 359.

216. *the Pierian Spring.* Pieria in Thessaly was the reputed birthplace of the Muses.

354 248. *E'en thine, O Rome.* St. Peter's.

267. *La Mancha's Knight.* Don Quixote.

270. *Dennis — stage.* John Dennis, the critic and playwright, made sententious references to the dramatic precepts of Aristotle. This allusion and another, lines 585–591, initiated Pope's quarrel with him.

328. *Fungoso.* A character in Ben Jonson's *Every Man Out of His Humour,* who tries, without success, to keep up with court fashions.

355. 356. *Alexandrine.* The succeeding line is an example.

361. *Denham.* See p. 181 *Waller.* See p. 178.

372. *Camilla.* In Virgil's *Aeneid* vii, 808–11.

374–383. Compare Dryden's *Alexander's Feast,* p. 274.

376. *Son of Libyan Jove.* Alexander the Great.

391. *Approve,* test, put to the proof.

356. 441. *Sentences.* The *Sententiae* of Peter Lombard, 12th century.

444. *Scotists and Thomists.* Followers of the thirteenth century schoolmen, Duns Scotus and Thomas Aquinas.

463. *Blackmores.* See 329. *a.* 43, note. B. attacked Dryden in 'A Satire on Wit.'

Milbourns. Luke Milbourn, a clergyman, attacked Dryden's translation of Virgil.

465. *Zoilus.* Greek critic of the 4th century B. C., said to have been put to death for criticizing Homer.

357. 483. *Such as Chaucer is.* Pope and his generation regarded Chaucer as obsolete.

527. *Spleen,* anger, ill-temper.

536. *love was all an easy Monarch's care.* The reign of Charles II is referred to.

544. *a foreign reign.* That of William III.

545. *Socinus.* Italian unitarian of the sixteenth century.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

CANTO I

358. 3. *Caryl.* John Caryl, a friend and correspondent of Pope.

4. *Belinda.* Miss Arabella Fermor, a belle of the period from whom the lock celebrated in the poem was stolen.

8. *a well-bred lord.* Lord Petre, who had stolen the curl.

17. *the slipper knocked the ground.* Rapping for the servant.

56. *ombre.* See 362. 27, note.

73. *Spark.* A beau, a lady-killer.

CANTO II

360. 25. *springes.* Snares. cf. *Hamlet,* I. iii, 115.

361. 113. *drops,* earrings.

133. *Ixion.* For an offense to Zeus, fastened to an eternally revolving wheel in Hades.

CANTO III

3. *a structure of majestic frame.* Hampton Court, one of the royal residences.

27. *ombre.* A game of cards, of Spanish origin, usually played by three persons.

362. 47. *Matadores.* The three highest cards at ombre.

49. *Spadillio.* Ace of Spades.

51. *Manillio.* The two of a black, the seven of a red, trump.

53. *Basto.* Ace of clubs.

61. *Pam.* Knave of clubs, the highest card in the game of loo.

92. *codille.* Failure to get the requisite tricks.

363. 122–24. *Scylla's fate . . . Nisus' injured hair.* Pope's note refers to Ovid, *Metam.* viii.

151. *cut the sylph in twain.* Compare Par. Lost vi, 330.

165. *Atalantis.* A book of contemporary scandal by Mrs. Manley, *The New Atalantis* (1709).

CANTO IV

364. 16. *Spleen.* See 357. 527, note.

24. *Megrim.* Tired feeling, the blues.

89. *Thalestris.* One Mrs. Morley.

365. 118. *the sound of Bow.* St. Mary Le Bow, in Cheapside, the heart of the city, was famous for its peal of bells.

121. *Sir Plume.* Sir George Brown. He threatened Pope with violence for this delightfully malicious caricature.

156. *bohea.* A kind of tea, from the Chinese province whence it was first imported in 1666.

CANTO V

366. 5. *The Trojan.* Æneas. See *Æneid* iv, 296 ff.

62. *Dapperwit.* 'A brisk, conceited, half-witted fellow of the town' bears this name in Wycherley's *Love in a Wood.*

367. 63. *Sir Fopling.* Suggested, perhaps, by Sir Fopling Flutter in Etherege's *The Man of Mode.*

65. *Meander.* A river of Asia Minor frequently mentioned in classical poetry. Celebrated for its windings.

125. *Rome's great founder.* Romulus.

126. *Proculus.* The legend is given in Livy I, 6.

136. *Rosamonda's lake.* A pond in St. James's Park.

137. *Partridge.* An astrologer and almanac maker ridiculed by Swift in his Bickerstaff papers.

138. *Galileo's eyes.* The telescope.

368. 140. *Louis.* Louis XIV, King of France.

Rome. The Papacy.

EPISTLE TO DR. ARBUTHNOT

Dr. John Arbuthnot was Pope's friend and physician, a wit and a man of letters.

13. *gentle Fanny's.* John, Lord Hervey, a friend of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, was frequently lampooned by Pope, under this name.

15. *Gildon,* Charles (1665–1724). A hack writer. Pope pretended to believe that Addison had paid Gildon to defame him; hence, 'venal.'

20. *Bedlam.* Bethlehem hospital for the insane.

the Mint. A part of Southwark London, in which criminals and debtors could take refuge from arrest.

29. *The bard . . . renown.* Ambrose Philips, whose pastorals had excited Pope's jealousy.

40. *Tate,* Nahum, a poetaster of the Restoration period, celebrated for his atrocious adaptations of Shakspere's plays.

59. *Cato.* An allusion to Addison's drama.

THOMSON: SUMMER

370. 50. *Stygian,* dark. From Styx, one of the rivers of Hades.

THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE

374. 32. *Philomel,* the nightingale.

375. 75. *the rural poets.* Those who treated pastoral subjects.

76. *Arcadian.* See Life of Sidney, p. 81.

Sicilian. Sicily was the home of a group of pastoral poets of whom the chief was Theocritus.

98. *Lorraine.* Claude Lorrain (1600–82), French landscape painter.

99. *Rosa,* Salvator (c. 1615–1673). Neapolitan painter noted for his battle pieces.

Poussin. Doubtless Nicholas Poussin (1594–1665). French landscape and historical painter.

131. *mell,* mingle, mix.

MINOR POETS — YOUNG TO CHATTERTON

JOHN GAY: THE SHEPHERD'S WEEK

379. 67. *Jack Pudding.* A popular nickname for a clown or mountebank's assistant.

68. *Toffs,* doffs, draws off. There is an old popular amusement called 'draw the glove.' See Brand's *Popular Antiquities.*

69. *raree-shows,* peep-shows.

71. *'the children in the wood.'* This famous old ballad is in Percy's *Reliques.*

74. *fauchion,* falchion. See **404.** 62, note.

79–80. *For buxom Joan . . . the maid a wife.* The words and music of this song are in D'Urfrey's *Pills to Purge Melancholy,* Vol. III, pp. 220–221.

82. *Chevy-Chace.* For this ballad, see p. 42.

91. *He sung of Taffy Welch, and Sawney Scot. Taffy* (Davy) is the regular nickname for a Welshman, *Sawney* (Sandy) for a Scotchman. The reference may be to *The National Quarrel,* D'Urfey's *Pills to Purge Melancholy,* Vol. II, p. 76.

92. *Lilly-bullero.* A political ballad which was popular during the Protestant Revolution of 1688. The refrain is drawn from an old Irish song.

The Irish Trot. Possibly the ribald old song, called *The Irish Jigg,* which is given in D'Urfey's collection, v, 108.

93. *Bateman.* The reference is to *Bateman's Tragedy,* preserved in Ritson's *Ancient Songs,* etc. (ed. Hazlitt), p. 231.

Shore. Jane Shore, the mistress of King Edward IV, was a celebrated character in ballad and drama. See Percy, *Reliques,* and D'Urfey's *Pills to Purge Melancholy,* iv, 273.

94. *Wantley's Dragon . . . Moore.* The air and words are in D'Urfrey's collection, Vol. III, p. 10.

95. *the bower of Rosamond.* Rosamond Clifford, the mistress of King Henry II, was the subject of many popular legends, among which was that of the subterranean labyrinth known as Rosamond's bower. *Fair Rosamond* is the title of a ballad in Percy's *Reliques.*

Robin Hood. For examples of the Robin Hood ballads, see pp. 38–42.

96. *And how the grass,* etc. The ballad of Troy town is in Percy's *Reliques.* In D'Urfrey's *Pills to Purge Melancholy,* iv, 266, we meet with a ballad called *The Wandering Prince of Troy,* which contains the line, 'And corn now grows where Troy town stood.'

JOHN DYER: GRONGAR HILL

381. 23. *Towy's flood.* The river Towy, in Wales, flows south into Caermarthen Bay.

WILLIAM SHENSTONE: THE SCHOOLMISTRESS

383. 15. *Tway,* two.

56. *Sternhold,* Thomas (c. 1500–1549), with John Hopkins wrote a metrical version of the Psalms.

60–64. *How Israel's sons . . . sing.* Psalm 137.

'By the rivers of Babylon we sat down and wept,' etc.

384. 73. *like that of Scottish stem.* A stone of supposed miraculous properties formed a part of the Scottish coronation chair at Scone. Edward I carried it off to Westminster in token of the subjugation of Scotland in 1297. It has since been a part of the chair in which all English sovereigns are crowned.

102. *Mulla's silver stream.* The river Mulla flowed near Kilcolman Castle, Spenser's home in Ireland. See Life of Spenser, p. 104.

108. *ermilin,* ermine.

WILLIAM COLLINS: ODE TO SIMPLICITY

387. 14. *Hybla's thymy shore.* Mount Hybla in Sicily is celebrated in classical poetry for the sweetness of its honey.

16–18. *By her . . . Electra's poet's ear.* 'The nightingale for which Sophocles seems to have entertained a peculiar fondness.' (Collins.)

19. *Cephisus.* A river of Attica.

35. *One distinguished throne.* Augustus Cæsar.

52. *reed.* The symbol of pastoral poetry.

388. 75. *their chaste-ey'd queen.* Diana.

86. *Tempe.* A valley adjacent to Olympus in Thessaly. See, also, **636.** 11, note.

389. 104. *Devote,* devoted.

114. *Cecilia's mingled world of sound.* Compare Dryden, *Alexander's Feast,* **276.** 138.

THOMAS WARTON: THE GRAVE OF KING ARTHUR

4. *Cilgarran's castle hall.* There are ruins of a thirteenth century castle at Kilgerran, in Southern Wales.

6. *Henry.* King Henry II, on his expedition for the conquest of Wales and Ireland.

8. *Shannon's lakes.* Shannon, the principal river of Ireland, flows through a chain of lakes.

12. *metheglin,* mead, liquor. A Celtic beverage.

20. *Mona,* Anglesea, an island and county of North Wales.

21. *Teivi,* the river Teifi, which flows westward into Cardigan Bay.

22. *Elvy's vale.* Valley of the river Elwy, in Northwestern Wales.

Cader's crown. Cader Idris, a mountain in Northwestern Wales.

24. *Ierne's hoarse abyss.* The Irish Sea.

26. *Radnor's . . . mountains.* Radnor is a county in the interior of Wales.

33. *Tintagell.* A village on the coast of Cornwall, the reputed birthplace of King Arthur.

40. *Camlan's crimson'd banks.* According to legend Arthur perished in the battle of Camlan (c. 542).

41. *Mordred.* See Malory's *Morte d'Arthur,* p. 19 ff.

50. *Merlin's agate-axled car.* An invention of the magician Merlin.

SONNETS: DUGDALE'S MONASTICON

A huge compilation of English monastic history by Sir William Dugdale (1605–1686) is ordinarily known as Dugdale's *Monasticon.*

390. 5. *Henry's fiercer rage.* Henry VIII's disruption of the monasteries.

WRITTEN AT STONEHENGE

Warton here summarizes the various legends known to him concerning the origin and meaning of the celebrated pre-historic ruin in Salisbury Plain, Wiltshire.

2. *Scythia's shore.* An indefinite term for north-east Europe and adjacent parts of Asia, employed with varying meaning by the ancients.

3. *Amber.* The Islands in the North Sea were vaguely known to the Greeks as the Amber Islands.

Pendragon, Uther. The father of King Arthur.

THOMAS CHATTERTON: BRISTOWE TRAGEDIE

This poem is probably based on the story of Sir Baldwin Fulford, who was executed at Bristol in 1461. With many others who fought on the Lancastrian side he was a victim of an act of attainder which followed the accession of Edward IV. William Canynge, who figures in this and other poems of Chatterton, is a historical personage, and was mayor of Bristol at the time of Fulford's execution.

13. *nappy,* sparkling.

391. 58. *rewyn'd,* ruined.

73. *reines,* reins, kidneys.

392. 141. *goddelyke Henry.* King Henvy VI, lived in captivity for ten years after the accession of Edward.

183. *Richard's sonnes.* Richard, Duke of York, was father of Edward IV and Richard III.

393. 263. *enshone,* showed.

271. *russet weedes,* Homespun clothes.

272. *plyghte,* weave, texture.

276. *bataunt,* Chatterton's invention; no such instrument is known.

288. *route,* troop, company.

394. 306. *mycle,* much.

335. *Gloucester.* Afterward King Richard III.

347. *glysterr,* glisten.

MYNSTRELLES SONGE

395. 3. *hallie,* holy.

10. *Rodde,* red.

11. *cale,* cold.

15. *Swote,* sweet.

25. *heie,* they.

38. *Seyncte,* Saint.

39. *celness,* coldness.

43. *dente,* fasten.

44. *gre,* grow.

45. *Ouphante,* elfin.

46. *bee,* bow.

58. *leathalle,* lethal, deadly.

THOMAS GRAY: SONNET ON THE DEATH OF MR. RICHARD WEST

Richard West, son of the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, had been Gray's most intimate friend at Eton and his constant correspondent while they were at Oxford and Cambridge respectively. See also the sketch of Gray, p. 396.

AN ODE ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE

396. 4. *Her Henry's holy Shade.* Eton College was founded by King Henry VI in 1440. See, also, 392. *a.* 141, note.

397. 6. *Windsor's heights,* etc. Windsor Castle, overlooking Eton, is one of the royal residences.

HYMN TO ADVERSITY

398. 35. *Gorgon,* the terror-inspiring image on the shield of Pallas Athene, goddess of wisdom.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD

399. 57. *Hampden* (John 1594–1643). One of the chief heroes of the Puritan revolt. Resisted the collection of ship-money, 1637–38.

THE PROGRESS OF POESY

400. 1. *Æolian lyre.* The lyre of Pindar who belonged to the Æolian division of the Greek race. See, also, p. 163, *A Pindaric Ode,* note.

3. *Helicon.* See 244. 15, note.

9. *Ceres' golden reign.* Fields ruled by Ceres, goddess of grain and harvest.

17. *On Thracia's hills,* etc. Thrace was thought to be a favorite haunt of Mars.

21. *the feathered king.* Jove's eagle, symbolical of the thunderbolt.

27. *Idalia.* An ancient town in Cyprus consecrated to Venus.

29. *Cytherea's Day.* The day for the worship of Venus.

401. 53. *Hyperion's march.* The sunrise.

66. *Delphi's steep.* The seat of the Greek oracle. See 450. 517, note.

68. *Ilissus.* A small stream flowing through Athens.

69. *Mæander.* The river Mæander in Asia Minor.

83–94. Shakspere.

95–102. Milton.

112. *what daring spirit,* etc. Gray himself.

115. *the Theban Eagle.* 'Pindar compares himself to that bird, and his enemies to ravens that croak and clamor in vain below, while it pursues its flight, regardless of their noise.' (Gray.)

THE BARD

'The following ode is founded on a tradition current in Wales, that Edward the First, when he completed the conquest of that country, ordered all the bards that fell into his hands to be put to death.' (Gray.) 'The massacre of the bards is a mere fable.' (J. R. Green.)

402. *a.* 5. *Hauberk's twisted mail.* A close-fitting shirt of steel ringlets.

8. *Cambria.* Wales.

11. *Snowdon.* The highest mountain in England or Wales. The name applies also to the mountainous tract of which this peak is a part.

13. *Gloster.* 'Gilbert de Clare, surnamed the Red, Earl of Gloucester and Hertford, son-in-law to King Edward.' (Gray.)

14. *Mortimer.* 'Edmond de Mortimer, Lord of Wigmore. A Lord Marcher.' (Gray.)

28. *high-born Hoel.* Son of Prince Owain Gwynedd of north Wales. A warrior and poet. *Llewellyn,* possibly Llewellyn ap Jorwerth, the Welsh leader, is meant.

29. *Cadwallo.* A common Welsh bardic name.

31. *Urien.* A Welsh warrior and bard of the sixth century.

33. *Modred.* No bard of this name is known.

34. *Plinlimmon.* A mountain on the border of Cardigan and Montgomery, in Wales.

35. *Arvon's shore.* The shores of Caernarvonshire opposite Anglesey. (Gray.)

54–56. *When Severn . . . an agonizing King.* Edward II was murdered in Berkeley castle in September, 1327.

57. *She-Wolf of France,* etc. Isabel of France, Edward the Second's adulterous queen.

59–66. King Edward III.

67. *the sable Warrior.* The Black Prince.

71–82. Reign of Richard II.

403. 85. *Long years of havoc.* Wars of the Roses.

87. *Towers of Julius.* The Tower of London, according to tradition, built by Julius Cæsar. See Shakspere's *Richard III,* iii, i. There is no authority to confirm the tradition. (Wheatley and Cunningham: *London Past and Present.*)

89. *his Consort's faith.* Margaret of Anjou.

his father's fame. The military glory of Henry V.

90. *the meek Usurper's holy head.* Henry VI was noted for his piety.

93. *The bristled Boar.* The insignia of Richard III.

infant gore. Of the murdered princes.

110. *ye genuine Kings.* The Tudor line, beginning with Henry VII.

111–124. *The reign of Queen Elizabeth.*

121. *Taliessin.* Cymric bard of the sixth century.

125–27. Spenser.

128–30. Shakspere.

131–34. Milton and succeeding poets.

THE FATAL SISTERS

Written in 1761. The text of the poem from which Gray derived these stanzas may be found, with a prose translation, in *Corpus Poeticum Boreale,* Vol. I, pp. 281–83. It is an Icelandic poem of the eleventh century celebrating an invasion of Ireland by a Norse hero, Sictrygg, who was assisted by Sigurd, Earl of the Orkneys. Sigurd and Brian, the Irish king, fall in the battle. The Valkries are imagined weaving the web of battle. The title of the original is *Darradar-Liod* [*Lay of the Darts*].

404. 8. *Orkney's woe.* The woe of Sigurd, Earl of Orkney.

Randver's bane. Direct from the original. Randver's destruction.

17–31. *Mista . . . Sangrida . . . Hilda . . . Gondula . . . Geira.* The names of the Valkyries in the original are Hilda, Hiorthrimol, Sangrida, and Swipol.

44. *Soon a King,* etc. Brian, King of Dublin.

45. *Eirin.* Ireland.

62. *falchion.* A short sword, bellied near the tip.

JOHNSON: THE LIFE OF ADDISON

406. *a.* 25. *the Chartreux.* Originally a Carthusian monastery in London. Endowed in 1611 as a hospital and boys' school. Usually known as the Charterhouse.

b. 36. *Boileau.* See 347. *b.* 18, note.

37. *says Tickell.* Thomas Tickell (1686–1740), Addison's friend and elegist, contributed a biographical preface to the collective edition of Addison's works published by Jacob Tonson in 1721.

411. *a.* 44. *Cibber.* In his *Apology for the Life of Mr. Colley Cibber* (1740).

b. 40. *'heavily in clouds . . . day.'* Quoted from the opening lines of *Cato.*

48. *The Distressed Mother.* See 342. *a,* 16, note.

412. *a.* 1. *Bolingbroke.* Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke, the Tory leader.

2. *Booth.* Barton Booth (1681–1733), who played Cato.

13. *Mrs. Porter.* An excellent actress who played the part of Lucia.

414. *a.* 54. *Milton against King Charles II. Defense of England against Salmasius,* Chap. viii.

b. 1. *Oldmixon,* John (1653–1742), has a prominent place in Pope's *Dunciad.*

417. *a.* 38. *Chesterfield.* Philip Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield (1694–1773). For Johnson's relations with him, see p. 420 and note.

b. 13. *Terence.* Publius Terentius Afer, Roman comic poet of the second century B. C.

Catullus, Caius Valerius. Brilliant Roman poet, contemporary with Julius Cæsar.

418. *b.* 23. *Mandeville,* Bernard (1670–1733), author of *Fable of the Bees.*

419. *a.* 35. *'above all Greek . . . fame.'* Pope, *To Augustus,* 26.

44–5. *'turned many to righteousness.'* Dan. 12, 3.

b. 24. *Mille . . . habet. Tibullus* 4, 2. 14.

LETTERS

To the . . . Earl of Chesterfield. Of the occasion of this famous letter Johnson said to Boswell: 'Sir, after making great professions, he had, for many years, taken no notice of me; but when my *Dictionary* was coming out, he fell a scribbling in *The World* about it. Upon which, I wrote him a letter expressed in civil terms, but such as might shew him that I did not mind what he said or wrote, and that I had done with him.' (Hill's Boswell, I, 301.)

420. *a.* 8. *the proprietor of The World.* Edward Moore, an old acquaintance of Johnson's.

46. *The shepherd in Virgil. Eclogue* viii, 43, ff.

58. *till I am solitary.* Johnson's wife had died three years before.

b. 22. *Mr. James Macpherson.* Johnson had publicly declared that the poems of Ossian which Macpherson claimed to have translated from the Gaelic were forgeries. Macpherson threatened physical vengeance and this celebrated letter, Johnson said, 'put an end to our correspondence.'

THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES

421. 37. *Wolsey.* This passage is largely based on the picture of Cardinal Wolsey in Shakspere and Fletcher's *Henry VIII.*

422. 68. *Swedish Charles.* Charles XII (1682–1718), defeated by Peter the Great, at Pultowa, July 8, 1709. Killed at Frederikshald, Norway.

JAMES BOSWELL: THE LIFE OF JOHNSON

423. *a.* 3. *The accession of George the Third.* October 25, 1760.

b. 56. *Mr. Thomas Sheridan.* The father of the dramatist, Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

425. *a.* 39. *Collins.* See p. 386.

428. *a.* 7–8. *Messieurs Thornton, Wilkes, Churchill, and Lloyd.* Wits of the time all of whom except Wilkes had been members, with William Cowper, of the Nonsense Club.

430. *a.* 57. *Colley Cibber.* Poet laureate, 1730–57.

b. 24. *Whitehead,* William (1715–85). He succeeded Cibber as poet laureate.

41–2. *His Ode which begins,* etc. *The Bard.* See p. 402.

432. *a.* 33. *Dr. Goldsmith.* See below, p. 463.

b. 51. *Mr. Burke.* See below, p. 443.

54. *Mr. Malone.* Edmond Malone (1741–1812), the great Shakspere scholar, assisted Boswell in preparing the *Life of Johnson* for the press.

433. *a.* 35. *Nihil quod tetigit,* etc. Inaccurate and often quoted in this form. Johnson wrote *Qui nullum ferè scribendi genus non tetigit, nullum quod tetigit non ornavit.* [Who left hardly any species of writing untouched and touched none that he did not adorn it.]

54. *un étourdi,* a rattle-head.

b. 15. *Fantoccini,* puppets.

434. *a.* 3. *Mrs. Piozzi.* Formerly the wife of Henry Thrale (d. 1781), one of Johnson's most intimate friends. She published *Anecdotes of Dr. Johnson* (1786), *Letters to and from Dr. Johnson* (1788).

Sir John Hawkins. A member of Johnson's Club, published a *Life* in 1787.

b. 24. *Miss Williams.* One of the many recipients of Johnson's eccentric charity.

436. *b.* 42. *Dr. Adam Smith* (1723–1790). Author of *The Wealth of Nations.*

438. *b.* 5. *The Old Swan,* Swan Stairs. The landing here and the walk to Billingsgate beyond London Bridge were made in order to avoid the risk of 'shooting the bridge.'

439. *b.* 27. *Turk's Head coffee-house.* In the Strand. Johnson said, on an earlier occasion, 'I encourage this house, for the mistress of it is a good civil woman and has not much business.' See below, p. 440.

442. *b.* 18. *Bishop Berkeley's ingenious sophistry.* In his *Principles of Human Knowledge* (1710).

BURKE: SPEECH FOR CONCILIATION

444. *a.* 14. *Sensible,* concrete, such as the senses can perceive.

445. *b.* 7. *Gothic.* We should say Teutonic.

34. *Blackstone's Commentaries.* The great law treatise published (1765–1769) by Sir William Blackstone.

35. *General Gage.* Governor of Massachusetts, 1774.

446. *a.* 1. *Abeunt studia,* etc. Compare Bacon, 199. *b.* 36, and note.

with all its imperfections on its head. Hamlet I, v. 79.

447. *a.* 25. *Lord Dunmore.* Governor of New York, and later of Virginia.

448. *b.* 10–11. *'Increase and multiply.'* Inaccurate. See Gen. 1, 22 and 28.

449. *a.* 11. *Spoliatis arma supersunt.* Juvenal, *Sat.* viii, 124.

55. *advocates and panegyrists.* For example, Dr. Johnson in *Taxation no Tyranny.*

b. 39–41. *ye gods annihilate,* etc. This piece of bombast has never been traced beyond *The Art of Sinking Poetry,* by Arbuthnot, Swift, and Pope, where it is ostensibly quoted.

450. *a.* 18. *Sir Edward Coke.* Public prosecutor in 1603, when Raleigh was tried. See, also, 326, *b.* 26, note. *the very same title.* Popular election.

451. *a.* 19. *juridical,* abstractly legal.

b. 37–39. *Serbonian bog,* etc. Milton, *Paradise Lost* II, 592–4.

41. *such respectable company.* Ironical equivoke, in allusion to Milton's Satan.

452. *b.* 12. *the repeal of a Revenue Act.* The Stamp Act, repealed 1766.

GIBBON: THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE

The extract is from Chapter lxviii of the *Decline and Fall.* It presents the first grand culmination of Gibbon's massive study, the fall of the eastern empire. The remaining three chapters of the last volume deal with the disintegration of the empire in Italy from the eleventh to the fifteenth century. Other striking passages are the accounts of Petrarch and of Rienzi, Chapter lxx, and the 'Prospect of the Ruins of Rome in the Fifteenth Century,' Chapter lxxi.

453. *b.* 3. *Phranza.* The minister and friend of the Emperor Constantine.

454. *a.* 57. *seven times in one day.* Near an hundred years after the siege of Constantinople, the French and English fleets in the Channel were proud of firing 300 shot in an engagement of two hours. (Gibbon.)

b. 18. *fascines,* bundles of sticks.

455. *a.* 14. *Justiniani.* John Justiniani, 'a noble Genoese,' was in command of 2,000 'strangers.'

30. *generosity,* spirit.

455. *b.* 54. *The passions of his soul,* etc. I must confess that I have before my eyes the living picture which Thucydides (1. vii. c. 71) has drawn of the passions and gestures of the Athenians in a naval engagement in the great harbor of Syracuse. (Gibbon.)

456. *b.* 1. *the divan.* The Turkish council of state.

457. *a.* 10–12. *the boasted miracle . . . our own times.* I particularly allude to our own em-

barkations on the lakes of Canada, in the years 1776 and 1777, so great in the labor, so fruitless in the event. (Gibbon.)

457. *b.* 18. *Gabours.* Unbelievers.

51. *bashaws,* dignitaries, here probably generals.

52. *Janizaries.* Members of the central standing army of the Sultan.

57. *oda,* the unit of janizary organization.

459. *a.* 22. *sanjaks* were, formerly, bashaws of the rank entitled to wear one horse-tail.

47. *attaballs,* oriental tambours.

460. *a.* 20. *Cantacuzene.* Byzantine emperors of the fourteenth century.

50. *Chosroes.* Khusrau I, a powerful Persian king of the sixth century.

the Chagan, the Khan. The Tartar regal title. The reference here is to Jenghiz Khan, who conquered central Asia and threatened Europe early in the thirteenth century.

the caliphs. Successors of Mohammed.

b. 48. *Ducas.* A Byzantine historian who was an eye witness of the first siege of Constantinople. His history was first printed at Paris in 1649.

461. *b.* 40. *ducats.* The ducat, as a money of account, was about two dollars and thirty cents.

462. *b.* 35. *imam.* The officiating priest in Mohammedan worship.

36. *namaz.* The canonical prayer of the Moslems.

42. *the great Constantine.* Constantine I (272–337) transferred the seat of the Roman Empire in the year 330 to Byzantium, which was thereafter known as Constantinople.

GOLDSMITH: THE DESERTED VILLAGE

464. 39. *One only master,* etc. The system of enclosures is referred to.

468. 344. *wild Altama.* The river Altamaha in Georgia, U. S. A.

469. 418. *Torno's cliffs.* Lake Tornea in northern Sweden.

Pambamarca's side. A mountain in Ecuador.

THE RETALIATION

1. *Edmund.* Edmund Burke. See p. 443.

6. *Tommy Townshend.* Thomas Townshend, Viscount Sidney (1733–1780), a prominent whig statesman.

15. *David Garrick,* the actor. See Boswell's Johnson, p. 427.

COWPER: THE TASK

472. 112. *The Sabine bard.* Horace, *Sat.* ii, 6, 65. *O noctes coenaeque Deum* [O nights and suppers of the gods].

475. 354. *Indian fume.* Tobacco smoke.

356. *Lethean,* oblivious. From Lethe, the river of oblivion.

388. *Midas,* etc. According to the Greek myth, by a grant of Dionysus, whatever he touched turned to gold.

476. 396. *Arcadian . . . Maro sings.* Virgil in his *Eclogues.*

397. *Sidney.* See p. 81.

453. *Tityrus.* A shepherd in the first *Eclogue* of Virgil.

469. *Cowley.* See p. 183.

474. *Chertsey's silent bowers.* A village in Surrey not far from London. Here Cowley spent his last years.

477. 511. *The Frenchman's darling.* Mignonette.

ON THE RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S PICTURE

Written in 1788. Cowper's mother died in 1737, when he was little more than six years of age; yet fifty years afterward he wrote, 'Not a week passes (perhaps I might with equal veracity say a day) in which I do not think of her. The picture which suggested this poem was sent to him 'out of Norfolk,' by his cousin Anne Bodham.

ON THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE

The Royal George was the flagship of Rear-Admiral Kempenfelt. While being refitted, off Spithead, she heeled and went down with crew and admiral aboard, Aug. 29, 1782. The poem was probably written the same year, though not published until after Cowper's death. The meter was determined by a tune which Cowper had in mind and the poem, therefore, must be regarded as a ballad.

GEORGE CRABBE: THE VILLAGE

480. 12. *Corydons.* Conventional shepherds of pastoral poetry, from a character of this name in Virgil's *Eclogues.*

15. *Mincio's banks.* See below, 18. *Cæsar's bounteous reign.* The reign of Augustus.

16. *If Tityrus found the Golden Age again.* Virgil, in his *Eclogues,* particularly *Eclogue IV.*

18. *Mantuan song.* Mantua, situated on an island in the river Mincio, was the home of Virgil.

481. 27. *honest Duck.* Possibly Stephen Duck, a poor thresher who was patronized by Queen Caroline, wife of George II. He is mentioned by Johnson in his *Life of Savage* (*Lives,* London, 1821, Vol. II, p. 149).

97. *Ajax.* Homer's 'strong man.'

484. 303. *'passing rich with forty pounds a year.'* Goldsmith's *Deserted Village,* 142. See p. 463.

330. *the moping owl.* Compare Gray's *Elegy,* 10, p. 398.

ROBERT BURNS: MARY MORISON

The subject of this song (written in 1781) was Ellison Begbie. Burns proposed marriage to her and was refused.

490. 5. *bide,* await, endure. *stoure,* dust, struggle.

13. *braw,* fine, handsome.

SONG: MY NANIE, O

Written in 1782.

491. 1. *Lugar,* fanciful for Stinchar.

5. *shill,* shrill, keen.

7. *plaid,* highland shawl or wrap.

15. *gowan,* daisy.

21. *penny-fee,* wages paid in money.

23. *gear,* stuff, wealth.

25. *guidman,* master.

SONG: GREEN GROW THE RASHES

Written in 1783.

1. *rashes,* rushes.

13. *cannie,* well considered, clever.

17. *douce,* solemn.

19. *The wisest man,* etc. Solomon.

LINES TO JOHN LAPRAIK

Written in 1785. The recipient of the verses was a rustic wit and poet of local reputation. When they were written Burns was still unknown to the world and quite unaware of the greatness of his own gift.

14. *horns,* probably ink-horns.

16. *sairs,* serves.

17. *shools,* shovels.

18. *knappin-hammers.* Hammers for breaking stone.

19. *hashes,* fools, weak-minded persons.

21. *stirks,* yearling steers.

23. *syne,* afterwards.

TO A MOUSE

Written in 1785.

492. 4. *brattle,* sudden sound or scamper.

6. *pattle,* paddle for scouring the plow.

13. *whyles,* at times.

15. *daimen icker,* occasional ear. *thrave,* 'shock.'

17. *lave,* remainder.

21. *big,* build.

22. *foggage,* aftermath.

34. *but,* without.

40. *a-gley,* awry.

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT

Written in 1785.

23. *ingle,* chimney-corner.

26. *kiaugh,* worry.

28. *Belyve,* soon, directly.

30. *ca,* drive. Literally, call.

31. *toun,* a farm with its collection of buildings.

493. 34. *braw.* See 490. 13.

35. *sair-won,* hard-earned.

38. *spiers,* inquires.

40. *uncos,* news.

44. *Gars,* causes, makes.

48. *eydent,* attentive.

49. *jauk,* trifle, 'soldier.'

62. *hafflins,* halfway, partly.

67. *cracks,* chats, holds forth.

69. *blate,* bashful, embarrassed.

92. *halesome parritch,* healthful porridge (oatmeal).

93. *sowpe,* liquid.

94. *hallan',* partition.

96. *well-hain'd kebbuck fell.* well-saved cheese, and ripe.

494. 99. *towmond,* twelve month. *lint,* flax. *bell,* blossom.

105. *lyart haffets,* grayish temples.

107. *wales,* chooses.

111–113. *Dundee's, . . . Martyrs, . . . Elgin.* Sacred melodies.

133–135. *How he, who lone in Patmos,* etc. John. See Revelation.

138. Pope's *Windsor Forest,* 112, is quoted.

495. 166. Pope's *Essay on Man,* iv, 248.

182. *Wallace's undaunted heart.* Sir William Wallace, one of the chief national heroes of Scotland, maintained a sturdy resistance to England for several years at the close of the 13th century, but was finally captured and executed at London in 1305.

ADDRESS TO THE DEIL

Written the winter of 1784–5.

495. 1–2. Imitated from the opening of Pope's *Dunciad.*

2. *Clootie.* Cloot is hoof.

5. *Spairges,* splashes. *cootie,* foot-tub.

11. *skelp,* slap.

15. *lowin heugh,* flaming cavern (gully).

17. *lag,* slow. Compare verb, to lag behind.

18. *blate.* See 493. 69, note. *scaur,* scary, timorous.

22. *Tirlin,* stripping. *kirks,* churches.

30. *eldritch,* uncanny, elvish.

32. *douce,* sober.

35. *boortrees,* elder bushes.

38. *sklentin,* slanting.

40. *lough,* lake, pond.

41. *rush-buss,* bush of rushes.

43. *neive,* fist.

45. *stoor,* harsh.

49. *warlocks,* wizards.

50. *ragweed nags.* Horses fed on ragweed, hence neglected, wild.

54. *howket,* dug up.

56. *kirn,* churn.

59. *dawtet,* petted. *Twal-pint hawkie,* twelve-pint white face. The Ayrshire breed of cattle has white markings.

60. *yell 's the bill,* dry as the bull.

496. 62. *crouse,* bold.

64. *cantrip,* maliciously magical.

69. *water-kelpies.* Malevolent water-spirits in the form of black horses. Compare the 'White Horses' of Ibsen's *Rosmersholm.*

73. *spunkies,* will-o-the-wisps.

91. *sneck-drawin,* latch-lifting, intruding.

93. *brogue,* trick.

97. *bizz,* bustling hurry.

98. *reeket,* smoky. *reestet gizz,* singed face.

101. *the man of Uz.* Job. See i, 1.

107. *lows'd,* let loose. *scaul,* scold.

108. *ava,* of all.

113. *ding,* knock, be too much for. *Lallan,* Lowland. *Erse* (strictly, Irish not Gaelic).

117. *linkin,* skipping.

119. *jinkin,* dodging.

123. *aiblins,* possibly.

124. *hae a stake,* have something to gain.

A BARD'S EPITAPH

Written in 1786.

3. *blate,* see 493. *b.* 69, note. *snool,* snivel, cringe.

5. *dool,* sorrow.

OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIND CAN BLAW

Written in 1788.

497. 1. *airts,* quarters, directions.

3. *bonie,* winsome. This favorite Scotch word combines the ideas of good, good-looking, and good-tempered.

5. *row,* roll.

8. *my Jean.* Jean Armour, Burns's wife.

14. *shaw,* grove, woodland dell.

GO FETCH TO ME A PINT O' WINE

Written in 1788.

2. *tassie,* goblet.

4. *bonie,* see above, 3, note.

5. *Leith,* the port of Edinburgh.

7. *Berwick-law.* Berwick hill, a landmark to seamen cruising in that region.

AULD LANG SYNE

Written in 1788. The phrase auld lang syne' was an ancient one and there were other songs embodying it, the first line of the poem, and the tune, when Burns took them up. His version of the song is immeasurably superior to any which preceded it.

9. *pint-stowp,* flagon, drinking vessel.

13. *braes,* hill-sides.

14. *gowans,* see 491. 15, note.

15. *fit,* foot.

17. *paidl't i' the burn,* dabbled in the brook.

21. *fier,* comrade.

23. *waught,* draught.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO

Written in 1789.

1. *jo,* sweetheart.

4. *brent,* straight, steep, firm.

7. *pow,* poll, head.

11. *canty,* cheerful.

TAM GLEN

Written in 1789.

1. *tittie,* sister.

5. *braw,* handsome, fine.

6. *poortith,* poverty. *fen',* shift.

9. *laird,* landlord.

10. *ben,* the interior of the house.

11. *siller,* money.

498. 13. *minnie,* mother. *deave,* deafen, bother with noise.

17. *gin,* if (given).

18. *marks,* silver coins, each worth 26 2-3 cents.

19. *ordain'd,* a humorous allusion to the prevalent Scotch belief in foreordination.

22. *sten,* bounce.

25. *waukin,* watching, keeping awake over.

26. *my droukit sark-sleeve.* Drenched sleeve of my chemise.

28. *breeks,* breeches.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN

The subject of this poem was Mary Campbell and the parting described took place in the spring of 1788. Mary died the following autumn and the poem was written on the first anniversary of her death, after a night of agitated recollection.

TAM O' SHANTER

Written in 1790.

498. 1. *chapman billies,* peddler fellows.

4. *tak the gate,* leave town, take the road, go home.

5. *nappy,* ale.

6. *unco,* very.

7. *lang Scots miles.* The ancient Scottish mile was 1,976 yards.

8. *slaps,* openings.

16. *bonie,* see 497. *a.* 3, note.

19. *skellum,* scamp.

20. *blellum,* 'loud-mouth,' 'blow-hard.'

23. *ilka melder,* every grist.

24. *siller,* 497. *b.* 11, note.

25. *ev'ry naig,* etc. Every horse that was shod. *ca'd,* driven.

28. *Kirkton,* the village near any church.

30. *Doon,* a charming little river near Burns's birthplace. Compare *Bonie Doon,* p. 501.

31. *warlocks,* see 495. *b.* 49, note.

33. *gars me greet,* makes me grieve.

39. *ingle,* see 492. 23, note.

499. 40. *reamin swats,* foaming ale.

41. *Souter,* cobbler.

65. *like,* as.

81. *skelpit,* clattered. *dub,* puddle.

86. *bogles,* goblins.

93. *whins,* boulders, basaltic rocks. *cairn,* stone heap.

103. *bore,* crevice.

107. *tippenny,* twopenny ale.

108. *usquebae,* whiskey.

110. *a boddle,* a copper.

116. *brent-new,* brand new.

117. *strathspeys,* Scotch dances with a peculiar catch in the time.

119. *winnock bunker.* Window box, bench.

121. *towzie tyke,* touseled cur.

123. *gart them skirl.* Made them shriek.

124. *dirl,* tingle.

127. *cantraip sleight.* Magic trick. Compare 496. 64 and note.

131. *airns,* irons.

134. *gab,* mouth.

500. 147. *cleekit,* linked.

148. *carlin,* fellow. *reekit,* smoked.

149. *duddies,* duds, clothes.

150. *linket at it.* Went at it energetically. *sark,* chemise.

151. *queans,* wenches.

153. *creeshie,* greasy.

154. *seventeen-hunder linen.* Very fine linen.

155. *Thir breeks.* These breeches.

157. *hurdies,* hips.

158. *burdies,* brides, girls.

160. *walie,* vigorous.

162. *Carrick shore.*

165. *corn,* wheat. *bear,* barley.

167. *cutty sark,* short, under-dress. *Paisley harn,* coarse linen.

170. *vauntie,* vain.

172. *coft,* bought.

173. *twa pund Scots.* The pound Scots was one twelfth of the English pound sterling.

182. *hotch'd,* hitched.
184. *tint,* lost.
189. *fyke,* fuss.
190. *byke,* nest.
191. *pussie,* the hare.
196. *eldritch.* See 495. 30, note.
197. *fairin,* reward, a present from the fair.
209. *ettle,* intention.
210. *wist,* knew.

WILLIE BREWED A PECK O' MAUT

Written in 1789.

1. *Willie,* William Nichol, a schoolmaster.

2. *Rob and Allan came to see.* Burns and Allan Masterton celebrated the occasion by composing this song, Masterton contributing the music.

8. *bree,* brew.
14. *lift,* sky.

A WINTER NIGHT

Written in 1786.

1. *Boreas,* the north wind. *doure,* grim.

501. 4. *lift,* see above, 14.

9. *burns,* brooks.
11. *bocked,* poured with a rush.
13. *winnocks,* windows.
14. *ourie,* drooping.
15. *brattle,* clamor. Compare 492. 4, note.
17. *deep-lairing,* foundering. *Sprattle,* sprawl.
18. *scaur,* scar, jutting rock.
23. *chittering,* shivering.

HIGHLAND MARY

Written in 1792. See *To Mary in Heaven,* 498. note.

1. *braes.* See note to *Auld Lang Syne,* 497. 13.
9. *birk,* birch.

BONIE DOON

Written in 1791. There are three versions of this poem, of which this is the second and best.

1. *bonie,* see 497. 3, note. *Doon,* see 498. 30, note.

6. *bough,* pronounced in Scotch fashion this rimes perfectly with 'true,' below.

12. *wist,* knew.
19. *staw,* stole.

DUNCAN GRAY

Written in 1792. Like many of Burns's songs of this period it is an old Scotch ditty completely transformed by his rehandling. Of its tune, he wrote, 'Duncan Gray is a light-horse gallop of an air which precludes sentiment.'

2. *o't,* of it.
5. *hiegh,* high.
6. *asklent,* askance. *skeigh,* skittish.
7. *Gart,* made. *abiegh,* aside, aloof.
9. *fleech'd,* flattered.
11. *Ailsa Craig,* a small rocky island in the Firth of Clyde.

502. 14. *Grat his e'en,* etc. Wept his eyes both bleared and blind.

15. *lowpin,* leaping. *Linn,* waterfall.
17. *but a tide,* That is, they ebb and flow.
19. *sair,* sore, hard. *bide,* bear, endure.
31. *sic,* such.
38. *smoor'd,* smothered.
39. *crouse,* brisk. *cantie,* cheerful.

SCOTS WHA HAE

Written in 1793. In 1314, 100,000 Englishmen under Edward II were met on the field of Bannockburn by Robert Bruce with 30,000 Scots. Bruce's force was overwhelmingly victorious. Burns 'threw into a kind of Scotch ode' what Bruce might be supposed to have said 'on that eventful morning.'

1. *Wallace.* See 495. 182, note.

23. *Liberty's in every blow.* By this victory the Scotch achieved their independence.

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT

Written in 1795. Burns was strongly republican in his sentiments. His burning sense of personal worth as opposed to the privileges of station are best expressed in this piece which he called 'no song, but . . . two or three pretty good prose throughts put into rime.'

7. *guinea's stamp.* That is, merely the statement of its value which is intrinsic.

8. *gowd,* gold.
10. *hodden-gray,* coarse woollen cloth, undyed.
17. *birkie,* fine fellow.
20. *coof,* stupid lout.
28. *mauna fa' that.* Cannot accomplish that.
36. *gree,* prize.

BEOWULF

The translation is that of John Earle.

i. *a.* 12. *ethelings,* warriors of noble descent.

13. *Scyld of the Sheaf.* The story goes that the founder of the Danish royal house was Scyld, who as a lone child drifted ashore in a boat, in which he had used as a pillow a sheaf of grain. See genealogical table below.

23. *trewage,* tribute.

b. 10. *Beowulf.* This Beowulf, son of Scyld, is not the hero of the poem, who was not a Dane, but a Great (Goth). The name Beowulf in the passage before us is probably formed from that of the god Beaw, by contamination. See genealogical tables below.

11. *Scedelands,* Denmark.

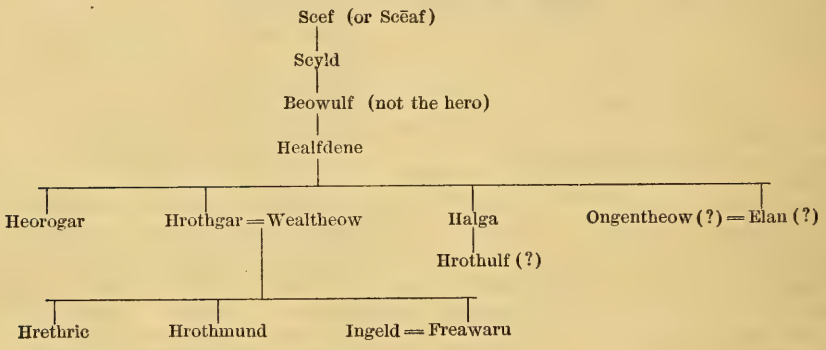
13. *largesses,* liberal gifts.

ii. *a.* 3. *Scyldings,* followers of Scyld, *i.e.,* Danes.

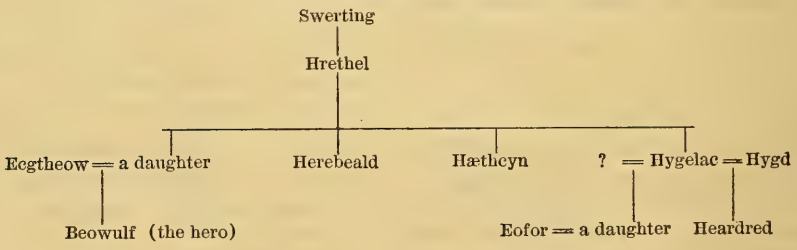
5. *hithe,* port, haven.

15. *bills,* swords.

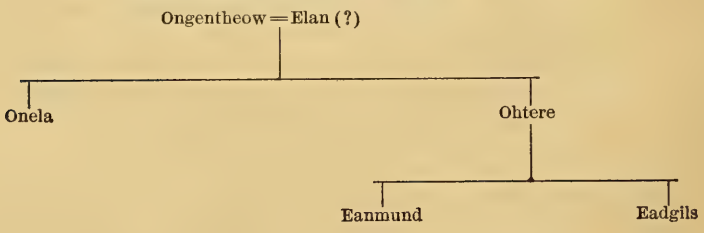
THE DANISH ROYAL FAMILY (SCYLDINGS)



THE ROYAL FAMILY OF THE GOTHS (GEATS, WEDERAS)



THE ROYAL FAMILY OF THE SWEDES (SCYLFINGS)



25. *holm*, sea.

43. *Healfdene*, son of Beowulf the Dane. For genealogy, see the table above.

46–8. *Heorogar . . . Hrothgar . . . Halga . . . Elan.* See genealogical table above.

49. *the warlike Scylfing*, Ongentheow. See table above.

57. *mead-house*, hall for gatherings and for drinking mead.

b. 12. *Heorot*, a name meaning 'hart,' or 'stag.' The hall was situated on the coast of Denmark.

43. *Grendel.* The name may mean 'grinder.' *mark-ranger*, one who dwells on the borders.

47. *Cain's posterity.* According to tradition, Cain was the ancestor of hateful monsters. See Section xix of the text.

54. *eotens*, giants.

iii. *a.* 23. *tholed*, suffered, endured.

24. *thanes*, followers, retainers.

45. *friend of the Scyldings*, Hrothgar.

b. 23. *fanes*, temples, shrines.

24. *goblin-queller*, killer of monsters.

53. *thane of Hygelac's*, Beowulf the hero. Hygelac was then king of the Goths (Geats), who occupied the southern part of what is now Sweden. See the genealogical table above.

iv. *a.* 1. *wave-traveler*, kenning for boat.

3. *swan-road*, kenning for sea. *gallant king, i.e.*, Hrothgar.

10. *leeds*, people, tribes.

11. *fourteen in company, i.e.*, fifteen including Beowulf.

17. *dight*, prepared.

32. *Weder leeds*, Goth people.

34. *sarks*, shirts of mail.

b. 3. *eorls*, noble freemen. The word indicates nobility in general rather than definite rank.

28. *Ecgtheow*, see genealogical tables above.

31. *worshipful man*, man of dignity.

33. *son of Healfdene*, Hrothgar.

50. *seethings*, boilings.

51. *tholeth*, suffers, endures.

v. *a.* 12. *Wedermark*, the home of Beowulf's people in southern Sweden.

21. *farrow*, pig, boar,—referring to the ornament on the helmet.

24. *hall structure*, Heorot.

b. 2. *damasked*, ornamented with patterns.

11. *leed of the Wederas*, Beowulf.

20. *Wendlas*, perhaps Vandals.

22. *Thereanent*, in regard to that.

24. *ring-dispenser*, kenning for king.

vi. *a.* 2. *Hrethel*, see genealogical table above.

29. *war-boards*, shields.

41. *byrnie*, coat of mail.

55. *insense*, inform and incite.

b. 2. *eoten*, giant.

3. *nickers*, supernatural sea-monsters.

5. *Wederas*, Beowulf's people.

23. *mood*, mind.

29. *doom*, judgment.

33. *Hrethmen*, 'triumph-men,' a name of the Danes.

26. *blood-besprent*, sprinkled with blood.

42. *Hild*, personification of battle.

45. *Hrethla*, Hrethel. See genealogical table. *Weland*, the Vulcan of Germanic mythology.

46. *Wyrd*, Destiny, Fate.

vii. *a.* 2. *banesman of Heatholaf . . . Wylfings.* Beowulf's father, Ecgtheow, had killed Healtholaf of the tribe of Wylfings.

11. *Heorogar.* See genealogical table above.

13. *I composed the feud.* The Danish king came to the aid of Beowulf's father, by settling the feud with the Wylfings.

b. 3. *Unferth*, spokesman of Hrothgar.

13. *Breca.* Concerning this person we know only what is here recounted.

20. *meted*, measured.

23. *sennight*, a week.

26. *Heathoram people*, perhaps in southern Norway.

29. *Brondings*, the people of Unferth.

31. *Beanstan's son*, Breca.

32. *soothly*, truly.

viii. *a.* 4. *body-sark*, coat of mail.

11. *hand-bill*, sword.

34. *quietus*, final settlement, death.

52. *Finns*, whom we call Laplanders.

b. 3. *dree*, suffer.

11. *grisly*, horrible.

25. *dispenser of wealth*, Hrothgar.

37. *sovereign of the East-Danes*, Hrothgar.

41. *Helming princess.* The Helmings were the tribe to which Wealhtheow belonged.

x. *b.* 24. *weened*, thought.

32. *eldritch*, hideous, ghastly, weird.

37. *main*, strength.

51. *heirloom, i.e.* sword.

xi. *a.* 15. *warlock*, monster.

b. 3. *mere*, water, lake.

10. *Hela*, goddess of the realm of the dead.

12. *bachelor*, young warrior.

14. *jennets*, small horses.

38. *Sigemund's exploits.* The exploits of Sigmund, son of Wæls, are a well-known part of Germanic heroic tradition.

See the *Nibelungenlied* and the *Volsunga Saga.*

42. *Fitela*, Sinfiotli, son of Sigmund.

50. *quelled*, killed.

54. *Nathless*, nevertheless.

56. *worm*, dragon.

xii. *a.* 11. *Heremod*, a Danish king, who is here cited as a stock example of a bad king, a burden to his people.

13. *Eotens*, may be the name of a human enemy, or, more probably, mere giant monsters.

33. *varlet*, candidate for knighthood.

49. *staple*, perhaps a platform outside the hall.

b. 7. *bogles*, hobgoblins.

9. *erewhile*, formerly.

55. *son of Ecglaf*, Unferth.

xiii. *a.* 46. *Hrothulf*, probably the son of Hrothgar's brother Halga. See the genealogical table.

b. 20. *Ingwines*, a name of the Danes.

49. *brooks*, enjoys, experiences.

57. The somewhat obscure lay of Finn is here omitted.

xiv. *a.* 19. *lady of the Scyldings,* Wealtheow.

41. *Hrethric and Hrothmund,* see genealogical table.

56. *carcanets,* circlets of gold and jewels.

b. 3. *necklace of the Brisings,* originally the famous necklace of the goddess Freyja.

7. *grandson of Swerting,* see genealogical table.

11. *feud with the Frisians.* A reference to the raid of Hygelac into the territory of the Frisians about 512 A.D. Hygelac was killed in this expedition. See p. i.

24. *Brook,* use, enjoy, wear.

28. *these boys,* Wealhtheow's sons, Hrethric and Hrothmund.

xv. *a.* 28. *beldam,* hag.

29. *troll-wife,* giantess.

b. 24. *blood-sprent,* blood-sprinkled.

32. *his chiefest thane,* Æschere; see text, Section xx.

xvi. *a.* 13. *quell,* kill.

28. *mark-stalkers,* boundary-stalkers.

45. *rimy,* covered with hoar-frost.

b. 41. *crull-maned,* curly-maned.

45. *weald,* any open country.

47. *warlock,* monster.

52. *scion of Ethelings,* Beowulf.

xvii. *a.* 57. *Hrothgar's orator,* Unferth.

b. 11. *Ecglaf's son,* Unferth.

37. *Hild,* personification of battle.

41. *master of the Goths . . . Hrethel's son,* Hygelac.

48. *damasked,* ornamented with patterns.

xviii. *a.* 30. *carline,* old woman.

46. *damascened,* ornamented with patterns.

b. 34. *eotenish,* fit for an eoten, or giant.

41. *Fetelhilt,* 'chain-hilt,' *i.e.* the sword.

46. *bill,* sword.

xix. *a.* 34. *gold-friend,* Hrothgar.

xx. *a.* 42. *Scania,* used as the name of the Danish kingdom.

b. 17. *Heremod,* a Danish king, stock example of a bad ruler.

18. *descendants of Ecgwela,* the Danes. Nothing is known of Ecgwela.

54. *carking,* vexatious.

xxi. *a.* 43. *eftsoons,* very soon.

47. *eld,* old-age.

b. 12. *settle,* seat.

xxii. *a.* 23. *whilom,* formerly.

32. *Hrethric,* elder son of Hrothgar.

45. *Hrethel,* see genealogical table.

b. 5. *gannet,* a water bird.

31. *gold-bedight,* adorned with gold.

49. *bachelors,* young knights.

xxiii. *a.* 25. *hithe-warden,* guard of the harbor.

40. *Consequently, etc.* The passage omitted from the present text contains as its chief item Beowulf's account to Hygelac of his encounter with Grendel and with Grendel's mother. At the end of the omitted passage we are informed of the death of Hygelac.

46. *ethel-warden,* prince.

b. 54. *intayled,* engraved, cut in.

xxiv. *b.* 19. *fire-gleeds,* fire-flames.

xxv. *a.* 27. *Beowulf uttered, etc.* The omitted passage contains an account of certain of Beowulf's former achievements.

b. 14. *burn,* streamlet.

18. *prince of the Storm-Goths,* Beowulf.

39. *hoised,* raised.

xxvi. *a.* 33. *Scylfings,* the reigning Swedish dynasty.

39. *Wægmundings,* the family to which Beowulf and Wiglaf belonged.

b. 15. *mead,* a strong fermented drink, containing honey.

30. *our liege lord behooves,* is needful to our liege lord.

37. *Me thinketh it,* it seems to me.

xxvii. *a.* 11. *gleeds,* flames.

xxviii. *b.* 25. *brook,* use, wear.

xxix. *b.* 12. *escheat,* revert to former owners.

51. *Hugas,* a name for the Franks.

53. *Hetware,* the tribe against whom Hygelac made the raid in which he was killed. See p. i, Introduction.

xxx. *a.* 3. *the Merwing, i.e.,* the Frankish king.

8. *Ongentheow slew Hæthcyn, etc.* 'Onela and Ohthere are sons of Ongentheow, and often raid Geatland [*i.e.* the land of Hygelac and Beowulf]; . . . Hæthcyn replies with a raid on Swedish soil. He seizes Ongentheow's queen. But the old king follows the foe, defeats him, and kills Hæthcyn, whose men are in desperate case, surrounded by enemies in Ravenswood. But now comes Hygelac with another Geatish army . . ., defeats the Swedes, whose queen again is captured, and besieges Ongentheow in his citadel. Ongentheow is finally killed by Eofor, whose brother Wulf has been disabled in fierce fight with the desperate old hero. Eofer is then married to Hygelac's daughter.' (Gummere.) See genealogical tables above.

10. *Scylfings,* Swedes.

b. 25. *Hygelac's valiant thane,* Eofor.

53. *bestowed upon Eofor his only daughter.* See genealogical table above.

xxxii. *a.* 29. *ruck,* mess, clutter.

SIR GAWAIN AND THE GREEN KNIGHT

The translation is that of Miss Jessie L. Weston.

xxxiv. *a.* 11. *Romulus.* According to Roman tradition, Romulus founded Rome in 753 B. C.

14. *Ticius.* The person intended cannot be identified with certainty.

15. *Langobard.* The Germans who, in 568, founded the kingdom of Lombardy in Northern Italy were called in Latin, Langobardi.

16. *Felix Brutus,* Brutus, the great-grandson of Æneas, the fabled founder of the kingdom of Britain. The name Felix may be the invention of the writer.

31. *Camelot,* a legendary spot in England where Arthur is said to have held his court.

b. 3. *carols,* dances accompanied by song.

33. *Tars,* a name of uncertain identification. This place is often mentioned in medival literature as famous for silks and tapestries.

xxxv. *a.* 28. *Agravain à la dure main,* Agravain of the hard hand.

b. 19. *gauds,* ornaments.

51. *hauberk,* a part of the armor intended originally for the protection of the neck and shoulders.

52. *gorget,* a piece of armor protecting the throat.

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